



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

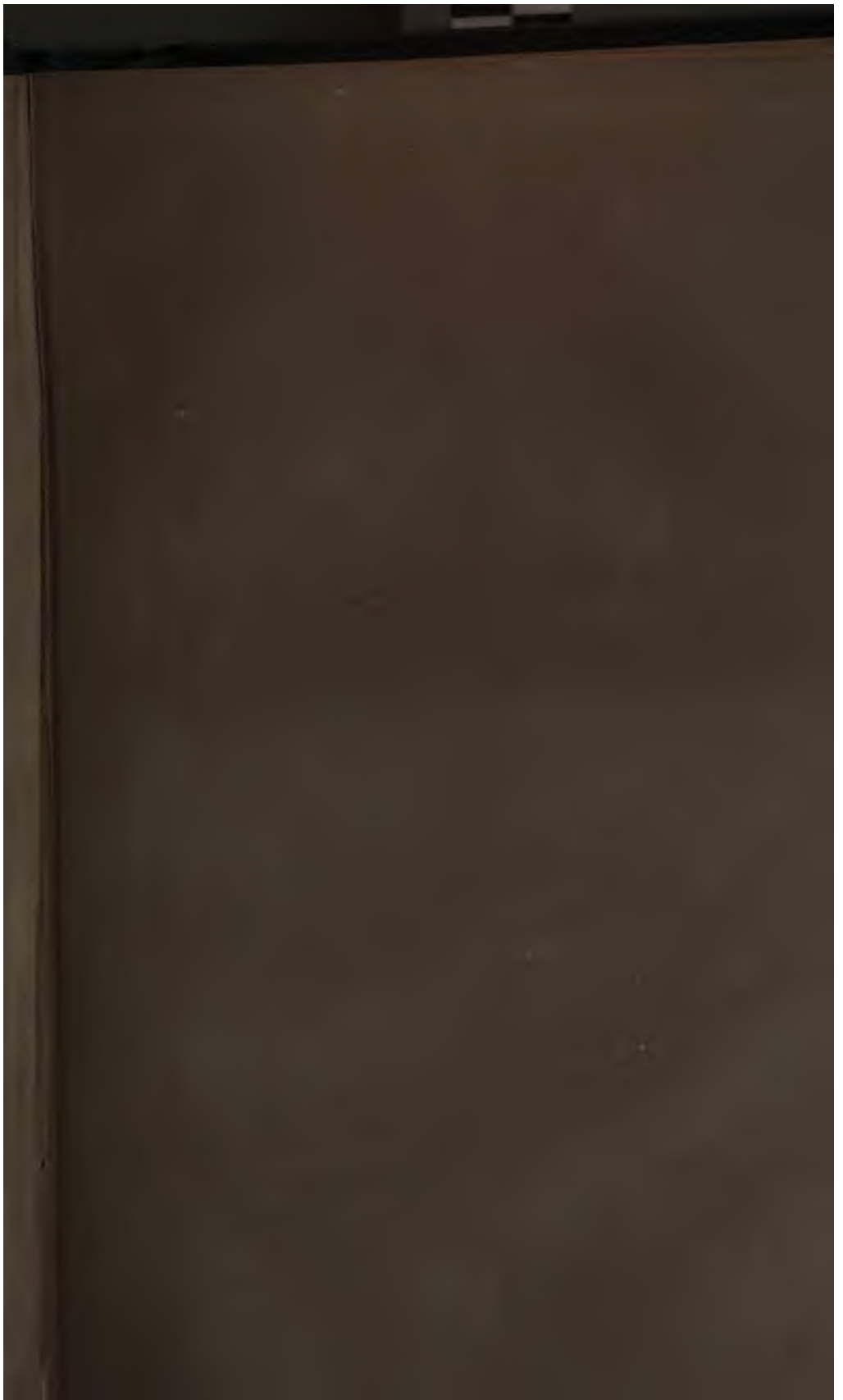
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

















PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ON

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

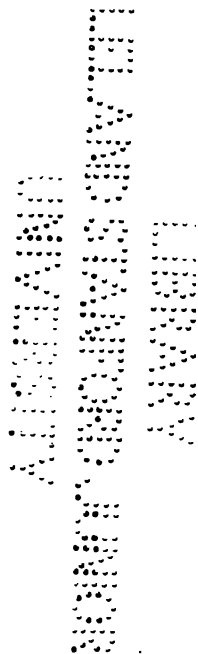
AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

NEW SERIES.

FIFTH VOLUME. JANUARY—JUNE, 1870.

NEW YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM & SONS, 4TH AVE. & 23D ST.
1870.





ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
G. P. PUTNAM & SONS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

TROW & SMITH BOOK MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
PRINTERS, STEREOTYPERS, AND ELECTROTYPERS,
205-215 EAST 12TH STREET, NEW YORK.

INDEX TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

Article.	Author.	No.	Page.
ACADEMY OF DESIGN AND ART-EDUCATION.....	<i>Eugene Benson.</i>	XXIX.	584
AD MEIPSUM.....	<i>S. W. Duffield.</i>	XXV.	49
AFRICAN EXODUS.....	<i>J. M. Cazeneuve.</i>	XXVI.	192
AMERICAN DOCTRINE OF NEUTRALITY.....		XXVIII.	488
AMERICAN DRESS.....	<i>Schele de Vere.</i>	XXVIII.	385
AMERICAN HOTELS.....	<i>By a Cosmopolitan.</i>	XXV.	23
AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.....	" "	XXVI.	195
AMERICANS AND SOME OF THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.....	<i>T. M. Coan, M.D.</i>	XXVII.	351
APPROACH OF AGE.....	<i>John H. Bryant.</i>	XXIX.	560
BABEL IN THE MIST OF US.....	<i>Geo. Wakeman.</i>	XXVII.	294
BEAR HUNT (The); OR, LIFE IN SWEDEN.....	<i>A. Gölbrandson.</i>	"	265
BEH.....	<i>Rebecca Harding Davis.</i>	XXVI.	163
BIBLE? SHALL WE HAVE A MORE READABLE.....	<i>J. B. Bittinger.</i>	XXX.	663
BIRDS OF THE NORTH.....	<i>Pres. P. A. Chadbourne.</i>	"	686
BROWLER'S DEFALCATION.....	<i>A. Webster, Jr.</i>	XXVII.	286
BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.....		"	366
CELTIC INHERITANCE (Our).....	<i>Prof. L. Clark Seelye.</i>	XXIX.	514
COMING OF THE DAWN.....	<i>F. Barron.</i>	XXX.	720
CONCERNING CHARLOTTE.....	<i>Author of "Still Life in Paris."</i>	88, 181, 319,	407
CRAZY MARTHA, THE STORY OF.....	<i>Pres. Henry Coppee.</i>	XXVI.	221
CUBA AND SPAIN.....		XXV.	9
CURRENT EVENTS.....	<i>F. B. Perkins.</i>	133, 262,	379
DEATH-BELL (The).....	<i>Alfred Ford.</i>	XXVI.	216
DEATH PAINFUL?.....	<i>E. P. Buffet, M.D.</i>	XXVII.	311
DEPARTMENTS, IN THE.....	<i>W. H. Babcock.</i>	XXV.	50
DINNER vs. RUFFLES AND TUCKS.....	<i>Louise Palmer Smith.</i>	XXX.	708
DOMESTIC ROMANCE (A).....		XXX.	675
DOWN THE DANUBE.....	<i>Col. John Hay.</i>	XXX.	625
DREAMING.....	<i>F. W. Holland.</i>	XXVI.	238
EASTERN PORTAL OF THE POLE.....	<i>Prof. T. B. Mawry.</i>	XXVIII.	437
ENGLISH LITERATURE, OUTLOOK OF OUR.....	<i>Prof. J. M. Hoppin.</i>	XXX.	649
EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.....	<i>Eugene Benson.</i>	XXX.	699
FATHER HYACINTHE AND HIS CHURCH.....	<i>Hon. John Bigelow.</i>	XXV.	96
FATHER HYACINTHE'S PREDECESSOR.....	<i>W. C. Wilkinson.</i>	XXVI.	177
FIRE, WEAPONS FOR COMBAT WITH.....	<i>C. W. Wyckoff.</i>	XXVI.	226
FRENCH CHÂTEAU (A).....	<i>Mrs. Clarence Cook.</i>	XXIX.	606
FRENCH SALON (A).....	<i>Sidney Hyde.</i>	XXV.	68
FULFILMENT.....	<i>Mary L. Ritter.</i>	XXX.	667
GALLERIES OF BELMONT AND BLODGETT.....	<i>Eugene Benson.</i>	XXIX.	534
GREAT GALE AT PASSAMAQUODDY.....	<i>Sidney Hyde.</i>	XXVI.	212
GREAT GOLD FLURRY.....	<i>J. A. Peters.</i>	XXIX.	587
GREENOUGH'S CHANTING CHERUBS.....	<i>S. F. Cooper.</i>	XXVI.	241



F. Hyacinth

i
n
e
a-
ces
irst
n.r.



P U T N A M ' S M A G A Z I N E

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. V.—JANUARY—1870.—No. XXV.

CUBA AND SPAIN.

In *Putnam's Monthly* for January, 1858, we gave a historical account of Cuba, and discussed very fully the situation of the island, its relations with Spain and the United States, and the duty of the latter, Power with regard to it. This was at a time when there was much excitement in consequence of the various so-called filibustering expeditions, commencing in 1850 and continuing to 1854. These expeditions, though carried on by Cuban funds, were composed of Americans, whose landing in Cuba was to produce an uprising there.

There was no insurrectionary movement meanwhile on the island.

In that article we expressed our sympathy for the oppressed Cubans, but maintained the United States could not properly interfere, and suggested that the negotiations which had been attempted under President Polk should be renewed for the purchase of the island from Spain. The fierce political contests in the United States which culminated in the war of the rebellion withdrew the attention of this country from Cuba only to have it again excited, and with a tenfold interest.

One more, after the lapse of seven-teen years, we approach the subject.

The topic of slavery is dead in the

United States, and should be buried out of our sight; but in explaining the causes which have produced for so many years the bitterest disaffection in Cuba toward Spain, we have distinctly to bring it forward. In this connection we make the following statements.

1st. That the slave-power, which for extent, influence, and resources, has been the most powerful engine ever wielded in civilized communities, still rules unrestrained and omnipotent in Spain.

2d. That the terrible oppressions exercised against the Cubans by the system of monopolies, exactions, and taxation, and by the importations from year to year of blacks from Africa, were by the slave-oligarchy. That these importations kept the Creole population in perpetual fear, and enabled their despots to wring from the inhabitants sums which appear fabulous in the aggregate.

3d. That the Cubans have always been opposed to the slave-trade, and for the last twenty-five years have been in favor of the emancipation of the colored population.

In these statements lies the explanation of the Cuban Insurrection.

We will first devote a few sentences to a historical summary.

The invasion of Spain by the first

Napoleon produced an uprising of the Spaniards, and gave as its result the Constitution of 1812. The assembly which formed that code proved to the world that the seeds planted by the eminent statesmen of the last century—Florida Blanca, Aranda, Jovellanos, and others—were not lost to the country. It was democratic in its character, and its deliberations were marked by moderation and enlightened views. This Constitution declared that the "Spanish nation consisted in the Spaniards of both hemispheres," and acknowledged equal rights to all. In 1814, on the return of Ferdinand, both Spain and Cuba were again subjected to absolute rule. In 1820 constitutional government was restored to Spain and the colony. In 1823 the absolute power of Ferdinand VII. was restored over both. In 1834 Cuba was placed in the enjoyment of the same rights as Spain, and she sent deputies to the Cortes. In 1837 these rights were denied to her, and her deputies refused admittance, while it was decreed that the colonies should be governed by special laws.

Here let it be distinctly borne in mind that while up to 1837 Cuba mainly followed the fortunes in government of the mother-country, enjoying the benefit of liberal changes, and returning with it to absolute rule; from this year (1837), when her deputies were excluded from the Cortes, she has had no representation—has not received the promised special laws but has been at all times subject to the WILL of the Governor-General, who has had the same power as is given to "governors of besieged towns," with the right of deportation of persons, and of suspending royal orders or general decrees in all the branches of administration.

Against this state of things the inhabitants have struggled for the last thirty-two years, in which their resources have been drained for the benefit of the slave-oligarchy.

While the "wrongs of the Cubans," so far as they relate to the exactions wrung from them, and the severity with which they have been governed, are

now well known, it is not, we believe, generally understood in this country that not only has the slave-trade been carried on against the protest of the inhabitants, but that slavery itself has been maintained in spite of their earnest desire to bring it to an end. It is this point we wish especially to present to our readers; for it changes the aspect of the Cuban question, and places the situation of the Cubans toward the civilized world in its proper light.

In Spain itself, during the last half-century, there has been a constant struggle, or rather yearning, of a brave and well-meaning but uneducated and ignorant people on one side, and the slave-power on the other, which power was not more remarkable for its perseverance in carrying on a traffic condemned by the age, than for its successful attack on the liberties of the freemen of old Spain. We must state facts, though they destroy cherished ideas of the honor and high tone of the Spanish hidalgo, and weaken the charm which surrounds the descriptions of some of our most popular writers.

The peninsular crusades; the Moorish tinge of chivalry and romance imbibed by the Spaniard from the Saracen during a war of eight centuries; the ardent poetry, the tender ballads, and the precious remains still extant of the arts and civilization of that peculiar race; the discovery and conquest of America under the auspices of the Catholic kings, and the fleeting greatness under Charles V. and Philip II., have produced in literary men all over the world an almost idolatrous regard for the Spanish name. It is therefore in a kindly spirit that inquiry has been raised to ascertain why so many drawbacks have accompanied the labor of political regeneration on that soil. Some observe that Spain has been unfortunate in the period when she undertook to develop constitutional rule, because it is one of selfishness, unbelief, and sensual proclivities. Others contend that the precious metals profusely poured in from the newly-discovered regions created a foolish vanity among the hidal-

gos, stimulated luxury, idleness, and vice, discountenanced labor, arts, the sciences, and virtue, and thus liberty was neither sought for nor valued. Buckle, in his English civilization, traces the course of the Spanish intellect from the fifth to the nineteenth century, and ascribes its backwardness to a superstitious spirit unable to discard faith, which element the writer considers a drawback to intellectual progress! The author further points to the geological formation of the soil, the earthquakes and frequent famines, as natural visitations inducing a timid state of the mind, and consequent inefficiency in progress.

Leaving it to others to discover the abstract reason why the Spanish mind has struggled in vain to throw off its shackles, we charge expressly that the slave-trade organization has tenaciously and successfully absorbed all power, and has smothered the sparks of freedom which, if allowed to kindle, would have consumed the inexhaustible fountain of its polluted wealth.

Whatever cause of decline be ascribed to the last weak sovereigns of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, it is certain that the close of the eighteenth century found the nation entirely dependent for its vitality and prosperity on the monopoly of trade with its possessions in this hemisphere. This embraced the following: Privileges to work the mines; privileged cities in Spain which could alone carry on commerce; privileged commercial and shipping companies; privileged mercantile fleets sailing in convoys at stated periods; excise customs everywhere directing the course of trade; patents for providing salt and selling cattle, and other necessaries of life; privileges to the class of mariners; patents for executing judiciary acts. Each production and each industry was at war with the other, and the general advance was based, not on reason, not on the price of man's labor, but on might and the passive obedience of the colonists. Jorge Juan and Ulloa, eminent Spanish mariners, in secret and accurate reports, in vain warned the

court, unveiling the hideous features of oppression and corruption which "dishonored the Spanish rule in America." When nothing remained of the vast Spanish possessions but Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, untaught by the past, the energy, the mercantile spirit and the capital of the Spaniard still clung to monopoly as the only means of prosperity. Light was, however, piercing through ecclesiastical and monarchical darkness. The author of the agrarian law had published principles sustained in our day by Cobden and the League. Some of the limitations of trade were reluctantly removed, and when the alliance with Napoleon drove the flag of Spain from every sea, we notice the efforts of Cuba to free herself from commercial bondage; they are visible in the debates which took place in 1808 in the Provincial Consulado, now extinct, where we read such words as the following:

"And what if because the mother-country cannot provide articles we need: shall she punish in us the deficiency of her manufactures and territorial productions?"

Peace was restored, and the exclusive system had to yield to the exigencies of existence, which broke through all restrictions and fixed on Cuba a contraband trade as regularly organized as if it had been legal. This system and the slave-trade, clandestine in name also, became the source of Spanish power and prosperity in Cuba.

Soon after the Congress of Vienna had condemned the African trade, Spain accepted the treaty of the 23d of September, 1817, making the trade illegal for Spaniards. It is curious to watch from that day the constant struggle between the liberal spirit of the times and the terrible avarice of the slave-dealers. On the 30th of October, 1820, that being the date when importation of slaves should cease, a further toleration of two years was obtained. Then followed repeated seizures of Spanish vessels engaged in the forbidden traffic; prizes, courts to settle their legitimacy, and the condition of the captured African. A profoundly exciting interna-

tional agitation followed between England and Spain, kept up by a laudable zeal on the part of the former in behalf of the negro, which has only died away since slavery ceased to exist in the United States.

The importation of slaves, however, went on without regard to treaties or subsequent stipulations. The British Government urged the want of a law which should make known to Spaniards that they could no longer trade in human beings. A royal order appeared in consequence on the 2d of January, 1826, especially forbidding any investigation about the origin of the African slaves who might be imported previously to a decree that the Captain-General *would give at some future time*. This promised decree *was never made*. England was mystified, and the importations were continued without interruption.

The widow of Ferdinand VII., at a much later period, had placed her fortunes in the hands of the Spanish liberals in order to secure the throne from the grasp of Don Carlos. A charter of political rights called "the Estatuto Real" was proclaimed, and the remonstrances of the British Government being sustained by the sentiment of the Cortes, a new treaty was entered into on the 28th of June, 1835, the publicity of which was the first efficient check on the African slave-trade. But the speculations were too lucrative; the agents of the Queen at Havana were largely engaged in them; the officials both in Cuba and in Spain participated in the profits. Hence a powerful struggle ensued between the Cubans aspiring to obtain free institutions and the clique of slave-dealers which was publicly denounced by José Antonio Saco.

Ever since the report of Serrano, the present Regent of Spain, was published in this country, it has been well understood that up to 1837, as we have already mentioned, Spain and Cuba had always followed the same political fate. But the coincidence of time may have escaped many, between the blow at the slave-trade by the act of 1835

and the exclusion from the Cortes, in 1837, of the representatives of the island of Cuba. For it could only be under an exceptional and arbitrary government, that violation of treaties could be so scandalously committed. Without knowing this secret motive of the Spanish rulers, it would be impossible to explain why General Tacon was at war with the Corporation of Havana, strenuously opposing political reforms, asking for means to put down the expected rising of the colored population announced by the Spanish Legation at Washington; and permitting at the very same time vast and public importations of Africans. Salustiano Olozaga, the fascinating orator of the Cortes, was the counsel for the city of Havana on the occasion of the attack on it by Tacon, and nothing could better show the uselessness of battling against the slave-oligarchy than the despotic decision of the Court on that occasion.

Baffled in its demands, yet continually coming forward to the charge, the Government of Great Britain, after many vain remonstrances, proposed on the 17th of December of 1840 the emancipation of all slaves introduced since 1820 in violation of the treaty; which the Spanish officials admitted would comprise the bulk of the efficient labor then in existence. Turnbull, the British Consul, being ejected from the Sociedad Patriótica, José de la Luz Caballero, the distinguished Cuban patriot, and others equally known as enemies to slavery, appeared at the society and demanded that the representative of Great Britain should be received back into the Corps.

In 1843 and 1844, slight disturbances were noticed among the slaves, and under General O'Donnell, who afterward controlled the destinies of Spain, a method of *expurgo* and precautionary punishment was applied, which finds no parallel in the age we live in. The indiscriminate persecution of the negroes in 1844 is a deep stain on the national character, proving how Spain is bound downward in the scale of civilization in order to retain her grasp on

Cuba. The scaffold did not fill the measure of blood required by the military attorneys appointed to execute what was called summary justice. The victims were shot in groups, but the greater number sank in deadly agony under the lash during interrogatories called "proceedings;" and in order not to disgust the sensibilities of the nineteenth century, it was certified on the official records that the victims had expired from natural diseases. Thus perished Riuz, Tolon, Blakely, Andrew Dodge, Pedro Nufez, Thomas Vargas, Lorenzo Sanches, José Caballero, Juan Agustin Molina, and hundreds of others. The fiscal, Fernando Percher, in rendering an account of the cases committed to his charge, adduced certificates of the death of twenty-nine freemen and forty-three slaves. From three to four thousand of the colored population were swept away unrelentingly through this system of torture. Deceived by the indifference shown by civilized nations, the agents of Spain attempted to involve an Englishman by the name of Elkins in their savage persecution. Crawford, the British Consul, addressed General O'Donnell, and with the wonted firmness of a British official told him, as the testimony against Elkins had been obtained by forcible means, the proceedings inculcating him were null; O'Donnell hesitated, was pressed, and the victim was spared.

Pedro Llanes, one of these military tools or fiscals, when the echo of the abominations had disturbed the equanimity of the home government, was accused at last of extortions of money and cruelties to his victims, and committed suicide in the prison.

At length the Spanish Cortes, under the pressure of Great Britain, passed a law—2d of March, 1845—the penalties of which were apparently decreed for the better suppression of the slave-trade. It was, however, only efficient in making the titles secure to slaves imported in violation of treaties, while slaves continued to be introduced and great agricultural enterprises were undertaken, depending on their labor! Ayes-

teran, Santos Suarez, and Escobedo, eminent Cubans, boldly made a report in 1844 in the Junta de Fomento, and Cintra in 1847, in the Corporation, which demonstrated the superior advantages of free labor; but the Government, to wit the slavers' clique, was deaf.

Meanwhile, Lord Palmerston was too shrewd to be duped by the penal law, which, had it not been enacted under the influence of this clique, must have nearly stopped the obnoxious traffic. He became roused, and claimed the peremptory investigation of the origin of the existing slaves, accepting the testimony of the Africans. Spain replied, invoking her duty to secure the tranquillity, prosperity, and contentment of the inhabitants of Cuba, which would be forfeited by complying with the wishes of H. B. M.'s Government.

It was on that occasion that Lord Howden received from the British Premier the following communication, dated the 20th of October, 1851.

"As to that portion of Señor Miraflores's letter wherein he affirms that the Spanish Government cannot understand how the Government of H. B. M. can seriously recommend a measure which would be very injurious to the natives of Cuba, while recommending that the Spanish Government endeavor to conciliate the affection of those Cubans; I have to commission your lordship to state to Señor Miraflores that the slaves constitute a great portion, and certainly of no slight importance, of the people of Cuba, and that any measures adopted to promote their emancipation, would be in harmony (as to the colored population) with the recommendations made by the Government of H. B. M. to the effect that measures be adopted to enlist the sympathies of the people of Cuba, with the object of ensuring the connection of said island with the Spanish crown: and it must be evident that, if the colored population became free, that fact would raise a most powerful element in opposition to any project to annex the island of Cuba to the United States, where slavery still exists. With reference to the influence which the emancipation of the blacks would have in the interest of the white proprietors, it may certainly be affirmed that free labor is cheaper than slave labor, and it is beyond question that a free and contented working class is a safer neighbor for the wealthy, than ill-treated and aggrieved slaves."

England obtained more enactments from the Court. A royal order of May

5th, 1853, authorized the seizure of imported Africans in opposition to the law of 1845, with the evident object of appeasing the English; the Audiencia of Havana, however, paid no regard to it, so that another, to the same effect, appeared on the 21st of March, 1854.

The accomplished scholar, Marquis Pezuela, then filled the office of Governor-General, and endeavored to execute the laws, and to prepare a change in the condition of labor. His two proclamations, so entirely contradictory, issued with but an interval of twenty-seven days, are the strongest proof of the controlling influence of the clique. He said, on the 3d of May, 1854:

"It is also time to make the life of the slave more agreeable than that of the white man who, with another name, labors in Europe. The planters may exchange their present rapid but precarious gains for others of less present value, yet more certain and lasting, which will pass to their grandchildren instead of being destroyed in one generation; thus becoming consolidated and in harmony with religion," &c., &c.

And on the 30th of the same month, under the pressure of the clique, he says:

"The Government of Her Majesty is but too well aware that this unhappy race which understands by liberty nothing but vagrancy, for the honor of mankind should not be taken out of the soil of their birth, but once among civilized men, protected by religion and by the great laws of our fathers, is, in its so-called slavery, a thousand times happier than portions of the European population who are free only in name."

The organization of the slave-dealers owned the stock of the *Diario de la Marina* in shares, and this journal was the organ of the Government. The humanitarian, whether Spanish or Cuban, urged freedom for all slaves seized in violation of the treaties; registration of those in existence, so as to reject claims to future importations; and a schedule to secure the titles of the owners. Those forming that party were without influence. The *emancipados*, or prize negroes, continued to be a source of profit at the Government palace; the schedules were sold at thirty-four dollars a-piece, and the registra-

tion, after being a short time in operation, was annulled in a proclamation of General Concha, that subsequent importations might not be questioned! Latterly, when a feeling of national dignity was awakened, and Francisco Duran y Cuervo was dismissed from the High Court of Justice and sent to Spain on accusations of bribery in the case of free negroes converted into slaves, the clique at once brought him safely back to Havana, where he now urges the volunteers to robbery and murder.

The peculiar position of the British Government during the protracted agitation to obtain the execution of treaties for the suppression of the African trade has placed it in possession of the necessary testimony to fully establish the unblushing power and action of the oligarchy.

It is a fact not generally known, that on the 24th of December, 1854, Julian Zulueta, the slaver, Isidore Lira, of the "*Diario de la Marina*," and Sabino Ojero, of the mercantile house known as J. Morales & Co., petitioned the Queen to grant political freedom to Cuba! These parties were spurred to the movement by the Quitman excitement in this country, and perhaps even more by Mr. Everett's letter of the 1st of December, 1852, which had just been made public, and which destroyed the slave-dealers' hopes of the European Tripartite alliance, wherein it was proposed that England, France, and the United States should guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain.

In January, 1865, Serrano, the present Regent, said in the Spanish Senate, in answer to a member of the Cabinet:

"That he ought to know that wherever the infamous traffic was practised, complete demoralization reigned; that under the pretext of the trade every iniquity and horror was committed; that in those negotiations nothing was committed to writing, that contracts were verbal, and where the conditions were broken, it was usual to resort to the dagger for redress. We call (he said) upon the civilized world to hear the acknowledgment; that he had found out that all parties participating in the African trade were opposed to the sending of deputies from Cuba and to every reform whatsoever!"

Very soon after, the noble Duke re-

ceived a petition, signed by TWENTY THOUSAND of the most distinguished inhabitants of Cuba, which from its spontaneous character gives a correct idea of the political sentiment prevailing at the time, and justifies the following interesting extracts. We allow ourselves no freedom in translating :

"How could those reaping the advantages of commercial monopoly, or enriching themselves at the expense of the nation's honor, ever consent to the political reforms to which Cuba is entitled, and which are called for by the general weal as long as those reforms are sure to produce the suppression of the privileges, and the end of so egregious immorality?"

"Between the mother-country and the Ultramarine Provinces a wall has been raised in the shape of a political charter* robbing the latter of the rights and guarantees which they have enjoyed at all times in common with the Peninsular."

"The time has come to return to the path of reason, justice, and expediency. As men and as Spaniards; by natural law; by the law written and stamped in all the constitutions preceding the constituents Cortés of 1837, these were incompetent to rob from us a right exercised before on all occasions when the other provinces of the Spanish nation had exercised them. We neither participated in, or consented to, that usurpation, and the right has not come under prescription, and it is in vigor. Cuba protested then through her rejected deputies, and has protested ever since by all indirect means in her power."

On the 28th of June following, the slavers' oligarchy addressed the Government in support of their exclusive policy; and the people of Cuba, one month later, July 28th, addressed a memorial to Her Majesty :

"As to the conspiracies (it said), the expatriation and executions which we all deplore, prove (and it is proper not to forget) that as long as the European Spaniards and the native Cubans were equal, no conspirators existed, and never was it found necessary to spill one drop of blood for political motives."

The petitioners mention unfair means employed to obtain signatures by the slave-oligarchy in support of their views, stating that in some cases the parties had disavowed their incautious adhesion. It adds :

"No, Señora, it is not true that the inhabit-

* That of 1837.

ants of Cuba are in a majority so abject as to reject and fear political reforms: the truth is, that they are anxious to receive them, and that they require them of every kind."

In spite of the strenuous exertions of their opponents, a time arrived when the Government could no longer resist, and on the 25th of November, 1865, the Queen issued an order creating a Junta merely to report "on the basis of the special laws that should be presented to the Cortes for the government of the Antilles; on the regulation of the existing labor and emigration, on commercial treaties with other nations, and on the tariff question." The Junta should consist of a number of officials not limited, of twenty-two Commissioners elected by the people, and of twenty-two more of Government choice.

General Domingo Dulce, then Governor-General, was the man whose duty it became to direct the election of Commissioners; and it was so unfairly done that the Corporation of Havana itself condemned the illegality of the act; the Court, however, sanctioned the unlawful trick practised to favor the oligarchy in the election. But in spite of intrigues, the reformists elected their Commissioners almost to a man. It is proper to state with reference to the manœuvre of General Dulce, that in the Spanish Senate, the Secretary of the Colonies assumed the responsibility of the unfair management of the election, as having been ordered by him in a private communication to Dulce.

We have shown what were the lawful demands of twenty thousand leading citizens of Cuba. The proof that they really expressed the public sentiment, is demonstrated in the consideration shown in the timid royal decree for convening the Junta at Madrid. The unquestionable validity of that expression is also proved by the extraordinary success in the election. We will next briefly revert to the proceedings of the Junta installed at Madrid.

At the inauguration, the Commissioners were told that they were at liberty to discuss any question except that of national, monarchical, and religious unity; yet the first interrogatory pre-

sented for them to answer referred only to how the labor of the colored and Asiatic population should be regulated, and what immigration should be favored. Upon that *José Marales Lemus*, now the representative of Ceapedes at Washington, and then one of the elected Commissioners from the people, reminded the presiding officer that such a course was inconsistent with the object and the pledges of the Minister of the Colonies. The latter, however, denied the Commissioners the right to question the order of interrogatories.

Among the remarkable incidents was a proposition made by the Commissioners from Puerto Rico for the immediate abolition of slavery, with or without indemnification, and a report of the majority, requesting the slave-trade to be declared piracy, and those engaged in it to be excluded from Spanish nationality. To sustain our statement as to the power of the slave-oligarchy, we make some extracts from this report. Alluding to the ejection of the representatives in 1837, it says:

"From that time, instead of begging for toleration, the African trade lifted its head proudly, and woe to whoever should dare censure it. He would show himself thereby a false Spaniard, a rebel opposing the equilibrium of the races in order to weaken and destroy the power of the mother-country: he would be looked upon with suspicion, and at least be deported from the country. In the opinion of many, to be an African trader, to buy and hold slaves, was evidence of being a good Spaniard, because these means were calculated to strengthen the national sentiment. To oppose the contraband in slaves, to refuse to purchase the recently imported, or to free the slaves, was to show wicked intentions. Not even public functionaries were spared trouble and hidden attacks if they showed zeal in the fulfilment of duty in the matter of the slave-trade."

A gentleman of great honesty and superior acquirements—Antonio Gonzales de Mendoza—awake to the perils of further introductions of Africans, had obtained permission to organize a society, whose members bound themselves to purchase no slaves arriving after the 19th November, 1865:

"The basis of this project (we quote from

the Commissioner's same Report) could not be more simple, inoffensive, and innocent, as may be seen in the copy annexed, and therefore the worthy General did not hesitate to approve it pro tem., but the slave-dealers, on finding out that all classes, especially the planters, sympathized with the object of the association and were hastening to subscribe the engagement not to purchase recently imported negroes, nor aid directly or indirectly the African traffic, felt that they were in great danger, and initiated a species of crusade against it. They said that it was revolutionary in its character, that it covered hidden views, that it attacked national unity under pretext of opposing the slave-trade, and by these means succeeded in having the association disproved and the sanction of the Governor-General invalidated; thereby strengthening the belief in some that it is really anti-national to oppose the slave trade and in others that it is useless and even dangerous to battle against it, or to urge the application of laws sanctioned for its suppression.

"Cuba is no longer bent on sustaining negro-slavery, though it may so seem; she was so for reasons we all know, and she laments it; she has been drawn in spite of herself to be an unwilling accomplice in the unjustifiable contraband. The majority of her people are now aware that negroes are not the only victims sacrificed to the avarice of the slave-dealers; they understand how far their future, and even their present mode of being, are compromised through the persistency in that traffic: they ardently desire to see it forever ended; they are anxious to prove how much the past weighs on their minds and brings shame to their cheeks, and how sincerely they are determined not to fall again into a fault which has been the source of so many evils. We are compelled, from a sense of duty, to sustain the laudable sentiment of our constituents, and if, in order to do so, we have been obliged to enter into details distasteful perhaps for some, the fault lies in those who by their tenacious violation of the laws, and by the means to which they have resorted, have forced us to the sad necessity of protesting against the injury they are inflicting on that island, and against accusations which that island no longer deserves.

"A day may come (we quote again), when this Report may be published, and it may perhaps incline some to desist from speculations which they undertake possibly without reflection and not comprehending the shameful hideousness of the crime and the horrors of its effects. *The World shall then know that Cuba has availed herself of the first opportunity which has been granted for her to speak, in order to protest energetically against the abominable trade, and the idea of a common responsibility existing between the country and the*

smugglers who dishonor it, being made to disappear, the former will be spared some of the dangers by which it is surrounded, and the latter will be less inclined to indulge hopes of impunity." *

The Commissioners proposed the abolition of customs, the substitution of income tax; a scheme of local government involving representation and the concurrence of the colonial vote for the imposition of taxes; and they also presented a plan for the abolition of slavery, from which we feel compelled to give these extracts:

"We think with Mr. Poey, that a cause based on the precedents of slavery, is irretrievably lost at the tribunal of human conscience. We add, that a social system needing the support of laws offensive to good morals, which, in its excess of precautions against the slave, attacks the security of the free, though belonging to the dominant race which is also suspected;—a system in which we find a man coarse and cruel, wielding discretionary power over two hundred or more individuals, whom he is at liberty to chastise or hold in fetters—which condemns a human being to a brutal existence, and allows him to be sold as sheep; an institution which corrupts the master and degrades the slave, which tarnishes the modesty of the maid, and stimulates the sensuality of the youth—is one of whose existence every honest soul should be ashamed to be an accomplice." . . .

"Man carries providentially in himself the necessity of labor and the capacity to produce, the power to use the elements which nature places within his reach, the calling to exercise that power, and consequently the right to enjoy the fruit of his labor.

"The abolition of slavery no longer depends on the Government, or people, of countries which yet retain the few remains of the fatal institution. It is a fact irrevocably consummated in the general sentiment of the world; it is the logical result of a series of acts and events becoming more magnificent, more exacting, and more irresistible."

No annals of any civilized state have ever furnished such instances of injustice, as these records disclose in the treatment of the Cubans by the slave-oligarchy. The solemn appeal of the Commissioners in 1867, only two years ago, demanding for themselves the

rights of freemen, and rejecting slavery and the slave-trade, is a solemn spectacle, having no precedent in the history of any slave country; and it is in this aspect we present the case of Cuba to the people of the United States.*

What excuse did the rulers of Spain offer for disregarding the requests of the colonists? None. Still, thirty years of patient endurance were insufficient to exhaust forbearance. The Cubans continued to manifest a submissive spirit. The disturbed state of the nation, and the changes among the officials in power, which accompanied the last days of the reign of the Queen, were accepted as causes sufficient for slighting their demands. And when the nation seemed to awake from a prolonged trance of corruption and tyranny, and the cry of "*Spain with honor!*" was launched as the watchword to the expectant citizens of the whole country, and Serrano and Dulce, and their Liberal associates, were installed in the government palace of Madrid, could any one imagine that the rights of Cuba would still be withheld? Every military commander was at once removed, excepting the one whose corruption was the most glaring, whose administration was the most venal, whose profligacy was the most scandalous and repugnant. That man was Lersundi, who respected no principles, who was bitterly opposed to the franchises, having come as Governor-General to Cuba to amass a fortune, which could only be acquired through the slave-dealers' clique.

While raising altars to liberty in Spain, the people there were nevertheless imbued with the spirit of that clique, and cruelly disappointed the expectations of the Cubans. Notwithstanding the rising of a resolute small band of patriots at the village of Yara, on the 10th of October, 1868, on the 24th of the same month distinguished citizens of Havana, anxious to avoid

* Signed by J. M. Angulo—Acosta—Castellanos—Ascarate—José Morales Lemus—Count Posos—Dulces—Antonio Rodriguez—Tomas Terry—J. A. Echevarria—Quiñones—Bernal—Camejo—E. Belvis—Ortega.

* We commend the foregoing account to Wendell Phillips, who asserts the Cubans have no desire to emancipate the slaves! See Anti-Slavery Standard, October 20.

civil war, waited on the Governor-General, and, in courteous and respectful terms, asked that Cuba should be assimilated to the European provinces, as in 1812 and 1820. The refusal was accompanied with remarks of disrespect to the assembly; and Colonel Modet, a Spanish officer in the service, was instantly shipped to Spain for daring to sustain the wishes of the Havanese. Still, the latter did not relinquish a lingering loyal hope. They remembered the acknowledgment of their grievances by the Duke de la Torre (Serrano), then at the head of the Provisional Government; they trusted the man, and many, whose hearts have become filled with resentment since, wrote to him, describing that last affront; while they begged for one drop from the fountain of liberty, to in some degree appease the excited islanders. The telegraph brought the public answer—it was the sanction of the exclusion enforced on the citizens of Havana by Lersundi, the old soldier of despotism. At the Cortes, which soon after met, there were some European Spaniards who generously demanded justice and freedom for the West Indian Colonies; they were chiefly from the republican ranks. The eloquent Emilio Castelar, whose voice has stirred many districts of Spain while resounding praises to the American nation, advocated the cause; and, pointing to the British colonial policy, claimed that the institutions for Cuba should be so ample and free, that the union with the mother-country should depend on the will of the Cubans. In answering these suggestions, this very summer, the Duke Regent reminded the orator *that, in Cuba, slavery existed*; apparently forgetting that he had himself advocated emancipation, and that to grant it would be to conform to the popular will on the island. His policy became that of the slave-clique—viz., to compel blind obedience, and sustain the obnoxious institution.

When the outcry against Spanish rule became literally wild, and Cespedes and Marmol had shown that there were firmness and energy in the revolution, Dulce

was sent to Havana to appease the storm, not by the granting of rights, but by his personal popularity. He called around him the reluctant reformists of old, issued an amnesty to those in arms, talked of reforms extensively but guardedly, allowed liberty of the press, and permitted citizens to assemble and discuss all subjects.

But he studiously withheld the elective franchise, allowing the bureaucratic structure still to represent the various interests at stake. It was simply his will, or exclusive authority, which ruled. For nearly two weeks he permitted the people freely to express their opinions, for the purpose, it would almost seem, of ascertaining the victims that were to fall at the appointed time.

Dulce soon saw that the slave-oligarchy—never well pleased with him—had organized volunteer corps, exclusively composed of peninsulars, to oppose all political concessions.

His predecessor, Lersundi, relied on this armed cohort of factious spirits for all emergencies; to uphold the clique, to frown upon free institutions, and to even raise in America the throne of the wandering Queen.* He boasted, as he left the Cuban shores, that his successor would find it a hard task to control the ferment he bequeathed him in the volunteers; and later events, ending in the ejection of Dulce himself from the island, proves the correctness of the threat. One word as to these volunteers. From the name, one might reasonably suppose them charged with the defence of all peaceful citizens. They are a body organized by Lersundi, in the country districts as well as in the cities, and consist of merchants, shopkeepers, and their clerks, in the seaports and in the interior—wherever, in fact, a shop exists. They constitute the Spanish European element (67,562 in numbers, according to the last census), who, as a body, youthful and strong, had apparently thrived in the drygoods, hardware, and grocery business, while, in

* He received a telegram from Isabel, dated at Pau, appealing to his loyalty when it was too late.

reality, the importation of slaves was the chief source of their profits. Even if the education of the masses had attained a decent development in Spain, the demoralizing effect of the business they upheld would have made them cruel, as they were really ignorant. Since the time when the lucrative trade stopped, many had become bankrupt; and they could no longer, through the ordinary channels of trade, satisfy the inordinate wants and habits created and easily provided for by the favorite speculation. In a creole, the volunteer saw one possessing superior intelligence, a rival in power, rising in proportion as liberal ideas progressed—an opponent to the system which had enriched the elder peninsulars of his party. Thwarted in his personal expectations, it was natural for him to look upon the native Cuban as the enemy of his country. It is in this way the strength, joint action, and ferocity of the volunteers can be explained. Our readers remember how they rushed from an ambuscade, to fire on the defenceless people at the Villanueva theatre, and paraded the streets for whole days, massacring the innocent inhabitants, on the ground that they heard seditious cries; how they shot down people at the Louvre, in the capacity of police-agents, and crowded into the jails to insult the powerless victims; how they sacked the Aldama palace—deposing governors, who resisted their merciless purposes—insisting on immediate executions. And when, as an act of clemency, to save the lives of hundreds unjustly imprisoned, Dulce succeeded in shipping the latter to an inhospitable island on the African coast, the volunteers murdered numbers on the Havana wharf, who, they said, had manifested sympathy for their exiled friends.

This was on Easter Sunday, 1869. Scarcely had they finished their cowardly assassinations, when they forced General Dulce to leave his palace, to sanction the immediate execution of a poor man whom a policeman had thought it his duty to protect. The Havaneſe witnessed with terror these acts of atrocity,

which was intensified by the powerless condition of the Governor-General. All have heard the account of the two hundred and sixty gentlemen, rudely thrust on board a Spanish man-of-war, and subjected to every species of abuse and suffering during a long voyage to Africa, at the hands of the "volunteers."

Next came the executions of Leon and Medina, who had been legally condemned, and who uttered inflammatory patriotic words on the scaffold. Some one in the crowd, it is said, made a sympathetic response. There were thousands of armed soldiers and volunteers at the time in the square, and through the city, yet they fired instantly on the populace, and six victims, including a woman, were killed. Dulce himself cannot be acquitted of blame. He praised them for their loyalty, and gave them encouragement. "You must seize," he said to the volunteers, in a proclamation, "whosoever shall spread alarming reports," etc.

Thus the spirit of persecution and the thirst for blood was inspired throughout the Spanish ranks; and the killing of suspected citizens, not by judicial decree, nor even by order of a commander, but by the infuriated armed rabble, became the rule. It was the same spirit which broke all bounds, and turned against Dulce, when he at last attempted to control it. Then it was the volunteers ejected him—the representative of Spain! It is difficult to keep pace with these outrages. The silent murder of prisoners at Santiago and (by wholesale) in the camps; the treacherous death inflicted on Augusto Arango by the Governor of Principe not heeding a safe-conduct, on the faith of which he had trusted; the disgraceful proclamation of Valmaseda;* the burning of prisoners at Las Tunas. We pause before the heart-rending drama of Jiguani. Eight universally beloved and wealthy citizens of San-

* It punished with death whoever was not at his residence, and did not account for it satisfactorily; it ordered that women found away from their homes, should be conducted forcibly to Bayamo; and that houses not bearing a white flag should be destroyed.

tiago, with their servants and friends who came to soothe them in their grief (twenty-one in number), were shot, on the 8d of last August, by the escort of Colonel Palacios.

When they were made acquainted with Valmaseda's order for them to go a long land-journey, they petitioned, through the foreign consuls, to be judged at their domicile, requesting, if go they must, to do so under an escort which they could trust, declaring their fears of what might happen on the road. They reached Bayamo safely, and then they were made to undertake another unexpected journey under the terrible Palacios, who, at a given moment, fell on the defenceless prisoners, leaving not one alive. Of the victims, not one had been judged. Many had not been accused, and some had actually been released as innocent. Palacios was allowed, by General de Rhodas, to reach Spain unmolested. While alluding to these records of official crime, we have evidence of similar deeds committed on the 19th and 22d of October, at Roque and Palmillas, within six and twelve hours' ride from Havana. Twenty citizens were tied, carried off, and slaughtered—nine at Aizpwinas, eleven at Palmillas. The volunteers, the chapelgorri, and the Governor of Colon, are implicated; but they are *safo*, being agents of a recognized Power.

The question naturally arises, how far these sanguinary persecutions have succeeded in restoring peace to the people and security to the Spanish hold on Cuba? Nearly fifty thousand regular troops, and as many volunteers,* perfectly armed and equipped, have up to this time been employed to crush the rebellion, aided, besides, by a powerful navy and abundant cash resources drawn on the credit of the island. What is the result? Let us see.

The Western Department, from Cape San Antonio to the east of Cardenas, bears the oppressive weight of stupendous military array, comprising the fortifications of Havana; and no move-

*They have by their own accounts lost 14,000 men.

ment is heard there save murders, like those of Guanajay and the Oliveras.

In the section of the Cinco Villas, or the space lying between Remedios and Sagua on the north, and Cienfuegos and Jaguey-Grande on the south, including Santa-Clara and the mountains of Manicaragua, there are about fourteen thousand patriots, under General Federico Cabada, who, so far from being dispersed, have commenced the threatened war of fire on the canefields. It is said that at Cienfuegos they have received an important accession from the Spanish ranks, of republicans who refuse to attack their political brethren.

In the Central Department, Ignacio Agramonte commands 10,000 Camagueyanos, intercepting the road between Nuevitas on the northern coast and Puerto-Principe, holding in check fourteen thousand well-armed regular troops, with abundance of artillery. Puerto-Principe is deprived of trade and provisions, cruelly oppressed and reduced to very small numbers.

Generals Jordan and Marmol, in the east, from Santiago to Bayamo, have under their command about 13,000 men. The General Commander-in-Chief, Quesada, counts besides on several thousands, of all shades of color, who are waiting for arms; and also on the entire population, whose soul is with the Liberals. With hands and feet tied by want of arms and ammunition, and in the absence of municipal concert and authority, with no proper organization in the outset, the resistance of the Cuban army is a matter of surprise, and can only be accounted for by the overwhelming power of despair.

The Cubans fight bravely. No one can read the Spanish version of the battle of Baire, which lasted one hour and three quarters—the fight being carried on, not with fire-arms, but with cold steel—without being satisfied of their valor, and the spirit which inspires them. The struggle, however, is unequal. The Spaniards hold possession of the towns and forts; they are not entangled by family ties, maintaining, as they do, disreputable intimacies with

colored mistresses whom they despise. The Cubans lack discipline and arms, and even clothing, while they tremble for the fate of their wives, mothers, and children. The cause of Spain is sustained by a reign of terror (unchecked by the least restraint), such as has never been justified by civilized governments; while the Cubans, separated from their friends by an inhospitable sea, are hemmed in by their narrow territory, and watched by a powerful navy. They are obliged to seek secretly in America the support and the arms which our country has always before tendered to struggling republics, and which we openly grant to their enemies.

To show the *animus* with which the contest is to be carried on in the future, on the part of Spain, we translate from the *Cronista*, the Spanish organ published in this city, of date November 20. Speaking of the proposed burning of the canefields, by command of Cespedes, it says:

"Nothing seems easier than the execution of this plan, if the Spanish authorities do not adopt measures of terror of such nature that the bare enunciation of them be sufficient to freeze with fear the blood of the bandits."—

"It will certainly happen (in case the burning is not stopped) that on a day least expected, the Spaniards will rise in wrath, and execute on the Island a general robber-deed (*Barrabasada!*) that will resound over the earth until the end of the world."—

"The Spaniards of the Island of Cuba have sworn to defend it at any hazard, *even to burying it in the abyss of the sea* if necessary, that our enemies shall not gain her; and they will perform this as loyal men, doing all, all that may be necessary to fulfil their oath."

Does it seem credible that such language could appear in print, here in the city of New York, in this year of grace, 1869? We would not have believed it, had we not the *Cronista* lying on the table before us.

The question rises directly from the subject—a question not to be blinked or evaded, except with the loss of national dignity—What is the duty of the United States? We answer:

First, to interfere to compel the contest in Cuba to be carried on according to the rules of civilized warfare.

Second, to accord to the Cubans belligerent rights.

Of the precedents (and precedents are very soothing to the diplomatist), to justify the first proposition, the one which most naturally occurs to us is the "Elliot Treaty," so called, wherein England interfered during the Carlist war in Spain, to stop the sanguinary character of the contest.*

Let the United States follow a precedent so noble and humane, and compel the contest in Cuba to be carried on according to the rules of war.

Next, as to granting Cuba belligerent rights. According to Vattel, neutrals are bound to consider the parties in a civil war as independent.

That belligerency is not a right, but a fact which must be admitted in practice, though it may not be recognized in an official declaration.

Such have been the principles sus-

* This was in 1835, the year after a treaty of alliance had been entered into between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, the object being the support of Maria of Portugal and Isabel II. of Spain, the "Constitution" having a few days before been accepted. At that time the party of Don Carlos was making headway under its famous leader Zumalacarrregui. The contest assumed a most anguinary character on both sides, and Lord Palmerston requested the Marquis Miraflores to make known to Her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, "the inmost and personal desire of His Britannic Majesty to have measures adopted which shall subject the proceedings of the officials and commanders of her Government and army to a system calculated rather to conciliate than to destroy those whom it is Her Majesty's interest to call to duty."

Subsequently, on the 27th and 23th April, 1835, an agreement proposed by Lord Elliot, Commissioner of His Britannic Majesty, was adopted as a rule for the belligerents at Guipuzcoa, Alava, Vizcaya and Navarra. It was as follows:

Art. 1st. The Commanders-in-Chief of the armies now at war (in the provinces) agree to spare the lives of the prisoners made on either side and to exchange them in the following manner, etc.

Arts. 2d, 3d, and 4th refer to the exchange of prisoners.

Art. 5th, fixes a place for security for prisoners not exchanged.

Art. 6th. During this contest no life shall be taken of any person, civilian or military, for his political opinions, without his having been judged and condemned according to military rules and the ordinances of Spain, this condition not being applicable to prisoners of war whose fate is mentioned in the preceding articles.

Art. 7 protects the wounded and sick.

Signed: GERONIMO VALDEZ,
TOMAS ZUMALACARRREGUI.

tained by England, France, and other nations, especially during the wars of the various Colonies of America against the parent State.

The United States have officially declared that they would admit the flag of any party in rebellion, provided it respected the law in this country; and they have further declared that, from the commencement of the insurrection of the Spanish-American provinces against Spain, they admitted their flags without investigating whether the patriots had just cause for rising or a probability of success.

The flag of Cuba should therefore be admitted in our ports on the same terms as that of Spain.*

We claim to have proved the three statements with which we commenced

* Mr. Sumner alleges, on the other side, that neither Poland nor Hungary were acknowledged as belligerents.

But the British Government said in 1825, on the Grecian question, that the national interest required that the right of belligerency be granted to any portion of a people rising in arms. The Poles were belligerents, whether Europe were just or not in their behalf.

As to Hungary, in Wheaton's Elements of International Law, edited by E. H. Dann, Jr., 8th edition, we read on page 46:

"The state of things in Hungary, in 1849, would doubtless have justified any nation in recognising the belligerency of Hungary, if her own relations with the parties to the contest had been such as to require such a declaration as a guide to her own officials and private citizens and as a notice to both parties."

Mr. Sumner falls into the error of claiming that there should be sufficient strength to conquer, which we have shown to be unsound. What of our own struggle in 1776, brought to a happy issue by the aid rendered by Franco, viewed in the light of Mr. Sumner's Commentary on National Law?

this article. We believe we have recorded enough to satisfy every one who reads it, of the character of the Cuban struggle.

As to our Government's interfering to humanize the contest, precedent justifies it and humanity demands it. Further, the law of nations, the custom of civilized States, and our own course hitherto, demand that we accord to the Cubans the rights of belligerents.

There is not the least doubt of the ultimate result of the struggle. How long it may be protracted depends on intercurrent events. The responsibility rests on our own Government. It should adopt a just, humane, and dignified position, uninfluenced by and without reference to Castilian arrogance and pride, or to the fears of timid and shallow-minded politicians.

The day of personal government is past. The power of emperor, king, sultan, pacha, have all to yield to the force of opinion over the whole world. The tide of human progress bears down the ramparts of tyranny, inspires everywhere a keener sense of men's rights, which is to result in exact and equal justice to all. Spain alone, of all constituted Governments, defies the civilization of the age. The character of her present revolution has become narrowed to a strife for control between ambitious and unscrupulous chiefs. The republican party there is crushed, while she retains her grasp on Cuba by a series of enormities which outrage the moral sense of all Christendom.

AMERICAN HOTELS.

[BY A COSMOPOLITAN.]

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"—*Shakespeare.*

IN the memorable year of European Revolutions, 1848, a young Austrian prince took it into his head to run away with the prima donna of the Vienna Stadt Theatre, and to spend his honeymoon in America. Having taken rooms at the Astor House, where his wife's magnificent toilette, her pretty maid, and the gigantic chasseur in full hunting costume had created no small sensation, he startled the waiter in attendance at his rooms by ringing the bell furiously, and ordering him peremptorily "to send the landlady up." The disconcerted waiter ventured to remonstrate, and to inquire what the grievance was. "Tell the landlady," was the answer, "to come up here. The sheets are damp! This will never do!" Whether the "landlady" ever received the message or not, is not known; but in the little incident there was a flood of light thrown on the nature of American hotels.

Experienced travellers state with much force, that one of the happiest results obtained from an extensive knowledge of the world, is the habit of rejecting all comparisons, and the knack of discovering what is good and pleasant in every country and every national habit. They will never ask whether the Rhine is the finer river or the Hudson, or think of balancing the beauties of Lake George against those of Lake Como; but rather try to prove their skill in pointing out to you charms in a landscape where before you saw no attraction, and merits in local peculiarities which had escaped your attention. So it is with hotels. American hotels are neither better nor worse than those of Europe. They have great merits of their own, and not a few defects, of both of which it may not

be amiss to say a few words, not so much for their own sake, as because they are eminently characteristic of the American people and their national habits.

A good hotel is a word suggestive of very different meanings in different parts of the world. The Englishman, reproducing in himself the insular type of his country, loves to be by himself, looks upon his house as his castle, and wants "his ease in his inn." Hence the domestic character of the English hotel, with its perfect stillness, its thickly-carpeted staircases and private apartments. The British require of a good hotel the closest imitation of a peaceful home. They ask for their sitting-room, have their meals served up privately, and never see nor hear the other guests. They expect to pay high, but they exact also a full equivalent for their money, not in luxury and splendor of outfitting, but in real, substantial comfort. The very costume of the servants is, hence, prescribed: the gloomy undertaker's dress for the silent, well-trained waiter, and the coquettish cap with the smart ribbons for the pretty chambermaid. So far is this desire to see only what is familiar and homelike carried by certain classes in England, that country squires and ministers of the church, legal men and country practitioners, the magnates of one shire and those of another, have each their favorite hotel in town, to which they and their fathers have gone faithfully for generations. Travellers will easily recall such old establishments in Hanover Square, Piccadilly, or Cornhill, just as others are equally favorite resorts of the old Catholic families or foreign diplomats. "Commercial" men and foreigners have, of course, hotels

of their own, after special patterns; but the good hotel of the Englishman is uniformly quiet, dear, and eminently comfortable.

The good hotel of the German, on the contrary—and they are very good—bestows its main efforts upon the table, which must offer a judicious combination of respectable quantities with superior quality, in order to satisfy the customer. The German eats no breakfast, in the English sense of the word. He is satisfied with a cup of coffee and a roll; but he makes two most substantial meals of his dinner and his supper, and here lies the excellency of German hotels. The cuisine of Vienna, where, by-the-by, a table d'hôte was, until within a few years, unknown, is acknowledged by *gourmets* to be the best in the world, combining the merits of German and French cooking in the happiest manner. The rooms are a minor consideration in German hotels, mainly because the prudent economy which prevails in all classes, from the humblest to the very highest, leads guests to choose their apartments according to their purse. The German well-to-do merchant does not think of going into a first-floor sitting-room, which is kept for fools, princes, and Americans; but he would instantly leave the house where a room should be offered to him in the sixth or seventh story, with furniture which his coachman might think barely admissible. The German landlord manages every thing himself, leaving to his *oberkellner* merely the distribution of rooms and superintendence of waiters. He is ever at hand to hear complaints, to furnish information, and to aid the traveller with his advice and experience. He does not take a hotel on speculation, or because he has failed elsewhere: with him the business is a profession, for which he is trained, and in which he is as anxious to win an honored name as well as to earn a fortune. Generally the son of a landlord, he is sent as a young man to some renowned hotel in Frankfort or Vienna, where he serves his apprenticeship as a common waiter,

napkin on arm, and piles of plates in his hands. He thus becomes familiar with all the minor details of the kitchen, the cellar, and the dining-room; with all the habits and cunning tricks of waiters, and the different ways of procuring supplies prevalent in different countries. He is next promoted to the responsible position of head-waiter, in order to acquaint himself with the room-letting, and the nature of general supervision, while he is now also brought in contact with the guests of the house, and acquires that marvellous tact by which the experienced landlord detects the sharper instantly, and reads, by a glance at the cut of the traveller's coat, the shape of his trunk, and the manner of entering the house, not only to what class of society he belongs, but his nationality also, and his peculiar tastes. Then only, when he is fully prepared to keep up the fair renown of some great hotel, which has been well spoken of for a century throughout the broad German land, he returns home, and assumes either the house over which his ancestors have ruled for many generations, or some new enterprise, in which he may show that his training has not been in vain. It is remarkable that many a "good hotel" in Germany and Belgium is kept by women, whose judicious management results in the great comfort of the guests and the clear profit of the owner. Few travellers who have ever enjoyed the admirable table of the Hotel de Bellevue, in Brussels, or sat in its hanging gardens on the flat roofs overlooking the park, will forget the excellent lady who presides over the well-kept establishment, and points with legitimate pride at the tablet in her dining-room, on which the remote year of the last century is recorded, which witnessed the first opening of her house.

The Belgian hotels, though more German than French, still resemble the "good hotel" in France in many points. There the late breakfast, equal in all points, but the missing soup, to a full dinner, and the late dinner itself, making any additional meal superfluous, if

not impossible, form the characteristic feature. Here, also, generation after generation often follow each other in the same house, and here also women frequently manage, if not the whole establishment, at least the financial part. But the café proves in France a serious rival to the hotel. The rooms are, therefore, apt to be very unsatisfactory, if in spite of the never-failing abundance of mirrors and cheap bronzes, and the annoying wax candles, to be paid over and over again by succeeding relays of guests. The Frenchman lives so exclusively at the café, to which the pleasant air of his native land and the firmly-rooted habits of his countrymen lead him early in the morning, that he requires of his hotel little more than a modest bed-room for the night, and his two good meals for the day.

Other nations have either no hotels at all—Stockholm, a king's residence, and the superb capital of a great realm, had a few years ago not a single hotel—or inns, which are the horror of all travellers, like those of Spain and the interior of Russia. In other lands, again, they are so closely modelled after the pattern of French hotels, that it would be wrong, as well as useless, to compare them to American houses of the better class.

The American hotel derives its peculiarities from two characteristic features of the people, for whom they are built and kept. The American is emphatically a gregarious animal: he loves a crowd, and prefers living in a crowd. He is born in a crowd; for physicians tell us that there are more births of twins in the Union than in other lands. He swarms in crowds to public schools, and lives in commons at higher colleges. He rushes in crowds upon railways and steamboats, which are always filled to excess, and is not satisfied with aught but monster meetings. He dies in crowds; for nowhere do disasters kill larger numbers at once, whether it be an explosion on the railroad-track or in the miner's shaft. And even after death he loves to lie amid a crowd in

those enchanting cemeteries which his quaint hospitality leads him to show in every town to the visitor from foreign lands, as the cheeriest spot and fairest resort in his magnificent country. The same tendency makes him fond of living in a crowd at a hotel. No house is a "good hotel" to him, that does not count its guests by the thousand, or at least by hundreds, and opens to him a suite of gorgeously furnished apartments, where he can meet large numbers of friends, and his wife and daughter can exhibit their expensive wardrobe before a critical crowd, which stands them instead of friends and acquaintances. He would not think it possible that the quiet *porte cochère* of a European hotel, with its grand Suisse in the hall, and no other earthly being near, could lead to a "first-rate" house. To be cooped up in his sitting-room all day long would be intolerable to him, and he would scorn the idea of dining with his family in a pleasant, cheery room, all by themselves! He demands that he shall be met with, as he enters the hotel, by an immense host of smoking and spitting men, which surges up and down the vast hall, overflows upon the street without and up the broad staircase within, and through which he has to make his way by sheer force, in order to reach the counter behind which stands the impassive master of his life for the time during which he will stay at the house. Woe is him if he has not followed the now universal custom of the Old World, to engage rooms beforehand by telegram! A cold refusal meets him, or he is reluctantly assigned to a room which, upon following the morose waiter who leads him up-stairs, he finds in the seventh or eighth story, and is expected to share with a number of other guests. The latter he hardly objects to, for the American is not averse to sleeping in crowds also, and many a visitor specially demands to be put into the same room, nay, in the same bed, with others. Did not a President of the United States share his bed with a renowned politician, and leave the record of their

joint consultations during the night on the record of history?

In this assignment of rooms occurs the first serious objection to American hotels—the rooms have all one and the same price, whether they are conveniently situated on the first floor and furnished with splendor, or lie, at the end of a ten minutes' ascent, in the garret, and hold merely a bed, a washstand, and a chair. Thousands would be willing to pay a slight addition even to the exorbitant rates exacted now, to be spared the fatiguing journey to and fro. As many, perhaps, would be equally willing to content themselves with a remote room and plain furniture, if by so doing they could be at a good hotel, and yet live somewhat more cheaply. Then it is a mere matter of chance or of partiality what room the unlucky traveller is forced to occupy. The American has always been famous for his chivalrous appreciation of a lady—which means, in his vocabulary, every white, decently dressed woman—but the gentleman is as yet a myth to him. The days have happily gone by, when it was not considered safe to admit male travellers to the ladies' ordinary, and the privilege of dining there had to be paid for in addition to the usual charges; but a man is a man, and no more, in the eyes of the Rhadamanthus in the office, and, unless he can claim acquaintance with the haughty clerk, and shake hands across the counter, he goes the way of the mechanic in his holiday suit, or the gambler with the huge diamond in his cravat. If he asks to be allowed a room for himself, he is looked at askance, and gruffly answered that the house is full; and with the marvellous life that surges continually up and down the great thoroughfares of the land, it is very likely that the private parlors are full of cots, and the passages even blocked up by sleeping accommodations. This is especially the case in houses situated on some of the main arteries, as the Delavan House in Albany, the Massasoit House in Springfield, and others, where hundreds of travellers ar-

rive nightly, to depart again by an early morning train. It is here and on such occasions that the American displays in its full vigor his national virtue, patience; for the book of Job is evidently his favorite reading, and in his green and yellow melancholy he worships Patience on a monument above all earthly deities. He allows himself to be pushed to and fro in the hall, to be ordered to the Mansard, as if a great favor had been bestowed upon him, to be bullied by Paddy, who tells him he must do this and not do that, and when he is hungry, to wait patiently till it pleases his majesty, the landlord, to let him have his meals.

For his insane passion to be ever in a crowd breaks forth most powerfully when he is hungry. He cannot enjoy the abundance, even of excellent provisions, which the good hotel in America almost invariably provides for him, unless he hears a fearful din and turmoil around him, and feels himself, here also, one of the people. Great is the consternation of the uninformed foreigner, who expresses a modest wish to dine at his favorite hour; greater yet the dismay of the unlucky traveller, who arrives after a fatiguing journey, during which he has been forced to fast, wearied and exhausted, but at an hour when a meal has just been concluded, and is peremptorily told that the doors will not open again for hours! He cannot breakfast when he chooses, nor dine at the hour which would suit his engagements. He has bound himself over to a tyrant, who summons his slaves, when it pleases him and his convenience, by a barbarous gong or a thundering knock at the door, to come to table. And woe is to him again, if in his innocence he should hope to be allowed to sit, where he chooses, near friends, or facing the bright scene! A stern master seizes him as he enters, and, with a majestic wave of the hand, delivers him over to another official, who sternly assigns him his seat, and vanishes instantly, totally unconcerned about the traveller's wishes, and determined to ignore his request to avoid a

glaring light in front or a treacherous draught from behind. The American's patience is admirable. He enters the room, he takes the chair, he waits the signal as his master ordains, and nine times in ten he eats what his so-called servant behind his chair decrees shall be his dinner. If he sighs, the waiter grows sulky, declares that the dishes he wants "are out," and disappears before he has done. If he insists, and orders what he wants like a gentleman accustomed to dine well, the man obeys, but expects a liberal fee to compensate him for the unusual trouble.

Finally comes the *quart d'heure de Rabelais*. The bill is not sent to him. He is ordered to appear at a certain opening in a grated cage, and summoned to state his name and the number of his room. The amount is made out in a few seconds, and in a round sum, and he is expected to pay what is asked, without inquiring about the details. As the rates are fixed at a certain sum per day, and besides wines—which are very little in demand—no additional charges are likely to be made, the computation is easy enough. But here also the grand style of these great hotels is apt to show itself in the loose way in which money is spent. A meal more or less matters apparently little to landlord or guest, and as the day is computed from the meal first served after the traveller's arrival, the parting guest who rises from dinner at six, and leaves the house at seven, is, notwithstanding, expected to pay for tea, which is served at six, because he was at that hour still in the house. The general custom of charging three, four, and five dollars a day for rooms and meals has, no doubt, its advantages—to a Gargantua. He can enjoy five substantial meals, the most modest of which, lunch and tea, would afford in meats alone abundant support for a navy. But the less happy man, whose appetite is more moderate, and content with three good meals; the traveller, who has the good fortune of enjoying the liberal hospitality for which Americans are justly renowned; the sick

man, whose physician enjoins abstinence or an extremely light diet, often for days; and the curious explorer, who wishes to make himself acquainted with the cuisine of famous establishments like Delmonico's, Guy's, and others—all these classes are grievously punished for their inability to obey the landlord, who orders them to take their five meals, and to take them at his house. The high-bred lady, in her sumptuous room on the second floor, facing Broadway, and the unfortunate traveller in the attic over the steam-kitchen; the hungry farmer, who comes to town but once a-year, and eats his fill at the sumptuous table, and the delicate girl, who hardly touches what is set before her—all pay one and the same price. The will of the landlord is like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

Perhaps, in order to obviate this serious grievance, hotels have been opened on what is absurdly called the European plan, furnishing rooms at a special rate, and meals in a restaurant, where guests eat *à la carte*. The main features of the European plan, the pleasant table d'hôte, and meals served in the rooms of the guests, are still unknown; and the charges, so far from being less than those of American hotels, amount in the end even to more. Room-rent is still demanded of each of two occupants, as if it cost the owner more to lodge two persons than one in the same apartment, the only article of towels, perhaps, excepted. And the prices of the restaurant are generally so exorbitant, that the traveller who should attempt to order a really good dinner, such as he would obtain at an ordinary hotel, would be fairly amazed at the bill. The great desideratum in the way of good hotels,—a class of well-kept houses, with clean, neatly furnished rooms, and a good but unpretending table, where travellers of moderate means might find what they are accustomed to have at home, and are able to pay a fair price for,—is still wanting in the United States. Nor is it likely that such houses will soon be established, at

least not as long as money is so easily made and so lavishly spent in the States, and as every body, true to republican instincts, insists upon being treated with the best in the land. The American, the nomad of civilization, always has money for travelling. He demands for his money the right to walk on rich carpets in a blaze of gas, with gilding, and mirrors, and costly furniture all around him, and an unlimited abundance of provisions on what he loves to call a "table groaning under all the delicacies of the season." He would never acknowledge that at home he dispenses with his coat at dinner, and is content with pork and beans, or middling and cabbage. When he travels, he is the gentleman in black broadcloth, who is far more fastidious about his dishes, and orders the servants far more imperiously about, than the well-bred gentleman who has come to town from his country-place on the Hudson or his sugar-plantation on the Mississippi.

It must be acknowledged that, from an American standpoint, the American hotel is perfection. It is a large and splendid edifice, often built of white marble, and always decorated with a profusion of architectural ornaments. Vast halls and vestibules, with superb staircases leading to the upper stories, give a palatial air to the whole, while the long suite of public parlors displays a splendor of upholstery dazzling even to the *habitué* of Fenton and Mivart, or the Grand Hotel in Paris. The private rooms, although, with the exception of a small number of suites of parlor and bed-room adjoining each other,—they are simple bed-rooms only,—are richly furnished in the lower stories, and comfortably on the higher floors. Separate breakfast and tea-rooms near the public parlors abound in costly mirrors and bright frescoes, while the huge dining-hall is apt to be overloaded with showy ornamentation. The meals are liberal beyond any thing known in Europe, but on the whole less well prepared, as it can hardly be otherwise where such immense quantities are to be made ready at once. If a certain hotel on

Broadway, in New York, may be taken as a fair model of the "good hotel" of America, the utmost profusion reigns at table, the bill of fare is almost overwhelming in its wealth, making the choice a trouble, and nothing is wanting that can fairly be desired and is in season. The Englishman, to be sure, misses his cuts; the Frenchman his ragôuts and fricassés, which are rarely successfully imitated. The foreigner, moreover, finds it difficult to become accustomed to the manner of serving what he orders: a slice of meat, almost unavoidably cold from its small size and the long distance from which it comes, and a number of small deep dishes with vegetables, are piled up around him, the latter provided with tea-spoons, with which he sees them very generally eaten. The dessert is especially rich in pies—a favorite dish at the North—and in the superb fruits of the country. But what constitutes by far the most striking feature of the American hotel, is the completeness with which provision is made for all possible wants of the guest. A brilliant saloon, often the most gorgeous room in the house, contains a bar, where an infinite variety of simple and compound liquors is dispensed by a number of experienced men, while smoking and reading-rooms are near by, and ample accommodation is afforded for writing letters. A special post-office, a desk for the sale of stationery and stamps, and a telegraph office, are at hand to help him in his correspondence, while a large book-stall furnishes him an abundant choice of newspapers, magazines, and books. Further on he sees an office where he can purchase tickets for every conceivable journey by land and by water, from a trip to the nearest town to an excursion on the Pacific Railway to distant California. A couple of clerks are constantly engaged in receiving and despatching letters and parcels that arrive for the inmates of the hotel, while in the vestibule a lot of waiters are sitting in readiness to answer the bells from the rooms. If the guest is in need of a

barber, he enters a magnificent establishment situated on the ground-floor, but in the hotel, where hairdressers are busy, and all that belongs to the toilet is laid out in tempting array. The tailor and the hatter, the boot-maker and the haberdasher, have stores adjoining, and there is literally nothing that man needs in the ordinary course of life, which is not provided for in the hotel itself.

The inner administration of the American hotel has been carried to a degree of perfection which excites the admiration of foreigners, and requires so much talent and energy, that to "know how to keep a hotel" has become a proverbial expression for great administrative ability. The division of labor is systematically carried out, and every department is strictly kept apart from all others. The clerk who makes out the accounts does not receive the money, and the waiter assigned to certain rooms is not allowed to attend on others. There are persons who have nothing to do but watch the gas or to be at the disposal of ladies' visiting guests; others who carry parcels about the house; and thus, down to the detective, who watches over the safety, and the resident physician, who attends to the health, of the guests. Each floor has its female employés to watch over the furniture, the carpets, and the linen. A whole bevy of washerwomen are steadily at work in the steam-laundry, which is kept busy with the thousands of napkins and towels that are daily used, to say nothing of the linen of the guests; and chambermaids are placed under matrons responsible for their special department. It is only by such an admirable organization that it becomes possible to lodge and feed a thousand guests daily, without causing complaint, or creating the slightest hitch in the complicated machinery. The landlord himself never appears in his public capacity, and yet the whole works as smoothly as if his eye were in every room and on every guest.

The fact is, he is not a landlord, but a simple speculator, who has taken up

the keeping of a hotel as other men run a steamboat or manage a railway. He may or he may not have any personal acquaintance with the business, but he enters upon it, not because his father did so before him, or because he likes it, but simply in order to make a fortune. With that truly marvellous versatility of American genius which changes the divine of to-day into a politician to-morrow, and the renowned judge of a Southern State into a successful cotton-broker at Liverpool, he bends at once all of his energies and all of his ability upon the new enterprise; and in the majority of cases he retires in a few years with a large and well-earned fortune.

And finally, who are the guests at the American hotel? It has already been stated, that the European custom of providing at certain houses for certain classes is unknown in the Union, with a few exceptions in the city of New York, where one hotel is almost exclusively frequented by foreigners, and another by politicians, and one or two by Southerners. Generally, every body goes wherever he chooses, or rather where fashion or business leads him. In the large cities the last-built hotel invariably becomes the fashion, and all rush there to see its splendor, and to boast hereafter, at home, that they also have been at that superb place. Other hotels are built in the immediate neighborhood of the centre of business, and they are, of course, frequented by business men, unaccompanied by their families, for mere convenience' sake. But there is another class of guests quite peculiar to American hotels—the boarders. The difficulties and the expensiveness of house-keeping are so great, that large numbers of bachelors not only, but of families, prefer abandoning their home and living at a hotel. As Americans have not yet become accustomed to living in flats, after the custom prevailing on the Continent and in Scotland, the house-rent becomes a heavy charge on a limited income, and servants' wages are immoderately high. But the main trouble

is the difficulty of obtaining good servants from abroad—Americans hardly ever enter domestic service—and especially of keeping them for any length of time. Paddy very soon has laid by enough to buy himself a snug little farm in the West, where he can be his own master, and Bridget knows that no “character” is needed to find a new place; so if her tea is not strong, or her mattress not of good hair, if breakfast is ordered too early, or dinner kept waiting, she packs up her traps, demands her wages, and off she goes, leaving the lady of the house in dire distress. That elderly people should weary of all such continuous troubles, and enjoy, at a time when they are probably less alone in the world, the easy comforts of a first-class hotel, can well be understood, and, at the worst, does no one any harm but the indolent couple. It is far different, however, with young married people, who but too frequently shun the trouble rather than the expense of beginning house-keeping, and spend year after year at a hotel. They forget that nothing knits two hearts so closely together as the common, patient endurance of the petty annoyances of life, and that no happiness equals the delight of two happy beings who have gradually built up a sweet home from small beginnings and after much tribulation. They forget that nothing on earth can replace a home with its simple joys and sad memories; and above all that, to deprive children of a home, with which to associate the unclouded and only real happiness of their lives, is to do them a grievous injury. People who always dine in public perform a penance to which of old the sovereigns of Eu-

rope were periodically condemned. The husband is sure to seek comfort in his clubs; the wife, having no duty and no occupation save that of dressing finely to be admired by a mixed crowd of strangers, becomes listless and indolent, and the children, growing up amid people with whom they have nothing in common, lose forever the blessed teachings of home-life, and the simple purity of their affections.

Like all public institutions of the Great Republic, American hotels also are strikingly uniform throughout the land. From east to west, and from north to south, the “good hotel” is absolutely the same in every city; the same in its high charges, without regard to what the guest consumes; the same in its tyranny exercised by the landlord by means of a villanous gong, and the same in the promiscuous crowds that fill its rooms from day to day. The prices diminish somewhat as the traveller penetrates into the interior, but the outfit of the hotel and the character of the table keep duly pace. Still, such is the marvellous restlessness of the people, and such their habit of spending money with a lavish hand, that good hotels with high city prices are often found in remote watering places or favorite resorts, from the numerous houses of this kind which abound in the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the modest cottages at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia. The American evidently has both a passion for keeping a hotel, and a special talent for it; and whatever impressions the traveller from foreign lands may carry home with him on his return, he can never forget his admiration for the American hotel.

SKETCHES IN COLOR.

SECOND.

If the gentleman who, in the columns of the *New York Times*, pours out his soul in such bitter lamentations over "the youth of our city, whose constitution is being undermined by the defective ventilation of our public schools," could have seen the building where we daily superintended the shooting of ideas, young and old, I have no doubt he would have sent down, by the next train, all of the youth aforesaid under his control, to share with us the blessing of thorough ventilation. He will probably consider it strong evidence of total depravity, if I say that we could have wished it were a little less thorough; nevertheless, such is the fact.

The building was a barrack, formerly occupied by soldiers, but not needed just then, and given to us for school purposes until the good time coming, when something more suitable could be procured, which time, however, never arrived. We finished our work where we began it—in the barrack; the perfect ventilation of which was its chief, though somewhat doubtful, merit.

It had been built when our troops first occupied the place, not of very good material, nor in the most substantial manner; and summer suns and winter frosts had shrunk the boards, and opened the cracks, and made great gaps around the windows, through which the winds of heaven blew in as they listed, and whistled through the rooms in most independent fashion, evidently under the impression that they were still out of doors. It was not possible for any fire to warm rooms so slightly built, and unplastered; and, contrary to all our anticipations of a southern climate, the cold was severe—a damp, pinching cold, infinitely more trying than the clear frosty weather of

the North. There was no snow, but cold, drizzling rains, with heavy fogs, continued, with scarcely a day of sunshine, for nearly two months. It was just the weather for rheumatism; and the ague-demon seemed to hover in the air, so close that we could almost hear the rustle of his wings.

Our school-rooms were furnished in a style of "severe simplicity;" rather too severe for comfort or convenience. Desks were unthought of. There were only long benches, many of them without backs, and a common pine table and chair. One of the rooms had not even this luxury, and the teacher made an empty flour-barrel do duty as a table, and enthroned her dignity upon a three-legged stool. But these appointments were luxurious, compared with those which fell to the lot of some of our sisters farther south. Some of them taught in barns; others in rooms so small, that the children were literally packed in, and where the air was stifling; others still in churches, where, besides the inconvenience of the pews for such a purpose, several schools were in operation at the same time, making a "scene of confusion and creature complaint" that cannot be described, and only faintly imagined. Thinking of all this, we congratulated ourselves upon our lot; for our rooms were large, and each school had its own.

In this building, a week after our arrival, we gathered a miscellaneous crowd of all ages, sizes, and shades, from jet black to pure blonde. Some of the latter were very beautiful, and so free from any trace of colored blood, that visitors have frequently asked in surprise, "Do you have white children in your schools?" and could scarcely be persuaded that these were not in name what they really were in fact.

The work of classifying was soon disposed of, for they were nearly all at the foot of the ladder, gazing with eager, wondering eyes up the steep ascent. Most of them had some kind of book, scarcely two alike; and some with only a leaf of a primer or spelling-book, of which they knew not a single letter, but which they still held, upside down as frequently as any way, and pored over assiduously.

What a work it was to bring them to any kind of order! They had no idea of the proprieties and discipline of a school—(how should they?); and when the awe of novelty had a little worn off, they chattered and gesticulated like so many monkeys. When we had at last succeeded in making them understand that they must not talk, nor leave their seats without permission, we were almost as much troubled by their zeal in looking after one another, and reporting any violation of the rules that happened to fall under their notice. Every few moments a hand would be raised, and its owner would report, "boy out his seat;" "gal a-talkin'," &c.

But the most frequent complaint was that some one was "cussin'," that being the chosen word of the whole negro race to describe any offence of the tongue. "Dis yer boy a-cussin'," we would be informed; and on investigation would find the offender had been calling names, or something of the kind; not proper, to be sure, but still scarcely answering to the charge made by the insulted party—as, for instance, when one day a little ebony figure, half asleep, raised its morsel of a hand, and drawled out,

"Boy a-cuthin'; called me a foo-oo-l."

Once, without any premonitory signal to attract attention, a boy exclaimed, in wide-eyed horror,

"Cussin'! cussin' in dis yer corner; gal a-cussin'!"

"Oh! teacher, I nebber cuss a bit; my mammy don't 'low me to cuss; boy jes' a-cussin' hese'f;" indignantly responded the accused.

The almost invariable answer of the children, when charged with any misdemeanor, is, "'deed I nebber. My mammy don't 'low me ter do it."

The boy persisted: "Gal, yer done cuss; knows yer did; 'deed, teacher, she cuss a heap."

"Well, what did she say?" I asked.

"Say I done took her book, an' my mammy buyed dis yer book she own se'f at de sto' yes'day;" then in a stage-whisper to the girl, "Gal, I see gwine mash yer mouf when I gits yer outside de do'."

Threatened with such an assault, the girl took up the complaint.

"Teacher, can't yer make dis yer boy 'have hisself? he cussin' me here; say he gwine mash yer mouf."

"So I is gwine mash yer mouf, yer ole black nigger."

It was difficult to tell which was the blacker of the two; but it is curious how universally children and grown people use this as a term of reproach in their quarrels; "you ole nigger," or "you black nigger," are household words with them; and, "I see gwine mash yer mouf" is the grand climax of their vengeance.

Our greatest trouble during the first few days arose from the children giving different names. And what names some of them were! I remember three brothers, named respectively, Jenah, Judah, and Jubilee; and an adopted child of the family, Jerusalem Caleb Cornelius. The Old Testament worthies had numerous namesakes; and I think I have heard every name that can be found in the Bible excepting Maher-shalal-hash-baz. It was very rarely that the children bore the same surname as their parents. In one family there were seven children, each with a different surname, and not one of the seven the same as the father's.

They would come into one school, give a name which would be registered, and the next day, perhaps, go into another, giving there a different name; and so through them all, for the purpose, I suppose, of determining which teacher they liked best, before settling

themselves. They had the advantage of us at first, for the little black faces looked all alike to us, and it took some time to learn to distinguish them; and in order to gather together our scattered flocks, we had to go from room to room, calling the missing names in each one; and even so they were sometimes too sharp for us.

This changing of names is one of the most curious fancies of the colored people, old as well as young. It will undoubtedly wear off as they grow accustomed to their freedom, but it seemed as if they were desirous of exercising their new privileges in this as in every thing else, and would take a new name whenever it suited them, giving sometimes most original reasons for so doing. A boy belonging to our school came one day and informed his teacher,

"My name ain't Lewis Jackson no more."

"Well, what is it now?"

"It's Lewis Taylor."

"What have you changed it for?"

"My sister done got married last night, so now my name's gwine ter be Lewis Taylor."

I have known a whole family change their names on the occasion of one member being married. Some would have two or three names, which they used indiscriminately. We frequently went to look for children whom we could not find at all by the names they had given us. Some of them had one name for school, another among their playmates, and a third for home use—as a boy who entered under the name of Joseph Marshall; the boys called him Marshall Black; and the name bestowed upon him by his parents, and by which he was called at home, was Joseph Black Thomas.

We wrote a great many letters for the colored people, and often they would dictate at the close,

"Tell her to write to so-and-so."

"Why!" we would ask, "don't you want her to write to you?"

"Yes, Miss, dat's me."

"But that is not your name."

"Dat's my name now; done change de ole one."

"What do you do that for?"

"Dunno, zackly; t'ought I jes' try dis yer, an' see ef I likes it letter."

And they could not be made to understand that the slightest inconvenience could possibly arise in the delivery of letters, or in any other way, from such an arrangement.

The incidents of our school-life were so unlike any thing in our previous experience, so novel, so entirely unique, that we often stopped and gathered our bewildered ideas together, trying to realize it all; doubting much whether we were not only reading some wild, extravagant narration, from which we should by-and-by awake to the old matter-of-fact, orthodox life.

There were not nearly enough seats for the numbers that crowded our rooms, and they sat anywhere and anyhow, on the floor, under the table, on stones and logs which they brought in for the purpose. We could scarcely move without walking on them; and we came to have a sympathizing appreciation of the situation of "the old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do."

The mothers of some of the children went daily to work, and there were little ones left to the care of their elders, who had either to stay away from school, or bring their charges with them; so that we not seldom had school and nursery combined—a new development of the Kinder-garten. One boy came regularly with his baby, and a cup of hominy. He deposited the little bundle on the floor, where it slept quietly until about eleven o'clock, when it would open its eyes, and make some slight demonstration—(colored babies never cry); the juvenile nurse would drop his book, unroll the bundle, and cram down the hominy till it seemed as if the child must choke; then roll it up again and lay it on the floor, where it would sleep until the close of school.

The colored boys make very good nurses; better, I think, than the girls.

They are uniformly kind and gentle, and have a wonderful tact in soothing fretful children. There is something about them which little children recognize, and are attracted by. The hospital surgeon had a child a year old, whose fretfulness resisted the combined efforts of parents and nurse, but who would go to almost any ragged, dirty colored boy, and allow itself to be entertained and soothed into a state of smiling complacency, to which it rarely condescended in any other society. Certainly, I would rather trust a child with one of these rough-looking colored boys, so patient and faithful underneath the roughness, than with nine tenths of the nurses who are so largely paid to neglect and ill-treat the little ones, too young to tell of it.

All our "extras," as we called them, were not so peaceful as the baby. One of our boys came in one day, leading a child about six years old, whom he brought to me with this encouraging introduction :

"Dis yer's my brudder, an' my mammy done sent him to school; an' dis yer's a book fer him to learn out of, an' she says he can't see, an' he ain't got good hard sense neither."

Having deposited this promising pupil in a corner, with a slate and pencil, which I thought might amuse him sufficiently to keep him quiet, I turned my attention to a class, and was soon so absorbed that I forgot every thing else, until roused by a sudden rush and clatter, and a simultaneous giggle from the children. My new pupil had obtained possession of a second slate, which, together with his own, he fastened by a long string about his waist, and started on a canter through the room, the slates clattering after him. I hastened in pursuit, but he eluded me — by instinct, it must have been, for he had partially lost his sight. After following him in and out among the benches, doubling and turning like the old game of "hare and hounds," I was about to lay my hands upon him, when he made a spring, disappeared through the open window, and went prancing

down the street, with the slates rattling at his heels.

After a time he returned, and, watching his opportunity when I was busy, came in again. Seizing upon one of the pointers used for the charts and black-board exercises, he poked at the little bundle on the floor until he had worked off the shawl in which it was rolled; then, with a piece of chalk which he had pulverized for the purpose, he tattooed the baby's face, and powdered its head; and all so quietly that no one was aware of his return, until he had accomplished his work. No words can do justice to the extraordinary appearance of that baby, one of the blackest of its kind, tattooed with white. I was just in time to prevent a collision between the artist and baby's nurse, who had become aware of the state of affairs, and was threatening to "mash his mouf." I concluded that it was about time for him to go home; and made up my mind not to receive, in future, scholars whose lawful guardians acknowledged them to be destitute of "good hard sense."

One morning, in the midst of a very busy session, the door was flung wide open, and a little figure, with a mass of rags and tatters hanging around it, and fluttering in the wind, stood looking at us with wide, wondering eyes. I went toward the door to close it, and he shrunk away like some frightened wild thing; but after a little coaxing was persuaded to enter.

"Do you want to come to school?" I asked.

"Dunno."

"Don't you want to learn to read, and have a slate to write and draw pictures on?"

"Spec I does."

"What is your name?"

"Name Jim."

"Jim what?"

"Jim Crow."

Ah! we had got it now. Here was the veritable article; and I can bear witness that he did, on more intimate acquaintance, "wheel about, turn about, and do just so," after a fashion that

seemed to furnish conclusive evidence of his direct descent from the real, original Jim.

To learn to write is the great ambition of the colored people, old and young. To deprive a child of its slate was the greatest punishment that could be inflicted; and the writing-hour was eagerly looked forward to, though not, in all cases, appropriated to its legitimate uses. There was one boy in the school who was a born artist. He drew incessantly—naughty, to be sure, but still with a great deal of character, and a sort of wild grace that gave promise of future excellence, if he could only have opportunities for the development and cultivation of this talent. It was only by refusing him slate and pencil until his lessons were done, that I could get him to learn any thing. And when he once more held the beloved article, it seemed impossible for him to do any thing but draw. Write, he either could not or would not; and when, in examining the copies, I came to him in turn, he would hand me his slate—his face expressing a curious mixture of defiance, and longing for sympathy in his favorite pursuit; and underneath a spirited group of animals, or heads—the latter, frequently, perfect likenesses—I have sometimes found addressed to myself, in rough “printing letters,” this query: “Ant Jon a badboy to spen his tim draan picters insted of riten his kopi?” “Kopis” and spelling were his abomination; and he never made much greater progress in either than is indicated by the above specimens.

I do not know what the experience of teachers in other parts of the South has been, but we found the colored boys far more intelligent, quicker, brighter, more interesting in every way, than the girls; and I think the same is true relatively of the men and women; the former have generally much the most character and intelligence. The girls in our schools had a frightful fashion of decorating their heads, which, undoubtedly, was in part the cause of their uninteresting appearance. They

separated the hair into small locks; then, beginning at the roots, wound each one tightly round with scarlet worsted, fastening it securely at the end, not breaking it off, but carrying it on to the next, until their heads were covered with scarlet rolls about the size of a caterpillar, and disagreeably suggestive of those animal horrors. No persuasion could induce them to abandon this style of decoration, which they considered very ornamental; and it imparted a half-barbarous, half-stupid expression to their faces, that was unattractive in the extreme.

The parents were very desirous to cooperate with us in the matter of discipline. They were all firm adherents to Uncle Phil's doctrine of corporal punishment, and neither by argument nor persuasion could we bring them to our view of the subject—that while there are, undoubtedly, instances in which it is necessary and beneficial, it is, when constantly resorted to, the worst possible mode of government. They would bring their children to us with, “Dis yer's my boy, Miss. I wants him ter come ter school; an' ef he don't 'have hisse'f, hopes you'll whop him;” then to the youngster, with a shake of the finger accompanying each word, “You hears dat ar now? Ef yer don't mind de teacher, I'se gwine whop yer, 'sides de whoppin' she gib yer.”

One woman left her boy with the remark that she “would like to be reformed ef he misbehaved, and she'd 'tend to his bein' rectified.”

The command “thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people,” has apparently been instilled into the minds of the colored children, with the “*not*” left out; for they are universally inveterate tale-bearers. If any child was in disgrace at school, his or her parents were very sure to hear of it from the others; and frequently they would bring the offenders to us with, “I hearn 'bout dis yer chile misbehavin,' an' troublin' all you ladies, an' I jes' gib him a *gen-teel* whippin', an' I spec he 'have hisse'f now.” The children's idea as to the *gentility* of the

whipping probably differed somewhat from that of their elders.

The colored people are very cruel in this matter of "rectifyin'" their children. I have never been able to reconcile it with their other characteristics, for their dispositions are not generally cruel. But I have often doubted whether the children would have received, in slavery, any treatment one half so cruel as they experience almost daily from their parents. I have known of their being beaten with broomsticks, and other heavy pieces of wood; and of their being knocked down, kicked, and stamped upon, so that they were not able to attend school for two or three days, on account of this barbarous treatment. We frequently expostulated with the parents upon the cruelty and folly of their course, but received the invariable answer, "Dese yer chillens is so bad, got ter git de badness outen 'em some way. You ladies is too easy wid 'em; oughter gib 'em de stick." And the fact of our plan being entirely successful had no weight at all with them. The "old paths" are the "good ways" to them. They "nebber seed chillens brunged up widout whoppin' 'em;" so they will probably continue in the same way, until educated to fuller understanding of the right.

Having brought our turbulent juveniles to something like order, and having been supplied with books by friends at the North, so as to proceed regularly with the work of teaching, we began to appreciate some of the difficulties in our way. The children generally learned readily; but the almost impossibility of making them pronounce properly, or articulate distinctly, made the task of teaching them to read, with any degree of clearness and precision, far greater than we had imagined. Their voices are frequently thick and indistinct; they run their words together, and almost invariably drop the last letter, pronouncing last, las'; best, bes'; and so on. Wherever the letter *e* occurs, they call it *a*; and *a* they pronounce as *e*. The word *clear* they call *clare*, while *chair* is *chacr*; *fear* they

transform into *fare*, and *care* into *keer*; and usually they give *r* the sound of *aw*; as born, *bawn*; sure, *shuah*.

For a time we were in despair of ever bringing them to any thing like correctness or propriety in reading; but having overcome in a measure the difficulty of pronunciation, the work was nothing. The imitative powers of the colored race are wonderful. They copy an expression or a tone exactly; and owing to this, will read with taste and apparent feeling passages of which they do not understand one word. I have heard the veriest little scapegraces in our schools read the Scriptures with a solemnity of utterance, and an impressiveness of accent, that many a Reverend might envy.

Thinking over all the colored schools that I have seen, I should say that if there is now one thing in which they particularly excel, it is in reading. They are very bright in arithmetic, though it has so often been asserted that the negro brain is deficient in mathematical power. My experience has been directly the reverse; still I think their speciality is reading. Certainly I never heard, in any reading-class at the North, the perfect intonation, the force of expression, and the carefulness with regard to pauses and inflections that characterize the reading in the colored schools.

A lady who had taught for many years in Massachusetts, where the schools have been carried to such a point that teachers and scholars are just ready to join the perfectionists, expressed the opinion, after careful and extended observation, that the Second-Reader classes in the colored schools are generally better readers, particularly as regards inflection and expression, than the Fourth-Reader classes in New England schools; and I can believe it. Yankee independence reads for itself, each in its own fashion: negro imitativeness copies exactly the model given it. This seems to me a satisfactory solution of the question which has puzzled so many heads.

Geography is the favorite study of

the colored children, when the instruction is oral, and a school recites in concert; but when they progressed beyond this, and used books, I have generally found them impatient of the trouble of looking out map-questions, and committing to memory. It is difficult to give them the proper pronunciation of names, especially in teaching orally, for their attention is not easily fixed; they will half catch a word, and fill it out as their fancy suggests, making the most ludicrous blunders. I have heard of the State of *Kanturkey*; the Bay of *canned peaches* (Campeachy); Cape *Medicine* (Mendocino); Isthmus of *Susan*; Desert of *Sarah*; and sundry others that would be sought in vain in any pronouncing gazetteer.

Those who feel sufficient interest in the subject to read this at all, will probably ask here the question which has been the subject of so many discussions, and which the teachers of freedmen have grown weary of answering: "How do colored children compare with the whites? do they learn as readily?"—and which is usually answered by a very decided negative or affirmative, never a half-way opinion, according to the speaker's convictions or prejudices. I am not prepared to endorse or deny either answer. I have found many colored children who learned as quickly, as intelligently, as appreciatively, as the brightest white children. Again, I have found many who were "stony-ground" learners; their lessons were learned quickly, but, taking no root, were forgotten almost immediately.

I do not think that we can at all tell now, in these first years of emancipation, what are the real capacities, capabilities, or dispositions of the colored race. Comparisons are idle. Slavery changes the character of any people. Some faculties develop only partially under the restraint; others not at all. Not until we see a generation of educated freemen, who shall be the children of educated freemen, can this vexed question of the powers and capacities of the negro race be fairly, or indeed be at all, settled.

All the influences of slavery were degrading. The minds of its victims revolved in the smallest possible orbit, compatible with any degree of human intelligence. Their whole existence was "of the earth, earthy." The physical was dominant, and ground down with an iron heel the spiritual; and the mind lay blind, helpless, crushed almost out of all semblance of life beneath its weight. Sometimes—as if to show that the gifts of God are independent of circumstance and situation—there appeared a mind like a lost star, whose radiance not even the darkness and degradation of its surroundings could dim. But these were necessarily exceptions, and very rare ones.

Children partake naturally of the mental condition of their parents, their capacities, and habits of thought—reproduce them, in fact. And it is of this reproduction of generations of a sluggish, grovelling, debased slave-nature, the question is asked, "Are they equal in capacity to white children?"—children inheriting as their birthright the clear, keen Saxon brain, the broad intelligence, the quick perceptions, the lightning-like intuitions, that have come to them through centuries of freedom and of progress.

Beside these children of generations of freemen we place the children of generations of slaves, and would institute a comparison—their friends pronouncing them fully equal; their enemies, hopelessly inferior,—folly on the one side, cruelty on the other. The question must remain an open one for years to come. It is a common saying, "Men are what they make themselves." True, undoubtedly, to a limited extent; but they are also in large measure what their ancestors were; and, says one of the greatest living writers, "It takes many generations to breed high qualities, either of mind or body." Judging from what the colored people have accomplished in this so short time of their freedom, I feel assuredly that equal liberty and equal advantages will place them side by side in intelligence with the Saxon race—a different in-

telligence, it may be, as every nation and people has its distinguishing characteristics; different in kind, but not in degree.

For the fears of those who are always "careful and troubled" about the future, on the subject of a possible "negro supremacy" in this country, I think they may lay them to rest. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon foot has trod, or the Anglo-Saxon brain worked, the Anglo-Saxon has been the dominant race, and will be so to the end of time. It will know no rule but its own; and the African race must, like every other, give way before its aggressive and conquering energy.

The thought has come to me, that this continent will not witness the full development of the African race; that, it may be, it will be reached in the land whose name they bear. Why not? Every other part of the earth has had its harvest-time; this has lain un-reaped

because unsown. But now the seed-time has come, why not also in due time the harvesting? The old civilizations of the East are buried and forgotten ages since; that of Europe is already on the wane; a twilight shadow gathered on its glory when "the star of empire westward took its way" long years ago, and it has deepened and broadened since; the light of the New World is even now at its brightest; and shall not the reflection of its radiance, that flashes over all the earth, reach that far-off land, and brighten into full-orbed day, in whose light Ethiopia shall rise from the darkness that has covered her, and the "gross darkness" that has enveloped her children, and take her place, youngest of the civilizations of the earth—last, but not least, honored in the sisterhood of nations?

Only a vision, perhaps. But visions seemingly wilder and more improbable have been realized.

CONCERNING CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE AT HOME.

"If you will dine with us to-morrow," said Mrs. Lauderdale, as she kissed Charlotte good-by, "you will have a chance to see Mr. Lauderdale's new pet, Mr. Allston."

Mrs. Lauderdale was rich, and her handsome grounds adjoined those of Charlotte, who was also rich. In other respects, she and her neighbor were as similar as a pumpkin and a melon reposing in the same garden-mould,—a happy comparison, of which the reader may perhaps be again reminded in the course of this history.

Charlotte as yet had married nobody; but Mrs. Lauderdale had married Mr. Lauderdale. I speak advisedly when I use this form of expression to describe the marriage contract. Every one knew that it was the lady who had become first enamored, and anxious to exchange her acres and her liberty against Henry Lauderdale's beauty and talent.

The profits of this exchange were, however, in themselves, insufficient to tempt a romantic youth, just embarked on a minor literary career. But when he had been informed, by officious friends, that the heiress was dying of love for him, and growing thin under the ravages of unrequited passion, he was overwhelmed with pity and remorse. A practical mind would have consoled itself with the reflection that thinness was more becoming than flounces to the unhappy fair, and that the agent of such a change in her *personnel* might justly be considered as her greatest benefactor. Henry, however, had not a practical mind, but, on the contrary, all the sensibility and all the vanity characteristic of young literary men. His imagination was familiar with broken hearts, and with consumptions consequent upon unreturned affection. Only a brute could be indifferent to such woeful possibilities, and Henry

flattered himself he was no brute. In proof thereof, he resigned certain airy fancies hovering in a distant ideal, and suffered himself to be married to Mrs. Lauderdale. She was immensely proud of her acquisition, and sported her husband like a new diamond. And,—evidence perhaps of some sterling qualities in the good dame's character,—she continued to be just as proud of Henry after ten years' married life, as at the beginning. She never missed an opportunity to show off his taste, his refinement, his culture, and seemed to derive an odd satisfaction from the contrast that the world drew between her husband and herself in these respects. The more valuable a person he, the more adroit she to have succeeded in capturing him. So egotism tempered by loyalty, or loyalty stimulated by egotism, kept Mrs. Lauderdale a faithful and attentive wife, and Henry lived, if not in happiness, at least in clover. I am inclined to think that this was all he really deserved.

I am thus particular in describing the antecedents of Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale, —precisely because they have very little to do with my story. I imitate a host who dresses in conspicuous brocade the valets that shall open the door for his guests, while he and they retreat together into undistinguishable broad-cloth.

"Who is Mr. Allston?" asked Charlotte.

"He is a political exile," replied Mr. Lauderdale; "a man whose entire life has been expended in heroic enterprises. He played a conspicuous part during the revolution in X—, and for a time held a position in the Provisional Government. When the reaction occurred, he was exiled, and since that time has lived in this country, supporting himself by his pen, which he wields with great ability. While here, he married a poor seamstress, whom hard work and privation were driving into a decline. The girl was pretty, but uneducated, and entirely below Allston's level. However, as his only object was to take care of her, his marriage might be considered

a perfect success. His own means were very small at the time, but he pinched himself narrowly, and often lived upon bread and water, to be able to procure luxuries for his sick wife. She lingered three years, and died eighteen months ago. I am daily expecting to hear that Allston has married some factory-girl, now that his hands are a little free."

"Mr. Lauderdale," observed his better half, "always manages to find out something romantic about people. I don't believe any one else ever heard that story, or would take the trouble to remember it so well. I must confess that I don't see any thing so remarkable in Mr. Allston; but since Mr. Lauderdale likes to patronize him, of course I have nothing to say."

"PATRONIZE Allston!" exclaimed Mr. Lauderdale.

"That is Mr. Lauderdale's delicacy," continued the wife in a confidential aside, "and I fall in with it to please him; but we all know what it means."

"Well," said Charlotte, "do you want me to dine with you to-morrow?"

Mrs. Lauderdale beamed hospitality from every corner of her ample face.

"My dearest Charlotte, you know we are always delighted to have you. Pot-luck or grandiose, you are always welcome; and I would mention that it is grandiose to-morrow, on account of the Stebbinses."

"How thoughtful you are," observed Charlotte. "I know now that I must come in my good clothes."

Mrs. Lauderdale looked a little solemn at this speech. She felt, with vague alarm, that dinner-silks had been alluded to with levity; and on such subjects, levity was dreadfully unbecoming. Unable, however, to fix the offence precisely with her fat forefinger, she was obliged to pass it over in silence. Embracing Charlotte again, though a little more coldly than before, she took leave.

Charlotte stood on the piazza, and watched her guests walk down the lawn. Mrs. Lauderdale kept the middle of the path, tugging stoutly at the folds of her riding-skirt. Mr. Lauderdale

strayed nonchalantly on the grass, striking at the shrubs with his whip. Presently Mrs. Lauderdale called him to her side, gathered her troublesome skirt on one arm, and placed the other in that of her husband, and thus in most conjugal fashion the pair disappeared in the shrubbery.

Charlotte, observing this manœuvre, laughed maliciously.

"A sweet domestic tableau, and got up at the most effective moment!" she said to herself.

Among all the contrivances for accomplishing the ends of justice that have been devised by man, it is astonishing no one has yet thought of handing over female culprits to the mercies of feminine juries. The chances of escape would be diminished seventy-five per cent.

The hall-clock struck half-past six, and the July day was still wide awake, and the reapers still at work in the rye-fields. Charlotte's house faced the lawn, but the piazza in the rear commanded a view of a large part of the farm that belonged to the property, the orchards and fields of many-colored grain, from the rye, already yellow for the harvest, to the fall-wheat, still green as the lush grass in the meadows. Charlotte, who had a strong instinct of property, rather preferred this view to that of the lawn, for she liked to be reminded of her possessions, and of the responsibilities and powers thereto appertaining. She superintended the farm herself, and now, when the afternoon shadows had sufficiently tempered the sunlight, she resolved to go down into the fields, and see what the reapers had accomplished that day.

Taking her hat from the peg in the hall, Charlotte traversed the garden, crossed the brook that encircled it, and was presently standing amidst the fallen rye. At some distance, the men whetted their scythes for a final onslaught, and the women bound in sheaves the grain already reaped. The corner of the field close to the brook lay in the shadow of some walnut-trees, and a woman had availed herself of the grateful shelter,

to leave her baby asleep on a pile of dry straw. As Charlotte approached, the baby awoke and began to cry, after the imperious fashion of babies. She kneeled, and took the little one in her arms. To his hungry instincts, all women represented but one possibility, and his hand immediately began tugging at Charlotte's bosom, in anticipation of his accustomed refreshment.

In face of this naive confidence, Charlotte felt a sudden contempt for her useless, maiden breasts, and a whimsical sympathy for the disappointment of the poor baby, whose sobs, for a moment arrested by a glimmer of hope, now broke forth afresh.

"I might as well be a man!" she exclaimed, angrily. Fortunately, succor was not far distant. Charlotte espied the mother at the end of the field, and carried the child to her, to be overwhelmed with thanks for her facile complaisance.

She exchanged a few words with the laborers, inquired about the day's work and the calculations for to-morrow, herself assisted to bind some sheaves, and then continued her walk through the odorous meadows.

On arriving again at the brook Charlotte encountered an old woman about to cross the plank, and tottering under the weight of a great bundle she carried on her back. Charlotte helped her over, and then exclaimed in pity of a heavy burden for such aged shoulders:

"Please let me carry it for you," she said.

"It is too heavy."

"If it is too heavy for me, what must it be for you? I entreat you, let me at least try."

"Well," said the other, "you may try; but you'll soon sicken of your bargain. Fine ladies do not like such work."

"I am not a fine lady," said Charlotte, and heaved the bundle on her back.

Charlotte was strong, but naturally—(that is, as the world is arranged)—unaccustomed to this kind of work, and she staggered not a little under the burden.

The old woman walked by her side, eyeing her with more malice than gratitude.

"You feel very grand now, don't you?" she remarked, presently.

"Grand!" returned Charlotte gently. "I feel ashamed to think that you, who are old and poor, must also suffer from all the hardships of labor, while I, who am young and strong, have nothing to do but amuse myself."

"Don't tell me," repeated the dame with obstinate conviction. "I know how you'll boast to your sweetheart about having helped an old woman, and entice him on to think you're such a pink of perfection."

The blood flared up into Charlotte's face, and she dashed the bundle on the ground. "Carry your load yourself, old lady," she exclaimed, "and next time learn how to be decently civil to people;" and she strode off in great wrath, of which, to do her justice, she was presently extremely ashamed.

The other watched her for awhile, and then, resuming her bundle, trudged homewards, chuckling as she went over her own smartness, which had proved so poignantly effective.

Charlotte arrested her indignant steps in a grove of beech-trees near the brook. These trees were dearer to her than any living thing on the farm. When a child, she had sought them as her most constant playmates in moments of sunshine, her most steadfast friends in the frequent storms that darkened the infantile horizon. Here she had nursed her doll, here she had trained her dog, here she had studied her lessons, or pored over marvellous romances, till the grove grew peopled with imaginary friends. An hour in the calm society of these trees had never failed to soothe the most passionate grief or woeful despair of that restless childhood. Charlotte remembered those days at that moment, and clasping an arm around the smooth bole of a noble beech, and pressing her forehead against its fine cool rind, she laughed over the ridiculous impertinence which had been able to so ruffle her equanimity.

"I would climb this tree this minute, just as I used to," she thought, "if I had not a muslin dress in the way. When the world has outgrown its present wretched civilization, it will reckon clothes as its most dreadful Limbo of Vanity."

From the beeches to the kitchen-garden, to see if the lettuce had gone to seed, and thence to the stable to pat the white forehead of her saddle-horse, and finally to the house again, when the night had begun to embrace the earth with dewy kisses, and above the darkness the July heavens brightened with golden stars.

After tea, Charlotte settled herself luxuriously in the parlor to read.

(There was, of course, a housekeeper, or retired governess, or *dame de compagnie*, who lived with Charlotte, and preserved the proprieties. As, however, I have no use for her except in connection with the proprieties, I prefer not to charge myself with her description. But I seize this opportunity to beg my readers, who are undoubtedly more posted in such matters than I am, to themselves introduce this needful personage into any scene, or at any juncture that their finer instincts may deem desirable. I am persuaded that by this device we shall all be better satisfied; I shall avoid the risk of blundering, and innumerable tediums, and my courteous readers, having assumed the responsibility, must blame themselves if the situations are not arranged to their liking, and in accordance with their highest principles.)

The book selected for this evening's perusal was Wilhelm Meister. Charlotte always derived singular enjoyment from Goethe, whose vast, calm mind, composed in such unfathomable serenity, never failed to open to her endless fascinations. The serenity arises, not from indifference, but from the perfect balance of all conceivable elements, that, isolated, might have tended to excess. Every thing is there, and each detail tends to harmonize the rest, as in a broad landscape that reposes in the mellow sunshine of an autumn day—

frowning mountain and placid valley, sombre forests peopled with hobgoblins, and bourgeois villages where mugs of ale froth incessantly on inn-signs,—nothing omitted, nothing out of place, the whole perfectly combined as the strains in an orchestral symphony.

There is no comfort like that arising from communion with these universal minds,—no thought, or feeling, or passion, that they cannot understand, explain, and soothe. We yield ourselves to them with the same confidence as we follow Nature, knowing that any momentary antagonism will be balanced further on by some new, profound sympathy. It was in this way that Charlotte read Goethe.

The volume opened of itself at the charming description of Theresa, her orderly house, and the well-scoured tubs ranged before the door. Charlotte had read the chapter many times, but this evening it struck her in a new light.

"I believe I am just like Theresa," she said to herself. "Only I am afraid my tubs are not quite as brilliantly clean."

She read on, through the Confessions of a Beautiful Soul, the history of Nathalie, and into the Second Part, in whose mysterious depths she finally lost herself, and—no offence to Goethe—fell asleep.

She slept comfortably for several hours, and was at last awakened by a crackling sound, and the smell of something burning. A great light filled the room and dazzled her eyes, so that it was several seconds before she was clearly aware that the window-curtains were on fire. They had caught from the lamp, as its flame flared up just before being extinguished.

The clock pointed to one, the household was therefore certainly in bed, and the mistress resolved to leave well-earned slumbers undisturbed, and rely upon her own exertions for mastering the fire. She pushed a table against the wall, mounted upon it, and tried to wrench the curtains from their fastenings. They came away in fragments, which she threw out of the window, not daring to

trust them to the floor covered with summer matting. Once, however, some burning pieces dropped, and set the matting on fire. Charlotte was obliged to abandon the curtains, and busy herself in treading out the new flame. Then a pile of newspapers caught, and the whole room seemed to be endangered. Charlotte turned over on the floor the table which held the combustible material, and beat upon the fire until the papers had been reduced to a mass of charred cinders; then to work again at the curtains, now nearly consumed, but falling in glowing drops that incessantly menaced destruction. Charlotte worked furiously, she burned her dress, her hands, even her hair was on fire for a moment. A wild exultation animated her in this struggle with the beautiful writhing flame, and shut out the faintest whisper of terror. On this account she was stronger than the elements, and prevailed against them, and finally stood victor,—in rags—amidst a heap of ashes,—and before a blackened wall.

"This is what all victories amount to," thought Charlotte. "They leave you alive,—in the midst of desolation."

She could not abandon such desolation without attempt at relief. Pulling off her shoes to tread more softly, she searched pantry and kitchen for candles and matches, for broom, dustpan, basin, soap and water, and set to work to sweep and scrub with immense energy—energy entirely superfluous, since the whole work could have been done rather better the next morning by the housemaid. But Charlotte was so roused and wide-awake after the excitement of putting out the fire, that she could not bear the thought of sleep. She measured the necessities of the case, not by what was to be done, but by the surplus activity at her disposal for doing it,—and which devoured the material elements placed before it, with scarcely less impetuosity than the flame had done the hour before.

At last all was finished and in order, the broom and other implements scrupulously restored to their places, and Charlotte leaned on the partially reno-

vated window-sill, to watch the coming dawn. It was half-past three o'clock; the greater number of the stars had faded, but those that remained were large and bright, as they always are at that hour in summer, like the eyes of children who listen to fairy tales. The darkness had thinned to a silver mist, resting on the lowlands watered by the brook; a little breeze stirred in the shrubbery and heralded the morning.

The compass of a single day is wide enough for almost all possibilities of thought or freaks of imagination. Like a woman who resumes many women in herself to fix the fickle fancy of her lover, the day, having offered all varieties of reality during its hours of sunshine, encompasses the vaster regions of unreality during the hours wasted by the world in sleep. At this strangest moment between darkness and dawn, all life becomes weird and fantastic, the solidest foundations of things waver like cobwebs hanging on the rose-bushes, the most unquestionable truths look as grotesque to our irreverence as the shadows lying on the lawn. People inclined to scepticism should avoid this hour like poison. But others, rather too firmly planted amidst the goods of this life, amidst irreproachable principles and unquestionable truths,—it were not ill for them to hold an occasional vigil at half-past three o'clock on a summer morning.

Charlotte, still haunted by the memory of Theresa and her well-scoured tubs, was dimly aware of the advantages of such a vigil, and still more keenly alive to the enjoyment of being awake at that time of the morning.

"I never sat up all night before," she said. "It is delightful. I wish the curtains would catch fire every evening."

And she watched the dawn until the East had reddened like a country milkmaid, and every thing returned to commonplace. Then she washed her face, and went to bed, to recruit decent energies for Mrs. Lauderdale's dinner that afternoon.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

When Charlotte awoke, late in the day, she discovered that her left hand had been badly burned, and was by this time swollen with inflammation. The pain, at first rather severe, yielded to soothing topics, but the hand was helpless—must be enclosed in wrappings—and stood decidedly in the way of due enjoyment of the dinner-party. But Charlotte, whose very latent friendship for the Stebbinses seemed to have been suddenly fanned to flame, could not refuse herself the opportunity offered for meeting them. She therefore threw a light scarf over her dress, concealed her burned hand in its folds, and in this fashion presented herself, not unpresentably, at Mrs. Lauderdale's.

As she entered the room, a handsome youth came forward eagerly to greet her.

"Mrs. Lauderdale has commissioned me to take you to dinner," said he immediately.

"Ingenious Mrs. Lauderdale! I trust that masterly manœuvre did not cost her many hours' sleep last night?"

"I did not ask her, and did not care. I only know that she has made me supremely happy, and relieved my mind of a load under which it has been groaning all day."

"Poor boy! If it is not an indiscretion, may I inquire *what* load? Have you been helping Canton carry potatoes? But no, you never would have engaged in any thing half so useful."

"Now, Charlotte! Don't begin to be vicious already. You know well enough I had every reason to fear that you would be assigned to some one else—this Allston, for instance, about whom Lauderdale talks so much."

Charlotte bit her lip. "Oh Gerald! how profound is the selfishness of human nature! Have you no sympathy for Mr. Allston, whom you have thus cruelly deprived of the pleasure?"

"Not a bit. Every one for himself in cases like this. Let my conscience alone, will you? I am perfectly happy at this moment, and don't want to be troubled, especially just before dinner. It spoils the digestion."

As Charlotte suspected, Mrs. Lauderdale *did* pride herself on remarkable ingenuity in the assortment of this pair of guests,—and that for a reason.

Gerald was suitor to Charlotte.

Had he not been, Charlotte would probably have fallen in love with him long ago, for he was handsome, graceful, charming in every respect. As it was, she could not quite make up her mind whether to accept or reject him. She was quite indifferent to him when he was hot, and quite fond of him when he was cold, and never could strike an average sentiment sufficiently reliable to form the basis of a matrimonial alliance. In the meantime there was no hurry,—Gerald was young—just her own age,—and, as Charlotte observed to him, could not have lighted upon a more fascinating employment than that of making love to her.

"There is therefore no harm in prolonging it," she added. "I am convinced it is the most serious business in which you have ever been concerned. In the course of time, it is probable that your attentions will have produced the requisite effect,—and then I will marry you."

"But don't you love me a little, just a little now, to start with?" urged poor Gerald.

"Ah, well! I really don't know. That is your business to find out. If you are ever bored with the effort, you are always at liberty to resign,—and on my part, I promise you, should I come spontaneously to any conclusion, I will tell you at once."

"How is it possible for a person not to know whether they love another or not?"

"How is it possible for a well behaved young woman to know what she thinks about a gentleman until he has asked her?"

"Well, I *have* asked you."

"Precisely,—and so I am beginning to think about it. But these things take time. Don't imitate the children, and pull up the seeds as soon as planted, to see if they have taken root."

Fruits de mieu, Gerald accepted this

provisory arrangement, and, as Charlotte had predicted, found it to be not destitute of charm. He saw Charlotte frequently, and she always enjoyed his society, except on the rare occasions when it interfered with something else. Gerald's last remark, as he handed her to dinner, now restored her to thorough appreciation of him.

"I do not believe Allston has come, after all. Lauderdale would have been introducing him to every body."

At table, Charlotte became seriously embarrassed by the helplessness of her burnt hand. The soup and fish were easily discussed, but when the roast was served, the difficulty grew insurmountable,—and unable to resolve it, she left her plate untouched. This Gerald did not fail to notice.

"Why don't you eat?" asked he.

"I am not hungry."

"Oh, are you ill?" he exclaimed, this time in a tone of extreme anxiety.

"Yes."

"Oh, Charlotte, what is the matter?" repeated Gerald, turning pale and laying down his fork in consternation. "I should not have supposed you were ill."

"That is just like men's thoughtlessness. How can you look in my face, and not perceive there the stamp of suffering?"

"But," hesitated Gerald, looking at her in perplexity, "your lips are red."

"That is the fever."

"And your eyes are bright."

"That is delirium."

"Charlotte," said Gerald, solemnly, "you make me miserable by such suspense. I entreat you to tell me, on your word of honor, are you ill?"

"Gerald," returned Charlotte in the same tone, "I perceive that your sensibilities must not be trifled with. On my word of honor, then,—no."

"Then why don't you eat your dinner?"

As Charlotte beat her brains for some new excuse, she happened to drop her handkerchief. Gerald stooped to pick it up, and in so doing caught sight of the wounded hand, which Charlotte, trusting to the concealment of the table,

had disentangled from her scarf. Light dawned upon him.

"Ah, I see what is the matter. You have hurt your hand. Poor little hand!"

"Nonsense, you know that my hands are not little."

"They seem so to me when they suffer. What has happened to you?"

"I burned myself."

"Good heavens! How? What were you doing?"

"Roasting chestnuts."

"How could you do that?"

"I had no cat's paw to get them out of the fire for me."

"But, Charlotte, there are no chestnuts at this season?"

"Gerald, your rural knowledge will soon be overwhelming. Before long you will be convinced that tomatoes do not grow out of doors in December."

"Tell me honestly, Charlotte, how you burned yourself."

"I will. But prepare your nerves for another shock. First, which way did you come here this afternoon?"

"By the Crofton road."

"Then you did not pass by my house. Otherwise, you would have noticed (casually) that it is a mass of blackened ruins."

"Charlotte!"

"I assure you. The curtains in the parlor took fire,—the woodwork caught,—presently the whole house was in a blaze. I have lost every thing, furniture, clothing, jewelry,—not to speak of a large sum of money in the wooden secretary. I am nearly beggared."

"And you sit there so quietly and tell me that!"

"Three months ago I read Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Pius, all at once. I knew something would come of it. But that is the reason I am so calm."

"I hardly know whether to believe you or not. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Yes, you may cut up this chicken for me. I am half starved."

Gerald readily accepted the charge. But to get possession of Charlotte's

plate, without attracting the attention of the other guests, was a feat that required rather complicated manœuvres. To such manœuvres, renewed with every course, the two friends addressed themselves in ridiculous earnestness and profound enjoyment. Several times they were nearly swept out of all table proprieties, by a suppressed gale of laughter at their own absurdities.

"Gerald, you are delicious," said Charlotte.

"And you are a sugarplum from heaven, to say so. To what else can I help you?"

"Nothing for the moment. It is astonishing how the appetite is stimulated by the possession of some one ready to do all the hard work for you. You ought to sigh for the pudding as for Elysian fields."

"I don't see why."

"Because that is eaten with a spoon, my brilliant friend. And think of the raisins and the nuts!—which you shall crack for me,—and the bonbons! I will give you all my prettiest, with the most touching mottoes, as a slight acknowledgment of your inestimable services."

"Do not insult Mrs. Lauderdale, or her housekeeper, by the supposition that there will be bonbons. I should think you had not been out to dinner since you were ten years old."

"So should I. I wish I were no more now. However, I have my wish whenever you are at my elbow, for you are a very fountain of eternal youth."

"I wish you would consent to rejuvenate yourself with me eternally," said Gerald in a low tone.

"I will—when I am thirty," answered Charlotte.

During the monotonous interim that Anglo-Saxon civilization places between the excitement of dinner and the excitement of the "gentlemen" afterwards, Charlotte sat in a sandbank, covered with artificial flowers, and composed chiefly of Stebbinses. Just as eyes, mouth, nose, and ears were becoming choked with flying sand, dusty and gritty as is its nature so to be, there

fell a shower of pure cool rain, and laid the dust. This refreshing effect belonged more to the voice than the words, which were as follows :

"No, Lauderdale, this is only another of the prejudices by which you Anglo-Saxons shut yourselves out from communion with humanity. You cannot imagine that any thing which is not *you*, has any claim to serious consideration. If you are narrow-minded, you hate; if you are liberal, you regard with superb pity all wretches lying in the outer darkness, beyond the sacred influence of your regulation broadcloth, condemned to bearskin or pigtails. That the Chinese *like* their pigtails, that they have as good reason for maintaining them as you have for shaving your faces,—*that* never enters your practical imaginations. You send missionaries to these benighted heathen to convert them from their absurdities to your own; you poison them with opium, and try to outcheat them in trading. But as to calling the Chinese men,—as to admitting the Celestial Empire into the Federation of the World,—you would as soon extend your fellowship to the man in the moon."

The diction of the speaker was so rapid, that Charlotte would have supposed English to be his native language, except for the slight foreign accent and the extreme vivacity of the tone. He had entered the room with Mr. Lauderdale, and the host now led him directly towards Charlotte.

"Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Ethelbert Allston," said Mr. Lauderdale.

"Ethelbert Allston, Ethelbert Allston," repeated Charlotte to herself as she looked at the stranger. And from that moment she was never able to dissociate the name from him, or himself from the name.

"We have been discussing the merits of the Chinese," continued Lauderdale, "whom Mr. Allston seems to have taken under his special protection. Perhaps Mr. Allston only uses the Chinese to defend a general theory."

"The doctrine is certainly general," answered Mr. Allston. "But you can-

not fail to see how specially it applies to these outrageously abused Chinamen. Here is an Empire that has subsisted for centuries, and developed an elaborate and polished civilization; whose political economy has solved the problem of supporting the densest population on the smallest territory; whose administration, a marvel of ingenious mechanism, has preserved order and stability on an immense scale, and for immense periods of time; whose learned societies have furnished the model for European institutes, and whose learned men have given the *ton* to European savants; whose commerce rivals Liverpool, and whose industry throws Manchester into the shade; whose religion is among the most moral ever invented, and whose ecclesiastical system is as skilfully balanced as that of Catholicism or the Church of England. *This* is the people reckoned as a deadweight among the nations of the world! Socialists devise systems that ignore China; thinkers proclaim philosophies that despise China; moralists castigate their countrymen with the dread of imitating China; all Europe, this speck on the face of the world, this moment in the history of time, this *parvenu*, big with its own conceit, never misses an opportunity to belabor, to calumniate, to sneer at China."

"So, in chivalrous opposition to the rest of the world, Mr. Allston uses every opportunity to defend—China."

"Quite true, Charlotte," said Mr. Lauderdale. "And I confess, Allston, I hardly understand such quixotic chivalry. You of all men, with your passion for movement and progress and liberty, should be stifled by the eternal fixity and monotony and ingenious despotism of China."

"I do not admire either monotony or despotism," answered Allston. "But I claim that those who admire them in Europe have no right to despise them in China. Mandarins, and state religions, and intellectual aristocracies, and public assemblies, are as respectable there as in France. And I doubt if the fixity be as eternal as you suppose. These

internal revolutions, this invasion of Taepings, this emigration to California, this alliance with America, these demands for Coolie naturalization, all this has its significance. But it is easier for us to analyse the atmosphere of the sun, than the nature of human beings that have had the bad taste to settle at the Altai Mountains instead of the Alps. It becomes us well to talk about barbarism!"

How much further might have proceeded the rehabilitation of Chinese character, I cannot say, not being well posted on all its possible claims to respectful consideration. But at that juncture somebody came along and swept off in another direction the champion of humanity in the Celestial Empire, and Charlotte was left alone.

She did not, therefore, fall back into the sandbank, for its hour was over. Various companions and varied conversations beguiled the time agreeably, until the advent of one of her neighbors, a farmer, a most worthy man but slow talker, and in regard to whom even Charlotte's inventive mind foreboded difficulties. She had, however, prepared herself for heroic enterprises; had previously discussed servants with the lady on her right in a tone as animated as the subject admitted; and now plunged with good heart into beets and turnips. But in spite of the most conscientious efforts, the conversation languished. At a critical moment, Charlotte observed Mr. Allston approach, and seat himself on an adjoining sofa. Inspired by a new idea, she addressed her companion in a different key.

"After all, Mr. Fenton, we must acknowledge that farming is slow work. Here you and I vegetate in the country, like ferns before the pre-Adamite deluge, and instead of growing richer, we sink all our money into machines that don't work, and into drains that don't pay. Agriculture is a syren, a cheat. Commerce alone opens to the enterprising, agreeable and profitable means of getting their living."

"How?"

"In the first place, the mental satis-

faction of the merchant is infinitely superior to that of the farmer. Instead of poking away over his own miserable potato-patch, he busies himself with distributing potatoes to the entire globe, and thus accomplishes work for humanity. The Chinese, our forerunners in civilization, and from whom we have derived every thing that we have worth speaking about, have long ago divined this moral superiority. They have made themselves masters of all the arts of commerce, cheating included, and on the most sublime scale. Why, I have read that in China a merchant is allowed by law to keep three balances, one for selling too light, one for buying too heavy, and one for private correction of his own operations; that grocers cover blocks of wood with layers of meat and sell them for Westphalian hams, as fresh from the pig as is compatible with irreproachable salting in material obtained from the *débris* of Lot's wife. You know the Dead Sea is more accessible from Peking than from London. On the whole, I cannot sufficiently admire this wonderful people for the wonderful use they have made of the most wonderful institution of modern society—commerce. I think I shall sell my farm, and emigrate to Hong Kong to engage in silk-worms or the tea-trade. Which do you advise, Mr. Fenton?"

Before that gentleman could collect his ponderous wits for a reply, Mr. Allston had drawn nearer, as if to join in the conversation. The worthy farmer availed himself of the opportunity to beat a retreat, and Allston installed himself in his place.

"I did not expect to have so soon the privilege of hearing such an able defence of China," said he, with a smile that would have been mischievous in a more personal kind of person.

"I suppose not," answered Charlotte gravely. "If you have a proselytizing disposition, you must be enchanted with your rapid success in bringing over to your theories even so insignificant a convert as myself."

"No person is insignificant when their relations to truth are concerned,"

replied Allston, with entire seriousness, and completely ignoring the opportunity for gallantry afforded by Charlotte's remark,—a fact of which she took due notice. "And I am sorry to perceive that you share the ordinary delusion in regard to the majesty of commerce. I know you were jesting, yet you seemed partly in earnest when you spoke of the services rendered by commerce to humanity. Is it possible that you also do reverence to this monstrous Baal,—this overgrown parasite that drains the strength from our sinews,—this gigantic tissue of fraud, lies, cheating, superstition and oppression?"

"To tell the truth," said Charlotte, "I have never thought much about it, except when my butcher sells me stale meat or my grocer falsifies the butter. But I should be most happy to hear your exposition of the subject. Iconoclasm is always exciting,—and profitable,—for the by-standers can steal the stones from the ruins, and use them to build up their own barns."

"No, I will not bore you with two harangues in one evening. Besides, I came to ask you a question. Who is that young lady sitting alone in the corner?"

"With the heliotrope in her hair?"

"Now you mention it, I perceive that she has one."

"It is the only flower she ever wears. It is Margaret Burnham, governess to Mrs. Lauderdale's children. She is a very lovely person, and one of my best friends."

"She does not seem to know many people here."

"No,—or at least she is shy and diffident about talking in company."

"Would you be so very kind as to introduce me to her?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

They crossed the room to Margaret, rousing her from the dream in which she had been absorbed, to complete oblivion of every thing around her. As Charlotte introduced Mr. Allston, she colored faintly, but apparently more from embarrassment than pleasure. But a quarter of an hour later, Charlotte,

looking from the other side of the room, was astonished to see her engaged in animated conversation with the stranger. He, not only by his words, but in every tone of his flexible voice, every graceful swaying gesture that accompanied his fluent speech, seemed to adapt himself with such friendly tact to the shy thoughts of his companion, that he elicited their expression almost unconsciously to herself. Her color rose, her eyes sparkled softly.

"Can that be Margaret!" thought Charlotte, wonderingly.

When Charlotte entered the dressing-room for her shawl, preparatory to departure, Margaret followed to interchange a friendly salutation.

"How well you look," said Charlotte, "really happy, Madgeling."

"I feel quite happy to-night," answered Margaret. "I hardly know why."

"Little goose," said Charlotte, taking Margaret's chin in her hand and kissing her forehead, "I know why. It is because you have enjoyed the refreshment of talking to a person bright and intelligent, and able to appreciate and sympathize with you."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Margaret, shrinking; "I hope I am not so egotistical as to be affected by such a circumstance!"

"My dear Margaret," observed Charlotte, wisely, "when you are as old as I am, you will have learned the true value of occasional egotisms."

"I am a good deal older than you now."

"By the calendar, yes; but any one properly informed concerning the pre-existence of the soul, must perceive in an instant that I have sojourned several ages in other planets, and arrive in this world already ripened by experience."

"What planet do you come from?"

"First, I believe, from Mars, but my latest residence was in Jupiter, so that my originally combative instincts have been overmastered by instincts for domination. But *you*, little friend,—you sprang to life all at once—and not long ago—from a conjunction of moonshine and silvery cobwebs."

"Nonsense! do not talk about such

fantasies just before going to bed. It top, while you will lie awake half the
will trouble your sleep." night from the excitement of talking to
"I shall go home and sleep like a Mr. Allston."

A D MEIPSUM.

HAD I the words which weave and twine
Around dull things with Nature's art;
Or if the gift were only mine
By some old power to move the heart;
Then would I sit and catch the notes
Which birds upraise with happy throats,
And mine should be the happier part.

O master-singer! far away
Thy strong, free pinions bore thee on:
We only wait, and sadly say,
"The old heroic times are gone."
We strike the strings with feeble hand,
We wake no long-unheeding land:
Though we are many, thou art one.

Music! This measure cannot reach
Those clear, sweet heights of sound serene.
I fail with all the rest, and teach
No better souls to stand between
The throng who look with eager eyes
On unavailing Paradise,
And them who tread the fadeless green.

But if God grant me now and then
A verse from some dear angel's book—
If He shall help me upward, when
It may be given that I look
For one brief moment at the plan
Framed with the earth as time began—
That shall seem better which I took.

And, even as a child may tell
Of hidden and mysterious things,
I, too, may utter passing well
Our longings and the inward strings
Which, unto every soul of man
Born, with our being, under ban
Forever this existence brings.

Then, if the breath of some new thought
Thrills the slow music of the time—
If hopes of higher help are brought
Out of another, purer clime—
If men grow better and their hearts
Lighter through this, the best of arts,
I shall have prospered with my rhyme.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE "CIVIL SERVICE."

My object in penning this article is to put upon record a few cursory observations and thoughts suggested during several years of service in the Departments at Washington.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many persons appear to do, that the clerk is a mere drone, or machine, at the best. Some of the most efficient and indefatigable workers that I have ever met belong to this class; and he who is really willing to labor will seldom be at a loss for objects on which to exercise his industry; while he who prefers idleness cannot long continue to shirk his proper duties. Every piece of work which he neglects accumulates upon the hands of some one else; then follow grumbings from equals, and censure from superiors; and sooner or later discharge is inevitable. A merely ornamental clerk is a costly luxury for any office, and one which is not apt to be particularly prized.

In the Departments are many men once widely known in business circles, who have here sought and found a temporary resting-place, where they can take fresh breath and nerve themselves anew for the toilsome ascent. Here, too, are men deeply versed in professional learning,—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, editors, and others—many of whom have enjoyed somewhat of local reputation in their day, and could no doubt better their condition even now, if they but dared to trust to their wings again.

Several ex-Congressmen and officials of no mean rank share their fate, and may be seen at their respective desks, plodding along as resignedly as though their aspirations had never passed beyond the granite walls that now contain them.

Here, too, as might be expected, a goodly delegation of authors may be

found. The hours of labor and the nature of the employment suit their tastes and convenience, leaving abundant leisure for the exercise of their favorite art. Nevertheless, with few, if any, exceptions, they are accounted among the most valueless clerks in the governmental service.

Some time since I was amused to see in an article written by one of the most prominent lady-editors of our day, a vigorous protest against the high salaries paid to clerks as a class, immediately followed by this qualification:

"Of course I do not mean to include in these remarks the author of ———, or the author of ———. The talents which these gentlemen bring to the public service are but poorly compensated by the salaries which they receive."

Did it never occur to the fair admirer of genius that a man might be perfectly capable of composing faultless poetry or fiction, and yet be utterly without value as an accountant, a copyist, or a man of business? It is not the amount of talent which a man possesses, but its adaptation to the work in hand, that constitutes his real worth in any capacity; and plain Tom Johnson or Dick Jones, who could not scribble a presentable couplet or chapter to save their lives, may be far more useful in the practical working of an office than Charles Dickens or Alfred Tennyson. Furthermore, the particular authors whom she has specified are reported to be far less efficient clerks than hundreds of patient, unknown workers whom she would deprive of a portion of their pay, because they are deficient in literary "talents."

Instead of anecdotes about the minor literary notabilities to be found in the Departments, let me name an excellent example of a most praiseworthy class—the unassuming hard workers. For eighteen years before obtaining his ap-

pointment he was a private soldier in the regular army, and served through the whole of the war. He is one of those to whom the country owes more than it probably will ever acknowledge. His name is Benjamin E—e.

When the rebels under Early advanced to attack the Capital, he was placed, on account of his long experience, in command of a redoubt on the Tenallytown road, the point where the first attack was made. It was weakly garrisoned by some volunteers who had never been under fire, and, as a matter of course, the first gun that was brought to bear upon them was near terminating the contest. But E—e, manœuvring a heavy piece with his own hands, replied so effectually that the enemy were glad to withdraw their battery, not without loss. A dash of cavalry was repulsed in the same manner, and by keeping up a bold front the enemy were induced to change their point of attack to one which was far less vulnerable. Had the little fort been taken, Washington would have been in the hands of the rebels within an hour, for its defences then were in the condition of an egg-shell, only needing to be pierced at any one point to become utterly valueless everywhere.

This man is an indefatigable worker, and for months remained habitually at his desk from nine in the morning till within an hour or two of midnight. He is a rough, blunt, good-hearted German; has a ludicrous habit of soliloquizing; and at present occupies the position of Chief Clerk of one of the branches of the Adjutant-General's Office.

There is a great difference among our public men in their manner of transacting business. General Sherman, for instance, smashes through it as he did at Atlanta through the Confederacy. Many of his endorsements are extremely characteristic. He had ordered a certain depot to be discontinued, at which a large amount of Government property was stored. Some delay in its removal naturally took place, which was no doubt protracted by the usual obstruc-

tions of red-tape. After being annoyed by several communications upon a subject of which he was heartily tired, he blurts out thus: "Better burn the whole concern down than go on in this way."

Again, information is received that a remnant of the Seminoles still resident in Florida are likely to give trouble; whereupon he endorses as follows: "Try and get the Indian Bureau to take care of these Indians. Don't let us have another Seminole war, for Heaven's sake. Better give up the whole peninsula, which, at a fair valuation, is not worth the cost of a single campaign." I quote him literally. There are many more like these; and all bear the stamp of the same impatient energy, and contempt of obstacles.

Grant in the Department was quiet and grave, seldom smiling, and generally keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground, except when he raised them with a quick, searching glance to the face of some passer-by.

His adopted son is a remarkable little fellow, who is generally taken for one of his own, and seems to be completely unknown to the public. During the war, I was amused on meeting, at the residence of a lady-friend, a boy of about three feet six inches in height, who talked with all the self-possession of a veteran man of the world. He was thin and pale-faced, but seemed possessed of unusual ambition and good sense. I soon learned that he was an orphan, and had long been with the army, in the capacity, I believe, of drummer. Altogether, he struck me at the time as a remarkable character.

Soon afterward, the rebels under Early invested the city, and citizens as well as soldiers took up arms in its defence. Every body was alive with enthusiasm who was not quaking with fear; and the little warrior caught the infection.

He was standing close to my side when a gun rattled past followed by another and another. On each were seated several men, who had chosen this novel means of conveyance, rather than wait for any other. At once he leaped

into the street and, making for the nearest, begged to be allowed to go with them and fight the rebels. He was answered by shouts of laughter, and after a vain attempt to climb in, retired discomfited.

"Well," said he, his eyes brimful of tears and his face more than brimful of disgust, "well, I don't care if they *do* get whipped. They say they want men to fight the rebels; and when a man offers to go they won't take him."

This spirit probably accounts for his adoption by the General, which soon afterward occurred. But to return to the Departments.

It must be admitted that the general tendency of office routine is far from beneficial. A vast majority of the clerks have of necessity but little responsibility resting upon them, and soon learn to let their interest in their work cease with each day's allotted portion. Their minds are thus left vacant during the remaining eighteen hours, and susceptible to all external temptations, while salaries regularly paid furnish them with the means of gratifying their desires. It is no wonder that many of the younger and more thoughtless should be beguiled into follies that at home would be almost without attraction.

But this is not the only evil effect produced. While there are undoubtedly some situations in the various offices which require unusual ability, diligence, and learning, it is none the less true that at most of the desks but a very moderate quantity of brainwork is required, and no body-work that is worthy of the name. As a natural result, the unused faculties, both mental and physical, lose their power; the knowledge acquired by patient study at school and college is forgotten little by little; the skill of hand in more laborious avocations steadily decreases; and even bodily health and vigor soon waste away. Besides, the cheerfulness and self-respect that come from continuous and useful labor is at least partially lost; while the consciousness of being an underling with no chance of promotion tends to dwarf all ambition and undermine all

self-reliance and independence of character.

A very considerable number of the young men who enter the Departments marry within two or three years afterward; and to some of them marriage proves a blessing. Indeed, it is a matter of general remark that for every single clerk who lays up money there are five married ones. But, notwithstanding, it is a somewhat hazardous experiment. Even if the couple succeed in saving any thing at first, which, considering the exorbitance of Washington prices, is no easy matter, their slender resources are sure to be drawn upon as the family increases, till nothing is left. Then there is the ever-present danger of discharge continually hanging over their heads. With every change of administration it comes in the guise of rotation in office; while between times "reduction" (that terrible word!) constitutes a sufficient explanation at any moment. Very often this same "reduction" is only apparent, consisting simply in the removal of strangers or personal enemies to make room for the friends of those in power. But that is a poor consolation to the helpless discharged one. His only resource is to dog the heels and play lacquey in the anterooms of our little great men, hoping that by Congressional influence he can procure reinstatement.

This failing, as it usually does, a hard lot awaits him. His long-continued sedentary life has totally unfitted him for either manual labor, mercantile pursuits, or the practice of a profession; and in all probability he has no resource either of mind or body that possesses a market value. Then he has been tugged so long in the wake of the Ship of State that he doubts his ability to row alone, and is half inclined to shrink from the undertaking. Without money, friends—for he has probably made none in Washington who can help him—or means of earning a livelihood, and with a family looking to him for support, his condition is far from enviable.

Indeed, the amount of suffering which results from the present arbitrary system of discharges is far greater than is generally known, and perhaps than would be generally believed. The troubles and trials of a clerk attract no attention from the world outside; and but very little from even his companions at the office. They recognize in him a bird of passage like themselves, who comes no one knows whence, and goes no one knows whither. While together, they have their petty merry-makings and heartburnings, their common grievances and pleasures; but when the hour of discharge comes, he passes from their little world like a star blotted out of heaven, leaving not a trace behind. No wonder then that his after-struggles and sorrows remain hidden from the world's eye.

One or two incidents illustrate, as well as sustain, my assertions.

Several years ago a party were visiting an insane asylum in the vicinity of Washington. The gentleman who was conducting them over the establishment being called away for a few moments, they were left to await his return.

Within the next room they heard footsteps pacing continually backward and forward like those of some chained animal. Now they sounded with a slow, heavy regularity, as if they were the mechanical action of one who was plunged in reverie or depressed by sorrow; now with nervous rapidity, as though an inward excitement too strong to be contained had sought this means of relief. It broke by fits and starts from one gait to the other; and between the footfalls they could hear low moans scarcely rising above the breath, but telling an inexpressible degree of suffering.

At length the walker seemed aware of their proximity, and, coming close up to the door which separated the two apartments, tapped gently upon it several times. Then they heard her voice; for a woman's voice, and a very sweet and heartbroken one it was. She said: "Ladies — ladies — gentlemen — ladies and gentlemen—*won't* you do a little

favor for me. *Won't* you carry a letter to my *dear* husband, and my little son only *six* years old. They won't let them come to see me; and I've been here I don't know *how* long. Now *do, do* be kind, ladies; I'm sure I've asked you humbly; I'm sure I've been polite to you. *Won't* you give a letter to my husband and my *dear* little son only *six* years old?"

The whole affair was extremely affecting; and when their conductor returned he was at once besieged with inquiries. "Poor thing," said he, "her husband and son are both dead; but we cannot make her understand it. He was a Government clerk, and a most estimable man; but his life in the Department nourished a natural tendency to consumption, and when his discharge came it found him utterly unfitted to make his way in the world. It was based entirely upon political grounds. As might have been expected, he had neither friends nor money, and his delicate wife was, if possible, still more helpless. The hardship and poverty that followed killed him, and made her a lunatic. Their little son died soon after his father, for he had inherited all the feebleness of his parents. She was passionately fond of both, and, as you see, cannot be made to realize that they are dead; but weeps and moans a great deal of the time, and tries every way to communicate with them."

Another case fell more immediately within my own knowledge. Old Mr. F—— had been for many years a clerk in the Treasury, having managed to weather the periodical storms as well as the intermediate and almost equally dangerous gusts; and had begun to congratulate himself on the possession for the rest of his days of a position which long practice had enabled him to fill well, and which, indeed, was now about the only one that he could fill at all. But "the pitcher that goes often to the well will be broken at last;" and so he was finally discharged.

Of course current expenditures had swallowed up his salary as fast as it accrued; and he was as totally unfitted

for the duties and struggles of active life as a mummy newly taken from the pyramids of Egypt. His only resource was to seek other employment similar to that of which he had been deprived; and a wearisome, hopeless search it seemed. Day after day, and week after week, passed—and still nothing to do. It was not till absolute destitution had long been at their door that help arrived; and then it came too late to remedy the mischief that had been done.

The mental agony which his wife had undergone at that trying period, together with the desperate and long-continued struggles which she had made for the support of the family, had so affected her nerves that she became totally blind. What might have been the effect of a prolongation of that anguish can, of course, only be conjectured.

Mr. F— still is a clerk, a little, thin, tottering old man, with pale, shrunken face, and hair that is nearly white. He moves feebly from place to place, like one whose enjoyment in life has long ceased, and who walks amid the ghosts of his former pleasures. It is not probable that he will ever be reduced to want again, but his whole life is a living death. His wife has but partially recovered her eyesight, and never will be again what she was before their great trouble. It is often observed that elderly clerks very seldom survive their discharges for any great length of time. The total change of habits and pursuits which is thus forced upon them is like tearing up a tree by its roots; and the anxieties of a helpless and moneyless old age aid in breaking down their enfeebled constitutions.

But clerks, whether discharged or not, seldom live very long. Senility comes to meet them with hasty steps; and their gait becomes a totter at a time of life when the farmer exults in the full vigor of a healthy middle age.

The instances of suffering which I have given are not solitary, but are taken from large classes of which the public never hear. All of these are due

first to the injurious influences of clerical life; and secondly to the present system of arbitrary discharges. It is all very well to cry "to the victors belong the spoils!" and to laud the doctrine of rotation in office; but would the country be greatly injured if the spoils were to be placed where none could grasp them? And does this system of constant shifting produce any benefits that will counterbalance such evils as these? By all means remove the incompetent and unworthy; but why discharge useful workmen merely for the sake of change? Who would not stigmatize a man as a fool who was constantly turning away skilled mechanics from his establishment in order that new hands might supply their places? Yet that is precisely what the Government is doing all the time—and yet people wonder that the civil service is expensive, and far from perfect in its organization.

There is urgent need that some plan should be adopted similar to that proposed in the bill introduced by Mr. Jenckes during the last Congressional session. Applicants for appointments should be examined so as to test their fitness for the position; but the examination should be of an exclusively practical kind. This is an all-important requirement; and yet it is one that will very probably be overlooked. The work of a clerk is ordinarily of the simplest kind; and requires a thorough acquaintance with the fundamental branches of an English education, and nothing more. In some offices a knowledge of bookkeeping is required; in others facility and accuracy of composition; in almost all, handsome penmanship, and spelling as nearly faultless as may be. He who possesses these, together with a stock of good common sense and industry, will speedily make the best of clerks for all positions except a very few. But it is perfectly evident that the greatest genius or most erudite *savant* may be deficient in them, and consequently of little value for Departmental purposes. As before remarked, it is not the extent of a man's

acquirements so much as their adaptation to the business in hand which constitutes their real value; and an examination aimed solely at the former object will fail most lamentably in producing any good results.

Once appointed, the clerk should be removed only because of incompetency or unworthiness, clearly proven by a fair trial. And, when worn out in the service, justice and humanity alike suggest that his declining years be secured from want and suffering.

Let these three desiderata be properly attended to—the securing of competent clerks by means of suitable examinations, the abolition of arbitrary discharges, and the support of those who have grown old in harness—and the civil service at Washington will become a far more efficient instrument of Government than it ever has been; and, furthermore, there will be an end to this periodical suffering and hardship which has so long been a disgrace to the country.

A clerkship, however, never will be a suitable place for any independent, energetic, ambitious spirit; nor will it ever cease to totally unfit all who long abide in it for any other mode of life. It should be, and must be, the lot of that quiet class of men who are satisfied

with a life-long possession of its advantages and disadvantages. There will always be a sufficient supply of these, and, harassed by no external cares, and distracted by no ulterior aims, they will make the very best body of clerks that could possibly be found. But let all others shun the Departments.

To this dictum, however, I would make one exception. The clerkships of the Departments may be made the stepping-stones to higher and nobler objects by one who has the resolution to leave them when the proper moment has arrived. He who can do this is blessed with rare opportunities for advancement. His labors at the office occupy but a portion of the day, and if he will resolutely apply the remainder to the acquisition of the profession which he has chosen, rapid progress lies within his power.

But it is hard to keep straight on, never glancing at the allurements which bespread the right hand and the left; and harder still to drop the staff that has so long upheld one's footsteps, when it is becoming a weight clogging the heels. Yet it can be done, and he who has the fortitude to do it will have little occasion to look upon the years of his clerk-life as wasted and profitless years.

HARVEST.

Lo, on our land fulfilment's gracious birth
 From that sweet prophecy glad April breathed
 When the white bloom of her soft arms had wreathed
 So tenderly, erewhile, the enraptured earth!
 Lo, her fair dowry of illimited worth
 Divinely to the full-grown year bequeathed:
 Ripe fruitage, crimson, purple, or gold-sheathed,
 In mellowing pomp; a gaudier-petalled mirth
 Of gardens, lovelier than their soil has worn
 Since May dropt silver in the robins' notes;
 And out where breezy uplands front the morn,
 Wide fields of billowy wheat and twinkling oats,
 And radiance of pennon-tossing corn
 The shadowless heaven's blue splendor overfloats!

THAWED OUT.

I MIGHT have known something queer was going to happen when the Simple Susan went down.

Dame Fortune, or the equally unamenable female yclept Evolution, who has usurped her place in nineteenth century mythology, always makes two bites at a cherry when she considers it worth her while to taste it at all—as witness the old proverbs: “It never rains but it pours;” “Misfortunes never come singly;” “Accidents hunt in couples;” and the like—and I might have foreseen that more would come of it than a simple shipwreck, if I had not been too ardently engaged in rescuing myself from the *débris* of my belongings, to speculate upon the law of sequences.

And, even in the light of antiquity, condensed into proverbs and polarized by personal experience, I feel inclined to excuse myself.

Tossing up and down in an open boat on the stormy waves of the North Pacific, and watching the tea-chests and spice-bales into which, in an evil hour, one has metamorphosed one's precious eagles and moidores, bob away into Ultima Thule, or wherever it is all the lost things go to—(a shrewd old tar, of my acquaintance, has a theory which he maintains in the face of all geography, and with considerable show of reason, too, that there is, in some unexplored, unexplorable region, such a hole as Syms dreamed of, and that it is crammed and jammed full of them)—is not a situation eminently conducive to the exercise of philosophy, Spencerian or otherwise. And when to these discouraging circumstances are added a sick Irishman as sole *compagnon du voyage*, and a half-empty cigar-case and pocket-flask of brandy as sole provision for what bids fair to be a lengthy cruise,

I think one may hold oneself fairly justified in thinking and acting, as the saying is, from hand to mouth; and denouncing Dame Fortune, or the other woman, for the rum old jade she looks to be.

It was a very uncomfortable pickle to be in, I assure you; and being in it was all owing, under Dame Fortune, or the other woman, to the American—I beg pardon—the GREAT American Tea Company.

I had fallen heir to a fortune, or, at least, the rudiments of one—just that snug little sum which bloated capitalists are always likening to the snowball which, skilfully turned over, gathers and grows into a mountain.

Looking around for a comfortable, well-powdered, inclined plane down which to roll it, I stumbled upon one of the advertisements of that immortal company.

Good reader, did you ever peruse one? If you have not, try it. You'll find it even, yet, along with Tagliabue's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, and the Gingham Electro-plate (no charge for these notices) upon the cover of your favorite magazine, or in the columns of your daily paper.

Try it; and I'll guarantee, unless you are a boarding-house keeper, with a sharp eye to the economies, it will have the same effect upon you that it had upon me. You will immediately make a rough guess at the sum-total of those “eight profits,” and paint upon the fumes of your meerschau a picture in gold-foil, regular pre-Raphaelite style, of yourself as banker, owner, shipper, importer, speculator, dealer, &c., all in one.

And I'll engage, too, if you happen to have, as I had, a snug little pile awaiting investment, and no feminines

to cry you nay, you'll charter a ship, as I did, and hire a captain and crew, and go out as your own supercargo, and buy your tea at a bargain,—and here's wishing you better luck with your venture than I had with mine.

Things went on smoothly enough at first, though—have you observed, they always do when one is getting *into* a scrape?—I secured a splendid ship, and a capital captain, and a creditable crew. We made a good voyage out, bought a fine cargo of teas at a bargain in Hong Kong, filled up the chinks with spices at Manila, and set sail for home in the best health and spirits, all hands round.

We were—somewhere—I don't know precisely the latitude and longitude; and I had just settled fairly to work boring my way through the package of cigars and chest of novels I had reserved for the home-voyage, when, one afternoon, just at the middle of a choice Havana, and at the very *dénouement* of Miss Braddon's last, we were struck by—something—I don't know to this hour whether it was a simoom, or a cyclone, or a sirocco—I am not a meteorologist, and I have been prevented, by circumstances over which I had no control, from comparing notes with Simpson, my skipper.

O'Shea, my comrade in the boat, inclines to the opinion that it was a sirocco; but I have a vague, spectral association of that word with Don Padilla and the Three Spaniards, which leads me to mistrust O'Shea's geography. I'll tell you how it acted, and perhaps you can judge for yourself.

I was, as I said, lounging in my cabin at the choicest puff of a cigar, and in the very act of detecting and exposing Miss Braddon's murdering-thief-of-a-bigamist hero, when I heard a sudden, sharp call, unmistakably the captain's, "All hands on deck!" What with the cigar and the novel, my wits were rather in the abstract, but I remember glancing out at the open cabin-window, mentally exclaiming, "What's up? The sea's as smooth as a duck-pond!" and then relapsing again. Two minutes afterward a shadow like midnight fell

across my page, shrouding the rascal in congenial darkness, and leaving me to this hour in ignorance as to whether he ever got his deserts.

My first thought was that the ship was sinking, and the cabin already under water. Then I remembered the open window, and scrambled hastily to the deck.

If I were a *Salvator Rosa*, I should like to paint you the scene which met my eye. I have a mental photograph of it which no pen can do justice to—nor brush either, for that matter. To leeward the sky was soft and fair, and bright with the reflected hues of sunset, and the sea calm as a summer lake; to windward the one was like ink and the other like buttermilk. For one breathless instant we seemed to hang between the two in motionless suspense; the next, it was all mixed together in a seething mass, with the Simple Susan spinning round in the midst, humming like a gigantic top.

I heard a groaning crash of timbers; caught a momentary glimpse of Simpson's white, despairing face; felt, rather than heard, through the din, his desperate order, "To the boats!" and thought, God knows how or why, of O'Shea, the Irish sailor, helpless with fever down below.

Poor fellow! I found him sitting up in his berth, drenched with the sea which was already spouting in, in bucketfuls, and muttering his *Aves* and *Paternosters* with frantic devotion. We got upon deck somehow; but what happened afterward I can't tell you, for I don't know myself.

I have a confused remembrance of plunging about for an indefinite period, with one arm round poor Patsey, amid a surging mass of timbers, and bales, and boxes. I think the ship must have literally broken in pieces; and how we came out of her alive, passes my comprehension.

However, we did; and, what is more, so did Simpson and the rest. They picked each other up into the long-boat, and were picked up again by a British merchantman, and so got home,

safe and sound. I've never seen any of them since; for, when I got back to New York the other day, they had all shipped again for various ports; but I am told they searched for us long and faithfully. I suppose we parted company in the night, and they finally gave us up for lost, and told O'Shea's mother some sort of cock-and-bull story about my heroism in sacrificing myself to save her son, which put the poor old lady to great expense in masses for "the two of us."

Meanwhile we had found ourselves at last under a clear, star-lit sky, clinging to a piece of the wreck; and, as good luck would have it, with the small-boat, half full of water, floating near. I baled her out with a pipkin which I managed to catch, and got O'Shea in; and so in the morning there we were, as I said, afloat on the broad Pacific, with a half-pint of brandy and a brace of wet cigars for our breakfasts, watching my tea-chests bob away toward some Pacific Ultima Thule.

Three mortal days we floated there—days which won't bear talking about. I fed the brandy by thimblefuls to poor O'Shea, and chewed away at the cigars myself.

Upon the morning of the fourth day, when I had begun to think a good deal about the ancient mariner, and Patsey had begun to call piteously upon St. Lazarus, a Russian whaler hove in sight, and was finally induced to reply to my frantic pantomime, by sending out a boat to our rescue.

Queer, isn't it, what creatures of circumstance we are! Positively, now, that abominable stench of train-oil, with which the whole vessel was recking, smelled fragrant as the perfumes of Araby; and that off-scouring of Babel—that *charivari* of consonants demented which serves the Slavonics in lieu of a language—sounded sweet as the music of the spheres.

The Russian captain spoke no English, or next to none; but O'Shea had a little Russian, and I some German and French; so between us we mixed up a polyglot, which answered indifferently well.

They were bound, we learned, for Petropaulouski, the seaport of Kamtschatka, and purposed to winter there. It was not a pleasant prospect, certainly, to exchange for my anticipated Christmas *en famille* with an old friend at San José; but we had still a slim chance of being taken off from either the vessel or the port, and "any thing in life was better," as O'Shea remarked, "than following the tea-chests, and starving of thirst upon brandy and cigars."

Of course, you have always looked upon Kamtschatka as the jumping-off place, and Petropaulouski—if you were not in blissful ignorance of its existence—as the residence of the last of men. So did I, dear reader, until I went there; and being convinced against my will, I'm much of the same opinion still, as the old rhyme gives me precedent; nevertheless, Kamtschatka is a very tolerable country—for Siberia and the Samoïdes dwell somewhat farther north.

It boasts—the country, I mean—of a first-chop mountain, Klioutscherski by name—pronounce it, if you dare—a lively volcano, an annual earthquake or so, and hunting and fishing fit for the Czar himself.

As to the town, though it is built of logs, warmed with brick stoves and glazed with talc, it would be very much like other towns of a Russian origin, but for the singular and somewhat uncomfortable fact that, of its two thousand inhabitants, fully three fourths are of the canine persuasion. It is certainly a trifle humiliating to biped self-sufficiency to find itself so largely in the minority, especially when "the administration" has such a boisterous habit and manner of asserting its supremacy.

However, the snug little harbor of Peter and Paul—"the heavens be their bed!" (O'Shea)—with its girdle of snow-capped mountains, rosy with the hues of sunset, looked very inviting after our long contemplation of the viewless horizon where the tea-chests had vanished; and its rugged shore, albeit

so close to the nether fires that the heat is said to come through and melt great caverns under the snows, felt very firm and substantial after the perils of the sea, while the kindly welcome of the biped Petropaulouskans went far to reconcile us to the chorus of canine remonstrance with which it was accompanied.

Any of the American residents—and the universal Yankee nation was, as usual, largely represented—would, I am persuaded, have received us, for Columbia's sake, with open arms; but Techulski, the Russian captain, seemed to regard us as his lawful prize; and as he turned out to be a comfortable, well-to-do householder, with a notable wife and a very pretty daughter, we mildly admitted the claim.

Russian hospitality is proverbially of the frankest and heartiest; but the motherly assiduities of Madame Techulski, with the shy, sweet sympathy of the charming Katinka, who, after the manner of her sex, was clearly fain to "love us for the perils we had passed"—to say nothing of the fragrant cups of tea, and multitudinous "three drops" of stronger beverage, the bountiful supper, and comfortable beds, were certainly something *sui generis*, even for the autocrat's dominions.

Whether by dint of the dieting, or the ducking, or both combined, I could not determine, but O'Shea's fever had long since left him, and he was already far on the high road to convalescence. His first thought, good fellow! upon rising the morning after our arrival, was for the cathedral, whose dumpy dome he had espied bulging above the log roofs the night before. I represented to him, as in duty bound, that the Greek Church was in flagrant heresy; that she denied *in toto* the supremacy of Peter, and anathematized the *homoönsion* or the *homoionsion*, I was not quite clear which, as an unauthorized and abominable interpolation. But when the poor lad, having no answer to give, turned upon me with such a bewildered, imploring look in his pleasant Milesian eyes, I just hooked my arm into his, and walked off to the cathedral with him,

to kneel down upon the damp stone floor, and offer a thanksgiving or two on my own account. And I don't believe the blessed Peter lays it up against either of us.

For a recruiting-station, after an anxious and ill-provisioned voyage, I can cordially recommend Petropaulouski. The American residents are good fellows, every one; the Russians hospitable as—Russians; the tea is imperial, the punch superlative and inexhaustible, the fishing fit for a Walton, and the hunting for Nimrod himself. But, being neither a *bon vivant*, a spinster, nor a tippler, a disciple of Walton nor a descendant of Nimrod, when I *did* get recruited, I soon began to weary of it all. Even Madame's kind attentions irked me, and Katinka's sweetness cloyed; in a word, I grew homesick, and began devising ways and means of getting home.

It was rather a bad lookout at that season, for the commerce of those northern ports hibernates like the bears, and my hospitable entertainers made it a point of etiquette to prove such a thing impossible. But I stumbled at last upon an Ohkotsk merchant, uncivil enough to inform me that his house were about shipping a late cargo of ivory, in which I could get passage to Shanghai—so the harbor did not freeze before it was gotten off.

"Ivory from Ohkotsk!" exclaimed I in surprise. I am neither a geographer nor geologist, kind reader.

"Surely you are aware that walrus tusks and fossil ivory form one of our principal exports," was the reply. And then followed a long account of the discovery of the fossil elephants, which, as you are doubtless familiar with it, I shall not trouble myself to repeat.

Now, my best reader, you may account for the fact as you please, after reading the rest of my story. I have not set up any theory of my own to be jealous about seeing knocked down; but, from the very first mention of those antediluvian elephants, my home-sickness vanished like the smoke of Awatcha before the morning breeze.

I never had the slightest taste for geology or paleontology—the very name exhausts me. I always hated natural history, and had a nervous dread of herbariums, museums, and “cabinets;” and yet about these blessed old relics I felt, from the very first, just as I did about that tea when I read the advertisement of the GREAT Company; or, as the Welsh giant did (wasn't he Welsh?) when he smelled the blood of the Englishman—“Fe! Fi! Fo! Fum! dead or alive I *will* have some.”

And so, in place of quizzing the fellow about his ship, I began at once asking all manner of questions about her cargo. “Where did it come from? How could one get to the elephant country? Was it possible to reach it at this season?” etc.

“Oh, yes; nothing easier,” was the nonchalant answer. “Winter—early winter is the season of all others for travelling in Siberia. With plenty of dogs and provisions, one could reach the Pole at this season, for aught he knew.”

“Could I organize a party at Ohkotsk, did he think?”

“No doubt of it. There were always plenty of whalers and such folk hanging about there at this time of year, ready for any thing.”

And here Techulski chimed in. If I wanted to go hunting in the elephant country—the elephant islands, he called it—he was my man. “Moosh time, moosh dogs, moosh blubber, and dried fish to feed them.” And he had been there once already—prime hunting all the way—paid well—silver foxes, ermine, sable, seal, and walrus. I had no need to go to Ohkotsk—we could make up a jolly party here in Petropaulouski—and straightway half-a-dozen good fellows volunteered themselves, their dogs, and sledges, and provisions, for the expedition; and the expedition became the sensation of the hour.

As in duty bound, I consulted O'Shea. Would he go with me to the Pole, to look for elephants?

“Anywhere wid you, Mither Allen,” was the ready answer. “Aftther any thing—the pole or the aquather, ele-

phants or squirrels—it's all the same to me.”

And so it was settled, and the expedition was organized forthwith.

Katinka pouted a little at the rival diversion, but managed the matter so impartially that I am to this moment in doubt whether it was O'Shea's *bon-homme* or my *savoir faire* she parted from most reluctantly. Anyhow, she got a promise of unlimited sable and ermine from each of us; and, with a misty farewell glance from her sweet blue eyes, a hearty kiss from Madame, and a heartier chorus of barks from the canines, we scampered off.

I do not mean to bore you with the details of our journey; and, indeed, I do not know that I could do so if I would. It seems, to look back upon, a mere dizzy whirl of dogs, and snow, and *carte blanche* below zero in the daytime, and smoke, and naked Indians, and *carte blanche* above, in the native huts, at night.

My companions boasted hugely of their hunting spoils; but I proved such an indifferent marksmen, that Katinka's prospects began to look slim; and, besides, I was really so wholly bent upon bagging a primeval elephant, that I had very little enthusiasm to spare for lesser and more modern game.

So, running the gauntlet of smoke and snow, frost and fire, Heym and Löke—as the old Moosemen put it—we came at last to the dreary shores of the Northern Ocean, and crossed, upon the perilous bridge of the ice-pack, to some adjacent islands which were said to be a mere conglomerate of ice, sand, rocks, and fossils.

A grim and grewsome place enough it looked—the island where we landed—to have been the cemetery of Antediluvia. But my companions, who seemed, somehow, to the manner born, appeared to think it all jolly as need be, built us a cluster of snow-huts in regular Esquimaux fashion, and set about their explorations as gayly as if it had been hen's nests, instead of graves, they were hunting.

And, truly, they recked very little, I

think, of Antediluvia; for no sooner did they scent the seals and walrus in the open water to the westward, than they all scampered off thither, and left O'Shea and me to our solitary investigations.

Very solitary, and very futile, too, they seemed at first. There were traces of fossils, indeed, scattered here and there; and even an occasional tusk, in a tolerable state of preservation; but I cared nothing for these. I had set my heart, with what seemed, even to myself, an utterly absurd and insensate longing, upon a whole elephant—body as well as bones, skin, hair, flesh, and all—such as I had been told had once floated up upon the shores of the White Sea, and been devoured—a savory and well-mellowed morsel—by the dogs of that favored clime.

What I should have done with the animal *if* I had found him—for, reader, I did *not* find him—remains to this hour an unattempted problem. In my wildest flights of fancy—and never lover dreamed of his mistress more diligently and perseveringly—I never got beyond the vision of him stretched out in revered and colossal majesty before my longing eyes.

And so, while my merry companions slaughtered the seals, and fought valiant battles with the walri (I wonder if that is the orthodox plural), I wandered up and down among the ice-cliffs with poor, patient, bewildered O'Shea at my heels, a regular Yankee "questing beast," seeking and seeking that blessed old elephant.

Fearful, dizzy, wearing work it was, clambering about in the twilight gloom of the gathering Arctic night, scaling the cliffs and exploring the vast gloomy caverns with which the island seemed to be literally riddled through and through. Into these last O'Shea ventured somewhat reluctantly. He had the lingering, Irish-peasant belief in fairies and genii; and one could scarcely blame him, for, indeed, they looked uncanny enough by the flickering light of our torches, to have been the abode of gnomes and kobolds innumerable.

Weird, awful places; grand enough for cathedrals, gloomy enough for catacombs. They would, I am sure, have impressed even my unimpressible Yankee imagination with a sense of terror, had not the said imagination been already crammed to repletion with elephants.

As it was, however, I only looked upon them as probable lurking-places of my favorite beast; and disregarding all warnings and entreaties, plunged recklessly into their deepest depths, and flung the light of my inquisitive torch remorselessly into their remotest corners, while poor Patsey followed, faithful but trembling, in my wake, holding up a toe of St. Gregory Nazianzen, Katinka's parting gift, as a charm to ward off the demons. It might, perhaps, have comforted the dear old lad to know that I had the blessed Chrysoptom's third right-hand finger-nail in my breast-pocket; but fearing to awaken his jealousy I did not tell him.

We had explored every nook and cranny in the island, except one small cave which I had reserved as a *bonne bouche*, because from a projecting cliff above the entrance one could catch the last glimpse of the retreating sun when he took his final dip beneath the horizon. Upon this crag we stationed ourselves one queer November noon, and bathed our eyes in the last ripple of the dying light, then turned away—O'Shea, with a groan, and I, it must be confessed, with a shiver, to finish our work.

Whether it was the feeling that the dreadful Arctic night had fairly closed down upon us in these dreary solitudes, or whether it was something begotten by the atmosphere of the place itself, I know not; but I seemed to imbibe a modicum of O'Shea's superstition at the very entrance, which deepened and strengthened into absolute terror as we proceeded.

The cave was far smaller and less imposing than many we had visited, yet a strange uncanny influence seemed to pervade it, exalting and magnifying even its physical proportions. An awful stateliness loomed in its gloomy

arches, a weird magnificence flashed out from its icy walls; a solitude pregnant with preternatural presence brooded there, a silence instinct with solemn sound; and as, with bated breath and hesitating tread, we groped along, the conviction strengthened into certainty that we were approaching some dread mystery; or trampling with sacrilegious foot upon the hoary sanctity of either a temple or a tomb.

O'Shea felt it, and brought his white face round close to mine: "Shure, Misther Allen, there's *something* here. Is it the elephant, think? The saints preserve us, then, for he's not a beast!" As he spoke, we turned the sharp corner of a projecting rock; and the light of our torches flashed back to us, reflected in a thousand varying hues from the glittering sides of a sort of recess in the wall of ice which blocked our further passage.

"No, Pat," I answered, in a startled shout, which echoed through the cavern like the blast of a trumpet. "No, Pat, he's *not* a beast!"

We had entered the presence. We had found HIM; not an *ichthys* of any kind, dear Agassiz; not *elephas primigenius*, O wise Palæontologist; not the elephant, O royal Public; but—what?

O'Shea made half-a-dozen ineffectual cross-shaped lunges with St. Gregory's toe; and, failing to exorcise the apparition, dropped his torch and fled incontinently; while I sank upon my knees dumbfounded with awe and wonder before the glorious vision which revealed itself—the colossal figure of a *man* fully twelve feet in height and magnificently proportioned, reclining, in an attitude of dreamless slumber, upon a sort of couch or altar of ice within the recess.

The ice had evidently once formed a solid wall across the passage; but from some cause it had crumbled and melted away until only a thin transparent film covered the recumbent figure. The massive brow gleamed through it placid and fair; the full-fringed eyelids, the manly bronze upon the cheek, the long, fair hair falling to the shoulders and mingling with the golden beard upon

the breast; the shapely limbs, half hidden, half revealed by some glittering garment of strange stuff, showed "mockingly like life." There was nothing sodden, nothing death-like about the figure. It was not death, but sleep, profound, dreamless, eternal, perhaps, but *living* sleep.

And, being so, the feeling which it inspired was not terror, or even fear, but simple soul-subduing awe and reverence and wonder, such as a child might have felt on first beholding a man, or a savage on meeting a sage.

Kneeling there, the curtain of the ages seemed to draw aside and reveal to me the earth in its primeval glory, the race in its pristine beauty and strength. Fragments of old Scripture floated through my brain, strange records of the grand, dim Adamic time: "And there were giants in the earth in those days, mighty men which were of old, men of renown;" queer speculations about Jabal, Jubal, and Tubal, great forefathers of agriculture, mechanics, and the arts; or, again, the later experience of the Hebrew spies: "And we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

How long I should have remained thus I know not, had not a sudden flickering roused me to the fact that my torch was going out. I picked up O'Shea's, lighted it mechanically, and stumbled back through the cavern like a man in a trance. Half way to the entrance I met Pat, pale and haggard, a veritable Irish ghost. The faithful fellow had gone out to the huts for another torch and ventured back to find me, in spite of his fears.

"Ah, thin ye're alive yet! God be praised!" he cried. "I was coming to fetch ye. Bedad, I was afraid the janus would make 'way wid ye before this. Is he there yet?"

"It's not a genius, O'Shea," I answered, coolly; "it's a man."

"A man! He's as big as twelve!"

"Of course; he's an antediluvian," I replied, with the quietest assurance. The big word and matter-of-fact manner silenced him, as I intended.

"Now, Pat," I added, "go and find Techulski and the rest, and tell them to bring a keg of rum and some blankets, and all the peat and blubber they can spare."

"Holy Moses! You're not going to burn him!"

"No, Pat, I'm going to thaw him out, that's all."

He scampered off readily enough; glad, I suspect, of an excuse for summoning assistance; and left me pacing up and down before the entrance of the cave, standing guard, as it were, over the mighty sleeper within. I am not going to analyze my feelings for your benefit, dear reader; for I am not clear that I had any feelings to analyze. I was conscious only of an intense curiosity, and a resolute determination to gratify it, if possible, at whatever cost. I had espied a sort of rift or crevice in the roof of the cave near the recess, which I thought could be cleared into a passable chimney. I meant to make a fire there and thaw him out. That he would wake to life again, once he got warm, absurd as the expectation seems, I never doubted for an instant. He might have been sleeping there for ages; it certainly looked like it; but dead he was not. Of that I was morally sure.

My recruits came in promptly, duly armed and equipped; the Russians slightly demoralized by O'Shea's report, but the Yankees full-primed, and double-shotted with curiosity and interest. We held a little council of war at the entrance, and then went in to reconnoitre. I must confess to putting up a counter petition to O'Shea's devout prayer that we might find the "janus" vanished in smoke and brimstone. The whole thing seemed so incredible when viewed in any thing like a business-like way, that I felt, in spite of my senses, some doubts of its reality. But no, we found him there, reposing in serene majesty upon his chilly couch; and it even seemed to me that the film of ice had grown thinner, and the slumber more life-like in the interim.

I was cool enough by this time to

note the effect of the strange sight upon my companions. The Yankees took it with aboriginal *sang froid*; the Russians wavered a little, but rallied bravely; and O'Shea, after the mercurial fashion of his race, even volunteered to play showman; though I observed that the little velvet bag which held Katinka's keepsake flourished rather conspicuously in the foreground.

We cleared out the crevice for a chimney, and made a rousing fire of blubber and dried peat, with such wood as we could spare; the Russians even sacrificing one of their cherished sledge-frames.

It was a picture to remember for a lifetime; the gloomy cavern lighted up into weird splendor by the dancing flames, the irregular arches and broken pillars stretching away into interminable vistas, peopled with shadowy shapes; the group of awed and anxious faces, each mutely questioning its neighbor; and that beautiful serene Colossus lying there, dwarfing us all into pigmies with his magnificent proportions.

It was a trial of courage to touch him, and so we watched and waited till the cavern steamed like a native hut, and the ice-film vanished into mist; then I rose and turned to my companions with a gesture of mute appeal. They responded as mutely; and silently, reverently, as those who minister about the newly dead, we lifted him upon a couch of skins we had prepared, and set to work.

The garments dropped into impalpable powder at a touch, and I looked to see the whole form follow them; but no, the flesh was icy cold, indeed, but firm and human-feeling; the long fair hair and golden beard silky and flexile as the tresses of a woman.

One by one we tried all the accredited Russian remedies—rubbing with snow, *douches* of ice-water, rum, hot blankets, artificial respiration—and one by one they failed us. The flesh grew softer, the muscles relaxed, the frost went out, as O'Shea expressed it; but that was all. One after another my comrades shook their heads hopelessly and turned

away. What had inspired them all with the feeling that he would come back to life again I never knew. I had said nothing of my own convictions in the matter, and yet they evidently did expect it, and were as disappointed at the failure as I myself.

A failure it plainly was,—a waste of time and labor and good spirits—as Techulski prudently hinted. The creature was clearly dead—had been dead probably ages before one of our number was born. And yet he did not look dead; he did not feel dead; he did not seem dead. We had found “the elephant” indeed. What to do with him was now the question. One could not leave him there to freeze up again while he looked, and felt, and seemed like that.

And so we all sat down again, and stared at him and at each other in helpless, hopeless bewilderment, until suddenly a German of the company, an odd fellow full of crotchets, who had lumbered the expedition with a whole sledgeful of private baggage, sprang up, lighted a torch, and darted out of the cavern as though possessed with a new idea.

“Lager, or *die Metaphysik*, which?” whispered an irrepressible Yankee at my elbow.

“Hush! Mauer’s the very man to have the very thing,” I answered; and in a trice the fellow was back again, bearing, of all things in the world, a portable galvanic battery.

“Just so,” he muttered, in response to my ecstatic pantomime of approbation. “When a man—*ein Geschöpf* (apologetically) has been sleeping an *æon* or so, we must get pretty close in order to wake him.”

And close enough we got, sending the subtle, mysterious force through brain and marrow and nerve, along the wonted, yet so long unwonted, courses of vital action; but in vain.

The muscles, indeed, responded, after a time, in a deliberate, majestic fashion of their own, strangely unlike the ghastly contortions of a human subject. And this result was so far satisfactory

that it proved the whole body to be still intact, uninvaded by the slightest touch of corruption or decay; but the movements were so plainly and perseveringly automatic that even Mauer’s patience and my hopefulness failed at last.

And yet he did not look dead—we could not persuade ourselves that he was dead. So we sat down again and stared at him and at each other—Mauer in a brown-study, I in despair—mitigated, however, by some vague remnants of hope from the brown-study; for I had begun to believe in Mauer.

And not without reason, for presently a gleam of speculation lighted the vacant pale blue eyes, a flash of energy kindled and stirred in the stolid face, and the good fellow sprang up alert and eager, fired with a new idea.

“I have it!” he cried, speaking aloud for the first time since our entrance. “I have it! This atmosphere is too weak—too—what you call—dilute. It must have been richer in the old time to develop (he called it *develop*), such a physique as that. We must make it for him.”

“Make what?”

“*Sauerstoff*—oxygen.”

“Make oxygen! In an ice-cavern—at the North Pole! Mauer, are you mad? You talk as though we were in a chemist’s laboratory.”

Talk about French *sang froid* and Yankee impudence—for cool, imperturbable audacity, in theory at least, your speculative German tops us all.

“We are in Nature’s laboratory,” answered Mauer, quietly, “and we can, because we must. Behold him! *Comment il est magnifique!* Ah, yes, we must. Hist, let me think. The chlorate—I have it in mine *arzenei-kiste*—a specific for diphtheria, you know. And manganese—the peroxyd—one may scrape it from the rocks there at the entrance. I saw it but now as we came in—a brace of oil-flasks, a tube, the stem of my meerschaum, will do with a bit of rubber. Ah, yes,” rubbing his hands gleefully; “ah, yes, we shall do well—we shall feed him with his *nut-*

terluft—his native air. We can, because we must;” and off the brave fellow darted, to return again laden with, I know not what, clumsy but efficient chemist’s paraphernalia, with which he managed to manufacture, in an incredibly short space of time, several gallons of pure oxygen.

Then, by a dexterous application of needles, directing the current to the proper nerves, he managed to produce a perfect simulation of the respiratory action, and cause the giant actually to inhale the vivifying fluid.

With the first flask full there came a scarcely perceptible yet startling change upon the marble face, a faint dawning of expectant life, a shadowy hint of possible expression which brought with it, to me at least, a thrill of mingled hope and horror. It *was* sleep, not death then, and the hour of waking was near. He *was* coming to life again, and if he did—when he did—what should we do with him? or rather—perhaps that was the question—what would he do with us?

Mauer, however, seemed to be troubled with no misgivings. He had set the Russians at work collecting manganese and O’Shea manufacturing oxygen, while he went on breaking and mending his circuit with monotonous regularity, pointing out to me, meanwhile, with an appearance of the coolest satisfaction, the gathering signs of life in his strange subject—the deepening glow upon the lips, the slight quiver of the muscles, the faint flutter of the heart, the shadowy semblance of a respiration which was still kept up when the galvanic irritation was withheld. The work of resuscitation went on apace. The faint flush deepened to a healthy glow—the fluttering pulse grew full and firm, the feeble respiration gathered strength, yet patience had her perfect work. I grew as nervous as an old woman, and even Mauer’s steady face caught a shade of worry and anxiety: the chlorate was exhausted, and the stock of manganese, which O’Shea, by the help of an old iron pemmican case and an improvised blow-pipe, had

managed to use by itself, was running very low, before the slow muster of the vital forces became complete, and conscious life began.

Yet it was well worth waiting for, to witness the serene, complacent majesty of that awakening, the slow dawning of life and expression in the beautiful face—the gradual unclosing of the glorious blue eyes—the calm, deliberate survey of the cavern and its occupants, the look of wondering incredulity, melting by degrees into compassionate indulgence, with which he contemplated his discoverers.

Mauer had entrusted to Techulski the brewing of a vast bowl of superlative punch with which to inaugurate the supreme moment of recovery. This he now offered, sinking on one knee with an instructive gesture of admiring reverence, which the stranger acknowledged by a smile of ineffable sweetness and graciousness, and, rising upon one elbow, quaffed the whole portion at a single draught, then sank back upon his couch again with an expression of sweet lazy brightness which reminded me curiously of a newly-awakened child.

“Bedad, that’s a good notion,” muttered O’Shea, who had latterly betaken himself to a renewed gyration of St. Gregory’s toe. “A *very* good notion. Give him another, Techulski; there’s nothing in earth so good for swatening the temper.”

It was the first time one of us had spoken since the signs of life began to show themselves, and the giant’s awakened senses evidently caught the sound. A curious, half-puzzled expression came into his face; he turned his head quickly, and, looking straight at O’Shea, uttered in a low, clear, exquisitely modulated voice a single word.

Not one of us understood its meaning; and yet it thrilled through every one of us like an electric shock. I have compared notes with my companions since, and I find their experience corresponded in every particular with my own; but I almost despair of conveying to you any idea of its singular effect.

There was such a vague, tormenting suggestion of familiarity about the word, a just-missed meaning, a sensation as if the sound had gone wandering away into my brain, seeking in some long-closed, long-forgotten chamber for the slumbering idea which, wakened by its echoes, should breathe into it the breath of life and make it a living word again.

O'Shea's interpretation of the feeling would have been comical at any other time.

"And is it spaking to me he is?" he cried, glancing round at us in hopeless, appealing bewilderment. "And I not to sense the maning of it, at all, at all; though it's Irish, as thrue as you're born! God be good to us! And it's maybe St. Pathrick himself!"

A shadowy reflection of O'Shea's bewilderment seemed to pass into the stranger's face at this. He looked inquiringly at the Irishman for a moment, and then, turning half impatiently towards Mauer, spoke half-a-dozen words in a clear, full voice which echoed through the cavern like the notes of a silver trumpet, bringing into every face the same eager, hopeful, baffled expression as before.

"It is not Deutsch," said Mauer, reflectively; "and yet it is liker than any language I know. I shall try him with *die Sprache*. It is nearest the mother-tongue."

Poor, dear fellow; it was not, to my ear, in the least like Deutsch; yet, with that sublime confidence in the antiquity and adaptability of "*die Sprache*" which never deserts your true German, he answered with a simple, reverent courtesy infinitely becoming: "*Ich verstehe sie nicht, Mein Herr. Sprachen sie Deutsch?*"

The giant shook his head; and this time we saw our own feelings plainly reflected in his face. The language of gesture and expression, at least, is as old and as broad as the world.

"Ah!" said Mauer, mournfully; "the parent cannot recognize the child any more than the child the parent."

"Try him with Latin or Greek,

Mauer, German's the grand-daughter; you must get farther back," whispered my irrepressible Yankee friend; and Mauer obeyed, but all in vain. The most painful and persevering efforts to understand only resulted in a concentration of the baffled expression which we understood so well; and, wearied out at last with the fruitless attempt, the giant waved his would-be interpreter aside with an impatient gesture; and, rising hastily into a sitting posture, began examining first himself, then the cavern, and then each of us in turn, as if he were seeking to solve the problem of his, or our, existence.

Then first we saw, or noticed, the startling change which was passing upon him. The freshness and brightness were fading rapidly out; the glorious beaming expression of vigor and youth was wearing away; he was aging visibly and momentarily before our eyes.

Mauer saw it, and snatching from Techulski the bowl of punch he had been industriously brewing, offered it as before upon his bended knee; but the giant put it absently aside, and went on with the study of his mighty problem.

I never saw so much expression concentrated in a human (and, reader, this *was* a human) face. We could read its changes almost as if it had been an open book spread out before us: utter bewilderment; a dim memory, kindling gradually into clear and perfect remembrance of some glorious, ineffable past; the sudden, paralyzing recollection of some tremendous catastrophe; agony, horror, unutterable despair, as the whole truth burst upon him, and finally, grandest of all, a stern, hopeless resignation, calmly accepting the inevitable.

Meanwhile, the change which was passing upon his physical being grew every moment more appalling. It seemed as if time were avenging itself; as if the ages, held so long in abeyance by that icy wall, had leaped in one fell host upon their prey, and were doing in a moment the work of centuries—blighting with a breath, crumbling by a touch, that glorious image of immortal youth

and vigor into the very impersonation of decrepitude and decay.

It was a terrible spectacle. Fancy it, only; a man aging by lifetimes before your very eyes, driven with awful strides, moment by moment, through the whirling centuries, and laden remorselessly by each with its dread burden of care and weariness and sorrow. Fancy it, if you can; we have no words to describe—as, thank God, we have rare occasion—the horrors of such a sight.

We stood, I know not how long, speechless, spell-bound, watching those minute ages doing their fearful work, and their magnificent victim calmly noting its progress with an eye that defied eternity. Mauer, as usual, was the first to break the spell.

“Oh! he is dying, perishing before our eyes!” he cried in despair. “And he can tell us nothing; we shall never, never know who he is, or whence he came! Oh! for a scholar, a linguist! He is a waif from antiquity; he holds secrets of the world’s history, the key of the ages; and we shall let him die, perish, wither away, and make of it no sign! Stay—hish—he cannot speak to us. *Can he write?* Grotfend deciphered the Keilschriften; Champollion interpreted the Rosetta stone: there may be scholars now in France, in Germany. O’Shea! pen—ink—paper! quick! for your life!”

The writing materials were brought, and Mauer spread them out before him; gesticulating like a Frenchman—scribbling a word or two, and offering the pen imploringly. He was put aside absently at first; but his eager pantomime soon attracted a sort of half-indulgent attention which by-and-by gave place to curiosity and interest. The giant took the pen into his huge fingers, examined it with a half quizzical smile, and turned to Mauer, questioningly. Then his face lighted up with eager,

intelligent comprehension, melted again into a warm, thrilling, *human* expression, a look of being *en rapport* with us, which brought the moisture to Mauer’s honest eyes, and sent the blood tingling through all our veins, and settled at last into a sort of introspective inexpression, as he began rapidly tracing some strange cabalistic characters upon the paper.

Several pages were written thus, into every line of which the memories of ages seemed to be condensed; and with every line of which the weight of ages seemed to descend upon the writer; then the huge fingers slowly relaxed, the majestic form, venerable now beyond all human imagination, sank wearily back upon the couch again; the spent life flickered, faded, went out, and the long baffled centuries reclaimed their prey.

“What shall we do with him?” asked Mauer, at length, breaking the awful silence in which we had watched, I know not how long, by that strange deathbed. “He *is* dead now, and what shall we do?”

As he spoke he bent forward to close with reverent hand the sunken eyes, and started back with a shriek of horror from a sight which froze the very life-blood in our veins; for at his touch the whole gigantic frame crumbled into atoms and fell—the merest shapeless stain of inorganic dust upon the pile of skins.

You will not care for further details. Suffice it that we brought away the MS., the only tangible witness, even to ourselves, of the reality of our strange adventure.

Mauer has since submitted it to the savans of Germany and France; but he writes me they can make nothing of it, and asks, pathetically, “Is not some American scholar brave enough to try?”

A FRENCH SALON.

"WELL, will you go?" asked my friend Mahler, drawing back a little, and contemplating his picture with those half-shut, complacent eyes that artists are apt to turn upon their own works. "It will be new and queer, possibly entertaining; and then, if there is nothing else, you will see Adair Douglas."

"Who is he?" I inquired, carelessly, as I pulled out a fresh cigar from the box under the table. Mahler was always very free with his Havanas.

My friend turned and contemplated me with a gaze in which pity struggled with amazement.

"He! Adair Douglas is the most beautiful foreigner in Paris."

"Is he a model? I don't paint."

"Good heavens! man," cried Mahler, aghast at my stupidity. "It isn't a *he* at all; she's a woman!"

"Then why did you not say so at once? How the d—l was I to know that Robin Adair was not a man?"

"I said Adair Douglas."

"Well, it's all the same; it is not a feminine appellation," I growled.

"But she's a glorious woman!" said Mahler, waving his brushes and mahlstick enthusiastically; "a great creature, with such eyes and hair, and figure and complexion! A perfect Hebe. A trifle too large to marry, you know; but splendid to look at. Every motion is a study."

"I think I'll go," said I, nonchalantly; and put my feet on the mantelpiece, thereby establishing my nationality.

Mahler is a Frenchman, and not quite used to American ways, but a good fellow in the main. He looked uneasily at his delicate bronzes, but he did not say any thing.

"Admire the attitude?" I inquired. "Striking design for a new coin, when my free and enlightened government resumes specie payments,—young

Columbian trampling upon the monuments of imperial arrogance;" and I put my toe on the cocked hat of the figure of Napoleon, which surmounts the column of the Place Vendôme. I refer, of course, to Mahler's model, of which he was proud.

"Why don't you have this figure altered?" I asked; "it is no longer a fac-simile. They've got a prizefighter in a Scotch kilt up there now, with a ragged towel round his head."

"It is a farce!" said Mahler, contemptuously. "But this fellow here,"—it is thus that he designated the present incumbent of the Tuileries,— "was always subject to *idées fixes*. One of them was to sit on the throne of France, another to make this alteration in the column. You know that at first there was a statue on it of Napoleon, in his full imperial robes. When the Allies were in Paris, Wellington's soldiers got a rope round its neck to haul it down, but were prevented. However, it was decently removed, and the white flag of the Bourbons put up in its stead, alternated with the tri-color when there was a revolution. Louis Philippe, who was always a gentleman, and disposed to do honor to all Frenchmen who had brought glory to *la grande nation*, with his usual magnanimity put up the well-known semblance of *le petit Caporal* in his cocked hat and gray riding-coat, as a fitting tribute to the distinguished General Bonaparte. That pleased every body.

"But nothing would satisfy '*Celui-ci*,' but he must have up this ridiculous effigy of a Roman emperor, with a crane neck, and impossible legs, that make you shiver of a winter's day, they look so bare and cold. Then he sends the little corporal out to Neuilly, and sticks him on a pillar there, in the middle of the Rond Point, to be seen by nobody. If I were the Invalides," said Mah-

ler, growing excited, "I would never lay an immortelle at the foot of this mummy; I would carry them all to the dear old soldier at Neuilly, and say my prayers to him there."

"And raise a row with the paternal government, and have your rations stopped in consequence," I remarked, in parenthesis.

"I conclude our views will not affect the arrangements of the public monuments of Paris," Mahler continued; "therefore, suppose we return to the original topic."

"Begin, then, with the history of the lady whose *salon* you propose visiting."

"Madame Canseuse," said Mahler, dabbling away at his canvas, "is an *originale*—queer, you understand. (That fellow never would believe that I could comprehend a French idiom.) She's an Englishwoman by birth, and married to a Frenchman, who is dead. One of her daughters sings at *l'Opéra*. Another is an accomplished pianiste, artiste. The son is superb on the violin, and has a gift for drawing, too, I believe, but of that I am not sure. Madame is chiefly remarkable as the Indian correspondent of the London *Hesperus*. Perhaps you remember those clever letters from Singapore, Lucknow, Delhi, and the rest of the places where the army went. But, anyhow, you know the story of Jessie Brown?"

"Not 'The Campbells are Comin' woman?'"

"The same. Madame Canseuse is the inventor of that pathetic tale."

"Mahler, spare me! have all those tears been shed, those poems written, those sermons preached,—about a humbug?"

"*Véritablement!* Madame Canseuse wrote those letters, conceived that romance, in her apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré. It is a pretty well-known fact. The *Hesperus* got into some disgrace for the cheat."

"You delight me! This is better than the beauty. What time will you come for me? I burn to throw myself at Madame's feet. She is a great woman!"

"Beware, my friend. Remember she is an Englishwoman, and restrain your ardor. After eight o'clock we are at liberty to visit her."

My cigar had burnt out. I threw the stump in the fire, extricated my limbs from the bronzes, left Mahler cleaning his brushes, and went home to dinner. That is, I stopped at Dotesio's and got the best mackerel *à la maître d'hôtel* that Paris can furnish, to preface my chicken with; and such an *omelette soufflée* as only No. 10 Rue Castiglione can provide. After which I went to my lodgings for a white cravat.

Mahler came for me punctually at eight; and we strolled up the Rue St. Honoré, across the broad and brilliantly lighted Rue Royale, into the less crowded Faubourg.

We stopped before the entrance of one of the large old houses, with curiously decorated façades, not far up the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. The great oaken doors swung open mysteriously, in answer to our ring, and we stepped at once into a large and dimly-lighted quadrangle, with walls rising on all sides.

"*Au fond de la cour, au quatrième au-dessus de l'entresol, à gauche,*" said the concierge, in answer to our inquiries; "and take care of the staircase, Messieurs, for it is very dark," she added, warningly.

We stumbled across the courtyard, by the faint light of a huge oil-lamp placed on an iron column before the vestibule; and with some difficulty found a narrow stone staircase winding upwards, with a dim glimmer at each étage, by which we guided ourselves. The windows which gave light to this gloomy escalier were narrow, and barred.

"I believe it was built for a convent," said Mahler, as we groped our way up six flights of stairs to what was called by courtesy the fourth story. We pulled the bell-rope which hung beside the door on the left of the landing, and after some little delay, were admitted by a neat old woman in a ruffled cap into an antechamber, where we deposited our overcoats, clinging to our

hats with that desperation which is the mark of a man of fashion.

At the end of the antechamber, an open door disclosed a long low room, with ceiling slightly sloping on one side, and one broad window set deep in the wall, showing that we were directly under the roof. A small wood-fire was smoking in the back of a narrow chimney-place, across one corner of the apartment.

The floor was waxed, with rugs of different patterns disposed before the sofas and chairs. At one end of the parlor stood an upright piano. The room was furnished in the French style, but with a certain air of English homeliness and comfort wanting in the native *salon*. Groups of people were gathered there already, who were sipping chocolate and coffee, as they stood or sat about, and nibbling wafery, rolled-up cakes, called "plaisirs," probably on account of their unsubstantiality.

Madame sat near the door, in the corner of a sofa, talking animatedly to two gentlemen. She rose as we entered,—a large, fair Englishwoman, with bright gray eyes, fresh color, and thin lips. Her light hair curled on both sides of her comely face; her brow was broad and unwrinkled. Her manner was cool and critical. She simply greeted us, and then resumed her interrupted conversation, leaving us to find our own amusement and companions. Fortunately, Mahler was well acquainted, and in a few minutes I was seated beside Mdlle. Françoise, the younger and sprightlier of the sisters, and being informed by her as to which of the occupants of the room were notables.

"That gray-haired, handsome gentleman talking to my mother," she said, "is the Paris correspondent of the London Jupiter, a most charming man. You must talk to him. He knows every body and every thing, and has done so for a thousand years. He was a friend of Lady Morgan and Lady Blessington; knew Byron well, and is intimate with the beautiful Guiccioli, now Marquise de Boissy. Ah, she is a marvel, Monsieur! hard upon sixty, and with

the air and complexion of thirty—not a gray thread in her lovely auburn curls, and at night you would take her, in full dress, with her white smooth neck and arms, for a young woman.

"The other gentleman, who gesticulates so much, is a friend and aide-de-camp of Garibaldi, who has fought all his campaigns by his side. He loves the General with perfect enthusiasm. It is an absolute *culte*."

"And who is the remarkable lady with the ringlets?" I asked, indicating a much-befrizzed and befurbelowed female, sitting with one knee crossed over the other, in a somewhat *dégagée* attitude, while she talked volubly in French in a very high key to a handsome but indolent-looking youth, with hair, eyes, and beard of that beautiful reddish brown the Venetian painters loved.

"That is Madame Despleurs," said my informant, "author of those celebrated poems, 'Les Larmes de Mon Cœur.' She is very sentimental and impulsive."

"And M. Despleurs?"

"*N'existe plus*," said Mlle. Françoise, with a curious little look that I did not know how to interpret. "That is my brother, to whom she is talking."

"And who is the dark-browed lady in the wig?" I pursued.

"It is not a wig, it is her own hair; but she wears it in that eccentric fashion, because it is classic. That is Marcia, once a celebrated *tragédienne* at *Le Français*; she is married now, and has left the stage. That little, quiet man in the corner is her husband, M. Brunon. If he will permit her, she will recite something by-and-by."

"Permit her! Why, she is twice as big as he; and strong enough to knock him down."

"That may be; but she is the most lamb-like of wives, and he the most jealous of husbands, and he hates any thing that reminds the world of her former position."

At that moment a charming child of about fourteen entered the room, closely followed by a middle-aged man with

dark eyes and hair, evidently her father. The girl hesitated a moment, and then came timidly to the side of my companion.

Mlle. Françoise kissed her on the broad white forehead, and said simply,

"I am glad to see thee, Héléne; and thy studies? do they progress? Is thy aunt pleased with thee?"

"She is content," said the child; "but it is difficult work, and the learning by heart takes so many hours; but I am fond of it."

"My little friend," said Mlle. Françoise, turning to me, "is studying for the stage. She is a niece of the Brohaus, so celebrated in high comedy. Did you never see Augustine in Suzanne, in *Le Mariage de Figaro*? Ah, that was superb! It was her best rôle. Madeleine was clever, but Augustine was something more. She wrote a little, herself, and she was very high-spirited and haughty, a great *dévoté* in her youth; and proud as Lucifer. Did you ever hear her device, paraphrased from the old Rohan motto? '*Coquette ne veut, soubrette ne daigne, Rohan je suis.*' Madeleine is married now to M. Achard, a playwright and poet, and it is she that is training her niece to take her place some day at *Le Français*."

"And do you like it?" I asked, admiring the quiet mien of the little maid, whose great brown eyes were raised to mine. It was a calm, steady face, with an innocent, child-like expression, and a grave mouth and smile.

"Much, Monsieur," she answered, frankly. "I always hoped papa would permit; but he waited a great while to say yes."

"Not a century, *petite*," said the father, smiling down upon her with well-pleased eyes. "Thou art not quite an old maid yet," and he began talking to me with much pride of her career, of the prizes she had already taken, of her high standing at the Conservatoire, and of the severe training, physical and mental, to which she was subjected; while Héléne chatted affectionately with Françoise.

"Ah! there is M. Plaudrin!" cried

the latter, suddenly springing up. "He is the first trombone at the Opéra. I hope he has not forgotten his instrument."

As she passed me, a hand fell on my shoulder. "Why, Clarke, how came you here?" asked my friend Karlake, a wandering Member of Congress, who had been my neighbor over Madame Busque's excellent buckwheat cakes at the American restaurant that morning.

"I came with a friend; but you?"

"*Les beaux yeux* of Mlle. Françoise brought me," he replied. "I met her at the Consul's last Monday, and found her charming. But I did not expect to find compatriots here. What a queer lot they are, to be sure! Who are they all?"

I repeated such information as I had already received, and in return had several other celebrities pointed out to me.

"That tall, hawk-eyed, thin man, with the lump on his forehead, is Garnier Pagès," said Karlake, "President of the Provisional Government in 1848. I have been talking to him; but these fellows are not practical, they don't understand this question of self-government. Just listen there," and he drew my attention to a fiery little French artist, arguing a point with the Jupiter correspondent, who listened with a bland smile.

"It is of no use," the speaker declared; "the system of free speech is all very well for the Americans, and you cool-blooded Englishmen. You talk, and talk, and talk, and it ends in talk. Every thing grows smooth, and you settle matters; but with us, it is different. Allow free speech one day, you must have tribunes in the Champs Elysées the next; the third day, *La Guillotine*! No, no; we Frenchmen have but one force, and it is a great one — *la bayonette*!" and here he gave a great thrust with his two hands, illustrative of the practical workings of that instrument.

"Ah!" broke in the clear voice of Madame Canseuse; "you go so fast, it

is terrible! I shall not soon forget how I stood on a balcony in the Rue de Rivoli in 1848, and saw the crowd heave and surge under the windows, waiting for somebody. They did not wait in vain; the King and Queen came quietly down the steps of the Tuileries, walked to the gate, got into a carriage, and drove away. There was a minute's pause. Then a man's voice struck up *La Marseillaise*. Before he had reached the third line, it was echoed from a hundred thousand throats. Such a sound! An old Frenchwoman standing by me, who remembered 1793, threw up her hands and cried,

"Ah, mon Dieu! *c'est fini!* it is all over;" and we felt as if it was, when the bullets came in at the upper windows."

"Mamma, we are to have some music," said Mlle. Françoise who, mindful of French surveillance, did not like the turn the conversation was taking.

Every body became silent in an instant. Near the piano was standing, facing the audience, with a sheet of music in her hand, a tall, fair, cold-looking woman, with regular features and golden hair. Her bearing was haughty and impenetrable, her figure commanding, her profile classic in its perfection of outline. This was Mlle. Nina, the prima donna. Her sister played the accompaniment, while she sang. Her voice was beautiful; clear, flute-like, and powerful, with a bell-like precision in the notes. So exquisitely modulated was it, that though possessing volume of tone enough to enable her readily to fill the Grand Opera House with waves of sound, not a cadence was too full for the low and stifled apartment in which we sat. When she ceased, a vigorous clapping of hands attested the satisfaction of the company. Mlle. Nina looked unmoved, merely acknowledging the courtesy by a slow bending of her stately head.

"What a statue she is!" whispered Karlake. "There is no fire in her tones, it is perfect melody; but it does not reach the heart."

"So the bird sings," said Mahler,

who had joined us, "without sympathy and without passion. She needs to fall in love."

"Now I will play for you," said Françoise; and a graceful melody of Stephen Heller rippled from under her fingers. Her execution was perfect, her movement free, her touch full of feeling.

"She is a pupil of Hallé," said Mahler; "she has caught a bit of his soul: that is not a woman's rendering," and we all listened silently.

"That was not a fair thing to say," said the artiste, turning to Mahler, under cover of the clapping of hands which succeeded her performance. "I never heard Hallé play that *Tarantella*."

"All the better, Mademoiselle; you only prove the truth of my remark. You will be none the worse for an ingrafting of Hallé."

A little flush rose to the girl's cheek. She turned again to the instrument and began improvising. Strong, sweet chords prefaced the melody. Then came a soft, *berceuse* movement, followed by a strain of such wild lament, that tears came into the listeners' eyes at hearing. Slowly, from the hurried, passionate arpeggios which followed, was evolved a harmony of single notes, which culminated in the grand strains of a choral. Full, powerful chords, with a certain proud triumph in their majesty of conscious strength, closed the melody.

"No need to tell me that it is your own," said Mahler. "It is written in your face. After struggle, victory."

The girl rose up; the color had died in her cheek, and her eyes glowed.

"It is only a study," she said; "but it was hard to master."

At this moment there was a bustle in the antechamber, a rustling of silken robes; and a vision appeared in the doorway.

I saw Adair Douglas not long ago, walking with the man she is to marry. Her roses had not paled, the lustre of her eyes is undimmed; nor has she lost her grand stateliness of manner, nor her rare, sweet smile; but something has

gone from her that she possessed that night. The room seemed to expand as she entered it, so queenly was her gesture, so superb her air.

She was above the ordinary height of women, with magnificent physique, and firm, round outlines. Her hair was dark brown, with golden threads still lingering in its meshes; her complexion was fine and fresh, her features lovely. Her mouth, when she smiled, showed the pearl teeth, and her great dark-blue eyes opened under perfect brows and long, sweeping lashes. Her voice, when she spoke, was the sweetest I have ever heard, and her carriage was slow and graceful.

Karslake, who knows every body, went forward to meet her, and spoke to her chaperone, a pleasant, talkative Englishwoman, who seemed on sociable terms with the whole world. The Jupiter correspondent hastened to the side of the old lady, saying,

"Ah, Mrs. Claymont, this is an unexpected pleasure. I thought I should never meet you again. They will not let me in at your door. I have broken my nose there twice within the last fortnight. '*On ne reçoit pas,*' is the continual answer."

"It is too bad," replied the lady, smiling. "My servant is as stupid as Lady Blessington's, though with less tragic a cause."

"How is that?" asked Madame Canseuse.

"Did you never hear of my last call on poor Lady Blessington?" said the gentleman. "I went there one evening to a reception, having received cards a week before. I was *en grande tenue*, of course; and having reason to think I was expected, was rather surprised to be told by her "*Suisse*" that Madame did not receive."

"How?" I asked. "Have I made a mistake in the evening?" and I glanced at my card.

"Non, Monsieur," responded the valet, "Monsieur has made no mistake; but Madame ne reçoit pas."

"Very well," I said; "I presume that Madame is indisposed. Pray make her

my compliments, and express my regrets."

"Mais, Monsieur," said the footman, once again, "Madame is not indisposed, but Madame ne reçoit pas to-night. The fact is, Madame is dead."

"Poor lady! she had had a stroke of apoplexy that afternoon, and had died in half an hour; and the blockhead was so stupefied by the catastrophe and the confusion, that he had nothing left in his brain but the usual formula.

"By this time D'Orsay had heard I was there, and sent down for me; and knowing him very well, I went up. I found him in the room above the one where Lady Blessington lay dead. He was in a terrible state, poor fellow; it was a shocking thing for them all. Your beautiful friend is strikingly like one of Lady Blessington's nieces," he continued, turning to Mrs. Claymont. "Did I understand you that she is an American?"

At this point I at once claimed an introduction to Miss Douglas, on the ground of being a compatriot; Karslake presented me, and I found the lady conversing amiably with little M. Plaudrin. After gracefully returning my greeting, she turned again to the musician.

"I hope I have come in time for the trombone," she said. "Mlle. Françoise has told me about it, and I would not miss it for the world."

M. Plaudrin bowed, and glowed all over. He was "too happy to afford Mademoiselle any pleasure," and went at once in pursuit of the means of gratification.

The trombone was in the antechamber. The little man skipped out, and was soon seen extricating the gigantic instrument from its case of green oaze.

After some delay, during which I succeeded in procuring a seat by Miss Douglas, M. Plaudrin reëntered the apartment in the wake of a huge brass trumpet, with three tubes appertaining thereto, and established himself by the piano.

"I try to persuade him to put the mouth of the trombone out of the win-

dow," whispered Mlle. Françoise; "but I think it insults him. I am afraid, therefore, that you will all be blown away. It is tremendous!"

It was tremendous. Plaudrin swelled his cheeks till he looked like Boreas blowing a northeaster. He clattered up and down with the movable tube at the side, and blew such a blast as might have brought down the walls of Jericho. Mlle. Françoise played a charming accompaniment, and the trombone would have been magnificent—out of doors. As it was, it was simply intolerable.

The company, with real French courtesy, looked delighted. I, who was brought by my change of position uncomfortably near the thing, overcame my strong inclination to put my fingers in my ears, and held my chair firmly with both hands, fully convinced that I should never hear again.

Miss Douglas sweetly smiled.

How long it lasted I shall never know; for I sat in expectation of total deafness through what seemed a never-ending period of sound. I was relieved at length from my agony. There was an awful silence, followed by a burst of applause; and then I heard the enchanting voice at my side thanking the villain for the great pleasure she had enjoyed!

"This is all the music we shall have for the present," said Madame Canseuse. "Madame Brunon has kindly consented to give us a recitation."

"We have enticed her husband into the next room, to look at some old MS., of which he is very fond," whispered Françoise, "and we hope he will not hear what she is about."

Marcia stood near the door, facing us all. She was a tall, dark-eyed, vigorous woman, with a profusion of bushy black hair that rose in frizzes and fell in ringlets over her head and neck. She struck a tragic attitude, assumed a sepulchral tone, and began.

I was prepared to find it ridiculous. No stage effect, no costume; only an ugly woman in a red gown, standing in a crowded parlor, repeating stilted

French poetry, with rhymes at the end of every two lines.

In one minute I had discovered my mistake. The passage chosen was from Corneille's *Médée*—the scene between Medea and Nérine, where the enchantress describes the concoction of her hellish poison. To read, the lines are not especially impressive; but as that strange, deep voice, thrilling with horror, repeated their weird burden, the small room faded away, we forgot the audience, the surroundings, the incongruities—every thing. We saw only the barbarian queen, wandering, impelled by passion, to seek wild herbs for her unholy purpose. It is impossible to convey the impression of the lines—

"Moi-même en les cueillant je fis pâllir la lune,
Quand les cheveux flottants, le bras, et le pied nu,
J'en dépouillai jadis un climat inconnu."

From this she passed suddenly into the invocation in the first act, where Medea calls upon the gods to avenge her wrongs, and implores them in their just wrath to send down

"Quelque chose de pire pour mon perfide époux."

Every lineament of the actress expressed the profoundest scorn, her tones quivered with indignation, her quick, fierce gestures conveyed a world of vehement anguish; and she ceased abruptly with the concluding words:

"Et que mon souvenir jusque dans le tombeau
Attache à son esprit un éternel bourreau."

It was magnificent! There was a hush for a full minute after the tragédienne ceased, and then came a storm of applause. I could not have conceived that such an effect was possible.

"Soul of a tigress!" said Mahler.

"Now we will hear Héléne," said Mme. Canseuse; and the father opened a little volume of Molière, while my little friend of the Brohan family stood before him.

It was the rôle of Agnes, in *L'École des Femmes*, and the father read the part of the husband; while the youthful character of the heroine suited perfectly the immature actress. Her self-possession was wonderful, her intonations excellent, her gestures simple and impressive. She entered fully into the

part, and showed evidence of careful training, and much promise.

She was most kindly applauded, and Marcia took her by the hand, and commented favorably on several points in her acting, while the girl listened, and asked judicious questions, evidently valuing criticism as much as praise.

I was struck with the nice discrimination shown by all who commented; the fine appreciation of the good parts, the prompt, though not unkindly, recognition of defects, all conveyed with that graceful elegance and felicity of phrase of which only the French tongue and French critics are capable.

Miss Douglas approached the little actress and spoke gently to her.

"We shall hear of you some day," she said.

"I hope so, Mademoiselle," replied the child, with quiet confidence. "I shall do my best for it."

Mlle. Nina sang again, and then with horror I saw M. Plaudrin sliding the tube of his trombone up and down once more.

"For Heaven's sake, effect a diversion," I implored in an awful whisper, as Karslake passed me, knowing him to possess a brain fertile in expedients.

He turned to Miss Douglas.

"Now you must sing," he said.

"No, indeed," she answered, "not among these artistes; it would be a farce."

"Not for me?" he asked persuasively, in very low tones.

"Certainly not," said the lady in very clear response. "Why should I?"

"Do you remember the little air I taught you in Rome?" he inquired, with a significant expression.

"Which? there were so many."

Karslake hummed a few bars.

"Yes, I remember; I did not like the words."

"I have made new ones for it. I will sing them for you to-morrow."

"You shall do it now," she cried, with sweet authority. "Mademoiselle, Mr. Karslake sings delightfully; make him favor us."

The gentleman was at once beset.

There was no escape; and being really a highly cultivated musician, he consented gracefully at length, though against his will.

"I did not deserve it," he said, as he left Miss Douglas' side.

He played a low gondolied accompaniment, and sang with pointed emphasis and marked expression.

A RECOGNITION.

"If passing in a crowd,
Two hands meet, and touch,
Would the world think
That were much!

"If a casement gape,
And a man's glance fall
On a small, bright face;—
That is all.

"Does it end there, then?
Is the meeting vain?
Shall we know that grace
No'er again?

"If one summer-day
My soul met your own,
Do we two forget,
Though 'tis gone!

"All the world I rove,
Seeking still for thee;
Do thy glance and hand
Wait for me?

"Though the end may come,
Though the dream depart,
We shall meet once more
Heart to heart!"

The glance with which he concluded the last bar brought a deep flush to Adair Douglas' cheek.

The Frenchmen did not quite understand the words of the song; but the glowing eyes and impassioned accents of the singer interpreted its burden.

Miss Douglas crossed the room slowly to her chaperone's side.

"*Fiers coquette!*" said a gentleman behind me, "but magnificent; d'un beauté superbe!"

"What a nation you must have!" said Mlle. Françoise. "All your women are beautiful."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mahler; "you look dazed."

"I think Karslake has forgotten something," I said, watching him as he followed Miss Douglas. "I wonder if she knows——"

"That he is very much in love with her! Trust a woman for that! But she holds him off well."

"Mahler, I must speak to Miss Douglas on a matter of the utmost importance. Can you draw off that gentleman for awhile? I can say all that is necessary in five minutes."

"I hope you won't get into difficulties with your compatriot," said Mahler, laughing good-naturedly. "I do not mind helping you on a little with the beauty, however," and he intercepted Karlake in his slow progress across the room, and detained him till I had reached Miss Douglas' side.

"Our friend has improved his tenor of late," I said. "I think he must be in good practice."

"Mr. Karlake has a charming voice," she said in reply; "but tries rather too much for dramatic effect—don't you think?"

"He is always fond of that," I said. "I have frequently remarked it. I used to hear Mrs. Karlake speak of it as an inherited gift, before ever I knew her husband."

"Mrs. Karlake?"

"Did you not know he was married?"

I looked Miss Douglas full in the face as I spoke. She was too thorough a woman of the world to pale or blush, but her eyelids quivered a little, and her pupils dilated, as she calmly returned my gaze, and—lied.

"Oh, of course! she was a Miss Davenger, of Philadelphia; was she not?"

"No; Miss Moore, of Boston."

"Ah, another family. I have confounded two families. She is not abroad with him?"

"I believe not. I knew her in the country, by accident. I do not think Karlake is aware that I ever met her. She is a lovely woman."

"No doubt; her husband is a fastidious man. Mrs. Claymont, I believe the carriage is waiting for us. Had we better go?"

"As you please, my love," said the obliging matron.

"Are you going? May I take you

down?" asked Karlake's voice over my shoulder.

"Thank you, Mr. Clarke will be so kind," said Miss Douglas, with quick anticipation of my intention. Her perfect gentleness of manner was unchanged; but there was a little steely gleam in her blue eyes.

The gentleman drew back.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked.

"Certainly; Mrs. Claymont will be glad to welcome you. I am going out of town for two weeks, and shall not see you again. So I will say good-by now. *Bon voyage!* When I meet you in Washington next winter, you must present me to your wife."

An ugly look came into Karlake's face.

"I hope I may have that pleasure," he said, and turned away.

Mahler and I took leave of our hostess and her daughters, and escorted Mrs. Claymont and Miss Douglas down the narrow stone steps to their carriage.

"It has been a curious experience," I said.

"Remarkably," replied Miss Douglas, and said no more.

Mrs. Claymont put her head out of the carriage-window.

"Come and see us," she cried; "we are in the Champs Elysées, just above the Rue d'Angoulême; and always at home on Saturdays."

"Is she not enchanting?" asked my friend, as we turned down the Faubourg towards home.

"Yes," I replied; "but I shall not go to see her. She will hate me forever, because I told her Karlake had a wife at home."

"*Diable!*" said Mahler. "I would not like to do that. Will he call you out?"

"Hardly," I replied; "even if he knew who betrayed him. But I would not have believed him capable of such treachery."

"Ah, mon ami," replied my cynical friend, "in Rome one does as the Romans."

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

I.

LEAVING HOME.

"GOOD-BY, Rene."

"Good-by, Win." Here the soft voice broke, and a pair of brown eyes looked through gathering tears, while the young girl who owned them leaned across a rough gate and kissed a boy who stood inside.

"Good-by, Pansy," she said, turning to a little girl. "Be a good girl to mother till I come back, and I will bring you a new dress as blue as the sky. Think of it, Pansy, and don't cry!"

This promise of a new dress stopped Pansy's tears. She opened her purple-blue eyes wide and laughed with delight. She threw her arms around her sister, and exclaimed: "Rene, how long before you will come back and bring me the new frock?"

"Very soon," said Rene, and she kissed the child on her yellow hair.

"Mother! You will pray for me?"

"Yes. Always."

"Come! We shall be too late for the cars! They never stop for *good-bys*," said a kind voice, a little impatiently. This call came from an elderly man who sat waiting in a rickety buggy. As he spoke he mildly jerked the reins, as if to impart a little of his own impatience to his horse; but the jerk only made the meek old mare stretch out her straight neck a little straighter, stiffen her legs as if they were riveted in the sod, and she herself willing to stand till the end of the world without stirring.

At the sound of her father's voice Eirene turned to her mother with a sudden, deep embrace, then hurried from the gate, climbed up into the ancient vehicle, tucked herself into a corner of the rusty seat, and without looking back said, "Now, father."

"Get up, Muggins!"

But Muggins was decidedly averse to

"getting up." She seemed to know that it involved carrying Eirene away.

"Muggins, I say, *get up!*"

The injunction this time was accompanied by so decided a jerk, that Muggins did "get up;" that is, she began to move away at the slowest of all paces. The aged, straight-necked horse, the old wagon, the gray-haired man, the young girl, went shaking together along the stony hill-road.

A COUNTRY RAILWAY-STATION.

The October sun had filtered its gold through a hazy heaven till the wide spaces of air palpitated with topaz mist. An uplifted veil, it trembled above the faces of the hills, and floated in luminous nebulae far down the valley.

On the mountain-sides, in the deep gorges, in the wide woods, the carnival of color had begun.

The maples fluttered their vivid ambers and scarlets; the oaks wore their garnet; vines, ruby and yellow, festooned the rugged boulders with flame-like hues.

Armies of ferns stood by the way with nodding plumes and crimsoned falchions. Through the mellow air rained the ripe leaves of October.

With a low stir of melody, they rustled down into the stony road, and the ruthless wagon-wheels passed over them and crushed them. They were full-juiced, and their exuding wine filled the atmosphere with a faint, delicious fragrance. The air was sweet also with the perfume of the pines, distilling their balsams amid the stillness of the hills. The world was all athrill with murmurous music—the quick rustle of the squirrel running through the loosely-meshed leaves, the shrill trill of the cricket, and the low hum of insect-wings astir on the borders of silence. Over all bent the azure-amber firmament.

It was one of the rare days which God makes perfect.

"How sweet the pines smell, father. I can't make it seem that I am not going to see these dear old woods any more;" and as she uttered these words, Eirene, who had been silently taking in color and odor and sound, gazed around her with an expression of unutterable love and sadness, strangely at variance with a face so young.

"Yes, you will, child. You will see the old woods at Thanksgiving. You know that I am coming down after you then," said her father.

"Yes, but at Thanksgiving the leaves will all have fallen. The woods will be gray—not my woods, all in a glory as now. But then I am going to something better. I am glad of that, father," and the girl looked anxiously into his face, as if sorry that she had uttered a repining word.

"I wish that you were going to something better, Rene. I haven't said anything about it before, because I felt that I couldn't. It is very hard for me to send my Rene out into the world to earn her bread, instead of sending her to school, and giving her the start in life which I always intended that she should have. But I have done the best that I could, child. It is not my lot to be lucky."

There was a pathos in the man's voice and utterance which brought the swift tears back into Eirene's eyes.

"Oh, father, I didn't know that you felt so bad about my going away," she said, "or I am sure I would not have spoken a word about leaving the woods. You know that I want to go. I am young and strong; why shouldn't I do something? After my work is done, I shall find some time to study. And if Win and Pansy can be educated, it does not make so much difference about me.

"Now, father, don't feel bad any more, because there isn't any reason why you should," she continued, as looking up she saw that her words had failed to bring any smile into the sorrowful eyes. "Father, mind me;" and with an effort to be playful, she took

the corner of her shawl and wiped away the solitary tear that was making its way down a groove of the furrowed cheek.

It was only two miles to the railroad-station, down-hill all the way. Eirene and her father had ridden in silence but a little way, when the most uninteresting of all material objects, a country railway-depot, confronted them at the angle of two roads. It looked like a diminutive barn painted a blackish brown. Inside it boasted of a dirty floor, a spittoon half filled with sawdust, a rusty stove, a bleared looking-glass, two unsteady benches, and a hole in the wall, in which was set the red face of a man waiting to sell tickets. Yet this depot was the centre of attraction for miles around. It was the grand hall of reunion for all the people of the scattered town, not second in importance even to the meeting-house. Here, twice a-day, stopped the great Western and Eastern trains, the two fiery arteries through which flowed all the tumultuous life of the vast outer world that had ever come to this secluded hamlet. Its primitive inhabitants in their isolated farm-houses, under the hills and on the stony mountain moors, could never have realized the existence of another world than the green, grand world of nature around them and above them, and would have been as oblivious of the great god "News" as the denizens of Greenland, if it had not been for the daily visits of this Cyclops with the burning eye. Now twice a-day the shriek of his diabolical whistle pierced the umbrageous woods and hilly gorges for miles away, and its cry to many a solitary household was the epoch of the day. Hearing it, John mounted his nag and scampered away to the station for the Boston journals of yesterday. Seth harnessed Peggy, and drove off in the buggy in all possible haste to see if the mail had brought a letter from Amzi who was in New York, or from Nimrod who had gone to work in "Bosting," or if the train had brought Sally and her children from the city, who were expected home on a visit. Here, under

pretext of waiting for the cars, congregated the drones and supernumeraries of the different neighborhoods, lounging on the steps, hacking the benches with their jack-knives for hours together, while they discussed politics, and talked over their own and their neighbors' affairs.

A walk to the station on a summer evening was more to the boys and girls of this rural region than a Broadway promenade to a metropolitan belle. Their day's tasks done, here they met in pairs, comparing finery, and indulging in flirtations with an impunity which would not have been tolerated by their elders at the Sunday recess in the meeting-house. Then, besides, it was such an exciting sight to see the cars come in, to see the long rows of strange faces, and to catch glimpses of the new fashions at their open windows. Besides, at rare intervals, a real city-lady would actually alight at the rustic station of Hilltop, followed by an avalanche of trunks, "larger than hen-houses," the girls would afterward affirm to their astonished mothers, when it was discovered that the city-lady, in her languishing necessity for country-air, had really condescended to come in search of a remote country-cousin. Besides the fine lady, sometimes small companies of dashing young gentlemen, with fishing-rods and retinues of long-eared dogs, or a long-haired artist with a portfolio under his arm, all lured by the mountains and woods and streams to seek pleasure in far different ways, would alight at the station and inquire of some staring rustic where they could find the hotel.

The question invariably called forth the response,

"Thar' ain't nun'; but Farmer Smoot accommodates."

The dog-star, whose fiery rays sent these pilgrims of the world to the cool bosom of the hills, had long set. It was October now. No one was expected. But the girls and boys of Hilltop had heard on Sunday, "at meeting," that on Monday Eirene Vale was going down to Busyville to work in a factory, and

they had come to the station to see her off.

She stood in the midst of a group, her plain brown dress and shawl, her dark straw bonnet, with its blue ribbon, affording a striking contrast to the glaring finery of her companions.

"Now, I say, Rene, if you don't bring the Fashion Book when you come hum at Thanksgivin', you'll see what you'll git. You know we've sech lots of company tu our house, I've got to be dressed," said a coarse, red-haired girl, who rejoiced in the mellifluous appellation of Serepty Hepzibah Smoot.

"See here, Rene!" and a tall girl with glowing red cheeks and flaming black eyes took her by the arm and drew her aside with an air of impenetrable mystery. "See here, Rene, and don't you tell, for if it gits out, mother'll set her back agin it, and I can't bring it round. But I'll tell you what, if you like it down to Busyville, I'm coming tu. I'll work and board with you. I know thar' ain't no need on't. Father's forehanded. He sez I can go tu school, but I ain't goin'. I never could larn; now I'm eighteen, I ain't goin' to try. I'm goin' to have clothes. Father don't half dress me, so I'm goin' to work tu earn 'em. I ain't goin' to live and die on this old mountain. I'm goin' whar' I can see and be seen!" and the rustic beauty tossed her head with a self-conscious and defiant air.

"Let me speak!" said a squeaky voice, in an imploring tone. "The cars'll come and I shan't have no chance;" and black-eyed Nancy Drake made way for Moses Loplolly, a tall, lank youth, with a crotchet in his shoulders, yellow locks, and small, pale eyes of a gooseberry green.

"Rene, here's a keepsake fur yer to remember me by," he said, thrusting into her hand a small metallic cage, inside of whose swinging ring sat a little green parrot, muffling its bill in its feathers, and peering and blinking with great solemnity from a pair of yellow eyes.

"Yer can't guess the lots of time I've spent a-larnin' on't, and it's learnt. Say

your lesson, Polly: 'Pretty Rene. Poor Mo—, Poor Moses Lop—'

As it heard these words, the bird plucked its bill from out its breast, nodded its head, winked on one side, then on the other, and with a shrill scream called out, "Say your lesson, Polly. Pretty Rene, poor Mo—, poor Moses Lop—;" at which utterance the boys and girls of Hilltop broke forth into simultaneous laughter. All but Moses Loplolly; he, with a very sorrowful visage, leaned over Eirene, and whispered: "When it screeches, you'll think of me, won't yer, Rene? Yer won't forget me 'mong the scrumptious fellers you'll see down in Busyville, will yer? You know I never sot so high by nobody as I set by you, Rene?"

"I shan't forget you, Moses," said Eirene. "You have been too kind to Win and Pansy, as well as to me."

"Why should I forget any one because I am going to Busyville?" she asked. "I shall think of you all, and of the pleasant times that we have had together." This was an exceedingly popular remark. The young Hilltopers naturally wished to be held in remembrance by their young companion amid the splendors of Busyville, and they gathered closer around her with parting injunctions and ejaculations.

"Wal, neighbor Vale, so yer goin' to send yer little gal out to seek her fortin'," said red-faced Farmer Stave to the sad-eyed man who stood leaning against the door, gazing at his child.

"I reckon she hain't goin' far to find it. Shouldn't wonder if she'd be mer-rid afore this time next year. Sech eyes as hern warn't sot in no gal's head for nothin'. I tell yer what, neighbor Vale, they're mighty takin', them are eyes, leas'twise they'd be to me, if I was a youngster. 'Tween me and you, neighbor Vale, if your little gal wasn't jest sech a gal as she is, I should say it's tarnal risky bus'nis a-sendin' on her down into the pomps and vanities and temptations of Busyville, and not a blessed soul to look arter her but herself."

"Here they are, the cars! you must

be on the platform, or you'll get left," exclaimed a voice, and all rushed out as the shrieking whistle, piercing the gorge, announced the arrival of Cyclops. He condescended to tarry but a moment at the unimportant station of Hilltop. There was just time for Eirene's father to lift her upon the platform. In another moment, with her satchel in one hand, and Moses' bird-cage in the other, with a tremulous "Good-by, father," and a strangely palpitating heart, Eirene had vanished through the car-door. In another, the engine with a scream and a snort was off; and in another the long train had darted behind the sharp curve of an aggressive mountain, leaving the little group upon the station-steps still gazing in its wake.

As they turned, each instinctively felt that there was nothing to be said to the silent man who was slowly untying his horse from a tree near by, and who, with a kind "Good-day, all," mounted into his ancient vehicle, and drove away without another word.

"Neighbor Vale seems clean cut up about his little gal's goin' away," said Farmer Stave, looking after him; "and I think myself, she might as well a-staid to hum. It's mighty risky bus'nis a-sendin' on such a purty cretur into sech a sink-hole as Busyville, and neighbor Vale is jest clean cut up about it. It doesn't seem more nor a year ago, sence me and him sot eatin' doughnuts, and noonin' it, on the meetin' 'us steps, and the purty little cretur was a sittin' in the middle; and neighbor Vale was a-starin' at her. And sez he: 'Neighbor Stave,' sez he, 'this child shall be eddicated. She's a destiny to fill in the world, and it haint triflin'. I can afford to be of small account if my child is eddicated and look'd up to in the world.'

"I looked at him so kind a-droopin'-like, and sez I, in'ardly, her destiny's mighty doubtful if it depends on the eddication that you'll give her. For you all know, though neighbor Vale has the best heart in the world, he haint a mite of kalkerlation; and none of the Vales never had, as ever I heerd

on. When he thinks of what he said to me about her eddication and sees her when she ain't no more than eighteen, goin' behind that screechin' enjin' to arn her bread and butter in Busyville, it ain't no wonder he's clean cut up."

"No, 'tain't no wonder," chimed in a crony. Then these two old gossips, with the assistance of occasional data from half-a-dozen others, began to enumerate how many times Neighbor Vale's crops had failed; how many mishaps had befallen him since the beginning of his career; how large a mortgage there was on his farm; "for nuthin' under the sun," they said, "only for the want of kalkerlation." "Yes!" cried Farmer Stave, bringing his heavy stick upon the dirty floor with great emphasis, and growing very red in the face. "There ain't no better man, no more feelin' man in the world than neighbor Vale, and it's a thousand pities for him and hisen, that he hain't a mite of kalkerlation."

THE VALES.

"Ef he'd only tuk to larnin' that had a-brought in su'then," Farmer Stave continued, "ef he'd only tuk to larnin' that he could ha' turned to account, there's the pint! He needn't be diggin' in the rocks now, and nuthin' to show. I tell ye, Deacon Smoot!"

"It's a myst'ry to me, with sech a little schoolin', how he's picked up sech a lot of larnin.' I tell ye thar' ain't nuthin' from doctorin' a child all tuckered out with teethin' to namin' on the stars, but he knows suthin' about it. Wall! larnin' doos wall enough, when it brings in a fortin'; but what the deuce's is its vally if a chap's got to be a poor cuss all his life, with a mortgage on his farm? I'm glad I allas *was* back'ard. I hain't had nuthin' to hinder me gettin' forehanded. Like enuf, if I'd tuk to larnin' as Vale did, me and my folks might a-ben a-livin' from hand to mouth as well as him and hisen. The matter with him is, he hain't no kalkerlation. But all the Vales never had, none as ever I heerd on; they was all cracked for larnin', that's my idee."

It is true, the Vales were a cultivated and gifted race, long before one of its sons brought his moderate temporal fortune, his elegant tastes, and rich mental possessions across the Atlantic. They were opulent in those days. Then the wealth which maternal ancestors had garnered for them (a Vale never could have accumulated a fortune) was not nearly exhausted.

Nothing in their necessities prompted them to coin their large gifts into gold for their own uses. Each generation slipped away devoted to religion, to science, and to the æsthetic arts, and every son found himself a little poorer than his father. At last it came to pass, upon a later day, one Aubrey Vale found himself, upon his twenty-fourth birthday, an orphan; his only inheritance a University education, a learned scroll (proclaiming him to be a Doctor of Medicine), his father's library, and his father's spotless memory. With a Vale's abilities, any one but a Vale would have planted himself in a flourishing place; there investing this capital as a sure guarantee for future success.

But a Vale had never been known who knew how to struggle for his own fortune or his own fame. The town of his nativity was amply provided with physicians, but Aubrey Vale knew that the not-distant hamlet of Hilltop did not possess one resident medical man.

He said: "What a quiet spot for a home! what magnificent scenery! Its practice will afford me support, its retirement opportunities for study. If I ever want the world, I know where to find it."

But the air of Hilltop was bleak, too bleak for Aubrey Vale, too bleak for Alice Vale, the young wife, the tropical flower transplanted from a richer and a sunnier soil. They never saw their summer. It was yet their spring when all that was left of them mortal was laid away in one grave in the neglected graveyard of Hilltop, a desolate place half overgrown with blackberry bushes, and left open as a pasture for cows. It was many years afterward that the

briers were torn away from the else forgotten grave by a strong man's hands, and the new turf planted with violets and lilies of the valley by the hands of a child—a child wondrous-eyed, with a low, vibrating voice. She was Eirene Vale, and the dark-eyed man was her father.

Lowell Vale was left an orphan when but six years old. After the small homestead was sold, to provide in part means for his support, nothing was left the child but the Vale library. There were no near kin to claim the little boy.

Thus it came to pass that Lowell Vale was thrown from the track of life over which his ancestors had glided so smoothly and gracefully for centuries.

Doubtless he had his own niche in the world; but as there was no one to tell him what it was, he never found it.

It was a sad, sad childhood for a child of such a nature—no father, no mother!

No one was cruel to him, but who was tenderly kind? They would have liked him better—those sturdy farmer-women—if he had borne a closer resemblance to their own tow-headed urchins. "Such a queer cretur, to be sure!" they said to each other. "So still and mopin'. Why didn't he thrash about like Hezekiah?" Thus he was tossed from farmhouse to farmhouse till he came to man's estate. Then why did he not fly from this desert-bondage? you inquire. Oh, he could not; he was a Vale.

The infirmity of his race was in his blood, its weakness in his brain. With a little more self-reliance, a little more hope, a little surer faith in himself, only a little more of positive qualities, he would have gone forth into the world where he could have wrestled with men for the world's prizes, and he would have won them. His comprehensive mind would have compassed success; his lack of executive power made his life a failure.

Here was a Vale at last, who, with the lack of business qualifications which marked his family, had been denied the liberal culture which had helped many

of them to eminence in the professions. He bought a little rock-bound, rock-sown farm, and his life shrank into one hopeless effort to wring from the stony soil gold enough to make this sterile piece of earth his own and his children's. To fail even in this, what a fate for a Vale!

When Lowell Vale said to Eirene, "I have done the best that I could. It is not my lot to be lucky," he told the whole story of his life. We see many men who never learn to fit their natures to the groove of life in which they find themselves. At Hilltop life had gathered itself into one narrow channel for generations. Here human nature had repeated itself in one phase for centuries. The railway cut its first path out to the great world. Cyclops was the first screaming herald of progress, the first innovator upon the unutterable dulness of Hilltop.

Yet even now the topics of conversation were very scanty; its people had little to talk about but each other. One variety in the *genus homo* made an inexhaustible theme; thus it happened that Lowell Vale and his affairs were more talked of than of all others put together. It was of no account to these sturdy yeomen that his organization was more delicate, his instincts finer, his aspirations higher, while his house remained smaller, his stock poorer, and his crops scantier than their own.

Of these spiritual facts they were very dimly conscious; but the material ones stood with painful palpability before their scrutinizing eyes. They beheld them, to gaze with ever-renewed complacency upon their own possessions, and to exclaim for the ten thousandth time, with pharisaical commiseration: "Poor neighbor Vale! a better critter never lived, nor none more feelin', and it's a thousand pities for him and hisen that he hain't a mite of kalkerlation."

LEFT.

The unfortunate object of all this mingled criticism, commiseration, and good-will, slowly urged Muggins up the mountain-road, through the for-

est, under the scarlet rain of leaves, just as he did an hour before when Eirene sat by his side. No, not just as he did then. He was alone now. He had never felt so alone in all his life before. In spite of himself, he felt as if he had lost his child.

"And yet," he reasoned, "she has only gone to Busyville. I can drive down there after her any day. It is only twenty miles away." The fact that she was there did not seem in itself sufficient to fill him with such a sense of loss. For eighteen years his meagre life had absorbed grace and beauty, poetry and love, from this child. But never until now had he realized that she was the very soul of his soul; that to him the very light of the world had gone away with her eyes.

As he emerged from the forest-road and saw his home before him, he thought that he had never seen it look forsaken and desolate before.

He remembered that all the fine houses in Busyville had failed to disgust him with this lowly abode; that it never turned such an inviting face toward him as when he returned from that handsome but commonplace village. With a thrill of joy he had always caught the first glimpse of its dormer windows, of its low roof, of its brown walls. He could see nothing which filled him with such positive delight as the sight of those trees and flowers and vines planted by his own hands. Then all his loved ones awaited his return within this home. Now for the first time one was wanting, and for the first time the little house looked dreary. This look must have been the reflection of his own feelings; for any traveler would have said at this moment, that in all the scattered town of Hilltop there was not another abode so lowly and yet so homelike in its aspect. A painter would have seen before him a picture of such brilliant autumn beauty that he would have longed to transfix it on canvas forever.

Everywhere the red maples had cast down their scarlet leaves, now lying in glowing drifts in the hollows of the

roads. The yellow maples ripening slowly in the soft shelter of the hills, still fluttered their green skirts edged here and there with gold; while others, standing in the crisp air of some open space, spread out their tremulous panoplies of unbroken amber.

The old vines, which festooned the gables and dormer windows of the cottage, hung in vivid relief beside the dark green of the dappled English ivy—an ivy sprung from the immemorial vine which an elder Vale had brought across the seas and planted; a souvenir amid the rocks of New England of his old English home.

The Swiss larches which Eirene's father planted when she was a baby waved their green plumes above the russet grass in the yard before the house, while on each side of the path stood the sturdy autumn flowers which had defied the early frosts. A few marigolds still flaunted their brazen splendor, here and there a garnet dahlia looked down from its blackened stalk, and, each side of the porch, beds of crysanthemums brightened the air with their delicate bloom. On one side, the meadow sloped down to a narrow river running swiftly away from the far mountains in its rear; on the other, the little farm stretched away to the woods that crowned the hill. Before it, far below, spread a lovely valley, while beyond it, another chain of purple mountains bound the horizon.

For the first time in his life, Lowell Vale was blind to the beauty of the world around his home; he thought only of the little group about its hearth, and that one was wanting.

Win and Pansy heard the wagon-wheels, and ran out to meet their father, their eyes still swollen with weeping; and as if to console themselves, began to quarrel as to who should drive Muggins into the barn. Pansy ended the discussion as her father alighted, by scrambling up one of the wheels, and quickly seizing the reins, which feat being accomplished, she turned to her amazed brother with an indescribably triumphant air, and exclaimed:

"There, Mister Win, who'll drive now?"

He sprang forward as if to seize the bridle, but Pansy's sudden pull of the reins sent Muggins off at a frantic gallop toward the barn—a gallop which proved that Muggins was a susceptible animal in spite of appearances; that she thrilled to her very shoes with the nervous, wilful pull of Miss Pansy, although no amount of mild orthodox jerks could ever induce her to "get up."

"For shame on a girl driving a horse! I wouldn't stoop to quarrel with a girl anyhow!" cried the discomfited Win.

A moment after, he saw Muggins in her unprecedented momentum not only knock the buggy-shafts and her own nose against the door of the barn, but toss the triumphant Pansy from her seat against the front of the vehicle; seeing which sight, this young man of fourteen turned and walked slowly away with a lofty, injured, yet satisfied air.

Nevertheless, the moment he reached the house, he quickened his steps, and exclaimed: "Oh, father, I'm afraid Pansy is hurt! Won't you go and see?"—an act which he very much desired to perform himself, only his pride and sense of injury would not let him.

At supper, Pansy had a black eye, and her pretty nose was very much swelled. But little Win looked away from her with a severe, offended air. He was too magnanimous to say that he was glad, yet altogether too angry to say that he was sorry.

Pansy's nose ached, so did her heart. She had a confused feeling that she had already forfeited the blue frock, and that every thing was going wrong. The peacemaker who had always poured oil on their naughty tempers was gone; her seat between the scowling brother and sister was empty.

The most eventful day that ever comes to a New England household had come to the lowly home of the Vales.

The first child had gone out from its shelter into the world. Sooner or later this day comes to every country New

England home; its sons and daughters must go forth to be educated, or to work. The secluded farm, the scattered town, afford scanty advantages and few employments. Thus the girls and boys must go elsewhere to work in shops, to study in college, to teach school; and to those who are left, home never seems quite the same that it did before they went away.

It was a sore trial to this father and mother to know that their young child had gone, not to the Busyville Academy, but to the Busyville factory; that from morning till night she was to be shut up to work in a close shop, with little choice of associates, and with none of the amusement and interest so indispensable to the young. But the poor, who have never learned the trick of making life easy for themselves, can hardly do more for their children.

Eirene had gone; what was left for them now but resignation?

Pansy's little purple nose was bathed in camphor, and she had mounted the confessional of her mother's knee, there to confess her sins and say her prayers before going to bed. She was very penitent at first.

She had been naughty, she said; she was sorry, and would be good to-morrow.

Suddenly another mood swept over her. She wouldn't have been naughty if it hadn't been for Win. Mister Win needn't think that *he* was always going to drive Muggins, and leave her standing on the ground. Her head ached, her nose was sore—"it was Muggins who was wicked to bump her against the barn there!" Thus, with a passionate sob, the penitent suddenly passed into a severely abused child bemoaning its grievances without stint. She refused to be soothed, till at last her mother said:

"What would Rene say to see Pansy so angry with Win? How sorry it would make her!"

These words were magical. Pansy saw as in a vision the receding outline of a sky-blue frock, and the eyes of her sister full of tears.

Thus together love and selfishness triumphed; so early does the mingled essence of good and evil enter into human motive.

Pansy suddenly wiped her eyes, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and whispered,

"I am sorry that I was naughty."

Then the little sinner in the round night-cap and long night-gown marched off to bed.

At family prayers that night, Lowell Vale for the first time prayed for the absent. As he prayed the Good Shepherd still to hold in his keeping the beloved lamb that they had sent out from the fold, his voice trembled, and at last broke.

Mary Vale was very quiet in her grief. All her life she had been relinquishing desire; not so much desire for that which she had lost, as for that which she had missed. It was a gift conferred upon her, this power of self-renunciation. She had not been always thus; her soul had been eager and importunate once. Then it had seemed to her that she must beat her way out of the restricted sphere in which she was born.

The life which she read of in books she was very sure was only the faint reflection of a richer life to be found somewhere in the world. It was very different from the life of Hilltop; to her she was certain it would be more satisfying. There were books and pictures and music in this life. There were gay cities, cathedrals, and resonant organs; all the wonderful sights of strange lands, rivers, and oceans that she had never seen! There was wealth and leisure and beauty in the world; why might she not have something of it all in her portion?

Had she married an ambitious and successful man, he could have conferred upon her no honor that she would not have grown to adorn. As it was, before her youth had passed, Mary Vale knew that this life which she saw in dreams would never become real in her earthly lot. It was a natural transition when her hopeless longings turned from

the delights of earth, which she knew could never be hers, to the joys of the heaven which she felt sure would one day be her portion. It was such happiness to know that she could imagine nothing of this unseen world that would transcend the reality. She could afford to live in a poor house here, and even have a mortgage upon that, while she felt certain that after a little while she would enter into a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal, and in the heavens.

She loved to read over to her children its description in Revelations, all glowing with gems. And when she had ended the inspired story, she would turn to her husband with softly dilating eyes, and say: "My dear, the heirs of *such* an inheritance can afford to wait." "Father!" This one word comprehended her entire idea of God. To her He was a tender, an all-pervading, ever-guarding Presence. Every one of His promises she seized with child-like trust. He might deny her, might bereave her, yet she never doubted His love. Every morning she prayed for His strength to bear the cross of that day; every night she laid it down at the feet of her Lord with tearful thanks that the burden had been so light. There was no object on earth dearer to her than her first-born child. To-day she had relinquished her without one repining word. Yet what a different lot she would have chosen for her, had it been possible. A few tears dropped upon her pillow ere she slept. Then the lids drooped over the soft eyes, and with a tender smile she passed out into the limitless realm of dreams, this mother, to walk hand in hand with her child.

Lowell Vale waited till she slept, then taking the candle from the stand beside which he had apparently been reading, he walked quietly up-stairs to Eirene's room.

If a room can reflect the character of its occupant, how pure must have been the nature of this child. The windows of the little dormer chamber faced the east, looking out upon the valley with

its ribbon-like river, and the great mountains which girded the sky. They were draped with white, and between them stood the white toilet which Eirene's own hands had fashioned. Over it hung a little mirror festooned with golden tissue-paper, falling like flakes of flame against the pale-blue walls.

At one end of the room, commanding the view from the windows, stood Eirene's table. This, too, was covered with white, and on it still stood her work-basket and a glass filled with pink and white cyprian flowers. Over it hung a swinging bookcase filled with relics of the Vale library.

Here were Shakespeare and Milton and old George Herbert in antique bindings, stained and worn by time. Here were Rollin and Gibbon, and volumes of the Spectator and Rambler. Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, and holy old Baxter stood on the same shelf with Byron and Burns. Ivanhoe and Old Mortality, with other of Scott's magic creations were the only novels; but there was a shelf filled with old Latin books which Eirene had always treasured as if they were gold, because they looked so wise; and another filled with French books, which the child had studied many a night when all in the house were sleeping. Under the bookcase where the sweet face always looked into hers as she sat there, Eirene had hung an engraving of St. Elizabeth of Hungary in a frame of dark wood which her father had made for her. How well he remembered her look, and the kiss that she gave him, when she took it from his hands, that frame so deftly fashioned, so fit a setting for her treasure.

Over the mantel opposite hung the portrait of a young and most lovely woman. The beauty of this face was not of mere tint and outline, although both seemed faultless. It was not ruddy and rustic, but a high-born face, with the exquisite profile which we see cut in antique gems. But what were this to the soft splendor of the half-veiled eyes, and the tender smile brooding in

the curves of the gentle mouth! It was a mouth to which childish lips would turn and cling in the loving innocence of infancy. And the rippling hair of nutty brown just touched with gold,—how a child's hand would love to lose itself in its silken luxuriousness!

It was the face of a woman that no man could behold without love; of a woman for whose sake such a man would live and die, nor desire a happier destiny. It was the face of one in the first lustrum of womanhood, else it might well have been taken for the portrait of Eirene Vale.

It was the portrait of Eirene's grandmother. How unlike the other grandmothers of Hilltop, sitting in their mouldy frames in high caps, sausage curls, and bagpipe sleeves, was this tutelary saint who passed from the world in the undimmed lustre of her youth! The image of Alice Vale was repeated in her grandchild. Perhaps this was one reason why the heart of Lowell Vale seemed bound by so close a tie to his first-born child—that her face recalled in vivid reality the living face of the young mother so dimly remembered.

Lowell Vale, with the light in his hand, walked slowly around the room, pausing before every object, each one in his eyes sacred for the sake of his child.

Every thing was left as if she had gone out for an hour, and might return any moment. There was the unfinished work in her basket, the glass filled with flowers, the last book that she had read with the mark in it as she had laid it down on the table; the low chair where she had sat.

Lowell Vale looked long, looked with a sigh that swelled almost to a groan, as he turned to the low cot with its white counterpane and untouched pillow. Since he first laid her down there himself, a tiny child, fourteen years before, when Win was born, this was the first night that the cot had been empty, and the fair child-head sheltered by the roof of strangers.

He knelt down, buried his face in

her pillow, and did what the strongest and weakest of mortals are almost sure to do in their moments of extremity. This father, who felt that it was beyond his faltering power to take care of her himself, again committed his child to the care of God.

THE GIRL UP-STAIRS.

While her father knelt beside her pillow at home, Eirene sat alone in her new room at Busyville. She sat like one in a daze, as if stunned by the strangeness of her surroundings. Her eyes were fixed upon Moses Loplolly's little parrot, now fast asleep on its perch; yet she did not see the bird nor the hard, bare outline of the new room. No, she saw her own little chamber with its azure walls; saw her own little bed; saw her father kneeling by its side; then again the soft eyes swam in tears, and she started as if she had just wakened from a vision.

"Father," she murmured, stretching out her arms as if to enfold him. "Dear father, for your sake, and for yours, dear mother, I will be brave and patient and hopeful."

She felt strangely alone. Surely that angular little room could never seem home-like to her; it was so cold and cheerless. Its very atmosphere was repelling. Its bare walls were covered with coarse whitewash; its one window covered with a stiff paper curtain; its floor was painted a bright yellow; its furniture consisted of a very diminutive looking-glass, a pine washstand on which stood a tin basin, a straight-backed wooden chair, and a bed covered with a glaring patchwork-quilt. As Eirene's eyes wandered over these meagre appliances, she started, for the first time remembering the words of a metallic voice, uttered while the door was closing upon her for the night:

"Remember, we breakfast at six. We never wait. You are to be in the shop by seven o'clock."

Eirene took from her head the silken net which covered her hair, and as she shook and brushed out its waving length, repeated to her self the Bible

verse which her mother had marked for her in the morning.

The young head touched the strange pillow, and the young lips murmured as they had murmured from infancy:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Thus, and with a prayer in her heart for each beloved one at home, the young eyes closed in innocent sleep.

But there was somebody very wide awake down-stairs. This somebody sat in a large family-room, a commodious room which reflected the competence and the thrifty housekeeping of its owner.

Yes, it was a very comfortable room, although not a single picture, not one artistic touch, suggested a love for the beautiful in the one who had furnished it. The walls were hung with yellow paper; the windows were covered with yellow shades. The great lounge and stiff-backed rocking-chair were covered with chintz of large device, and glaring hue.

The floor was covered with that home-made carpet indigenous to New England, which is never seen in perfection out of it—a carpet in which stripes of violent yellow, red, and green run side by side in acute lines till they cover the floor.

The slumbering fire of an autumn night dwindled upon the hearth. Before it stood a large table, on which was a shaded lamp and a work-basket piled high with work. On each side sat a man and woman, with a cradle between them, in which a baby slept. The woman slowly moved the cradle with her foot, while her busy hand plied the needle in and out through the heel of a stocking, which had been mended till not even imagination could conjecture which had been its original yarn. This woman had restless, eager eyes; greedy eyes you would have called them, had you looked into them closely. They had a taking-in look, as if they had grown hungry gloating over objects of desire and of possession.

Yet they were handsome eyes, and in certain moods could suffuse with tears

of motherly feeling. The watery tendency of these handsome eyes had won a popular reputation for their owner among the matrons of Busyville. "There never was a more feeling woman than Tabitha Mallane," they would say. "Such a capable woman! What a family she has, and how she has brought them up. What a mother she is, to be sure!" Her face was deeply care-lined. Every motion indicated disquietude, as if in all her anxious, workful life she had never earned the right to Heaven's own boon—repose.

It was not thus with her husband. Time and care had furrowed his face also; but in its intellectual lines, so much more intellectual than his wife's, you could trace the capacity for rest as well as for work; and now with a remote look in his eyes he was buried in the oblivion of his newspaper.

Perhaps his wife was more restless than usual. She gave a spasmodic rock to the cradle, she moved her chair, she pushed the lamp, she pulled her needle with such violence through the stocking that the yarn broke. From time to time she looked round the side of the newspaper into the face of her quiet husband with an expression of positive annoyance. At last the silence became unendurable. Again she jerked the cradle, pushed the lamp, and in a peremptory tone said:

"Father!"

No reply issued from the voluminous depths of the Boston Journal. Mr. Mallane was absorbed with the affairs of his country.

"Father!"

This time the endearing appellation was uttered in such a keen tone of acerbity, that it penetrated the thick rime of national affairs.

Mr. Mallane slowly laid down his paper, slowly took his spectacles from his eyes, slowly took his silk handkerchief from his pocket, slowly wiped his glasses, and as slowly said:

"Well, mother?"

"I should think that you would say 'Well, mother!' Where are your eyes, Mr. Mallane?"

"In my head, I believe, Tabitha."

"You know what I mean! Are you crazy, John Mallane?"

"No. I am perfectly sane, Tabitha."

"No, you are not. You are either blind or crazy; or you never would have brought that girl up-stairs into this house."

"Why not? She is a very pretty girl, mother. I should think that you would like to have her in the house for the sake of the children."

"For the sake of the children! Why do you aggravate me, John Mallane? Isn't Paul coming home in a week? Hasn't Paul eyes in his head?"

"Yes, Paul has eyes in his head, very handsome eyes, too; just such eyes as yours used to be, Tabitha, before you began to worry; and he knows how to use them, too," said Mr. Mallane; and a smile of parental pride passed over his face as he spoke of his first-born son.

"I'll tell you how he'll use them, John Mallane;" and in her eagerness the mother leaned forward with distended eyes and ominous voice:

"He'll use them the very first thing to fall in love with that girl up-stairs. If there's no running away and getting married, and all that, it will be a pretty story to go about town, that Paul Mallane has fallen in love with one of his father's shop-girls. I warn you, John Mallane."

"Tabitha, why will you always borrow trouble? As you say, Paul has eyes in his head. He will see that the girl is pretty. He can't help that. But Paul has common sense. Paul is long-headed; he has any amount of foresight. He is just as ambitious for wealth and for position as you are. He is the last fellow on earth to make a fool of himself by running off with a poor shop-girl. And I don't see that he is very much inclined to fall in love with any body. Here he has been flirting a whole year with Tilly Blane, the prettiest and the richest girl in town. She would like to have him fall in love with her; but he hasn't. And she is pretty, and I don't know but prettier than the girl up-stairs."

"Yes, she is prettier, perhaps," answered the mother, dubiously. "But it is only flesh and blood pretty, pink cheeks, blue eyes, curly hair. At thirty she will be as ugly as her mother, who, you know, twenty-five years ago was the belle of Busyville. But this girl upstairs has an uncommon face. Didn't you notice it, father? Why, with that expression on it, she will be beautiful at fifty. When those great brown eyes look up through those long lashes, there is a look in them that would take the heart out of any young man, and they'll take the heart out of our Paul. And she'll turn them up, and cast them down. She'll make good use of those eyes, the artful——"

"Be reasonable, be reasonable, Tabitha. Don't call the poor child names; for she's only a child, and whatever arts she may learn, she hasn't learned them yet. You could see that at supper. She felt so strange and frightened, she could scarcely eat. She has never been away from home before. Let us show her the same kindness that we would like shown to our Grace if we had to send her away to earn her bread."

"Show her kindness? The greatest kindness that we can show her, is to send her out of this house. It is no place for *her*. I cannot have her here. I will not have her here. She shall go to-morrow. I have set my foot down, John Mallane."

"She shall not go to-morrow," said Mr. Mallane, quietly, but in a tone which could not be contradicted. It usually happened that when Tabitha Mallane "set her foot down," John Mallane set his down also.

Coolly and quietly he asserted his will; but having once asserted it, it was as fixed as a rock. His wife's temper, like a stormy wave, chafed and fretted in helpless anger against the immovable mountain of will. Poor wave! it soon beat itself weary. Baffled, worn-out, it always subsided in sullen passivity at last.

Yet John Mallane was not a tyrannical husband. As he allowed no one to interfere with "his business," so he was

careful not to encroach upon his wife's prerogatives in the management of the household where she reigned supreme. Thus, this sudden invasion of her territory, with his last declaration of authority, seemed as unpardonable as it was unexpected. Yet he had said it—"She shall not leave to-morrow"—and Tabitha Mallane knew that now there was nothing for her to do but to smother her rage and submit.

John Mallane read on awhile in silence, giving time to the chafed and fretted temper of his wife to subside into calmness. She, too, was silent, knowing well that at the present crisis no added word of hers could avail in gaining her end. John Mallane was wise; he never talked with his wife when she was angry; and thus, without any serious matrimonial combats, he managed to have his own way whenever he chose.

When he thought that the proper moment had arrived, he laid down his newspaper, took off his spectacles, took his red silk handkerchief again from his pocket, deliberately reset them upon the high bridge of his imperturbable nose, and as deliberately said:

"Tabitha, I have no desire to be unreasonable. I know that you have care enough, and I don't want to increase it. But I promised this little girl's father she should have a home in my family. I feel sorry for Vale. He is one of the kindest men in the world, but he isn't a manager. I am. I've been successful; he hasn't. I'm rich, he's poor. I send my boy to college; he sends his little girl to work in my shop. And he'll have to take her small wages to help pay the mortgage on his farm. I am not willing to advance money on the mortgage, but am willing to give a comfortable home to his little girl, who will help earn it. I am perfectly able to do the first, I am only willing to do the latter. It is no stretch of generosity, you see, Tabitha?"

Mrs. Mallane made no reply. But the needle in the stocking seemed to listen, and the cradle moved with a slow, thoughtful motion.

Her husband continued: "Poor Vale! The tears came into his eyes when he spoke of his little girl. I thought of our Gracy; what it would be to us to send her out into a strange place to work in a shop, and I said: 'Vale, I'll do the best that I can for your child. She needn't go into the boarding-house with the other hands. She shall stay in my family, and eat at my table, and I'll ask nothing extra.' To have said less would have been inhuman. You don't want me to be inhuman, especially when it don't cost any more to be human, do you, Tabitha?"

Under ordinary circumstances, Tabitha Mallane's better nature would have responded to this appeal, and she would have said: "Yes, father, you are right. I have been unreasonable. I don't complain that you take your own way."

But against this act of her husband's, against this child whom he had brought into her home, was arraigned the strongest instinct of her nature, the instinct

of maternity, fierce, selfish, prevailing.

In and out through the heel of a fresh stocking flew the glittering needle with spasmodic haste, while the jerking cradle, the working of the strong features, the movement of the large frame, all told of an inward struggle. There was a silence of moments before she spoke; then the anger had gone out of her voice, but its tones were deeply troubled.

"I have feeling for the girl," she said, "when I think of our Grace in her place. I should be willing enough to have her stay, if it was not for our Paul."

"Nonsense!" said John Mallane, in an incredulous voice. "Tabitha, let me tell you once for all that our Paul will take care of himself;" and with these words, John Mallane again took up the Boston Journal, and soon forgot the existence of the girl up-stairs in the excitement of reading about "South Carolina Fire-Eaters."

LINGUISTICS—THE NEW PHILOLOGY.

WITHIN the past seventy years of this century, a new study, *Linguistics*,* or *The Science of Language*, has invaded the circle of the sciences, demanding, as her own assigned place in the world of knowledge, an arc of its circumference.

Preceded by an analogous science, *Philology*, which it both supplements and "retires" (in part, at least), it is, of course, in a position of antagonism to one member of the club to which it would be elected, and hence has met with a not altogether cordial reception from that great "*executive committee*," the educated world. For this cause, few among even our reading public are aware of the exact truth now commonly received in regard to language. We propose to state some of the fundamental principles reached by the science.

* This name, proposed in France, has been rejected by many, because of its *hybridism*. See Max Müller's Lectures, vol. I. Also, Marsh, "The Eng. Lang.," vol. I.

First, Linguistics has fully established and vindicated the *proper method* of solving certain enigmas in human speech.

From earliest times, men have been curious about language. Why does man alone, of all created beings, possess the power of articulate speech? Why does not Revelation, that tells him of his origin, tell him also why he was thus "made to differ"? These, with many other questions, have ever been spurring him on to inquiry into the nature of language. Hence we find that not only heathen philosophers,—the great thinkers of Greece and the Brahmins of India,—but the learned Churchmen of the Middle Ages also, and, indeed, scholars of many sorts at all times, have given exhaustive and untiring study to this subject.

But, starting from a point and by a method fatal to the achievement of any thing, until the beginning of this century they thought in vain. Among the

ancients, language was either idealized into a poetic, or attenuated into a metaphysical, conception; and hence its study was of that unsatisfactory nature, of which any inquiry into facts, when their true character is misunderstood, must always be. The Brahmins and the Greek philosophers, says Müller, cared no more for the facts of language than he who wrote an account of the camel without having seen either the animal or the desert.

And so the Churchmen (like their followers, clerical and lay, of the early modern period) went equally astray. Both not only based their labors upon an insufficient collection of facts, but proceeded by an unscientific method, generalizing from a mere handful of instances to laws covering the whole body of human speech. True, from their studies resulted the science of Philology, which has taught, and will yet teach, important lessons in regard to single languages or classes of languages; but whenever philologers have attempted to treat of language in its entirety, they have only illustrated again and again how truly the sublime is only one step from the ridiculous. Witness the oddities of Horne Tooke in "The Diversions of Purley," and the absurd dogmatism of the Hebraists, who, because Hebrew was the original language of the Old Testament, asserted that *therefore* it was the language of Paradise.

But not so has Linguistics treated these questions. Starting from the proposition, that, if the facts of language are ever to be reduced to a system, it must be *after*, and not *before*, these facts are known, the scholarly minds that founded this science proceeded with remarkable patience to collect the vocabularies and grammars of every language, great or small, civilized or barbarian, that is known to have existed, or to be now existing, on the earth. This work accomplished (but to a greater or less extent for different languages) by a kindred science, *Comparative Grammar*, the next step was to determine, by careful, logical

induction from well-authenticated data, the principles governing this mass of linguistic phenomena. And as far as the present light will allow the detection of these principles, they have been established beyond a doubt. Upon a much larger field surveyed by the science, however, no sufficient light has yet been thrown; and consequently important differences of opinion prevail among even leading linguistic philosophers. But these disputes, though they have cast over the whole subject a seemingly unpractical appearance, do not, of course, invalidate what is known. The results of induction are only *hypothetical* theories until they are verified, and unverified theories are, in every branch of learning, common battlegrounds, where any man may come to break a spear.

This certainty of linguistic methods will appear more clearly in an illustration, taken from Müller:

"There could never be any doubt," he writes, "that the so-called Romance languages, Italian, Wallachian, Provençal, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, were closely related to each other. Every body could see that they were all derived from the Latin. But one of the most distinguished French scholars, Raynouard, maintained that Provençal alone was the daughter of Latin; whereas French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese were the daughters of Provençal." To refute this theory, an appeal is taken to the Science of Language, and a comparison is made between the Provençal grammar and those of the other Romance dialects. "In Provençal we have,

sem = French *nous sommes*,
ets = " *vous êtes*,
son = " *ils sont*,

and it would be a grammatical miracle if crippled forms such as *sem*, *ets*, *son*, had been changed back again into the more healthy, more primitive, more Latin, *sommes*, *êtes*, *sont*; *sumus*, *estis*, *sunt*."

Again, it was asserted that Greek and Latin were daughters of Sanskrit. The assertion is thus shown to be unfounded: the root of the verb "*to be*" is the

same in all three languages, *as* or *es*. From it come,

Per.	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Latin.
Sing.	1. <i>as-mi.</i>	<i>es-mi.</i>	<i>es-um.</i>
	2. <i>as-si.</i> (<i>asi</i>)	<i>es-si.</i>	<i>es-is.</i>
	3. <i>as-ti.</i>	<i>es-ti.</i>	<i>es-ti.</i>
Plural.	1. <i>as-mas.</i> (<i>smaz.</i>)	<i>es-mes.</i>	<i>es-umus.</i> (<i>sumus.</i>)
	2. <i>as-tha.</i> (<i>stha.</i>)	<i>es-te.</i>	<i>es-tis.</i>
	3. <i>as-anti.</i> (<i>santi.</i>)	<i>en-ti.</i>	<i>es-unt.</i> (<i>sunt.</i>)

A glance suffices to show that the more perfect form of the Greek 2d p. sing., *essi*, could not possibly have come from the only form known to Sanskrit, *asi*; and that the Latin *estis* is an equally improbable derivative from the Sanskrit *stha*. So, also, why are the Sans. pl. 1 and 3, *emas* and *santi*, original, but the Latin forms, *sumus* and *sunt*, derivative?

Suppose, once more, that one were found bold enough to deny *any* relationship between the languages we have been considering. The tables we have presented would be sufficient answer; for accident or chance is as impossible in language as it is elsewhere in nature.

Secondly, very considerable progress has been made toward a complete classification of languages.

The simplicity of the laws governing any classification, and the apparently clear, indisputable analogy between languages, combined to make the arrangement of man's dialects into families seem easy; and the learned world therefore, in that it underrated the work, lost sight of the only correct principles on which it should have proceeded. For this cause, the results were of a character to make one doubt whether the sublime be even one step from the ridiculous. For example, the existence of Greek colonies in Lower Italy was reason enough for the declaration that Latin was a derivative of Greek, under influences from Italic races. That the Latin *ager*, *aro*, *vinum*, *sus*, *fero*, and a host more, were the same as the Greek *agros*, *aro*, *oinos*, *sus*, *phero*, etc., was argument enough. Therefore was Latin the daughter of Greek.* Again, Hebrew is written from right to left, but Greek from left to right. Therefore, said Guichard,† to change Greek to Hebrew, read it backward.

The method of Linguistics, however, is essentially different. In accordance with its fundamental principle, that linguistic truths can be reached only by induction, its efforts have been based upon the grammatical structure of languages, rather than upon their vocabularies; and, though it may be true that "no one system of arrangement can yet be said to have received the assent of scholars,"* yet much has been established, that is no doubt as morally certain as it is that "all planets move in elliptical orbits." We can only glance briefly at its results.

The Science of Language, like Natural History, has attempted two wholly distinct classifications. Arranging with respect merely to race, it classifies *genealogically*; but, searching deeper to detect that subtle something which makes all forms of human speech *language*, it classifies *morphologically*. Let us pursue the analogy, and so unfold this statement.

The naturalist, in his genealogical classification, keeps in his view but one principle, *race* or *blood*. Whether the animal be now reproducing itself, so that he may from time to time study it in its native state, or whether it be one of those forms known to us now only from fossil remains—a monster reproduced to our view in a museum of Natural Science,—in each case he seeks to determine only its family relationship. True, in the latter case the difficulty is greater. One may not find a *mastodon* teaching an observer its habits, or prove the mammal character of the *megatherium*, by detecting it in the act of feeding its young; but the facts to be determined are the same as if these suppositions were possibilities, and the conclusion, when reached, is no less certain than that from induction in another case.

And just so is it with languages. They are both living and dead, and though the latter are in some cases preserved entire by a literature, in others their remains are a few fossil bones, or some footprints imbedded in clay that har-

* See Trench, "On the Study of Words," chap. iii.
† Müller, vol. i.

* Marsh, vol. i. p. 192. But see also pp. 57 and 58.

clened ere the impression was lost. In some cases but a manuscript or two remain, the key to a whole class of tongues; as the *Mæso-Gothic* relics among the Teutonic dialects,—relics without which the linguistic study of English would be almost impossible. It is a well-known fact that the origin of the “*d*,” as a sign of the past tenses in English, was a mystery until in these remnants of a literature, whose makers passed from history a century ago, it was found that it was a decayed form of “*did*,”—that *I loved* was originally *I love-did*, or, as we say now, *I did love*.* In other cases there are left but the “*tracks*” of a language, that linguistic analogy implies *must* have existed, but which is now forever lost to men; as the supposed “*primal language*,” which the world must be assumed to have had “in the beginning,” but whose existence can now be proved only, as is that of certain birds, by its *claws* imprinted in the everlasting rocks.

And yet, to detect the relationship between such languages is not another work, though it is, of course, a more difficult one than it is to classify living tongues. To find the cousinship of Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin—dead languages with an abundant literature preserved; or between Mæso-Gothic and old Prussian—whose only remains are an old “*bone*” or two; is surely the same kind of work as it is to prove the sisterhood of French, Italian, and Spanish. In each case it is to assign a language to its proper family, whether Indic, Italic, or Teutonic. But carry the argument further by an illustration.

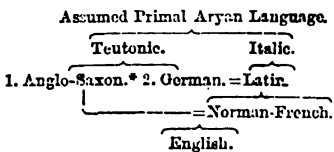
The learned languages of the early modern period were Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and the effort to classify all languages naturally began with them. The radical difference between Greek and Hebrew that had, even before the period of which we speak, excited a suspicion of their utter want of close family relationship, however they might point to an ultimate common origin, was the first truth established. History

and Ethnology had suggested it, and grammatical analysis only added confirmation. Greek was *Aryan*; Hebrew, *Semitic*.

Here, then, was a starting-point. No one attributed a Semitic language to an Aryan class, or *vice versa*, except through error; and very soon the distinction grew so clear, that the two great families so named came to be recognizable by their features alone, notwithstanding any probable argument to the contrary.

And so, step by step, in each “*family*” there were marked out “*classes*,” and in these again “*sub-classes* ;” the latter containing languages more closely related to each other than to those of other sub-classes in the same class. These divisions for the Aryan and Semitic families—of a third, the Turanian, we shall speak below—have been comparatively well determined, though there yet exist differences of opinion. A convenient table of them will be found in Philip Smith’s “*History of the World*,” vol. i., and fuller discussions of the grounds for so classifying them may be had from Müller, vol. i., Whitney, chaps. v. to ix., or B. W. Dwight, “*Modern Philology*,” vol. i. Any presentation of them here would be obviously out of place.

To illustrate further, suppose the question asked, *What is the place of English in the Aryan family?* To answer briefly, we submit a table that will readily explain itself.



One point, however, deserves notice. The product of Anglo-Saxon, a language *coördinate* with German and Latin—and Norman-French, the *child* of, and therefore *subordinate* to, German and Latin—English, is hence the daughter of *disparate species*. Now, in the animal world, as is well known, every such

* Whitney, “*Language, and the Study of Language*.”

* This would be correct, even on Mr. Marsh’s theory, that Anglo-Saxon existed only *after* the races united in England.

product has marked and peculiar characteristics, which, taken together, render it completely *sui generis*. Among these are extraordinary strength, singularity both of external appearance and of internal constitution, and entire individuality of existence. So, may it not be that the remarkable strength of the English language, its singular isolation in the matter of vowel-sounds, gender,* and some other matters, and its incapacity for union with other languages, are comparable with the great power and peculiar nature of a like product elsewhere? The resemblance is of course worthless as an argument, but curious as an analogy.

We have thus far considered only the *genealogical* classification of languages. We turn now to their other division, *morphological*.

Observation both of animals and of plants has determined that individuals of far different species, genera, etc. may present organic forms either analogous to, or metamorphosed from, each other. Ultimately, the analysis reaches certain varieties, and the proper exposition of these varieties, homologies, and metamorphoses, is the science of *morphology*.

Similarly, all languages may be reduced to *roots*, apparently the ultimate organic forms of expressed thought. These roots combine in various ways, and the arrangement of languages, according to their modes of combining roots, constitutes their *morphological* classification.

To illustrate, let us suppose that two roots are to combine. It is evident that only three cases are possible: †

- (a) Each root may remain unaltered;
- (b) One may be kept unchanged, while the other is modified; and,
- (c) Both may be so corrupted as to coalesce into one new word.

The combination of more than two roots is in no way different; for if no one changes, the case is *a*; if any num-

ber less than all are modified, it is *b*; and if all unite, it is *c*. These suppositions, then, exhaust the possibilities, and it is an argument to certainty, therefore, that no human language will ever be found, not assignable to one of these classes. Hence the morphological classification prepares the way for inductions not possible from a genealogical division, the latter viewing only a limited portion of rational speech. Not to anticipate, however, let us examine some examples of these three classes of languages.

(a) Of the first class—called *monosyllabic*, because its roots are so, and *isolating*, because these roots never combine,—Chinese is the best representative. In it we find that “stick” is *cáng*, “house” is *tū*, and “the sun” is *gī*; but that “with the stick,” “at home,” and “son of the sun” (“day”), are modifications, not, as with us, by prepositions, nor, as in Latin, by change of termination (*baculo, domi, solis filius*), but are mere collocations of independent words, *ý cáng, tū-li, gī-tse*, the additions, *ý, li, tse*, meaning respectively “to employ,” “inside,” and “son.” Hence the Chinese say “employ-stick,” “house-inside,” and “sunson,” their language never qualifying one idea by another, except by the co-adjacency of the roots expressing these ideas. A rather curious fact follows, but, of course, naturally, from this law. The same words in various orders may express different ideas. Thus, *ngò tà ní* means “I beat thee,” but *ní tà ngò* translates into “thou beatest me.”

(b) The second class—called *agglutinative*, because the altered root is *glued on* (as it were) to the other, and *terminational*, because the altered word becomes a suffix (or affix) to the permanent radical, and may easily be separated from it—included a large number of languages that form the third genealogical family spoken of above. Earnest efforts have been made to classify them genealogically, but they have so far failed, even Müller, the apostle to these Turanian heathen, writing in a rather despairing tone. That the future will shed more light upon them, it would be difficult—certainly unwise—to

* I have heard it said, I know not on what authority, that Old Persian made gender a real distinction of sex.

† Müller, vol. I., from whom also are taken most of the examples used below.

predict; but that they offer a rich field of study, is evident to any one who will examine them even casually. For our purpose, we only need an example.

In Turkish, the root "to regard" is *bakar*. The present tense is then formed thus :

<i>bakar-ım</i> , I regard.	<i>bakar-ız</i> , we regard.
<i>bakar-sın</i> , thou, &c.	<i>bakar-sınız</i> , you, &c.
<i>bakar-</i> , he, &c.	<i>bakar-lar</i> , they, &c.

That the root does not vary, we need no etymologist to tell us; but why must we believe that these terminations were once original words? Simply because they are found elsewhere in the language (and that, too, in uncorrupted forms), being the pronouns "I," "thou," &c. Here, as in other tenses, they are fallen from their "first estate," but they are nevertheless themselves; as the "ego" of a man remains, though his body lose its every limb. True, it is not always easy to trace these terminational roots to their origin, but is it not often equally as difficult to recognize in the mutilated face of a returned soldier the features that before were his distinctive characteristics?

(c) We have yet to mention the third class, called *inflectional*, *organic*, and *amalgamating*; names that explain themselves. These languages are so familiar to us who speak English and

study the classics, that a single illustration will suffice.

The Sanskrit *vinānti*, the Greek *eikūti*, and the Latin *viginti*, equivalents of our "twenty," seem at first appearance to be primitives. They certainly bear no resemblance to the Chinese *eilshī*, *two-ten*, nor can they be separated into a root and terminations. Analyze them, however, in the light of a sound inductive etymology, and we reach ultimately two words, *dois* (Greek *dis*, Latin *dis*, English *twice*), and *dasan*, ten, from which, it may be fully proved, these apparent primitives have come. Each root has suffered, and the result is a new whole. Amalgams, like brass they are neither *dois* nor *dasan*—neither *copper* nor *zinc*; but are units, themselves capable of entering into further compounds.

So much, then, has Linguistics done for the classification of languages. It may not, indeed, have solved every enigma in the subject, but it has at least determined the only premises from which valid reasoning may start in the investigation of the hidden truth, and laid a solid foundation for the theories of the science. These theories, concerning the origin, the unity, the nature of language, and its relation to the human intellect and will, are rational and valuable only as they rest upon the facts proven by the Science of Language.

FATHER HYACINTHE AND HIS CHURCH.

ON the 18th day of October last, the Superior of the Monastery of Barefooted Carmelites, in Paris, was landed from a French steamer upon the wharf at New York. Instead of wearing the usual garb of his order, however, he was clothed in the ordinary dress of a private gentleman; instead of availing himself of the hospitality provided in most large cities for the religious mendicant orders, he drove with his baggage directly to one of our popular hotels. His arrival was promptly telegraphed to the extremities of the continent; it was the subject of comment in every newspaper in our land. Every source of information was ransacked for details of his life; his hotel was thronged; he was interviewed by reporters; he was deluged with invitations; shop-windows and illustrated journals were radiant with his portrait; the mails were loaded with expressions of interest and sympathy for him; in fact, Pius IX. himself, if he had executed the purpose at one time attributed to him, of taking refuge in the United States, could hardly have produced a greater sensation.

The name of the monk, whose extraordinary reception among us contrasts so widely with that usually given to monastic visitors, is Charles Loyson, to which was added that of Brother Hyacinthe, by the religious order of which he had taken the vows. Father Hyacinthe—for it is by that name that he is now known to the world—is a French gentleman about forty-two years of age, a graduate of the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice; for the past four or five years the favorite pulpit orator of Paris, and in his form, carriage, and general appearance, bearing a singular resemblance to the first Napoleon. But it is not for any of these distinctions that his name is now on every tongue, and his praises are echoing from continent to continent.

The day Father Hyacinthe left Paris, he renounced the position he held as Superior of the Convent of Carmelites and laid aside the garb of his order without permission; thus provoking the solemn penalties of excommunication from his church, that he might the more effectually vindicate the rights of conscience and the "liberty of prophesying."

It was this daring protest of the most illustrious orator of the Latin communion against the growing pretensions of the Papacy, that has awakened in this country a degree of interest, not easily exaggerated, in the person and history of its author.

Of the origin and history of the rupture between Father Hyacinthe and his Church but little is generally known. Till his departure for the United States was telegraphed from France, his name had rarely been heard outside of his own religious communion, and the impression naturally prevails that some sudden misunderstanding had resulted in an explosion, the immediate effects of which have become familiar to the public. This is a mistake. The antagonism between Father Hyacinthe and the Papal government, or its ultramontane section, has been developing for years, though hitherto successfully concealed from the secular public. Nor have the real grounds of their differences yet transpired. About all that is known of them is, that his Catholicism is broader than that of Rome, and that he prefers to defy the thunders of Rome to those of his own conscience.

We feel, therefore, that we cannot render a more acceptable service to the public than to give a brief history of a religious dissension which, in view of the approaching Council, threatens to take serious proportions, and which can hardly fail, in any event, to produce a profound impression upon the Latin Church.

In the summer of 1864, Father Hyacinthe was invited to deliver an address before a club of young people organized under the name of the *Cercle Catholique*, or Catholic Club, at Paris, corresponding to some extent with our *Young Men's Christian Association*. He accepted their invitation, and in the course of an address, conceived in fullest sympathy with the progressive thought of his age, he referred to the first French Revolution in the following terms :

"1789 est un fait accompli, et s'il n'était pas, il faudrait l'accomplir." *

As Father Hyacinthe was already as well known for what was regarded by a certain class of his coreligionists as his too comprehensive Christian charity as for his eloquence, this phrase aroused a great deal of feeling in Paris; he was violently attacked by the *Monde*, an organ of the Ultramontanists, and a cabal was speedily organized to limit the infection of his dangerous eloquence as much as possible by destroying his influence. † It did not, however, succeed in poisoning the mind of the Archbishop of Paris, who, regardless of their remonstrances, invited Father Hyacinthe to preach the Conferences of Advent that year at Notre-Dame. This pulpit for years, I might say centuries, has been reserved for the most popular orator in the Gallican Church. Several attempts had been made to revive these conferences since the death of Lacordaire, but they had proved unsuccessful. None of the preachers designated for that duty since the decease of the famous Dominican, had come up to the traditional standard. They preached, but they failed to at-

tract hearers. Some discourses delivered by Father Hyacinthe during the summer immediately previous, led the Archbishop to hope that he, if any one, could revive the ancient glories of Notre-Dame. Nor was he destined to be disappointed. Their success was complete, though the *Monde* did not see fit to announce them. They fixed his position as the worthy successor, not only of Lacordaire, but of any of his predecessors in that famous temple.

It was at these conferences that the writer first saw Father Hyacinthe. The solemn old cathedral was crowded with all that was socially most distinguished in Paris, and hundreds hung around the doors, unable to gain admission, but seeking to catch a casual phrase as it fell from the burning lips of the hermit-preacher.

The following entry, made in the writer's diary immediately after, will give an idea of the impression left upon the mind of a foreigner and a Protestant whom curiosity, mainly, had brought under the magical influence of his eloquence.

"*Sunday*.—Went to hear Father Hyacinthe, the Carmelite, at Notre-Dame. Paid a franc for my seat; Berryer sat just in front of me. Great crowd. The speaker middle-sized, plump, round-faced, well-conditioned man, with the faculty of kindling from his subject until he gets into a blaze of eloquence. His movement is exceedingly graceful—as perfect as possible. I would go to hear him again if I had a chance. The Archbishop was present, and after the sermon was finished, left his seat below, mounted the pulpit, and made a short speech and pronounced the benediction."

La France, a semi-official journal of the Government, and one of the organs of the Gallican Church in Paris, gave a brief account of this conference, which closed as follows :

"When Father Hyacinthe had descended from the pulpit, where we hope he will soon reappear, Monsignor the Archbishop of Paris took his place and addressed the immense audience, an allocution admirable for its noble thoughts and Christian views. He at first thanked and congratulated the young and bril-

* "1789 is an accomplished fact, and if it were not, it would be necessary to accomplish it."

† It will possibly astonish some of those censors of Father Hyacinthe to be reminded of the following avowal made by Thiers, in the *Corps Legislatif*, in 1845 :

"Wherever an absolute Government ceases to exist in Europe, whenever a new liberty is born, France loses an enemy and gains a friend. Understand me well. I am of the party of the Revolution, as well in France as in Europe. I desire that the Government of the Revolution rest in the hands of moderate men. I will do what I can to continue it there. But if this Government shall pass into the hands of men less moderate, of ardent men, even radicals, I shall not abandon my cause for that. I shall always be of the party of the Revolution."

liant orator who had so early placed himself in the ranks of the great masters of speech, and confirmed his teachings with all his authority as a bishop and his charity as a pastor.

"The effect produced by this unexpected discourse was great, and the crowd dispersed profoundly impressed."

To measure the importance of the Archbishop's presence and remarks on this occasion, it is necessary to know something of the relations then subsisting between the French or Gallican and Ultramontane Catholics.

It will be remembered that when the famous popular demonstrations were made in Europe, in 1848, the Pope gave them his sympathies, and popular meetings were held all over the United States to hail the omen. That tendency was followed by a violent reaction, and since then the Roman Church, under the counsels of the Jesuits, has been striving in every possible way to centralize its power in the hands of the nominal head of the Church. Its first trial of strength on a large scale was made in the proclamation by the Pope, in 1854, without the aid of any council, of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary as a dogma of the Church. The audacity of this proceeding shocked large bodies of French and German Catholics, and provoked many publications designed to throw doubt upon the validity of the new dogma. The leading liberal Catholics of France were astonished, and many were alarmed; but Rome was to them too important an ally in the warfare they were waging with the Imperial Government, to contest the growth of an authority which, in view of their pressing exigencies, they were disposed to increase rather than diminish. They therefore quietly accepted the dogma, but they became only the more zealous in their efforts to liberalize the Church and reconcile it with the civilizing tendencies of the age. These very efforts tended to divide them as a class more and more from the ultramontanists. To give power and organization to the reactionary influence, the Liberals, prominent among whom were the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Orleans,

the Count de Montalembert, Bords Dumoulin, Arnaud de Ariege, the Prince de Broglie, A. Cochin, Falloux, and during their lives, Lammenais, Lacordaire, and Ozanam, with the *Avenir* and later the *Revue Correspondant*, for their organs in the press, held a sort of Liberal Catholic Congress at Malines, in August of the year 1863, at which they gave formal expression to their distinctive sentiments and aspirations. It was at this Congress that the Count de Montalembert made two speeches, which were widely circulated in France as a faithful reflection of the feelings of the Congress. A paragraph or two from these discourses will disclose at once the spirit and significance of this movement.

"Of all the liberties of which up to this time I have undertaken the defence, the liberty of conscience is in my eyes the most precious, the most sacred, the most legitimate, the most necessary. I have loved, I have served all the liberties, but I honor myself more than all for having been the soldier of this. Again to-day, after so many years, so many contests, and so many defeats, I cannot speak of it without emotion * * * Yet I must admit that this enthusiastic devotion for religious liberty which animates me, is not general among the Catholics. They desire liberty for themselves, and in this there is no great merit. In general, every body wishes all sorts of freedom for himself. But religious freedom in itself; freedom of conscience to every one; that freedom of worship which is contested and resisted, that it is which disquiets and alarms many of us.

"I am, then, for freedom of conscience, in the interest of Catholicism, without reserves or hesitation. I accept freely all its consequences, all which public morals do not reprove and which equity demands. This conducts me to a delicate but necessary question. I will meet it boldly. Can one to-day demand liberty for truth—that is, for himself (for every one acting in good faith thinks he has the truth), and refuse it to error (that is, to those who do not think as we do) ?

"I answer boldly, No. Here I feel, indeed, *incedo per ignes*. So I hasten to add again that I have no pretension to give more than my individual opinion. I bow to all the texts, all the canons which may be cited. I will not contest

or discuss any of them. But I cannot trample under foot to-day the conviction which rules in my heart and conscience. I declare, then, that I experience an invincible horror for all those punishments and violences visited upon humanity, under the pretext of serving or defending religion. The fires of persecution, lighted by Catholic hands, shock me as much as the scaffold on which Protestants have immolated so many martyrs. The gag in the mouth of any one preaching his belief with a pure heart, I feel as if it were between my own teeth, and I shudder with the pain of it. The Spanish inquisition saying to the heretic, "The truth or death," is as odious to me as the French terrorist saying to my grandfather, "Liberty, fraternity, or death." No one has the right to subject the human conscience to such hideous alternatives."

These were new doctrines to come from any large body of eminent and representative Catholics. They were regarded as deliberately hostile to the Jesuits, and generally unfriendly to ultramontane Catholicism. These proceedings had barely time to get to Rome, when Europe resounded with the famous Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of 1864, which was a formal protest from Rome against pretty much every thing that had been accomplished for the social and political improvement of the human race since the dark ages.

The following paragraph from this famous document leaves no doubt that it was designed as a formal rebuke of, as well as reply to, the Congress of Malines.

"You are not ignorant, venerable brothers, that there are not wanting men in our day who, applying to civil society the impious and absurd principle of naturalism, as they call it, dare to teach 'that the perfection of government and civil progress require that human society be constituted and governed without taking any more account of religion than if it did not exist, or at least without distinguishing between the true and the false.' Besides, contrary to the doctrine of the Scriptures, of the Church and the holy fathers, they do not fear to affirm that 'the best government is that which recognizes no objection in itself to repress, by legal penalties, the violators of the Catholic faith, except when neces-

sary to maintain social order.' Parting from this absolutely false idea of social government, they do not hesitate to favor this erroneous opinion, fatal to the Catholic Church and to the safety of souls, characterized by our predecessor of happy memory, Gregory XVI., as a delirium, 'that the freedom of conscience and of religious worship is the proper right of every man, which ought to be proclaimed by law, and secured in every well-constituted State, and that citizens have a right to the fullest freedom in expressing their opinions, whatever they may be, by printing or otherwise, without any limitation from civil or ecclesiastical authority.' Now, in sustaining these rash affirmations, they do not think nor consider that they preach the freedom of perdition, and that if it be permitted to human opinions to contest every thing, men will not be wanting who will dare resist the truth, and place their confidence in the verbiage of human wisdom, a pernicious vanity which faith and Christian wisdom ought to carefully avoid, according, to the teaching of our Lord."

Attached to the Encyclical Letter was a Syllabus, or list of popular errors upon which the Pope wished specially to place the seal of his condemnation. We will quote a few of these proscribed errors; a few will suffice, for from them the rest may be inferred—as with a telescope, all objects may be seen within its range by simply changing its direction.

"Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which he shall regard as true, according to the light of his own reason."

The reader will please not forget that the propositions we are citing are condemned, not approved, by the Syllabus.

"The Church has no power to employ force.

"The Church should be separated from the State, and the State from the Church.

"In our time it is not useful that the Catholic religion be considered the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of other modes of religious worship.

"In some Catholic countries, the law has wisely provided that foreigners coming there to settle should enjoy the public exercise of their religion.

"It is false that the freedom of all religious worship propagates the pestilence of indifference.

"The Roman Pontiff can and should put himself in harmony with progress,

with liberalism, and with modern civilization."

The appearance of this extraordinary proclamation from Rome was, of course, hailed with jubilant enthusiasm by the Jesuits and the Ultramontanists. "It was their hour and the power of darkness." The Pope had come to the support of their favorite doctrines with the consecrated weapon of his Infallibility, and the apologists of Passive Obedience and of the Inquisition were proclaimed to have most correctly divined the policy of the Church.

It was in the heat of this contest between the liberal Catholics of France and the Ultramontanists, that Father Hyacinthe vindicated the Revolution of 1789, and was invited to preach the Conferences of Advent at Notre-Dame.

We have already spoken of the efforts made at this time to bring his teachings under discipline at Rome.

To disarm his adversaries, or to neutralize their influence, he was sent for by the General of his order to come to Rome in 1865, under the pretext of assisting at the beatification fêtes of a Carmelite Nun of the name of Marie des Anges. He was then for the first time presented to the Pope, by whom he was received with the greatest kindness, and so far from being censured or even questioned, was treated with special consideration.

Meantime the war went on, modified more or less by the various exigencies of the Papacy on the one hand, and of the liberal Catholics on the other, until 1868, when Father Hyacinthe was again sent for to come to Rome, ostensibly to preach the Conferences for Lent in the church of St. Louis of France, but really to counteract by his presence, if possible, the prejudices which the Ultramontanists were still sedulously propagating against him. His subject for these conferences was "The Church," which he treated in a most comprehensive and liberal spirit, and with scant respect for mere sectarian distinctions. He sought to trace the plan of a universal church which should conciliate God's children in all Christian communions, while he specially denounce

ed the Pharisaism which in our Lord's time was constantly seeking to entrap Him in his words, as it is now seeking to entrap His disciples.

His success was something marvelous; it was almost, if not quite, unprecedented. He was received on this visit, also, in the kindest manner by the Pope, who testified his pontifical affability by a most gracious pun upon his name. He called him "*Hyacinthe, fleur et pierre précieuse.*"

Father Hyacinthe left Rome again, triumphing, it may be, over his enemies, but with impressions of the Holy City and government painfully unsettled. Like Luther when he returned from his first visit to Rome, he felt as if he were awakening from a painful dream. He had not found the dignitaries there assembled to receive the oracles of God, as exempt from human infirmities as he had been educated to believe them. He encountered ignorance often where he looked for wisdom, intolerance where he expected charity and brotherly love; double-dealing, selfishness, and worldly-mindedness where ingenuousness and devotion to the Church, to humanity, and to God were promised. With all his success, he left Rome more troubled in mind than when, almost in the character of a criminal, and uncertain of the reception that awaited him, he set out for the Eternal City. Suspicions had been planted there which reacted upon many of the most pleasing and endeared associations of his life.

In December of 1868 he was again invited to preach the conferences at Notre-Dame. He treated of the same subject, "The Church," which had been the theme of his conferences at Rome, and from substantially the same point of view. His portrait of what he regarded as the true idea of a Universal Christian Church, contrasted so broadly with the Church of the Encyclique and the Syllabus of 1864, that it greatly increased the irritation of the Ultramontanists, which was aggravated to exasperation by the closing discourse on Pharisaism, the aim of which could not be mistaken. The Archbishop of Paris listened also

to this discourse, and at its close made a public acknowledgment to the orator.

The following extract from a despatch of Cardinal Bernis, when French Minister to Rome, addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in 1779, is calculated to leave the impression that Pharisaism, in the eyes of French Catholics, is a chronic vice with the Ultramontanists, and that that phrase in the mouth of Father Hyacinthe had a traditional significance, which is almost necessary to account for the bitterness which, in this instance, it will be found to have engendered.

"They think, at Rome," he writes, "that the Catholic Courts do but their duty when they favor the Court of Rome, and that they fail of their duty when they do not blindly every thing it pretends to have the right to decide. The habit of seeing these things does not prevent my being often revolted by it. I have not to reproach myself with not having expostulated upon the subject on more than one occasion, *but the evil is incurable*. I content myself, therefore, with making the best of a country where *Pharisaism*, if I may permit myself to use such a term, prevails more than anywhere else."

While descending, as it were, from the pulpit of Notre-Dame, on the occasion to which we have just referred, Father Hyacinthe received a summons to repair at once to Rome to explain a letter which had recently appeared over his signature in an Italian Review, and which was reported to have filled the heart of the Holy Father with a degree of wrath generally supposed to be unknown to celestial minds. And what offence, what crime, could have been committed to have provoked the Pope to such a humiliating, such a degrading procedure against the most popular preacher in the Church, at the very moment when the lofty aisles of Notre-Dame were yet ringing with his matchless eloquence?

We will explain as briefly as possible. In one of the Paris Clubs, Father Hyacinthe had been accused by a popular orator of having invoked the aid of canister-shot against atheists and free-thinkers. Though nothing was farther from the thoughts or character of the

preacher, he thought it his duty to reply to this charge, in a letter which was read at the next meeting of the Club. In the course of this letter he said :

"I did not think it was necessary to separate my cause from that of certain Catholics who, without appealing to canister, yet mourn the loss of the Inquisition and the Dragonnades. They have taken care to separate themselves from me by attacks of which I have been the target since the beginning of my ministry, and which assail, I admit, the most deliberate and unshakable convictions of my reason and of my conscience."

This letter was bitterly assailed by the ultramontane press, and provoked a second reprimand from the General of his order.* It was followed shortly by another, written privately to the editor of *la Rivista Universale* of Genoa, accompanying a religious discourse, designed for the columns of the Review. The *Rivista Universale* is a liberal Catholic periodical, monthly, we believe, belonging to the same order, doctrinally speaking, as the *Correspondant* of Paris. It is edited by a personal friend of Father Hyacinthe, the Marquis Salvago, who is also a Member of the Chamber of Deputies; and it numbers among its contributors such men as Cæsar Cantù, the historian, Audisio, a learned professor at Rome, and other equally renowned and equally unsuspected Catholics. The Marquis wrote for permission to publish the private note with the discourse. Permission was given. The letter in question had been written just at the breaking out of the recent Spanish revolution, and when all the ultramontane press were firing the hearts of the faithful to rally them to the rescue of the Church, imperilled in the sacred person of the most Catholic Queen Isabella. In this note he said :

"The old political organization of Catholicism in Europe is tumbling over on all sides in blood, or, what is worse, into the mire, and it is to these crum-

* Allusion to this is made by the General in his letter of September 26, threatening Father Hyacinthe with excommunication in case he did not return to his convent within ten days.

bling and shameful fragments that they would bind the future of the Church."

Ill disposed persons persuaded the Pope that this was an allusion to the declining fortunes of his temporal power, and Monsignor Nardi, *Uditore di Rota*, had given the letter that interpretation, in a communication to the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan.

His Holiness accepted the interpretation without hesitation or inquiry. "He says we are fallen into the mire, '*nella fanga*,'" cried out the Pope, to one of his court. He was excessively irritated, and directed orders to be sent at once through the State Department to Father Hyacinthe, to explain his letter in the next number of the *Revista*. "The soul of the Holy Father," they wrote to him from Rome, "is filled with bitterness."

Father Hyacinthe had no difficulty in washing his hands of whatever was offensive in the letter which had so disturbed the peace of his ecclesiastical sovereign, and showed, in a brief communication to the *Revista*, that his previous note had no reference whatever to the temporal power of the Pope. But while vindicating himself from this gratuitous accusation, he took occasion to remind the Pope of his fallibility in a way to leave a far more grievous wound than the imaginary attack upon his temporal authority had occasioned. He said that Austria *Concorditaires* had fallen in blood at Sadowa, and that absolutist and intolerant Spain had fallen into the mire with the government of Isabella II.; that to bind the interests of the Church to any of these expiring régimes was to bind them to impotent and dishonored ruins. He then dwelt upon the liberal and reforming spirit of the first years of Pius IX., and cited the following striking passage from the letter of the Pope himself in 1848 to the Emperor of Austria, to persuade him to yield to the Italian aspirations for national unity.

"Let it not be disagreeable to the generous German nation that we invite it to lay aside all hatred, and to convert into useful relations of friendly neighborhood a domination which would be neither noble nor prosperous if it rested solely upon the sword.

"So have we confidence that the nation justly proud of its own nationality will not commit its honor to bloody attempts against the Italian nation, but will rather make it a point to recognize her nobly for a sister,—since both are daughters very near to our heart,—each content to dwell within her natural frontiers with honorable treaties, and the Lord's blessing."

This letter committed the unpardonable fault of reproducing an epoch and acts which the Holy Father wished consigned to oblivion. It irritated him beyond measure. When, soon after this letter appeared, the General of the Carmelites at Rome asked the Papal blessing for his order, the Pope is said to have replied, "Yes, for all your order, but not for Father Hyacinthe."

It was in this frame of mind that the letter was conceived which summoned Father Hyacinthe to Rome in January, 1869.

Father Hyacinthe did not choose to comply with this summons at once. He assigned as reasons for deferring his visit, that he was fatigued with the conferences which he had just concluded, that his health had suffered from the rigors and privations of conventual life,* that he had certain engagements in France to fulfil, that the season was unfavorable to travelling, etc. With one or another of these reasons he excused himself from going to Rome, though repeatedly urged to come, and even threatened, if he longer delayed, with expulsion from his order, and prohibition from preaching or saying the mass. Independent of the reasons he assigned for this delay, there were others which it requires no very lively imagination to suppose were operating upon his mind. He was doubtless unwilling to reveal to the public the full force of the indignity put upon him by the Papal summons, as he would have done by obeying it promptly. The effect would have been in every way as prejudicial to the Church as to himself. It might be, too, that the insensi-

* He did not taste meat for the ten years he was attached to the Convent, except when discharging duties outside. Then he had the privilege of living as others live.

bility exhibited by the Pope for his feelings and position in the Church, might extend to his person, for in Rome prisons and graves as well as the churches yawn at the behest of his Holiness.

In the course of his journey to Rome, Father Hyacinthe passed through Florence. There he saw some of the Italian deputies, and especially M. Massari, the friend and posthumous editor of Gioberti. He also attended the session of the Chamber, always, of course, in his monkish dress, when the new Menabrea ministry was installed. A Carmelite monk fellowshipping with Italian liberals at Florence was not an event to escape notice or animadversion. He was rated for it very severely by *l'Unita Cattolica* and other ultramontane organs. He reached Rome at the Feast of Pentecost, and on the very day that the papers arrived announcing and denouncing his visit to the Italian Chamber of Deputies. Though sensible that his visit to Florence was not likely to increase the cordiality of his reception at the Vatican, he lost no time in applying for an audience. It was granted without delay, which, for a person under discipline, was unusual. This was his first surprise. On entering the papal presence, his countenance wore a respectful but sad expression, as became a man who had been treated with injustice and was conscious of the rectitude of his motives. The Pope extended his hand to him. As the Apostle refused to profit by the open doors to escape from the prison to which he had been unjustly condemned, so the Father declined the extended hand until he had kneeled and kissed the foot of the Pope, after the usual custom of the faithful. He then rose, and with his hands folded beneath his scapulary, stood silent. After a moment's stillness on both sides, the Pope asked why he had come to Rome. Father Hyacinthe made no reply, for he knew that his questioner had no more need than he of the information. The Pope resumed, "I told your General that I wished to speak with you, but you were occupied and unable to come."

Father H. "Very Holy Father, I was not only occupied, but suffering in health."

The Pope. "You have written some things lacking prudence and good sense, but I forget now what they are."

Father H. "Very Holy Father, it is very possible that I have written things wanting in prudence and good sense, but if I have, it has not been my intention to do so."

The Pope. "It was in an Italian journal; one of those journals which are striving to reconcile Jesus Christ with Belial."

Father H. "I have never written but for one Italian Review, *La Revista Universale*, of Genoa, but it is my duty to say to your Holiness, in reference to my letters in that print, that my enemies have attributed to me not only the opposite of my thoughts, but the opposite of my language. Monseigneur Nardi has calumniated me."

The last words were repeated in Italian and emphasized with respectful firmness. The Pope resumed with affability, "Then why did you not set yourself right in the same Review?"

Father H. "I did so, and in the same Review."

The Pope. "Ah! yes, but you have reproduced a letter of the Pope to the Emperor of Austria. That was ill-timed."

Father H. "Very Holy Father, I believed I was doing honor to your Holiness. It is often affirmed that the Pope is the enemy of Italy. I have wished to show by his own words that while he condemns its faults, he loves the nation."

His Holiness was not insensible to the compliment latent in this reply, and appeared perfectly satisfied with the Father's explanation. He detained him in conversation for a full half-hour longer, and with a degree of affability and freedom which Father H. had never experienced at any previous interview. They talked of the religious and political situation, of the approaching Council, of the temporal power, and especially of the Emperor and of the Archbishop of Paris, both of whom, though in dif-

ferent ways, have contrived to give the Holy Father not a little concern of mind.

The Pope gave Father Hyacinthe some prudential counsel in the most general terms, and having special reference to the gravity of the situation of the Church, but uttered not a syllable of censure upon his preaching or conduct. He did not ask him to withdraw a word he had spoken, or to undo any thing he had done, nor did he impose upon him any sort of prohibition whatsoever.

While speaking of the temporal power, his Holiness observed that he only insisted upon it as a principle of justice, and added: "Ambition is not a motive with Popes."

Father H. profited by this remark to bring back the conversation, become too general, to his own affairs, and said:

"If the Holy Father will excuse my referring to however remote a resemblance between us, I may say also that ambition is not the motive which inspires me. I became priest and recluse only to serve God and his Church, and to save souls; now they are trying to destroy my usefulness by poisoning the ears of your Holiness and of the Catholics in France with calumnies. I have for enemies, very Holy Father, the friends of M. Veuillot and the enemies of the Archbishop of Paris."

To this the Pope oddly enough answered, "If the Archbishop finds his position so delicate, and thinks it necessary to show so much caution in his relations with the Government, why do you not take counsel from some of the other bishops of France?"

The Father made no reply: there was but one thing to say, but that was unnecessary and would have been disrespectful: "Why did you name him Archbishop of Paris?"

The Pope then blessed the Father very affectionately, saying, "I bless you, dear Hyacinthe, that you may never say what they accuse you of having said, and which you affirm that you never said."

Thus terminated the Father's third and last visit to the great Catholic metropolis. Each time he had gone there as an offender under discipline, and

each time he left without a word of censure for the past or of instruction for the future. The cordiality and homage which awaited him from the court when the character of his reception had transpired, was proportioned to the coldness and reserve with which he had been received on his arrival. He was congratulated upon the great victory he had achieved, and the triumph that awaited him. Ambitious prelates flocked around him to testify their gratification with his success, and for the moment he was the lion of Rome. He did not, however, tarry long to enjoy his victory—for to him it was no victory. It was an elaborate outrage. He was summoned to Rome in a way which only the gravest offence could justify; his usefulness in the Church and his standing with the world were gravely compromised. He reached Rome under the condemnation of his brethren, and though confident in his innocence, he naturally expected a serious investigation of charges plausible as well as serious in their character. He waits upon the Pope, who has or pretends to have forgotten what he came for; who accepts unhesitatingly an explanation of the offending letter, which a simple perusal would have rendered superfluous; he utters no word of rebuke; he asks him to retract nothing he has ever written or said; he prescribes no restriction upon his future conduct, and closes with a peculiarly disingenuous effort to sow dissension between him and his Archbishop.

Father Hyacinthe set out for home, scarcely conscious himself, probably, of the change which the third visit to Rome had wrought in him. He had begun to learn with how little wisdom his Church was governed, and to ask himself if this is the sort of men whom it is proposed by a Universal Council to proclaim infallible? Is this the sort of statesmen whose temporal power and sovereignty are essential to the independence of the Church and to the protection of the holy Catholic religion?

A few days after the Father's return to Paris, M. Veuillot, in the *Univers*, pretended to give an account of what had

passed between him and the Pope, presenting it, of course, in a point of view any thing but advantageous to the monk. His article provoked the following reply from Father Hyacinthe, bearing date the 8th of June last.

—**SIR:** Too faithful to the practices of a certain press calling itself Catholic, you presume to divine what passed between the Holy Father and myself, on ground where neither delicacy nor self-respect permit me to follow you.

“It is very true that in consequence of attacks from a religious party which I am honored in having for adversaries, I have been summoned to Rome by the Holy Father; but it is no less true that I was received by him with a goodness altogether paternal, and that I have not been required to retract a single word of what I have either written or spoken.

“This reply once made, whatever insinuations my public speech or private conduct may expose me to in future, you will permit me to consult as well my taste as my dignity by maintaining silence.

“Receive, sir, the assurance of such sentiments as I owe you, in the charity of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

A few days after this note appeared in Paris, the following note appeared in the form of a communication in *l'Observatore Romano*, an “officious” print published in Rome.

Let us premise that the Convent of which Father Hyacinthe was Superior is situated at Passy, formerly a suburb but now a part of the city of Paris, and also the site of a renowned asylum for the insane.

“From Passy, a place near Paris, renowned for its hospitals, and where mental diseases are healed with success, a French barefooted Carmelite writes to a Catholic journal, a letter the contents of which are not entirely in conformity with the truth.”

This offensive paragraph was attributed to the Pope himself, both in the office of the *Univers*, and at the papal legation at Paris, and was the theme of a triumphant article in the ultramontane organ. The editor did not scruple to apply to it the words of St. Augustin: “*Roma locuta est, causa finita est.*” Rome has spoken; the case is finished.

VOL. V.—8

On the 10th of July, Father Hyacinthe was invited to address the Peace Society of Paris, and accepted the invitation. In his discourse were two paragraphs conceived in that large and comprehensive Christian charity which had already so often provoked the secret or open censures of the Jesuits and ultramontane Catholics.

“For my part,” he said, “I bring to the Peace movement *the gospel*; not that gospel dreamed of by sectaries of every age—as narrow as their own hearts and minds—but my own gospel, received by me from the Church and from Jesus Christ; a gospel which claims authority over every thing and excludes nothing—[*sensation*—which reiterates and fulfils the word of the Master, ‘he that is not against us is for us,’ and which, instead of rejecting the hand stretched out to it, marches forward to the van of all just ideas and all honest souls.” [*Applause.*]

Farther on, he made the concession which brought upon him the formal censure of his General, and may therefore be regarded as the proximate cause of his quitting his Convent. He said:

“To banish war, to say to it what the Lord says to death—‘O death, I will be thy death’—we must make exterminating war on sin—sin of society as well as of the individual—sin of peoples as well as of kings. We must record and expound to the world, which does not understand them as yet, those two great books of public and private morality, the book of the synagogue, written by Moses with the fires of Sinai, and transmitted by the prophets to the Christian Church; and our own book, the book of grace, which upholds and fulfils the law, the gospel of the Son of God. The decalogue of Moses, and the gospel of Jesus Christ!—the decalogue, which speaks of righteousness, while showing at the height of righteousness the fruit of charity; the gospel, which speaks of charity, while showing in the roots of charity the sap of righteousness. This is what we need to affirm by word and by example, what we need to glorify before peoples and kings alike! [*Prolonged applause.*]

“Thank you for this applaus! It comes from your hearts, and it is intended for these divine books! In the name of these two books, I accept it. I accept it also in the name of those sincere men

who group themselves about these books, in Europe and America. It is a most palpable fact that there is no room in the daylight of the civilized world except for these three religious communions, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism!" [*Renewed applause.*]

The concession of the privileges of salvation and grace to the Jews, not to speak of Protestants, was the *coup de grace* to ultramontane forbearance.

The phrase in reference to the three religions, which was vehemently applauded, was immediately perverted by the *Univers*, and made the pretext for violent and prolonged attacks. They represented the preacher as saying that there were three religions equally acceptable in the sight of God, or at least three religions equally entitled to be taught to men; whereas, he had simply announced the fact, so honorable to the Bible, that the three religious societies which recognized its authority, the Jewish, the Catholic, and the Protestant, are the only ones upon which the sun of civilization shines.

This discourse produced a profound sensation at Rome, and brought promptly from the General of his order the following letter dated July 22, 1869, not only reflecting upon the tendency of his past teachings, but strictly prohibiting him from meddling with any of the questions agitated among Catholics:

THE SUPERIOR-GENERAL TO THE MONK.

"ROME, July 22, 1869.

"MY VERY REV. FATHER HYACINTHE: I have received your letter of the 9th inst., and in a short time after the speech which you delivered at the Peace League. I have not, happily, found in that speech the heterodox phrase attributed to you. It must be said, however, that it contains some vague propositions, admitting of unfortunate interpretations, and that such a speech does not come well from a monk. The habit of the Carmelite was certainly there no longer in its place. My reverend father and dear friend, you know the great interest I have always taken in you. From the commencement of your sermons at Notre-Dame de Paris, I have earnestly exhorted you not to identify yourself with questions in dispute among Catholics and on which all were not agreed; because, from the

moment you attach yourself ostensibly to one side, your ministry became more or less unfruitful with the other. Now, it is patent that you have made no account of the intimation of your father and superior, as last year you wrote a letter to a Club in Paris, in which you freely disclosed your opinions in favor of a party, having little wisdom, and in opposition with the sentiments of the Holy Father, the episcopacy, and the clergy in general. I was alarmed, as were also the French clergy. I wrote to you immediately, to enable you to see the false path you had entered on, in order to stop you. But in vain, for some months after you authorized from yourself a periodical review in Genoa to publish another letter, that has been the cause of so much vexation to you and me. Lastly, during your last sojourn at Rome I made you serious observations and even rather strong reproaches on the false position you were placed in, on account of your imprudence; but you had scarcely arrived at Paris when you published, under your own signature, a letter deplored by all, even by your friends.

"Lately your presence and speech at the Peace League have caused as great scandal in Catholic Europe as happened about six years ago on the occasion of your speech at a meeting in Paris. You have, beyond doubt, given some reason for such recriminations by some bold, obscure, and imprudent phrases.

"I have done all that I could up to the present to defend and save you. To-day I must think of the interests and honor of our holy order, which, unknown to yourself, you compromise."

"You write me from Paris, November 19, 1868: 'I avoid mixing the Paris Convent and the Order of Mount Carmel with these matters.' Let me say to you, my dear father, that this is an illusion. You are a monk, and bound to your superiors by solemn vows. We have to answer for you before God and man, and consequently have to take the same measures in your regard as in that of other monks, when your conduct is prejudicial to your soul and our Order.

"Already, in France, Belgium, and even here, some of the bishops, clergy, and faithful are blaming the superiors of our Order for not taking certain measures in your regard, and it is concluded that there is no authority in our congregation, or that it shares in your opinions and course of action. I do not certainly regret the course I have followed, up to

the present, in regard to you; but matters are arrived at such a point that I would compromise my conscience and the entire Order if I do not take more efficacious measures in this matter than I have done in the past. Consider, therefore, dear and reverend father, that you are a monk, that you have made solemn vows, and that by the vow of obedience you are bound to your superiors by a lien as strong as that which binds the ordinary priest to his bishop. I can, therefore, no longer tolerate your continuing to compromise the entire Order by your speeches or writings, no more than I can tolerate our holy habit appearing at meetings that are not in harmony with our profession as Barefooted Carmelites. Therefore, in the interest of your soul and of our holy Order, I order you formally by this present, not in the future to print any letters or speech; to speak outside the churches; to be present at the chambers; to take no part in the Peace League, or any other meeting which has not an exclusively Catholic and religious object. I hope you will obey with docility and even with love.

"Now let me speak to you with an open heart, as a father to his son. I see you entered on an extremely dangerous path, which, despite your present intentions, may conduct you where to-day you may deplore to arrive. Arrest yourself, then, my dear son; hear the voice of your father and friend, who speaks to you with a heart broken with sorrow. With this view you would do well to retire to one of the convents in the Province of Avignon, there to repose yourself, and perform the retreat which I dispensed you from last year on account of your duties. Meditate in solitude on the great truths of religion, not to preach them, but for the profit of your soul. Ask light from heaven, with a contrite and humble heart. Address yourself to the Holy Virgin, to our father Saint Joseph, and to our seraphic mother St. Theresa. A father can well address these words to his son, although he be a great orator. It is a very serious question for you and for us all. I pray to the Saviour that He may deign to accord you his light and grace. I recommend myself to your prayers, and give you my benediction, and I am your very humble servant,

"FR. DOMINIQUE DE SAINT JOSEPH,
"Superior-General."

This letter, in its tone and purpose, was so entirely at variance with the

sentiments of almost paternal benevolence theretofore uniformly manifested by the General to Father Hyacinthe, that it was obvious that he was acting under a pressure which he could not resist. Hence the curious inconsistencies of it as a measure of discipline. Though forbidden to print any letters or speeches; to speak outside the churches; to be present at the deliberations of the Legislative Chambers; or to take part in any public meeting except for some exclusively Catholic object, he was privileged to retain his high rank in his Order; to hold on to his position as Superior of the Convent at Paris; to remain one of the four Members of the Council of the Province; and to continue to preach, as usual, at Notre-Dame. Of these privileges, however, Father Hyacinthe did not think it his duty to avail himself. The letter he had received was, as he believed, a blow aimed by the Jesuits, through him, at the vitals of the Christian Church. It proved to him that in the present state of the Catholic Church, and especially under the rule of monastic discipline, the Evangelical Word was not free. It gave him an occasion, by which he deemed it his duty to profit, "to protest as a Christian and a priest against those doctrines and practices which call themselves Roman but are not Christian."

On the 20th of September Father Hyacinthe addressed the following reply to his General at Rome, and on the same day he abandoned his Convent and the garb of his Order, thereby protesting, by act as well as by speech, against the abuse of ecclesiastical power, of which he felt that he was the victim.

To the Reverend the General of the Order of Barefooted Carmelites, Rome.

VERY REVEREND FATHER:

During the five years of my ministry at Notre-Dame, Paris, notwithstanding the open attacks and secret misrepresentations of which I have been the object, your confidence and esteem have never for a moment failed me. I retain numerous testimonials of this, written by your own hand, and which relate as well to my preaching as to myself. Whatever may occur, I shall keep this in grateful remembrance.

To-day, however, by a sudden shift, the cause of which I do not look for in your heart, but in the intrigues of a party omnipotent at Rome, you find fault with what you have encouraged, blame what you have approved, and demand that I shall make use of such language, or preserve such a silence, as would no longer be the entire and loyal expression of my conscience.

I do not hesitate a moment. With speech falsified by an order from my superior, or mutilated by enforced utterances, I could not again enter the pulpit of Notre-Dame. I express my regrets for this to the intelligent and courageous bishop, who placed me and has maintained me in it against the ill-will of the men of whom I have just been speaking. I express my regrets for it to the imposing audience which there surrounded me with its attention, its sympathies—I had almost said, with its friendship. I should be worthy neither of the audience, nor of the bishop, nor of my conscience, nor of God, if I could consent to play such a part in their presence.

I withdraw at the same time from the convent in which I dwell, and which, in the new circumstances which have befallen me, has become to me a prison of the soul. In acting thus I am not unfaithful to my vows. I have promised monastic obedience—but within the limits of an honest conscience, and of the dignity of my person and ministry. I have promised it under favor of that higher law of justice, the "royal law of liberty," which is, according to the apostle James, the proper law of the Christian.

It was the most untrammelled enjoyment of this holy liberty that I came to seek in the cloister, now more than ten years ago, under the impulse of an enthusiasm pure from all worldly calculation—I dare not add, free from all youthful illusion. If, in return for my sacrifices, I to-day am offered chains, it is not merely my right, it is my duty, to reject them.

This is a solemn hour. The Church is passing through one of the most violent crises—one of the darkest and most decisive—of its earthly existence. For the first time in three hundred years, an Ecumenical Council is not only summoned, but declared necessary. These are the expressions of the Holy Father. It is not at such a moment that a preacher of the Gospel, were he the least of all, can consent to hold his peace,

like the "dumb dogs" of Israel—treacherous guardians, whom the prophet reproaches because they could not bark. *Canes muti, non valentes latrare.*

The saints are never dumb. I am not one of them, but I nevertheless know that I am come of that stock—*filiis sanctorum sumus*—and it has ever been my ambition to place my steps, my tears, and, if need were, my blood, in the foot-prints where they have left theirs.

I lift up, then, before the Holy Father and before the Council, my protest as a Christian and a priest against those doctrines and practices, which call themselves Roman, but are not Christian, and which, making encroachments ever bolder and more deadly, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the substance as well as the form of its teaching, and even the spirit of its piety. I protest against the divorce, not less impious than mad, which men are struggling to accomplish between the Church, which is our mother for eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century, whose sons we are for time, and toward which we have also both duties and affections. I protest against that opposition, more radical and frightful yet, which sets itself against human nature, attacked and revolted by these false teachers in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest above all against the sacrilegious perversion of the Gospel of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which, alike, are trodden under foot by the Pharisaism of the new law.

It is my most profound conviction, that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered over to anarchy, social, moral, and religious, the principal cause of it is to be found—not, certainly, in Catholicism itself—but in the way in which Catholicism has for a long time past been understood and practised.

I appeal to the Council now about to assemble, to seek remedies for our excessive evils, and to apply them alike with energy and gentleness. But if fear which I am loth to share, should come to be realized—if that august assembly should have no more of liberty in its deliberations than it has already in preparation—if, in one word, it should be robbed of the characteristic essence to an Ecumenical Council—I would to God and men to demand another really assembled in the Holy Spirit, in the spirit of party—really representing the Church universal, not the sil-

of some and the constraint of others. "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt. I am black. Astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead—is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—*Jeremiah*, viii. 21, 22.

And, finally, I appeal to Thy tribunal, O Lord Jesus! *Ad tuum, Domine Jesu, tribunal appello*. It is in Thy presence that I write these lines; it is at Thy feet, after having prayed much, pondered much, suffered much, and waited long—it is at Thy feet that I subscribe them. I have this confidence concerning them, that, however men may condemn them upon earth, Thou wilt approve them in heaven. Living or dying, this is enough for me.

BROTHER HYACINTHE,
Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites
of Paris, Second Definitor of the
Order in the province of Avignon.

PARIS: PASSY, September 20, 1860.

This thrilling protest was promptly followed by another letter from the General at Rome, threatening him, if he did not return to his convent in ten days, with a privation of all his dignities in the order of Carmelites; with the major excommunication, which, by the way, he had *ipso facto* incurred on quitting the convent without the authority of his superiors, and with the note of infamy, which is the severest penalty, we believe, that the Church has the power to inflict upon non-resident offenders. This letter ran as follows:

ROME, Sept. 26.

REVEREND FATHER: Your letter of the 20th only reached me yesterday. You will easily imagine how deeply it afflicted me, and with what bitterness it filled my soul. I was far from expecting you to fall to such a depth. Therefore my heart bleeds with grief, and is filled with an immense pity for you, and I raise my humble supplications to the God of all Mercies that he may enlighten you, pardon you, and lead you back from that deplorable and fatal path on which you have entered. It is very true, my reverend father, that during the last five years, in spite of my personal opinions, which are in general contrary to yours on many religious questions, as I have more than once expressed to you; in spite of the counsels I have given to you on several occasions relative to your preachings, and to which, excepting in

the case of your Lent sermons at Rome, you paid but little attention, so long as you did not openly depart from the limits imposed by Christian prudence on a priest, and especially on a monk. I always manifested toward you sentiments of esteem and friendship, and encouraged you in your preachings. But if that is true, so also is it that from the moment in which I perceived that you were beginning to go beyond those limits, I was forced to begin on my side to express to you my fears, and to mark to you my dissatisfaction. You must remember, my reverend father, that I did so especially last year about the month of October, when passing through France, relative to a letter addressed by you to a Club in Paris. I then explained to you what annoyance that writing had caused me. Your letters published in Italy were also very painful to me, and also drew on you from me observations and reproaches when you last visited Rome. Lastly, your presence and speech at the *Ligue de la Paix* filled up the measure of my apprehensions and my grief, and forced me to write to you the letter of the 22d of July last, by which I formally ordered you in future not to print any letter or speech, to speak in public elsewhere than in the churches, to be present in the Chambers, or to take part in the *Ligue de la Paix* or any other meetings the object of which was not exclusively Catholic and religious. My prohibition, as you see, did not in the least refer to your sermons in the pulpit. On the contrary, I desire you in future to devote solely and entirely your talents and your eloquence to teachings in the Church. Consequently it was with painful surprise that I read in your letter that "you could not reascend the pulpit at Notre-Dame with language perverted by dictation or mutilated by reticence." You must be aware, reverend father, that I have never forbidden you to preach, that I have never given you any order or imposed any restriction on your teachings. I only took the liberty of giving to you some counsels, and of addressing to you some observations, especially on the subject of your last lectures, as in my quality of Superior it was my right and my duty to do. You were, consequently, as free to continue your preachings at Paris or elsewhere as in preceding years, before my letter of 22d July last, and if you have resolved not to reappear in the pulpit of Notre-Dame de Paris, it is voluntary and of your own free will, and not by virtue of

measures adopted by me toward you. Your letter of the 20th announces to me that you are about to leave your monastery in Paris. I learn, indeed, by the journals and by private letters that you have cast off your gown without any ecclesiastical authorization. If the fact is unfortunately true, I would remark to you, my reverend father, that the monk who quits his monastery and the dress of his Order without the regular permission from the competent authority, is considered as a real apostate, and is consequently liable to the canonical penalties mentioned in Cap. *Periculosus*. The punishment is, as you are aware, the greater excommunication, *latæ sententiæ*; and, according to our rules, confirmed by the Holy See, part iii., chap. xxxv., No. 12, those who leave the community without authorization incur the greater excommunication *ipso facto* and the note of infamy. *Qui a congregatione recedunt præter apostasiam, ipso facto excommunicationem et infamiam notam incurrunt*. As your Superior, and in accordance with the prescriptions of the Apostolic decrees, which order me to employ even censure to bring you back to the bosom of the Order you have so deplorably abandoned, I am under the necessity of calling on you to return to the monastery in Paris which you have quitted within ten days from the date of the present letter, observing to you that if you do not obey this order within the time stated, you will be deprived canonically of all the charges you hold in the Order of Barefooted Carmelite Monks, and will remain under the censure established by the common law and by our rules. May you, my reverend father, listen to our voice and to the cry of your conscience; may you promptly and seriously descend within yourself, see the depth of your fall, and by a heroic resolution manfully recover yourself, repair the great scandal you have caused, and by that means console the Church, your mother, you have so much afflicted. That is the most sincere and ardent desire of my heart; it is also that which your afflicted friends, and myself, your father, ask with all the fervor of our souls of God Almighty—of God, so full of mercy and goodness.

BROTHER DOMINIQUE,
of St. Joseph.

Of the same date with the preceding letter from the General of the Carmelites is the following letter addressed to Father Hyacinthe by Dupanloup, Bishop of Or-

leans, his friend and the friend of his friends in France:

“ORLEANS, Sept. 25, 1869.

“MY DEAR COLLEAGUE: The very moment I learnt from Paris what you were upon the point of doing, I endeavored, as you know, to save you at all costs from what could not but be for you a great fault and a great misfortune, as well as a profound sorrow for the Church; that very moment, at night, I sent your old schoolfellow and friend to stop you if possible. But it was too late; the scandal had been consummated, and henceforth you can measure by the grief of all the friends of the Church, and the joy of all her enemies, the evil you have done. I can only pray to God now, and implore you to stop upon the brink you have reached, which leads to abysses the troubled eye of your soul has not seen. You have suffered—I know it; but allow me to say it, Father Lacordaire and Father Ravignan suffered, I know, more than you, and they rose higher in patience and strength, through love of the Church and Jesus Christ. How was it you did not feel the wrong you were doing the Church, your mother, by these accusations, and the wrong you are doing Jesus Christ by placing yourself as you do alone before Him in contempt of His Church? But I would fain hope, and I do hope, that it will only be a momentary aberration. Return among us; after causing the Catholic world this sorrow, give it a great consolation and a great example. Go and throw yourself at the feet of the Holy Father. His arms will be open to you, and in clasping you to his paternal heart he will restore to you the peace of your conscience and the honor of your life. Accept from him who was your Bishop, and who will never cease to love you, this testimony and these counsels of a true and religious affection.

“FELIX, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.”

To this letter Father Hyacinthe replied as follows:

“MONSEIGNEUR: I am much affected by the sentiment which has dictated the letter you have done me the honor to write, and I am very grateful for the prayers which you make on my behalf; but I can accept neither the reproaches nor the counsels which you address to me. That which you call the commission of a great fault, I regard as the fulfilment of a grand duty. Accept, Monseigneur, the most respectful sentiments,

with which I remain, in Jesus Christ and in His Church, your very humble and obedient servant,

“FRERE HYACINTHE.
“Paris, Sept. 26, 1869.”

The ten days' limit prescribed for his return to the convent expired on the 9th of October. On that day Father Hyacinthe embarked on board the steamer *Perdre* for New York.

On the 18th of that month the heads of the Order held a meeting at Rome, and pronounced the following sentence upon their insubordinate brother :

“The term fixed by the Rev. Father the General in Chief of the Barefooted Carmelites, for Father Hyacinthe, of the Immaculate Conception, provincial defender, Superior of the House in Paris, to return to said convent, having expired—having examined the papers and authentic proofs that said Father Hyacinthe has not yet returned to his convent, the superior authority of the Order, by decree dated Oct. 18, 1869, has deposed Father Hyacinthe of the Immaculate Conception from all the charges with which he was invested by the Order, declaring him besides attainted by his apostasy, and under the major excommunication, as well as all other censures and ecclesiastical penalties denounced by the common law and by the Constitution of the Order against apostates.”

Such is an imperfect outline of the processes by which one of the most gifted and meritorious officers of the Latin Church has been provoked to revolt against his ecclesiastical superiors, and deliberately incur the severest penalties which are reserved for such insubordination. To us it seems incredible that any of the acts imputed to him by his enemies should have exposed him to the censure, still less to the persecutions, of any society of professing Christians. Let us recapitulate them :

1. In one of his discourses he treated the Revolution of 1789 as a political and social necessity.

2. In another he denounced Pharisaism as in the Church, as Jesus Christ had done before him.

3. In defending himself from an aspersion upon his charity towards persons having different religious views from his,

he intimated that there were Catholics who mourned the disappearance of the Inquisition and the Dragonnades, a statement fully confirmed by the Encyclical letter of 1864.

4. In a private note to a friend he stated that the Catholics who were trying to identify the fortunes of the Church with those of a disreputable woman who had been just expelled from the throne of Spain, were dragging the Church through blood and mire.

5. He quoted a letter written by the Pope in 1848 to the Emperor of Austria, which favored Italian unity.

6. He proclaimed that Jews and Protestants, as well as Catholics, came within the pale of an enlightened Christian charity.

7. He always preached a religion in sympathy with the progressive tendencies of modern civilization.

8. Finally, he persisted in being the friend of the Archbishop of Paris, and refused to place himself under the direction of any bishop of another diocese.

We make no account of his abandoning his convent and disobeying the order of his General to return, for those acts were the logical consequences of the prior offences, if the Church will persist in regarding as offences the acts which ultimated in the interdict from Rome of July 22. There is no doubt that he violated the laws of his Church in quitting his convent without permission, and that he exposed himself to the penalties which have been visited upon him by the executive officers of his Order. His Church provides a mode of procedure for the secularization of priests desiring to renounce their monastic vows, but Father Hyacinthe did not choose to avail himself of it. He declined to recognize an authority which, as he thought, had been abused in his person, which was degrading the priesthood, corrupting the hierarchy, and sapping the vital forces of the Church. He thought it his duty to stand to the faith he had conscientiously espoused, and which he believed Evangelical, rather than succumb to what he regarded as organized error and pharisaical oppression. It was the duty of some

one to challenge the wolf which in sheep's clothing was devouring the faithful. He naturally enough concluded that there was no fitter person than himself to do it. Nor in this was he mistaken. His piety; his well known devotion to the Church; his eminent gifts of speech, which promised him every possible distinction that Rome can confer, and which therefore protect his motives from degrading suspicions, all seemed to conspire to make his the voice that should cry "in the wilderness, to prepare the way of the Lord and make his paths straight."

Since Luther there has been no such signal revolt against the authority of the Romish Hierarchy. Fenelon professed doctrines which Louis XIV. compelled the Pope and his Cardinals to condemn. Though Fenelon defended his *Maximes* up to the last hour of the deliberations at Rome with unrelenting earnestness, the moment Rome spoke, though by a bare majority of the Cardinals, he succumbed and publicly denounced his book from the pulpit of his own cathedral. Lammenais revolted against the abuses of the Papal Government, but unhappily his religion had the Church, not the Bible, for its base, and he wandered away into rationalism and unbelief.

Lacordaire hovered all his life on the borders of the Church, forever preaching a broader Christianity than was tolerated at Rome, always tormented with the restraints imposed upon his tongue and conscience by his ecclesiastical Superior, and always in a state of mental and moral insubordination to the Papal hierarchy. But Lacordaire had not the physical health nor animal force necessary to brave the consequences of an open revolt. He was constitutionally timid; his monastic life had gradually incapacitated him for comprehending the vast resources for such a contest, which the living world around him, with the Divine blessing, would have supplied, and he succumbed to the rigors of ecclesiastical discipline and to disease, induced no doubt by his inability to live the complete life for which he had been

created. He fell a prey to a sort of dry-rot, which fastens, sooner or later, upon all who commit their consciences to the keeping of fellow-sinners, who seek to escape sin by fleeing from temptation rather than by fighting and overcoming it, and who fancy that the best way of keeping the commandments is to spend all one's time in reciting them.

The eloquent Bishop of Orleans is also one of these representative men, too earnest and enlightened a Christian to accept the perverse follies of the Syllabus; but instead of taking his stand against it, he set himself to work, as soon as it appeared, to prove that it meant something very different from what it said, and that instead of being in conflict it was in harmony with the doctrines proclaimed at Malines. This disingenuous plea for the Papal Government was attributed by his partisans to his worthy desire to avoid dissensions in the Church. He preferred to see it a prey to error rather than to schism—to surrender the shepherd's crook to the wolf than to have the flock scattered by learning their peril.

The consequence is, that this gifted and admirable prelate, instead of remaining what his genius designed him to be, a controlling power in the Church of Christ, has by degrees parted with his birthright, and is now the reluctant but unresisting instrument of a devastating Ultramontaniam. Like Lammenais and Lacordaire and Fenelon, he has not proved equal to his opportunities. Like them, "he rejected the commandments of God that he might keep the tradition of the elders." Like them, too, he has always been toiling for reforms, but accomplishing none, because he had more faith in the Church than in Providence. "He made flesh his arm."

It was not so with Luther. Thus far it has not been so with Father Hyacinthe. Will he, too, fall by the way, or is he to share the reward reserved for those who endure unto the end?

— Father Hyacinthe, it is believed, has thus far followed his convictions faithfully. When his conscience told

him distinctly that Roman theology was not infallible theology, he refused to accept it as such; when his conscience told him that the temporal power of the Pope was maintained at the expense of his legitimate spiritual influence, that it was an element of weakness rather than of strength to the Church of Christ, he refused any longer to countenance or defend it. When he found pontifical allocutions and the canons of councils usurping the place and authority of the Bible in the Church, he chose to stay with the Bible rather than go with its papal substitute. In this firm faith in God and the right, in this bold rejection of all compromises with the priesthood of error, he alone of all the illustrious reformers of Catholicism since Luther holds an apostolic attitude. Will he maintain it?

To surrender deliberately and voluntarily the most cherished affections of one's heart is a fearful trial for any man. Few are equal to it. With Father Hyacinthe the Church of Rome had represented all that was most pure and lovely on earth. His life had been spent in decorating it with imaginary charms. To his youthful vision it was the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, with walls of jasper, gates of pearl, and streets of gold. He finally awoke from his illusion, and found that temptation and sin reap their harvests at Rome as regularly as elsewhere, and that "God alone is great."

Father Hyacinthe has no quarrel with the Catholic Church, but with its abuses. He wisely thinks that its maladies, like those of the human system, are to be cured from within and not from without; that the remedy must be applied to the heart, not to the skin. He does not, therefore, intend to abandon his Church,

but to labor for it. He wisely declines to take refuge in any other religious organization, for he knows that the vices of which he complains in his Church belong to the universal human heart, and in one shape or another are likely to present themselves in all denominations. He has, therefore, given the world to understand that what capacities of usefulness remain to him, will be consecrated to the purification and edification of the Church in which he was reared, and which he thinks has enjoyed, and continues to enjoy, at least, as much of God's favor as any other.

Naturalists tell us that the sparrow abandons eggs which she discovers have been handled, and refuses to give life to offspring which she feels herself too weak to protect. The eagle, on the other hand, confident in her strength, fights for her offspring; and if one is ravished from her nest she cherishes the rest of her brood only the more tenderly. The *soi-disant* liberal Catholics of Europe since Luther, like the sparrow, take council of their weakness, and as reformers have begotten nothing; have abandoned their convictions, as it were, in the egg. On the other hand, Father Hyacinthe, like the eagle, confident in that sort of strength which renders the feeblest arm invincible, is ready to fight in defence of his convictions, and, with the blessing of God, proposes to do what he can to deliver the Church from its enemies, and in opening its doors again, as in the beginning, to all who make the love of God and their neighbors the rule of their lives. Will he, in shooting the arrow of God's deliverance, "smite the ground five or six times," or like the King Joash, for want of faith, will he smite only three times, and stop?

BREVITIES.

BIDDY DETHRONED.

"THE servant-girl will always rule till the mistress is able and ready to do the work. Know housework and cooking, madam. Then you can issue your Declaration of Independence against your tyrant."

I smiled, Putnam, when I read these words of yours in August; your author was so complacently sure that in them the conclusion of the whole matter was reached.

So I thought on my wedding-day, two years ago. The serene exultation with which I looked forward to my housekeeping, can never be told. For did I not know it all? Had I not for years in my country-home, at no inconvenient distance from town-visitors, gone over and over the whole gamut of domestic preparations from soft soap to Charlotte Russe?

I was bringing, too, to my prospective housekeeping, that health, whose absence in our girls, magazines so love to bemoan. I could work upon my feet from dawn to darkness without discomfort. Well might my soul with secret pleasure look forward to the day when, released from the cares of eldest daughter in a houseful, I should sit down in my own little home with no years of rubbish choking its corners. Every thing would be so spick and span and bran new, I was afraid I should feel like the venerated! The resemblance proved a brief one.

I could scarcely imagine how I and my servant were both to keep occupied. I planned elaborately for my future leisure; at last I should have time to write.

Somehow, that leisure has not yet come. Visitors, however, did arrive. Perhaps the novelty about a new visiting-place helped to keep the room full, six months of the first year.

Why was there *so much* for me to do?

We may come to understand it better if I come to sketch one of my servants: she came "well recommended."

I would rise betimes in the morning and hasten down-stairs to see about breakfast. *Sæ* about it, indeed! Two sticks would be feebly smouldering under a hod of coal in the range. Not even the tea-kettle boiled. Explanation: "fire wouldn't burn—was up before daylight"—of course.

My husband's business brooks no delay of breakfast, and all my Yankee "smartness" must be put forth to have the meal on time. Nothing can be gained here by scolding, so I work. My handmaid stands within three feet of me, motionless, waiting such orders as, "Cut the bread," "bring the butter," "the ice water," &c. A special message for every article! I cook the breakfast from first to last, and sit down at length with a red face, ringing the bell every two minutes for napkins, spoons, and other natural omissions.

You will imagine how the day progresses after this, and how much assistance my assistant must have to get through the multifarious details of modern housework. On washing and ironing days, I do nearly all the other work, for it tasks her entire energies for those operations.

We dine at four; and when a man has eaten nothing between breakfast and that hour, punctuality rises into a very high realm of duty. I keep a nervous eye upon the kitchen—two o'clock—three—Biddy is beating about the kitchen like a bat in the dark—a quarter past, and I rush down—at four, dinner and I are hot.

Biddy knows that Missis knows how! I sometimes wonder how things really would go, if I were a Dora; whether Biddy, seeing that the wheels must

fatally stop unless she applied a responsible shoulder, would do so. As it is, my servants rarely fail to act upon the discovery that I can do every thing better than they can; and knowing there will be a remedy for every hitch, they poke along without plan or forethought.

When a young lady, I thought the discussion of servants constantly going on, tiresome and vulgar; but since, I have not seldom found it more difficult to talk about Ruskin, or the war in Cuba, than to make my moan upon the deeply disappointing condition of domestic service, or to slip out of the parlor to see if Bidy were not burning up the bread.

But for the most part, I have tried to hold my peace, and did not even tell my guests of what lay hidden under the table-cloth when they dined. But you shall know it, for it is one of the best illustrations of the need of change in the domestic "situation" I can offer.

I was busy preparing for a supper-party of ten, and there were so few things my girl could be trusted to do where every thing must be perfect, that my hands were over-full. But I thought of one thing, anyhow: "You can put the leaves in the table," said I. "Ma-am?" I remembered I had not had occasion for this operation since she came. "Pull the table open—so," said I, applying my own strength; "and then get those boards in the closet and fit them in."

She seemed to understand, and I hastened up-stairs to get the silver. Presently startled by loud concussions, I came flying back. Too late! she had already "put in" no less than twenty blows with the back of the axe upon the smooth sides of my walnut dining-table.

She had put the leaves in wrong side up; of course, they did not fit; and with feet swift for once, she had run and brought the axe to make all compact and comfortable.

I did not say one word. I stood conquered by the might of such invincible stupidity!

Of course, I do not mean to say all my girls have been as imbecile as this; but for the most part, like David Copperfield's servants, they have exhibited "a uniformity of failure" most unlooked-for by me, who thought I had the material at command to make my household life as near "a summer isle of Eden," and as good for myself.

Possibly, had I been ignorant, my servants might have shown more ability and care; but they must have been entirely different beings from what they are to have made the home-life of my husband and myself other than a failure, had its comfort depended upon them.

No price could buy from me the practical part of my education; no; girls may come and girls may go, but I work on forever, unless a better state of things can be devised; and I believe it can.

My knowledge of work has stood me in right good stead; but it has not dethroned Bidy, and it never will. I can make individuals of her line abdicate my kitchen when they become unbearable; but as American housework is now organized, nothing can take from the race their mission to deface and destroy, to break and to blunder.

But I verily believe we have dug deep enough at last to reach the root of the matter; at any rate, there appears some prospect of the theory being fairly worked out; but there is the usual amount of tradition and prejudice to encounter, of course.

Among these, the axiom of good housekeepers, that it is "shiftless" to buy bakers' bread, and put the washing out, is the most formidable and the least to be blamed in the present state of those arts.

It would be shiftless exceedingly for most of us to pay a dollar a dozen for the family wash, ranging all the way from six to two dozen pieces. And who desires their petition for daily bread answered in the form of the chippy, alummy stuff furnished by two thirds of the bakers in the country?

But let us suppose the demand for

the manufacture of bread to become as general and to proceed from as high quarters as that for sewing-machines. How long would it be before the results of the best known methods of bread-making would be at our doors?

Competition and the exercise of thought and skill, always consequent, would be a matter of course.

And so of washing and ironing. Is it not surprising, that when the making of garments has been brought to such a degree of speed and perfection, the art of the laundress then should be in so neglected a state? As long as there is so little public demand for this work, it will always be so; but suppose it were known that the washing of every family in town were to be sent out weekly. Would not the attention of a multitude of the thousands who must work or starve be turned to this new source of profit? Rival laundries would try to draw custom by perfecting the nicest methods, and, for that reason and their own profit, would presently find out ways of speed and cheapness now unguessed. It seems not absurd to believe the time would arrive when the uniform perfection of our "done-up" garments would be greater than now, always liable as they are to be at the mercy of one slatternly servant.

And with the like demand, you would soon find one of the army of pastry-cooks springing up, who could make you as good a cake or pie, or mould of gelatine, cornstarch, tapioca, or plum pudding, as you with all your fluster and fatigue of weighing, measuring, and baking your own anxious faces could produce.

We will suppose washing-day, ironing-day, and baking-day all purged from the calendar of the week: if you employ two servants, is it not fair to suppose one could do the remaining work?

If you are not invalid with some serious ail, would it be so very impossible to do without any at all? It never can be done with the amount of work now in our homes, and there is no use

talking about that. No knowledge of "housework and cooking" will give American women the coarse strength needful for the perpetual performance of the heavier labors of the house.

But lift these off, and then, indeed, that "Declaration of Independence" becomes possible. Servants will then find that they can be and will be dispensed with, unless they amend "their ways and their manners" forthwith.

Suppose you pay your girl a hundred dollars a-year: she must eat and destroy at least two hundred more. If you pay the public laundry two hundred a-year, and your bread, &c., costs you fifty dollars more than if made at home, will you have lost?

Think of it! no more of those forlorn days, when Biddy savagely slops about the kitchen, with her "b'iler" upon the front of the range, while you wade around trying to get a poor dinner.

I look forward with bright expectation to the time when thus, and thus alone, Biddy shall be dethroned; for then our ladies, and their own fair "girls," will have no further excuse for deferring their own active reign. The burdens of the house can no longer be too heavy for them. They need no longer shut their eyes in heart-sick discouragement at finding the trail of the serpent of slovenliness over all. They need not keep a servant, if they do not choose; or need not intrust her with those finer labors which give the tone and finish to all housekeeping.

There will no longer, I repeat, be excuse for them to confine their migrations from bed to breakfast-table, and thence to the sofa: the work will *not* be, as it now too truly is, "beyond their strength." When they have occasion to handle the broom, they need not do it as if they were sweeping every illusion of hope from the path of life, but must labor with the certainty that the work will be "done up" directly. May the day hasten when housekeepers, young and old, will be convinced that we are hampering and wasting our domestic peace by persisting in labors which do

not belong to the home, but should be outside callings exclusively.

Excellent must be the results of increase of our own culinary lore, excellent (let us hope) the incoming of the Chinese; and both will help bring

in the golden years of peace. But never till our homes cease to be workshops chafed by the friction of endless toil, will they rise perfectly to their true end of nurseries of a Christian nation, and the zest and delight of the land.

TABLE-TALK.

ONE of the London journals calls for a treatise on "Conversation Openings;" a work from which diffident men may learn how to get over the awkward pause that follows an introduction between strangers. Conversation, among people who have any thing in them, is a train that is pretty sure to go off safely when once fairly fired, but the first spark always requires effort, and sometimes skill. At an old-fashioned thanksgiving dinner, for instance, such as more people ate on the eighteenth of November last than on any previous day in human annals, who has not observed that it takes longer to start a live topic than to carve a turkey; although, when cover is once broken, in either case, the work never stops till it is well done, and every body remembers only at parting how good it has been.

So it is at this little table, around which we love to talk. Sometimes the company is all in one poor brain, and there the different "organs" or tendencies discuss any chance topic among themselves, after the fashion described by George Combe in one of his Essays on Phrenology,—that mental science of fortune-tellers. Then there is no want of topics, no need of a specious opening; for what man but is always enough at odds with himself to have something to dispute about internally? But when friends drop in, the trouble comes. Here are four of them to-day sitting with me; whom I call Conservative, Radical, Skeptic, and Woman, the last inclined, but not abandoned to strong-mindedness. These are not accurate descriptions, but the letters O., R., S., and W. answer as well as any for initials; adding E. which may stand for Ego the reporter. The

want I feel is a topic; after greetings, I therefore remark to all, by way of fishing for one:

E. What dull times the newspapers have had for a month past.

S. Yes, that is what makes them interesting to sensible men. In these times of no news, they are driven to discuss matters of lasting interest, and so become brilliant. If a journal is still dull, in spite of the dull times, the dullness must be innate and hopeless.

W. Can any thing be duller than the writing of shallow men on deep themes? I dread to see a serious subject handled in some newspapers, where the writers' heads seem to run pure ink unmixed with brains.

R. I could stand the dullness, were I sure of the honesty. But why do not the newspapers at once drive Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill through Congress, unless it be that they are as corrupt as the managing politicians—in fact, are with them?

S. You wrong them there. They cannot harp on one thing forever. Most of them are certainly advocating the Bill after a fashion, perhaps not wisely—

C. But perhaps too well. Have you considered what a profound change this Bill threatens to make in our government? It will raise up a class of professional office-holders; besides taking away half the influence and dignity of the Congressmen, in their patronage. Can we afford to weaken Congress, and make membership less desirable there; or to form a sort of aristocracy by putting a permanent set of men in civil office?

R. We can certainly afford to take away all low motives for seeking a seat in Congress; and that body would only

be strengthened by abolishing the curse of petty bargain and sale and intrigue now carried on in wielding this patronage.

W. A terrible aristocracy, too, a few hundreds of clerks will be, working seven hours a-day for a thousand or twelve hundred dollars a-year; and depending for their bread on hard work and good behavior.

R. Yes; if the Bill really weakened Congress, the Executive departments would press it strongly; if it really looked to an aristocracy, Congress itself would at least give it a fair hearing and a direct vote. But unfortunately it is a measure which no one man seems to have more interest than another in adopting, except its author, to whom it will bring lasting honor. And a great many men have an interest, or think they have, against it. There will never be a paid lobby for it; and it cannot pass, unless the people, whose Bill it is, resolve themselves into a sort of lobby of the whole, and demand it.

E. They will do it, if petitions are actively circulated. I think the Bill has a good chance this year. It is sure to be a law before many years, and, once passed, can never be repealed, for it will at once make the government cheaper and more useful, and will help obviously to raise the public morals.

S. How sanguine you are! There must be a certain comfort in feeling so much faith in contrivances, legislative and other, to make governments and men cheap and good.

E. Not at all: it is not a contrivance to make men good, but the removal of contrivances which now make them bad, that I commend in this Bill. The present system of patronage is corrupting to all concerned.

W. Why apologize for your faith, and explain it away? Why are men always ashamed to be caught believing, especially in anything good? For my part, I believe that "contrivances," as you call them, are just as capable of improving character as of harming it; of exciting good motives as bad ones. Until you have people in politics who believe this, your

"legislative contrivances" will not be worth much.

R. The propensity to "meddle and muddle" is not exactly womanly, but is what men call womanish. When women vote, I suppose we shall have acts of Congress to make all mankind virtuous and happy. But so long as men have the social organization in charge, they will cling ever more to the let-alone doctrine. The people must work out their own life, in the simplest forms possible.

S. Few in this country differ from you in the theory. But the trouble is to keep up our faith in it, through all slips and failures. You may make fun of the "Imperialist," and other childish expressions of distrust in our institutions, but how does your doctrine of popular government get along under the load it has to carry, in the election frauds in New York and Brooklyn, for instance? What is the use of voting, when the ballot-boxes are "stuffed" by gangs of unscrupulous men, or the returns manufactured, without regard to the votes really cast?

R. I have always regarded these frauds as scattered and local matters, which will stir the public conscience, and be put down, as soon as they become really important.

S. The public conscience is more patient than Balaam's ass, and says not a word, under blows that could scarcely be more terrible. Do you know that this kind of cheating is growing every year; that it already makes voting a mockery in these two great cities, and threatens to control the result in four of the largest States, should they be closely contested, in the next election for President?

E. It is a cheap accusation for either party to bring against the other; but who has any proof of it?

S. I have proof enough to put it beyond reasonable doubt that the official returns in New York, as finally made up, are the result, not of the votes of the people, but of the corrupt bargains of a few politicians.

For instance, you know —: he is a republican, and is popularly said to

"swing a ward," and to know whatever is most worth knowing of "the inside of politics." His circle of associates compliment him highly on the vote of his ward, which is unexpectedly favorable to his party. I asked him by what exertions he was able to do so well, and he told me, privately, this: "Why, you see, I had my own men among the Tammany managers in our ward, who sold the whole concern out to me. I got a list of their repeaters' names, and of the districts in which they would vote; and so, early in the morning, I just brought up a gang of my own and quietly voted on all the names. When their gang came, it was too late; their names had been voted on, and they dared not complain, lest their fraudulent registry be detected."

Again, in several election districts, where the boards of canvassers were made up from both parties, the returns were the result of mutual bargain and sale. Thus, in one place, the sole Republican canvasser had no interest in any local candidate, but wished "to take care of his State ticket." But his Democratic associates were anxious for their Ward officers. Accordingly, they were permitted to "fix" the figures for all but the State offices; then the Republican gave a large majority for his own candidates; and did not blush to tell me so. These are but instances out of several that are familiar to all politicians of New York city.

C. Why not enforce the law?

S. What do you suppose has become of the scores of "repeaters" caught on election-day? What of the canvassers, in Brooklyn, who were proved by the District Attorney to have forged their returns? There is no court in these cities which will give the law a chance against such fellows; for they act under the immediate direction of the men who make the judges. It is hard enough, at best, to convict of such a crime; with the whole political power of the city and most of the judiciary in scarcely disguised sympathy with the rogues, it is impossible.

B. I suppose, then, we shall have to go on drifting away, with public morals

corrupting and elections losing public confidence, until a crisis comes. Let a national election once be *decided* by such practices, or appear to have been so decided, and I suppose the people will find a way to stop them. Men who would rather fight than submit to a usurper, would probably not sit quietly under a ruler who had stolen his office.

E. No; but would you have party strife become actual war? A great deal of letting alone is doubtless a very good thing; but perhaps there may be too much of it. Now, I have a pet notion that the evil may be cured, not by complicated registry laws, and multiplied penalties which will never be enforced, but in the simplest way imaginable; by making every fraud of the kind proclaim itself to the world.

C. What do you mean?

E. I mean that the root of the trouble is in the secret ballot. Suppose each voter, instead of putting a paper into a box, had to speak up in a loud voice, in answer to his name, and say for whom he votes. This would check repeating by making it very dangerous. Every suspected voter would be watched by a greater number of men than now. There would be a motive to follow him up which does not now exist: for his vote, being on record, could be cast out, and the poll corrected, at any time, while, now that the voting is secret, his ballot cannot be tracked, but once cast is in finally. But, best of all, this would quite stop the forging of returns, the last and favorite way of cheating. Around each poll would be a number of citizens, the agents of each party, who would keep their private registry to check that of the canvassers, and false returns would be as impossible as they are in nominating conventions.

C. Very fine, indeed; but you must see objections enough. The Constitution of New York requires all elections to be by ballot.

B. Yes, but the Constitution of the United States gives Congress the power to regulate the form, at least of national elections.

C. That may be true; but a harder

task than defining a Constitution remains. How will you change the habits of the people? Right or wrong, they cherish the ballot as a national institution, and will be slow to give it up.

E. Why? It is of no real value in this country. Nobody's vote is really a secret; if any employer were disposed to drive his men to vote with him, he could compel them to show their ballots, as easily as to speak out under his dictation. But such compulsion is impossible in this country.

S. No, it is not impossible in any country, but least of all where wealth has the unchecked authority in society and politics which it is gaining here. There is a certain instinct among the people, confirmed more and more every year by what they hear of the unavailing demand of the British laborer for the ballot, which tells them that the franchise is not worth much, if it cannot be exercised in secret, on an emergency. Remember that these election frauds are really dreaded by but a handful of the voters, even of the great cities; while all of four millions of citizens throughout the land know what a delicious thing it is to "scratch" a candidate or two, on occasion, without being suspected. You cannot persuade them to give it up.

R. Well, I should at least like to see a fair effort made. I think our people are not cowards, and few of them really care for secrecy in this matter. Let them see the advantages of publicity, and they will accept it. If not, we shall have to try Mr. Wendell Phillips's panacea; he insists that when women vote, elections will be pure.

C. This is fortunately no longer an open question. A recent Act of Parliament, on Municipal Elections, was drawn up so carelessly that, with no such intention, it let the female sex through one of its ambiguities; and they have just been voting in Nottingham. It was always a corrupt place; a sort of rotten borough, famous for bribery. But, on this occasion, no secret was made of the market for votes; the working-women evidently finding the sale of them the

easiest imaginable way to get a good dinner—a rare luxury for them. Many of them sold their votes to both sides.

W. But you do not suppose that the bad conduct of the working-women in Nottingham proves any thing against the women of the United States?

S. It at least disposes of the romantic notion that the mere presence of women is to purify politics. The only protection against bribery is character in the voter; and unless women have a higher sense of their responsibility to society in voting than men have, they will be just as likely to sell out their franchise. Surely no one will claim that they have that sense now.

E. You despair of any cure for cheating at elections, then?

S. I despair of any grand stroke of legislation, by which this is to be done, or any other great good that lies in character. Public opinion is the essential institution, out of which all others grow; and the only men that are likely to fight successfully against corruption are those who keep hammering away at the public mind, quickening its conscience, awakening its indignation, and then directing its efforts for reform into the simplest and easiest methods. Tinkering with forms of government is a fashionable vice of the day; but in a republican country the particular forms do not really matter much. The essential thing is the character of the people; and the government can never be much better or much worse than that is.

R. Your opinion of the French people, then, must be a very low one indeed; for they have repeatedly tried to set up a popular government, but it always degenerates rapidly into a despotism; and, I take it, that is the very worst tendency a government can have. Does it indicate that the French are the worst of people?

S. By no means. They are far behind the English or Americans in political education, and especially in that sense for law which is its best result. But they are on the road to its attainment, and have a good foundation for it in their thorough drill; for it is not in their army

only, but in their literature and in all combined action, that the French are the best-drilled people in the world. Consider, too, how far ahead they are, even in politics, of every nation but two or three. They know enough really to desire freedom, which cannot fairly be said even of the Italians. Whether any nation on earth knows enough not only to desire it, but to keep it, is as yet unknown.

R. I begin to have hope of the French, since they elected Rochefort, from Paris, to the Corps Legislatif. It shows that the democrats are really irreconcilable. The Emperor cannot spare power enough to buy them. He must give up all he has, and be merely a man, before they will tolerate him. Even then, I believe, most of them would have him tried for the murders of December; and they are right.

C. That is just the spirit that is threatening France, and therefore Europe, with a social chaos. Admit that Napoleon is a usurper—was once a tyrant, a murderer: what has any one to do with that, if he acts wisely now, and gives the French the best government attainable? Shall mere personal hatred and revenge take the place of statesmanship?

"Echoes die off—scarcely reverberate
Forever; why should ill keep echoing ill,
And never let our ears have done with noise!"

W. What! Let a man rule a great nation, stand forth before the world as its chief and spokesman, whose soul and life are red and black with every crime? Surely not, if virtue can get strength enough to crush him! It is bad enough for a people to be forced to endure his rule, but their supreme degradation would be to accept it.

S. It seems pretty safe to predict that they will not accept it. The Emperor's speech, promising the largest liberty, has been received with enthusiasm by the Corps Legislatif, which is the French Congress; and a very French Congress indeed. He is eloquent as well as powerful, and in France both eloquence and power go further in controlling opinion than anywhere else. But he really made

no important concessions; not a tithe of what the people demand, and the first discussions are likely to define sharply the antagonism between him and them.

C. Meanwhile the liberal leaders see that there may be danger from below as well as from above, and that a Paris mob may become a many-headed tyrant, worse than the one they are attacking. When such men as Bancal and Gambetta begin to deprecate revolution, you may be sure that shrewd ambition suspects a pretty obstinate life in the Empire yet.

W. But do not submit to be dazzled by the light of a crown, so as to condone a life that unites Belial and Moloch. I don't like cursing, but I read Swinburne's cursing sonnets on Napoleon as meant for the ruler, not for the man, and so get along with them as well as with David's cursing Psalms. Let me read you one of them:

"Hath he not deeds to do and days to see
Yet ere the day that is to see him dead?
Beats there no brain yet in the poisonous head,
Throbs there no treason? If no such thing there be,
If no such thought, surely this is not he.
Look to the hands then; are the hands not red?
What are the shadows about this man's bed?
Death, was not this the cup-bearer to thee?
Nay, let him live then till in this life's stead
Even he shall pray for that thou hast to give;
Till, seeing his hopes and not his memories fled,
Even he shall cry upon thee a bitter cry,
That life is worse than death; then let him live,
Till death seems worse than life; then let him die."

S. Rochefort set to music; in *Lanterne* lifted into the mists of verse, till it becomes a sham star. Sad will the night be in which it becomes the guiding star of France. Ladies may be excused for bringing moral judgments into politics, but men and nations are ruined by it. Either religion or morality is sure to degrade and corrupt statesmanship, or rather to destroy it. Church politics are always the worst in the world, and moral-sense politics not far behind them. Government will not bear looking at in that light; ambition and glory look shabby in it. Byron was right on this point, as we shall all agree:

"Were things but only called by their right name,
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame."

E. You are fond of Byron, since the hard stories about him. When do you

find time to read him? And what sort of books do you keep at hand, to pick up in odd hours?

S. I have no rule about it. For five years I carried Tennyson in my pocket; then fell back on Shakespeare for a year or two; then to Goethe. But of late my leisure has gone to books of the hour, or to its reviews, magazines, and newspapers.

C. Every body tells the same thing. Is it not unfortunate that even well-read men, as we call them, are so miscellaneous in this?

S. Not at all. That is what makes them well-read. System in study is good, but system in general reading is as undesirable as it is impossible. All your manuals and formal essays about reading make a capital blunder here. A regular training in a special line is necessary to mental efficiency, as it is to every other sort of efficiency, and a good writer or thinker or speaker must have it. But out of his line, what he wants is intelligence; and intelligence never came yet by system. Read every thing; if you can't do that, at least read a variety.

C. But does not most of such reading go to waste?

S. That depends on what you mean by waste. Business is work; study is the hardest kind of work; but reading ought to be recreation. If eating, drinking, rest, and amusement are waste, general reading is so. It is the mind's greatest luxury, and ought to be just the opposite of work, and is so in precisely the best professional workers.

C. But there you run against Lord Coke, Mr. Warren, Professor Porter, and every other adviser of authority. Besides, how can there be such a difference between the intellectual occupations of the same mind? For instance, how shall it be hard work for a reviewer to study up Mr. Lecky's History of European Morals for review, and mere play for another man to read the same book, with the same attention, and of his own curiosity?

S. Just as a game of chess may be professional work for Staunton or Anderssen, while you and I find rest in it.

Systems always run in ruts, however well conceived they may be. The thing to avoid in reading is mere ruts; narrowing one's interest in the world by taking a few points of view, a few lines of thought, instead of keeping open to all. Intelligence means communion with the intellectual world in all its forms of activity. Intelligence means knowledge that is wide enough to afford sympathy and tolerance to every form of narrowness.

C. A smattering of every thing is then to be preferred to thorough knowledge of one or a few subjects?

S. No; but no reproach is easier than "smattering." What does it mean? If a man slights his proper work, and fails to do that thoroughly, he is justly called a smatterer. So it is, too, if he blindly or weakly cuts himself off from the few great principles which underlie every subject of reading, and deals in isolated fragments of knowledge. The general reader could not help doing this some ages ago, but now most subjects he will want to know lie in clear outline in the literature of the day around him. He fixes these principles in his mind the more by every bit of reading he really enjoys, and afterwards reads on in the light of them.

W. You do not join in the abuse so many lavish on the rage for periodicals, which are supplanting standard books?

S. Not at all; the fact is not that the taste of readers is lower, but that current literature is better. It has risen—not all, but the best of it—far above the taste of old times; and now there is no one who cannot always find in it something good enough for him.

W. This is comforting doctrine to most of us desultory readers. But "the classics" lie on our consciences still.

S. Well, we had better throw them off. The less we have to do with them, except as inclination leads the way, the better. The golden rule is to follow one's own curiosity, one's own interest, the natural stimulus; and this will bring us up to them whenever they are good for us. What good will a man get out of Shakespeare, who forces his mind to

him as a task? He wrote to amuse; and only the mind in search of amusement can really reach his. It is this importation of the impertinent idea of duty and responsibility into hours of intellectual enjoyment that destroys all geniality in our culture. Keep it for work, where it belongs; and at other times, let the mind live and grow, as the river runs, "at its own sweet will."

C. But what a heathenish notion is this! Can a mind make the most of itself in any mood but

"As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye"? Shall not a man live always under the pressure to make the most of himself?

S. No man ever made the most of himself. The best minds are but the fragments of the plan they are built on—the wrecks of what they might have been. But life has no economies; intellectual life the least of all. It is lavish of its capabilities; "of fifty seeds, it often brings but one to bear;" and to husband them anxiously is the worst mistake of all. Let it grow; leave the mystery of waste to the future that is "behind the veil;" and enjoy freedom. Rely on it, only in the frolic freedom of its own impulses does mind gather the best power.

C. This were good talk for the Middle Ages, but it is sowing thistles in a field of thorns to teach such doctrines now. We live in a desultory world, and in a country the most so of all; and literature, at best, lies around us in little scraps. What grand old times they were when work was play; when great men found rest enough in what they had to do, and if it made them tired, only inferred that it was a worthy task, and kept at it the longer. There was Milton, the model radical, six or seven generations ago. Almost all that we know of his life is, that he was never idle for a minute. In his book on Education, he lays down a plan of study that fills every hour of life, and in the midst of it remarks that the student, in a few odd hours, will easily have picked up the Italian language. Why not? A man of proper system would do that in a couple of years, while undressing, or in his bath. But study is unknown now, and

the world of mind, instead of a round globe moving in a majestic orbit, is shattered into a train of telescopic asteroids, hard to find and little worth finding.

R. What will not blindness conceal from a man! If your eyes are shut, the sun is no more to you than a farthing dip. But all this grumbling is refuted by one fact, which is, that of all ages, this is the age of scholarship, of the highest as well as of the most diffused intelligence. For instance, no nation ever before could boast among its living men seven such names as Gladstone, Bright, Mill, Baine, Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall; and how many men there are, in England alone, who rank near them! You hold, I suppose, that when

"Light shall spread, and man be liker man
Through all the circle of the golden year,"

it will be by dragging down the great to the dead level. But not so; it is only when the highest are still struggling upward that the whole mass of society is lifted.

S. Assertion proves neither's position; and much is to be said against both of you. There is certainly room for two opposite opinions as to the chance great minds have for the best culture in American society. Do Tocqueville was a good observer, and he found public opinion in our democracy a most watchful despot, and thought there was less intellectual freedom here than anywhere else. Yet somebody has said—no matter who, for it has become a proverb—that "nothing pays in America like heresy." Which is right?

W. I don't think this a contradiction. Society is a tyrant to any opinion that conflicts with its passions or convenience, but is tolerant enough otherwise. This was seen when Southern sympathizers, so respectable before, suddenly became to us the enemies of mankind, in April, 1861. So the movement for elevating woman has been better received here than it could possibly have been in any other country, with less bitterness and less ridicule. But let it once become an immediate practical question whether women shall vote or not, and

you will see passions nearly as strong as those the rebellion roused.

E. Not so, madam, if one may take his own feelings as an epitome of the nation's—and that is the only way to guess at these in advance. We all felt a large amount of compressed indignation against rebels before the war began, but we have no such explosive tendencies toward you and your ambitious designs.

W. Yet when a few earnest women go to a medical school in Philadelphia, they are stared at like samples of the gorilla tribe, and pursued with gibes through the streets, by the men of science.

R. Yes; but the act has stirred up the whole world in favor of them. The cable report of it in Great Britain was followed within a week by the official invitation to women to study medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Here in New York public opinion is strong against excluding them from the schools, and the young men in some of these welcome them.

C. Strong, but unreasoning and unreasonable. There may be some need that women who act as nurses shall learn a little of the science to keep them out of mischief; but the notion of making practitioners of them will be labelled "poison," and laid away, in another generation, side by side with such fancies of this age as the Œcumenical Council and the Northwest Passage.

R. You seem to me to retire a century further into prejudice every ten minutes. Thanks to free discussion, that question is settled; and nothing is needed but time to educate enough women for the work, when you will see men driven entirely from those branches of medical practice which they ought never to have entered.

E. We must all at least agree that, so far, women seem peculiarly fit for medical practitioners, and the public generally are now ready to see them undertake a great part of this work, and to trust them in it.

C. Well, you are all against me in this, but I know how to set you at odds. What do you expect will become of the emancipated blacks in the Southern

States? If the "suppressed sex" can now take the world into its own hands, what is to be done for the suppressed race? Don't all speak at once!

S. You know my view. The happiest place in the world for negroes is in tropical islands, such as the British West Indies; yet after nearly thirty years of freedom there, they are poorer than they were the day they were emancipated, and there are fewer of them. Their numbers now diminish every year. I see no other future for any thoroughly inferior race that comes in contact with ours than gradual extermination. It is well for the world that it is so.

W. You often talk extravagantly, when we are in doubt whether you mean it or not; but this must be a jest.

S. By no means. The hope of the world is in the possession of it by the best races, and the killing out of weaker and coarser ones. Anglo-Saxon blood is better undiluted. If every negro on earth should die to-day, humanity would be the richer for it to-morrow.

E. But has life no value in itself? Would not the world be poorer by millions of enjoying lives?

S. Life is the merest trifle, and the weakness of this age comes from the habit of looking at it through a microscope. Every body magnifies its value, and our ears are deafened by the clamor and twaddle of those who regard life as greater than its ends. The war taught us for a while that it is better to kill or be killed outright than to live or let live worthless days; but now we are forgetting all that, and the old sickly snuffle about the gallows, and judicial murders, and the infinite value of life and the sin of war, is coming back. We shall get over it when real work faces us again; and there will never be any true civilization until "the individual withers, and the world is more and more"—until, that is, each man regards his own life, and his neighbor's, too, as nothing but a means to the general good.

C. So you would murder every one who seems to you useless?

S. I would do away with maudlin exaggeration, and not pretend to an optim-

ism no one really believes. What are the blacks good for? They are idle, vicious, weak in body, passionate, with brains half organized; and the effort and cost of bringing them up to the level it has taken us untold ages to reach, would hold us back for centuries. They will be a mere drag on our nation, but I hope they will die out.

W. The author of our "Sketches in Color" has seen them through and through, and knows better. She finds in them qualities of greatness, and thinks they may yet work out somewhere a national life, worthy to compare with the best. They have soul, affection, devotion, music, beyond any other people, and no lack of wit.

C. Yet she has not mentioned their greatest resource of character. It is that capacity for personal allegiance, that instinct for a leader, and devotion to him when they find him, which distinguishes them above every race. This quality may have helped enslave them, but freedom will purify it of subserviency, and leave it a rich element of greatness. It is what made Paul chief of Christians in his day; it is what made the age of chivalry the heroic age of Europe. The Anglo-Saxon race is wanting in it, and never excelled in the knightly virtues. If the negroes bring back this lost force into civilization, they will contribute the full share of one people to forming the Golden Age.

R. I don't know how that may be, but I see no less right to life and its joys under one form of skull or heel than another; and do not care to ask what a man is worth, nor give him the right to ask the same of me. Let him make the most of his life; I shall try to make the most of mine.

X. Strange that our several opinions on a practical question like this, which is linked with politics and discussed in the newspapers, should turn on the view we take of a purely scientific question, that of man's origin! Now, the universal belief of men who are familiar with the latest researches on this point is, that our race is millions of years old, instead of thousands; and most of them hold

that Darwin is right about its development out of lower forms. Such doctrine is killing humanitarianism very fast. If natural selection has made men out of beasts, then scientific selection, which is much more rapid in its effects, can surely make angels out of men. We have only to preserve the children of the wise and good, killing off all the rest, and Plato, Shakespeare, Washington, will be the average man after a few generations. I suspect that "anthropologists" are pretty generally on the way to this conclusion, even if they have not yet a clear view of it.

W. Let Darwinism alone for the present. We agreed to write down, each of us, what we regard as the most interesting event of the month of November. Are your papers all ready? Here is mine. I say, the opening of the Suez Canal. It was a splendid triumph of energy and talent; a magnificent occasion, when sovereigns met, with trains richly dressed, and then parted to fill Europe with gossip; and it is a sort of mystery as yet, since no one can guess how much it will change the course of commerce.

C. Good! I did not think so much could be said for a paltry ditch in the desert. I say, Napoleon's speech when the French Chamber met was the great event of the month. Think of civil order in France, the peace of all Europe, waiting on his lips; and of the amazing mental vigor that defied imminent revolution, and gathered around him to prevent it all except the least sane of his enemies. Is it not the finest victory a single effort of statesmanship has won in our times?

E. The modern Tiberius has certainly shown a flickering in his ashes, before they go out and blow away; but it cannot last long; and it is laughable to call his cunning mixture of threats and promises, statesmanship. A vastly more interesting event was the report of Dr. Livingstone's discovery of the real source and length of the river Nile. Only think that the great geographer, Ptolemy, who died seventeen centuries ago, told the world that the Nile was three thousand miles long; that his authority was dis-

credited for ages, because, in part, of this very assertion; and that now, for the first time, it is ascertained that he was right, and knew more of the most famous river in the world than all generations of explorers.

R. If mere discoveries are what you want, you may look nearer home. To me, the wonderful excavations the French have just made in Rome, on Mount Palatine, where they have unearthed the Cæsars' palace, and, in it, a new cycle of Roman art, or the curious architectural paintings just discovered in Pompeii, and examined by Mr. Layard, are of much more interest than where a particular watershed happens to cross a desert which it is mere madness to visit. But if it is an event really suggestive of interest to us, men and women of America, to-day, that we seek, there was nothing in the month to rival the shooting of Mr. A. D. Richardson by McFarland, and his subsequent death. This stirs up live questions; what the laws ought to be, for the protection of families, for divorce and remarriage; what circumstances, if any, justify private revenge; and the capital punishment trouble, too.

O. Yes, and more than all, whether Christian ministers have a right to disregard law and public opinion on the subject of the marriage-tie, in obedience to their own private notions of sentimental justice. But I believe that there is not a person in the world, who is prominently known as slighting and despising marriage, who is not also an earnest advocate of "woman's rights." The two go logically and practically together.

S. Don't begin that discussion now. I hear more talk of Father Hyacinthe, the pure and beautiful soul who is about to take home the impression that America is one infinite and Protean bore, than about the social questions you name, and however important they are, I think it easy to find more interesting topics of the month, such as Wendell Phillips's new lecture, or the Cardiff stone forgery, or the Vanderbilt brass one—two things

which have sounded the depths of impudence and measured the possibilities of imposture.

W. But what was the event of great interest to you?

S. Oh, beyond doubt, one that no one of you has heard of at all. It is a trifling fact, just published, that scientific plodders have at last devised a plan by which they can bring to the bottom of the sea from great depths that they have actually brought up amounts of earth from a depth of three miles in the Mediterranean that they find such strange things. There, in absolute and eternal darkness and in a cold that is always below the freezing-point, is the same abundant life as near the surface of the water in a rich variety of forms. This explains a dozen old notions about the effects of pressure, of darkness, and of cold, which had made us suppose those depths most utterly desolated. But strange as all, they find that the deep sea is covered where depositing chalk; and that creatures living in its bed are the unchanged descendants of those for whom the chalk-rocks of millions of ages ago were so that this dredging fairly takes us into the geological age of the secondary rocks, when the whole earth was inhabited only by kinds of beings that hitherto been supposed to have disappeared while yet the sky was young. Suppose half of this to be guesswork and disproved on closer study; yet we can tell what the discovery will lead to, or how much it may yet help us, in tracing the past history and present state of our globe?

E. We must wait a hundred years, I suppose, before finally deciding what we have hit on the event of most likely interest to the world. Is it not likely that all have missed it, and that something right before our eyes, but which we are blind, will hereafter be in shadow all these? It is where a seed is sown to-day, and not where the lightning strikes, that the coming ages will find a tree.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

— THERE are periods in the history of Art and Literature when it is better to praise than to blame, although on purely abstract grounds it would be more just to blame than to praise. We are in such a period here, in regard to the making of Illustrated Books,—an art in which we cannot be said to excel yet, but one in which we promise to do something in time. It is of recent growth among us, especially in the direction it takes at present—that of wood-engraving, apparently an easy, but in reality a very difficult, walk of art. Year after year our publishers cater to what they suppose public taste, but so far they have produced only two Illustrated Books worthy of the name—the Artists' Edition of Irving's "Sketch Book," and Dr. Palmer's "Folk Songs." These not only justify praise, for what they are, but they justify us, if not in leniency towards, yet in encouragement of, later and less successful volumes of the same kind. The disposition to do well is a great step towards doing better, and if our artists will but do their part, as our publishers are trying to do theirs, we shall yet be proud of both. As it is we are hopeful; for while no work of the year will compare throughout with the "Sketch Book," several approach it in some respects, while all are superior, as art-work, to the last year's Holiday Books. They are superior, too, as Literature, a trifle, perhaps, but one which our artists and publishers would do well to bear in mind in joining their forces hereafter, since it is just this trifle which will make their work live, if it is to live, beyond the day that called it forth.

Last year, for instance, Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. published an illustrated edition of Dr. Holland's "Kathrina," and a year or two before an illustrated edition of the same writer's "Bitter Sweet," neither of which, in our judgment, was worthy of the honor. This year Messrs. Scribner & Co. publish the *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* of Mrs. Browning, a glowing and impassioned narrative which will be read with pleasure as long as youth shall last, and young hearts love. It is faulty, of course, like all Mrs. Browning's poetry, but the

faults are carried off bravely by the rush and tumult of her verse, which is often as extravagant as that of Marlow, beside whom she might have stood

"Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

But whatever its poetical demerits, "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*" is the poem above all others that an artist would select for illustration, on account of its landscapes, which are noble, and its figures, which are elegant and high-bred; in other words, on account of its picturesqueness. It was this quality, no doubt, which recommended it to Mr. Hennessey, who must have been glad, after escaping the inanities of "*Kathrina*," to find something tangible enough for his fancy to seize, and his pencil to represent. He has done much better than in "*Kathrina*,"—in fact, better than ever before. We cannot exactly say that he is penetrated by the spirit of the poem, but he has caught as much of it as we could expect, when we remember his characteristics as an artist. The bent of his powers is towards the homely, which he is apt to make too homely, and towards the strange, which he is apt to make too strange; but as strangeness and homeliness were evidently out of place in "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*," it must have tasked him to discard them, as he has endeavored to do. His ideal of *Lady Geraldine* is open to the objection which accompanies all his ideal portraits of women—too much rotundity of face, and too much plumpitude of form; but he overcomes this tendency when he comes to the minor personages of the poem, as in the groups on pages 9 and 10,—each a glimpse of a fashionable party,—and, better yet, in the group on page 15. Still more elegant is the garden-scene on page 19. All these have a high-bred, English air, thoroughly in keeping with the story and the time. Not so good are the illustrations of the heroine, who is not so much a lady, as lady-like, though on the whole quite a presentable young woman. Nor are we much taken with her poet-lover, Bertram, with whom trouble seems to agree, since he is slim on page 13, and heavy and hirsute on page 43. Find whatever fault we may,

however, with single drawings, it is clear that the series was well thought out before it was undertaken, and that there is no consciousness of careless work on Mr. Hennessey's part. Mr. Linton has also done his best, and his best is very good indeed. Altogether there is a great deal that is praiseworthy in this beautiful edition of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

Mr. Whittier is the most American of our poets, and the most American of his poems are those which were inspired by early American history and legend. A collection of these has lately been published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., under the title of *Ballads of New England*, and with the adornment of original drawings, which are as American as the poems they illustrate. There are some sixty or seventy of these designs, by four or five of the younger native artists, as Mr. Harry Fenn, Mr. Sol Eytinge, Jr., Mr. Winslow Homer, Mr. Alfred Fredericks, and Mr. Granville Perkins. It is invidious to draw comparisons, perhaps; nevertheless we must say that Mr. Fenn has borne away the palm from all his brother artists. His drawings are about thirty in number, and it is not too much to say that all are excellent,—not equally excellent, of course, for some are mere trifles, but all are good of their kind, and of a kind that is not common here. His forte is landscape, and seascape, if we may invent the word, a walk of art which seems peculiarly his own. How admirable, for example, is the little drawing which heads Mr. Whittier's "Telling the Bees,"—a brook strewn with stepping-stones, a swelling bank on the left, and a slope of upland, crowned with a farm-house in the background. How delicious the pines on Ramoth Hill before "My Playmate;" and the pond scattered over with water-lilies at the end of the same poem. How lovely, too, the blossoming orchard in "Skipper Ireson's Ride;" the glimpse of beaver-life, and the forest-dam in "Cobbler Keezar's Vision;" the ivied porch in "Amy Wentworth;" the bridge-tunnel, the drying shad-nets, and the knot of fern and brake in "The Countess;" the green islands of Casco Bay in "The Ranger;" and the shadowy figure which closes "The Changeling," and is somehow suggestive of Berwick's woodcuts. There is a grace, a beauty, a finish about these illustrations of Mr. Fenn, which is worthy of very high praise. Of the figure-artists, as Mr. Eytinge and Mr. Homer, we cannot speak so well. We have seen Mr. Eytinge's young

women before, in Dickens, and elsewhere; and Mr. Homer's boy and girl, and the young person opposite, are foreign to us, being, we judge, native only to Japan and the regions thereabout. Mr. Darley, who has drawn Cobbler Keezar twice over, is what he was ten years ago—clever but mannered; there is no growth about him, and no great excellence in his work. It would have to be more indifferent than it is, however, to detract much from the beauty and value of these delightful "Ballads of New England."

—Of all the poems modelled on Schiller's "Casting of the Bell," the most perfect in conception, and the most poetical in execution, is Mr. Longfellow's *Building of the Ship*, of which a dainty edition is published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. It is illustrated by Mr. Hennessey, and Mr. R. S. Gifford, who each pursues a specialty in art that fits him for such a work as this, the sympathy of the one expending itself upon the common in life and character, while the other contents himself with the sea, and those who go down to the sea in ships. The figures fell, of course, to Mr. Hennessey, and as they belong to a walk of life within his knowledge, they are naturally better than the figures in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," for which he had to depend upon his fancy. Pretending to be nothing but what they are—simple, faithful copies of every-day people—they are successful and effective. We have seen just such an old salt as the Master in the ship-yard; just such a manly fellow as

"The fiery youth who was to be
The heir of his dexterity;"

and just such a loveable New England girl as lingers under the vines on the porch,

"Standing before
Her father's door,"

the embodiment of simplicity, sweetness, and affection. We have no remembrance of having met with Mr. Gifford on wood before, but we shall be glad to meet with him again, for really his little marines are promising. They are various in their character, beginning with a goodly vessel ploughing the waves, and ending with the launch of the poet's ship, flowering out in flags, and wafted seaward with shouts of cheer. There are ships of all sorts besides,—the Great Harry, "crank and tall;"—a clipper, or something like it, with

"the stress of the blast
Pressing down upon sail and mast;"

strange light craft, skimming in foreign harbors; and two visions of the sea, here rolling

in darkness and storm, there sleeping in light around the Fortunate Isles. Happy poet, to have such artists! Happier artists, to have such a poet!

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

— Not exactly Art-works are the multitude of children's books which are now being published daily; but as children ought to have Art which they can appreciate, as well as their fellows "of a larger growth," these may stand in its stead until they are old enough for better things. Let us see what some of these *jusculia* are. Here is *Among the Trees*, by Mary Lorimer, a beautiful quarto, published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. It is difficult to classify this book, but it may take its place, we suppose, alongside such works as White's *Selborne*. Whatever charm it has consists in its delineations of country life, and its descriptions of natural objects, trees, leaves, flowers, birds, and the like. It is in the form of a Journal, which extends over about nine months of the year, the portion omitted being the wintry months of sterility. Miss, or Mrs., Lorimer writes like one who has been brought up face to face with Nature, and has pursued her steps, and traced out her secrets, among the grasses of the field, along the running brooks, and in the shadows of the forest. A little less Botany would have given us more pleasure, if less information, which we dare say ought to be dearer to us than it is. The illustrations of "Among the Trees,"—mostly leaves and flowers, with an occasional landscape,—are so skillfully drawn, and so carefully printed, as to nearly be works of art.—The same house also publishes *Dame Nature and her Three Daughters*, translated from the French of Saintine; *An American Family in Paris*; *White and Red*, by Helen C. Weeks; and *Stories from My Attic*, by the author of "Dream-Children," and "Seven Little People and their Friends." We should say that "Dame Nature" was an attempt to teach children some of the mysteries of the world we live in, but when we recall a score of works with the same general aim, which bored us in our younger years, and may still be boring young folks in benighted districts, we dislike to say what sounds so alarming. Let us compromise, then, by calling "Dame Nature" a sort of fairy story in which children are taught many things it is well for them to know,

they do not exactly see how, but delightfully enough. The French have a talent for insinuating knowledge into the memory, as witness Jean Macé's charming book,—*"A Mouthful of Bread,"* and this equally charming story by the author of "*Picciola*." It is illustrated, of course, and by some French artist, who is a perfect master of his craft. Two of the illustrations—a stork feeding before a nurse and three children, and a country-girl boxing the ears of a clown whom she has caught robbing birds' nests, are deliciously spirited. *An American Family in Paris* is a sort of Handbook for children, of which Paris and its environs are the subject. They are described in the text, through which runs a slight thread of story, and are brought before the eye in some fifty or sixty drawings. If we cannot all go to Paris, we can all see what it is like by looking over these designs, which embrace all its famous localities, squares, parks, gardens, arches, churches, and public buildings; which, in a word, transport Paris itself to our very doors. We desire to call particular attention to these illustrations, as being among the best of the kind that we have ever seen.—*"White and Red"* is a child's story of life and adventure among the Indians.—*"Stories from My Attic"* is a graceful and tender little book. Mr. Scudder, its author, is a man of delicate genius, who in these "*Stories*" somehow reminds us of Hans Christian Andersen, "the master of us all," as Matthew Arnold says of Saint-Beuve.

— The interest which men of genius create in the minds of mankind not only attaches to their persons during life, but in time, often before their death, to the least of their belongings and surroundings. As we cannot all know them personally—many of us, indeed, not at all—we come as near as we can to knowing them in the spirit, by the possession of their autographs and relics, if we can obtain them, or by making pilgrimages to the places in which they dwelt. "In this old cottage Shakespeare was born," we think, and the thought calls up a lively image of the man, "clad in his habit as he lived." "This is the field where Burns found the daisy," we say, and straight there is a vision of the inspired peasant,

"Walking in glory and in joy

Behind his plough upon the mountain-side."

They have vanished from among us,—the poets whom we love,—but, like the mantle which the prophet dropped at the moment he was translated, they have left behind them the imperishable heritage of their memory.

We are not largely given to hero-worship in America, and what little we have shown hitherto has been mostly confined to those who have fought our battles. When we shall have lived long enough as a people to have a Literature, we may possibly be grateful to those who have written our books. We ought to be now, for, young as we are, we have authors who are worthy of lasting remembrance, as, Nathaniel Hawthorne in prose, and William Cullen Bryant in poetry. Mr. Bryant stands, it is generally acknowledged, at the head of our poets. His works are not sold, we imagine, by the hundred thousand, as Mr. Tupper's are, nor by the fifty thousand, as Dr. Holland's are; but they reach a class of readers who would no more think of reading these writers than they would of going to infant-school a second time. He is not so well-known, perhaps, as certain of our poets, who may be seen and heard, for a consideration, almost any evening during the lecture season, and whose *cartes de visite* we may all have in our albums, if we happen to want them. This sort of cheap popularity has not befallen Mr. Bryant, and we presume that its absence is not regretted by him, for a man of his celebrity can afford to despise it. He cannot afford to despise, however, the spirit which prompted *The Bryant Homestead-Book* (G. P. Putnam & Son), the work of one who signs herself "The Idle Scholar," which she certainly is *not*, so far as Mr. Bryant's poetry is concerned. It is a handsome quarto of two hundred and twenty-four pages, written in fantastic English, and running over with enthusiasm for the poet's birth-place, the scenery by which it is surrounded, and the poetry in which that scenery is described, or indicated. If charity can cover a multitude of sins, enthusiasm ought to cover a few faults, which result, in this instance, partly from the author's inexperience, and partly from her attempting to do too much. It is not, however, as literature that we take up "The Bryant Homestead-Book," but rather as art, though we have omitted to say, we believe, that it is illustrated. Mr. John A. Hows is the artist who has undertaken the pleasant task of representing to us the house in which Mr. Bryant was born, and the landscapes amid which his early years were passed, and a better artist could not have been found; for if Mr. Hows has a specialty, it is drawing forest scenery. There are eighteen of his designs in the volume, all of which are good, the largest being the best. First we have a full-page illustration of the

entrance of the homestead-wood; the homestead itself; then some elms and scattered round the site of an old house; then the poet's "Rivulet," as by the homestead; and lastly, in the full-page designs, the Johnne Brook ravine. There is also a delicious *vue* vista; a superb view of still water and a dreamy little spring, worthy of being of the wells of Castaly; a glimpse "Rivulet," as it enters a wood; a clump of blackberry blossoms; and "his de so birth-month flower. We thank Mr. Hows for these drawings of his, and we thank Linton for his share in them; he has done once both himself and his artist.

— The Literature of Science is becoming very attractive of late, partly because our men are desirous of reaching more than their predecessors were content and partly because science itself is more readers than of old. Writers on science are now disposed to meet each other on any way, the one being willing to give little with science, and the other to take up with literature, and the result is a library of instructive works, to which every year something is added. The addition of the past *A Physician's Problems*, by Charles M. D., of which Messrs. Fields, Osgood are the publishers. At the risk of showing our ignorance of celebrities of the medical profession, we state very frankly that we don't know who Dr. Elam is, though we wish him to be an Englishman; but he will be associated in our minds, hereafter, with such writers as Disraeli, the Elder. Disraeli is in regard to the profession of medicine, Dr. Elam is in regard to his own of science, with the exception that he is gossipy, and more profound. Neverthe- less he can be gossipy on occasion, and it is this faculty of his which draws us to him; we may not be able to judge his speculations and deductions, but we are certainly able to judge his facts and his dotes. The Essays in his volume, of which there are seven, are intended, he says, as a contribution to the Natural History of the lying regions of Thought and Action, and the domain is the "debateable ground" of Nerve, and Mind. "They are designed to indicate the origin and mode of production of those varieties of organization, and general tendencies towards virtue, which seem, on a superficial view, to be so irregularly and capriciously developed and distributed in families and amongs

kind. Subsidiarily they point to causes for the infinitely varied forms of disorders of nerve and brain,—organic and functional,—far deeper and more recondite than those generally believed in;—causes that are closely, if not inextricably, connected with our original nature on the one hand, and on the other with our social and political regulations." Perhaps the most valuable portion of Dr. Elam's volume is the first two hundred pages, which are devoted to "Natural Heritage," "Degenerations in Man," and "Moral and Criminal Epidemics," though he doubts himself whether the views laid down therein will meet with general acceptance or approval, even amongst thoughtful men. In the chapter on "Natural Heritage" he discusses inherited qualities, and in relation to the diminution of the power of the will attendant upon drinking and opium-eating, says: "The two Coleridges, father and son, exemplify this point most strikingly; the elder was an opium-eater, and writes of himself that, not only in reference to this sensual indulgence, but in all the relations of his life, his will was utterly powerless. Hartley Coleridge inherited his father's necessity for stimulant (which in his case was alcoholic), and with it his weakness of volition. Even when young, his brother thus writes of him: 'A certain infirmity of will had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain; he was beyond measure impatient of constraint * * * He yielded, *as it were unconsciously*, to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, *as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition*. It looked like an organic defect, a congenital imperfection.'" Not less interesting are the papers headed, "Body v. Mind," "Illusions and Hallucinations," "On Somnambulism," and "Revery and Abstraction." The idea which largely underlies modern science, that men are subject to general laws from which there is no escape,—in fact, that they sometimes become mad together, as with the passion for duelling in the sixteenth century, and the passion for speculation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is dwelt upon by Dr. Elam at considerable length, and illustrated by a number of startling facts. That there is something malign surrounding us at times, would seem true, if we may credit this story, which must close our extracts from, and our remarks upon, "A Physician's Problems."

"In the month of February, 1844, 350 men of the 3d battalion of the 1st Regiment of the Foreign Legion were encamped at Sidi-bel Abbés, in the province of Oran. A soldier mutilated himself by a blow upon his wrist with the lock of his gun. Thirteen others inflicted a similar injury upon themselves within twenty days. None of these men would admit that the mutilations were voluntary, but all affirmed that they arose from pure accident while cleaning their arms. It was not possible, in a single case, to discover a plausible motive to explain so strange a circumstance. The commanding officer, alarmed at this singular epidemic, and supposing it might extend, removed the camp some eight or ten leagues, to a place occupied by the 10th battalion of Chasseurs of Vincennes, commanded by M. Boëte. The astonishment of the officer commanding the Foreign Legion was great when M. Boëte informed him that eight of his men had mutilated themselves in the same way, and nearly at the same time. The commanding officer and the surgeon both affirm that there was no communication between the two camps. But even supposing that a communication had existed, it only affords another example of the force of imitation."

— One of the privileges of which a man of genius cannot be robbed is the power of conferring some of his own celebrity upon his wife and children. The wives and children of men of genius may not be more beautiful or more talented than the wives and children of lesser mortals, but we refuse to think so as long as we can; for if they are not the Rose, they are earth which the Rose has touched. Martha Blount was doubtless a mercenary young person, and Jean Armour an ordinary Scottish lassie; but, since Pope loved the one, and Burns the other, we are curious to learn all that can be learned about them. The history of American Literature is yet to be written, but when it comes to be written, the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne will be narrated in full, and with details which are not quite proper now. The world, (for Hawthorne belongs to the world, more than any American author,) will insist upon knowing who he was, what kind of man he seemed to be, and who and what were his wife and children. His death is too recent yet to allow even the most loving curiosity to be gratified in regard to himself, and his "hostages to fortune," as Bacon happily describes a man's wife and children. But we shall know all, when the time comes

Meanwhile, if we desire to know something of one member of the Hawthorne family, we can do so by reading *Notes on England and Italy*, a volume of travel-memoranda, by Mrs. Hawthorne, published by G. P. Putnam & Son. It was written, she tells us in her Preface, twelve years ago, and was never meant for publication,—which fact is in its favor, when one remembers the wretchedness of many similar works, which were meant for publication, and which are published, to the weariness of their readers. As *England and Italy* cover a good deal of ground, we will state here that Mrs. Hawthorne's journeys in the former country embraced visits to Skipton Castle, Bolton Priory, York Minster, Lincoln Cathedral, Old Boston and St. Botolph's, Peterboro Cathedral, and Newstead Abbey,—not forgetting

"The land o' cakes and brither Scots,"

of which Burns is the ruling spirit. She went over the various localities consecrated by the genius of Burns, as well as Glasgow, Dumbarton, Loch Lomond and the Bens, Inversnaid, Loch Katrine and the Trosachs, and the Bridge of Allan. In Italy, she vibrated between Rome and Florence, of which cities, and their works of art, she writes enthusiastically. Mrs. Hawthorne's criticisms glow with the taste and enthusiasm of a true artist, and it was from the artist's point of view that she found Italy most interesting. The happiest pages in her "Notes" are those which are devoted to Art, and these are excellent, indeed, and all the more so because they were not written with the fear of the public before her, but for her own reference, and to give home-friends her whereabouts and thoughts abroad. Altogether these "Notes" of Mrs. Hawthorne's are as charming as a long, friendly talk, the only sad thing about them being, that *he* who shared them with her, (dreaming the while of his incomparable romance, "The Marble Faun,") is now, alas! merely

"One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die."

— If a critic could be as certain of the justice of his opinions when called upon to express them in regard to religious questions, as when called upon to express them in regard to literary questions, a paragraph would be sufficient to call attention to *Discourses on Various Occasions*, by the Rev. Father Hyacinthe, of which a translation, by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, has been published by G. P. Putnam & Son. But unfortunately no

literary critic can be certain of himself outside the domain of letters. To be a layman is disadvantage enough, in the case of Father Hyacinthe; but to be a layman and a Protestant is to proclaim one's self doubly unfitted for the task of stating the difference between him and the Catholic Church. So, at least, a Catholic would think; and, as the good Father still claims to be a Catholic, we ought not to judge him as we would a Protestant under similar circumstances. We ought not to, we say, in fairness to the Church which he has left, and to which he yet clings; but when we come to think over the matter and make up our minds, it is impossible not to exercise the right of private judgment; in other words, the right of being a Protestant, and a layman. In ordinary circumstances the fact of a priest's being "under the ban" would excite but little attention. But when the circumstances are extraordinary, as they are here, we must be more or less than men if we are not moved by the action of the Romish Church against Father Hyacinthe. It is the old story once more,—the struggle between the priest, and the man; and once more the man has triumphed,—at least, partially, for what the end will be we will not predict. It is as a *Man* that Father Hyacinthe interests us,—a man of highly devotional character, and singularly earnest spirit,—the kind of man by which masses of men are drawn to good works, and by which the next world is brought nearer and nearer to this. He stood up in the old church of Notre-Dame, in the heart of profligate Paris,

"And spoke as with authority,
And not as do the scribes."

He was the most popular preacher of the time, and deservedly so, by all accounts, in that he was not a mountebank, but a gentleman, and above all a Christian. What, then, brought Father Hyacinthe into disfavor with his superiors? Merely this—that his Christianity was too large to be imprisoned within the pale of the Romish Church. He delivered a speech before the Peace League, at Paris, on the 10th of July last, in which he used these—for a Catholic—remarkable words: "It is a most palpable fact that there is no room in the daylight of the civilized world except for these three religious communions,—Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism." For this the party of absolutism denounced him, declaring that he had "crucified the Catholic Church between

two thieves." The speech was too liberal for the latitude in which it was delivered, and Father Hyacinthe was required thenceforth to refrain from addressing secular assemblies, and, in the pulpit, to restrict himself to the points on which all Catholics were agreed. The Church laid her finger upon his mouth to command silence; but, like Galileo, whose spirit was unconquered, though his flesh was weak, he answered: *E pur si muove*.

As the speech of Father Hyacinthe just referred to, is of more consequence in our secular eyes than the rest of his "Discourses," (to which we refer such of our readers as are interested in theological and social questions,) we will copy a paragraph, with the spirit of which we heartily concur: "In the present age of the world, universal and perpetual peace is only a chimera. In the age to come it will be a reality. For my part, I have always believed—and now, in this assembly of my brethren, I don't mind telling the secret—I have always believed that in some nearer or remoter future, mankind would come, not to complete perfection,

which does not belong to earth, but to that relative perfection which precedes and prepares for heaven. After the fall of Jerusalem and Rome, and the predicted end of the ancient world, the primitive Christians, heirs of the promises of Jewish prophecy, did not expect immediately the beginning of the heavenly and eternal state, but a temporal reign of Jesus Christ and his saints, a regeneration and triumph of man upon earth. I, also, look for this mysterious millennium, about which our errors of detail cannot shake the deep, unalterable truth. I look for it, and in the humble but faithful measure of my powers, I strive to prepare the way for it. I believe that nations as well as individuals shall some day taste the fruit of universal redemption by the Son of God made man. I believe that the law and the gospel shall reign over this whole planet. I believe that we—that you and I—shall see descending from heaven a manhood humbler and nobler, meeker and mightier, purer and more loving, in a word, grander, than our own. 'And this man shall be the peace!' *Et erit iste Pax*."

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

MONTHLY NOTES PREPARED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

[Our Notes for this month are necessarily deferred until the next number.]

CURRENT EVENTS.

[OUR RECORD CLOSES DECEMBER 1.]

I. IN GENERAL.

November has been an eventful and uneasy month, furnishing for record a mingled row of occurrences of good and bad omen.

The most significant single fact of the month was the successful formal opening of the Suez Canal. This is an age of gigantic individual enterprises; but the vast undertaking of M. de Lesseps has been so powerfully carried onward to splendid success against a tremendous weight of political and financial indifference and hostility, not to mention the immense labor of civil engineering, as to stamp him a really great man.

A fleet of forty-five steamers has passed through the Canal and back again, including two vessels of the French *Messageries Impériales* of 2,400 tons burthen each: there is no question whatever that the canal is twenty

feet deep throughout, and can readily be deepened as much as requisite. Already the opening has caused a fall in rates of freight between Europe and Asia—a single fact which a thousand times outweighs the London criticisms on the sand along the Canal, and the coral, old chariot wheels, spirits, etc., in the bottom of the Red Sea.

Most of the other signs of the month are however colored with trouble or the fear of it. The course of the French Opposition, rapidly emboldened by the illness of Napoleon III. and the perfectly visible slackening of his hand upon the reins of government, points directly towards another revolution and republic at the earliest possible day.

There is news from England that another rising is expected in Ireland, and that it is in consideration to establish martial law once

more there, and strap down the island with a military strait-jacket.

As to Spain, she is still twisted and shaken with quarrels over her empty throne. Why might not some stern and heavy Ex-President with an inflexible policy, sit down on Spain and Reconstruct her—for a proper consideration? It would not be the first time—if Mr. Nast is right—that such a potentate would wear a crown, in semblance at least. The Spanish deficit for 1869 is twenty-eight million dollars in gold, and she must pay out to Cuba instead of as usual drawing largely from her. And the war in Cuba trails bloodily and feebly along, by means of murder and arson rather than warfare, showing that neither party has any real military strength. There is a growing public sentiment in the United States in favor of recognizing the Cubans as belligerents. Four nations have done so already. The South Carolina Legislature has called on Congress to do so; and it would not be surprising if the deed should be actually done before these pages reach their readers.

Of other wars in the world little can be said. The Dalmatian insurrection against Austria seems to amount to but little, and if as reported it is one of Mazzini's plans, nothing better was to be expected of it. He is made for a plotter of failures. The Paraguayan war still lingers, burning in embers or little more. Apparently Lopez will really fight until he dies or runs away stark alone. There is a "revolution" in Venezuela. In Hayti, Salnave seems to be nearly driven out of power, the rebels against him having got possession of most of his land and sea possessions. In that event there will simply be another African General President. "It's of no consequence."

Within the United States there has been a state of what may be called sociological uneasiness rather than real trouble of any kind. The "hard but honest" policy of the Government has carried gold steadily downward, until it sank to from 121 to 122. At this point Secretary Boutwell, very curiously, refused to sell gold at the price he had himself carried it to, thus condemning his own policy. The result was, of course, an instant upward jump in gold, and a feeling of unpleasant uncertainty as to the future course of business.

There seems to be dawning upon the country anew, a question that has more than once been furiously battled over already; that of the Bible in Public Schools. The Roman

Catholics of Cincinnati, with the help of a part of the remainder of the population, have distinctly demanded that the Bible shall no longer be read in the Public Schools of that City. The local question is not, at this writing, decided. But it is really a national question, and the Romanist and Protestant press are very rapidly taking sides upon it. Nor is the mere question of the Bible in Schools the real one at issue. This is, the existence of the American Common School System, upon which the Romanists are thus making a false attack. The real assault is to be, the organization of Sectarian instead of Common Schools. There is too much sympathy for such a system in some of the Protestant sects, and the movement is a dangerous one. As well destroy our system of local self-government as our common school system. Apparently the best ground to take on the question is, to concede the exclusion of the Bible from Schools, to make up for it by more diligent church and home instruction in religion and the Bible, and to prepare to meet the opponents of Common Schools thus divested, as direct assailants of the moral and intellectual essence of our national strength, prosperity, and happiness.

The Woman's Suffrage movement has made another decided step in advance by its Cleveland Convention, and the organization, in the hands of what may be called the moderate wing, of a National Association.

In formal politics, little of real note has taken place. In the State elections of the month, the vote has been light, and the Republican majorities, on the whole, maintained as nearly as was to be expected, unless New York State be an exception. The victory of the Democrats there has flung the whole government, both of the State and city, helpless into the hands of their party, and every body is waiting to see whether they will dare repeal the excise law and destroy the Metropolitan Commissions, and thus leave the city to the uncontrolled rule of rum and roughts, as of old.

There has been a recent visible stimulus of centripetal tendencies towards the United States from territory just without it. Negotiations have been going on, in the unconstitutional and discreditable darkness, it should be noted, of "diplomacy," for doing some land-business or other with President Baez, of St. Domingo. There is an increase of activity among the annexationists of Canada. The Winnipeg colonists have driven out their British governor, and are demanding a sub-

stantial local independence. As these secluded people really can only get into the world by way of the United States, it is not strange that they should gravitate towards us. British Columbia again has for the second time petitioned the British Government, either to be freed from the outrageous tax of over \$100 (greenbacks) per year per soul for expenses of colonial government, or else to be dismissed to join the United States. These Northern borderers would make excellent citizens. As for the Africans of St. Domingo, they would not perceptibly further dilute our badly-weakened average of voting intelligence and morality.

II. UNITED STATES.

Nov. 2. At the Massachusetts State election, Claflin (Republican) is reelected over Adams (Dem.) and Chamberlain ("Working-man's") by a majority of 9,804 in a total vote of 138,510.

— At the Wisconsin State election, Fairchild (Republican) is chosen Governor by 8,181 majority.

— At the New York State election, Nelson (Democrat) is chosen Secretary of State by a majority of 20,556 in a total vote of 641,196, which is 268,554 less than last year's total, being a decrease of over 25 per cent. The other Democratic candidates were also chosen. The judiciary clause of the new State constitution was adopted by a small majority; the rest of the constitution rejected by a larger one.

— Elder Heman Bangs, of the N. Y. East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dies at his house in New Haven. Mr. Bangs was born at Fairfield, Conn., Apr. 15, 1790; removed to New York State while young; was a pastor and elder in the Methodist Church for about half a century, and an energetic, successful, and influential laborer in his vocation, having, during his pastorate, admitted some 10,000 persons to the church.

Nov. 7. Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart dies at his home at Bordentown, N. J., aged 91. He was born in Philadelphia, went to sea as a cabin-boy at 13, rose to be captain in the East India trade, in 1798 received a commission as lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, served in the hostilities against Tripoli and the Mediterranean pirates, in 1812 commanded the *Constellation*, in 1813 was transferred to the *Constitution*, with whose fame and name he has ever since been identified, having, like the old ship, been long known as "Old Ironsides."

Nov. 10. Major-General John E. Wool dies at his residence in Troy, N. Y., aged 86. He was born at Newburgh; when the war of 1812 broke out, he became a Captain in the 13th Infantry, and rose rapidly by gallantry and useful service, becoming a brevet Brigadier-General in 1826. His services during the Mexican war and at the opening of the Rebellion were of great importance. He was made full Major-General in May, 1862; and at the end of the Rebellion was retired from active service and has since lived at Troy.

Nov. 11. Robert J. Walker dies at Washington. He was born in 1801, at Northumberland, Pa.; became a lawyer at Pittsburg; in 1826 removed to the State of Mississippi; was a prominent and influential Democratic politician during Jackson's and the subsequent administrations; was chosen U. S. Senator in 1835; was Secretary of the Treasury under Polk, and one of the Governors of Kansas under Buchanan. He was a man of very considerable political and business ability, and of immense industry.

Nov. 12. Hon. Amos Kendall dies at his home in Washington. He was born in Dunstable, Mass., Aug. 16, 1789; studied law, succeeded ill; in 1816 became a Democratic politician and editor at Frankfort, Ky.; was an earnest advocate of Gen. Jackson's nomination, and during his administration was in office at Washington. He was Postmaster-General from 1835 to 1840. He was an early believer in Morse's telegraph, and received considerable wealth from his investments in it.

Nov. 12. The Old and New School Presbyterian General Assemblies, in session at Pittsburg, formally consummate their reunion, with profound feeling and great enthusiasm.

Nov. 16. The Legislature of Alabama ratifies, and that of Tennessee rejects, the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Nov. 24. By order of the U. S. Government, the thirty gunboats recently built for the Spanish Government, of which fifteen are about ready for sea, are libelled at the docks in New York, and held to await the decision of an Admiralty Court on the question whether or not the rules of international law permit their delivery to Spain.

Nov. 24. A convention is held at Cleveland to organize a National Woman's Suffrage Association. It contained sixty-three delegates, from thirteen States. There was speaking; and the proposed organization was effected, Rev. H. W. Beecher being chosen President.

with a proper staff of Vice-Presidents, etc. The Corresponding Secretary is Mrs. Myra Bradwell, Chicago.

Nov. 25. Mr. A. D. Richardson, a well-known newspaper writer and author, is shot in the Tribune Office by D. McFarland, in consequence of Mr. Richardson's attachment to McFarland's divorced (?) wife. This is the second time McFarland has shot Richardson, who lingers a few days and dies.

Nov. 28. Isaac C. Pray, well known as a literary man and in particular as a dramatist and dramatic instructor, dies at his residence in New York, in his 56th year.

Dec. 1. The National Debt of the United States has been decreased during November by the sum of \$7,571,454.13.

III. FOREIGN.

Nov. 2. Gov. McDougall, of Winnepeg Territory, in British America, is to-day escorted over the border of his jurisdiction into Dakota Territory by a strong force of French half-breed settlers, who repudiate their proposed fusion with "the Dominion," and want a colonial independence, subject only to the Crown. The Governor had but just arrived to assume his office.

Nov. 4. George Peabody dies at his residence in London. He was born at Danvers, Mass., in 1795; was a clerk and merchant at Danvers, Thetford, Vt., Newburyport, Georgetown, D. C., and Baltimore; in 1829 became the head of the house of Peabody, Riggs & Co.; in 1837 removed to London, and in 1841 went into the banking business, in which he accumulated great wealth. Mr. Peabody's public charities include donations of \$500,000 for a public library at Baltimore; \$1,250,000 to erect comfortable dwellings for the poor in London; \$1,000,000, afterward considerably increased, as a fund for stimulating the Southern States to organize good common schools; and some smaller ones.

Nov. 6. Henri Rochefort returns to Paris from his exile at Brussels. The French police stopped him on the frontier, but by order permitted him to proceed. He at once

set about addressing the people as a candidate for the Legislature.

Nov. 17. The ceremonies of the opening of the Suez Canal begin with a blessing, given by Father Bauer, almoner of the Empress Eugenie. The Empress, the Emperor of Austria, the Viceroy of Egypt, the Princes of Prussia and Holland, many dignitaries, and an immense crowd of other spectators, were present.

Nov. 22. At the supplementary elections for the French Legislature, Henri Rochefort was chosen from the First Circumscription of Paris.

Nov. 23. A telegram is received in London from the Governor of Bombay, saying that he had received a letter from Mr. Livingstone, the African traveller, dated Ujiji, May 18, 1869. Mr. Livingstone was in good health and spirits, and had been well treated everywhere.

— The French Empress, having gone in her yacht *L'Aigle*, together with a fleet of 44 other steamers, averaging 1000 tons burthen, through the Suez Canal and back, reaches Port Said to-day on her return.

Nov. 29. Giulia Grisi, the famous Italian singer, dies at Berlin, aged 57.

— The French Legislature sits, and is addressed by the Emperor, whose speech includes observations upon the recent "excesses of the pen and of public assemblages," a declaration that France wants "liberty with order," the speaker's personal guarantee of order, his appeal for the help of the Legislature toward granting liberty, an enumeration of certain reforms to be granted, a declaration that the condition of France is satisfactory, and a view of the progress of the age in material and moral achievement. The proposed reforms, the Emperor intimates, are to constitute, on the whole, "a more direct participation of the nation in its own affairs," and they include, among other items, election of municipal officials by universal suffrage, improved primary education, cheaper justice, and reduced taxes. The French Opposition is not satisfied with the speech.

FRANG'S NEW CHROMOS.

We have received from L. Prang & Co. specimens of some of their latest Chromos. One of them, "The Birthplace of Whittier," by Thos. Hill, represents a small New England homestead, very plain and simple, surrounded by noble trees, with winding road and clear stream in the foreground. One would not instinctively recognise it as the ideal home of the poet, but perhaps it is a fitting dwelling-place for Whittier's sturdy genius.

Another of these chromos is a brilliant and effective "Sunset on the Coast," after De Haas, and "Launching of the Life-Boat," after E. Morein, with animated figures and rolling sea.

These two are among the best and most artistic works yet produced by Mr. Prang.

P U T N A M ' S M A G A Z I N E

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. V.—FEBRUARY—1870.—No. XXVI..

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

II.

PAUL.

OUR Paul had come. Without being told, you would have known the fact, by the changed atmosphere of the house.

He strode about like a king, and all the children were afraid of him.

To tell the truth, there were altogether too many children in the house to please this royal young gentleman. Not but what he had some fraternal affection for each individual brother and sister, but in the aggregate they were troublesome, "so many young ones."

They brought more or less of noise and confusion into the house, and his princship craved order and quiet.

Their numerous wants absorbed much of the time and attention of his mother, which he wished to appropriate to himself.

Every other summer when he came home, he found a new baby in the cradle—it was very aggravating.

If a portion of the aggravation was born of the fact that each newcomer lessened the amount of his prospective fortune, Paul had never acknowledged it, even to himself. It was enough that they annoyed him in the present; they made a noise, they were in the way, they filled up the house, which the young

gentleman had already pronounced "a mean, pinched-up box."

Paul made no effort to hide the fact that he was dissatisfied with the appearance of his home, and his dissatisfaction was an affliction to his mother. She remembered the time when he looked upon the family sitting-room, with its striped carpet and yellow walls, with great complacency, and thought it a very fine affair. That was before he went to Harvard, or had seen the splendid drawing-rooms of Beacon street and of Marlboro Hill. Out in the great world he had stepped upon the plateau of a higher life, a life of leisure and ease, a life of culture and of graceful repose. It was very hard for him to step down again to the level on which he was born. He did it very unwillingly and very ungracefully. Ever since he could remember, his mother had been drudging and saving, his father delving and making money. He was determined to do neither. He wanted money only for the gratification that it would purchase; for the life of luxury and splendor which were unattainable without it. Each year the streets of Busyville looked narrower, its houses lower, his own parental domain smaller than the year before. Settle in

Entered, in the year 1866, by G. F. PUTNAM & SON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of N. Y.

Busyville! Never. The whole kingdom of Busyville could not tempt the ambition of this young prince.

On the afternoon of his arrival, after having condescended to kiss his mother and patronize the children, Paul sauntered into his father's shops. Paul liked to saunter through the shops, looking at the work-people, and talking with them in a half supercilious, half hail-fellow way; it added to the consciousness of his own importance. Especially he enjoyed lounging in the "Girls' Room." More than any place in the world, there he was king. To a company of young girls shut up in a close room, to ply one monotonous task from the beginning of the year to its close, the advent of a handsome, polished young man was a very pleasant event. It must have been humiliating, if they remembered the fact that outside of that shop he never recognized them; they did not belong to "his set." Tilly Blane and the other fair maidens of the mansion houses did not speak with shop-girls in the street; then why should he, the petted beau for whom these maidens were ready to give their fortunes or break their hearts? But in the shop! Ah, that was a different matter. Here no king amid his court could be more graciously condescending. Gay, graceful, debonaire, he loitered through the long room at his leisure, chatting with all, giving a smile to one, a subtle compliment to another, a witty sally or repartee to another, making each one feel that he was especially pleased with her individual self, indeed, that she was the object of his particular admiration. Thus each one was delighted with him.

Was it wonderful? He was young and handsome and rich, with a charm of manner unwonted among the men of their acquaintance. They were young and pretty and poor, and women. Thus they yielded to him involuntarily the homage of smiles and blushes and eloquent eyes. It was very pleasant to Paul. Nowhere else did he feel so positively sure of his importance and power in the world as in the girls' shop.

He felt perfectly secure of himself in

this intoxicating atmosphere; felt sure that his armor of pride was proof against all their pretty weapons. "They are none of them *my style*," he would soliloquize. "The mountain girls are too rustic, and the town girls too pert. Nearly all of them use two negatives in a sentence, and their verbs rarely agree with their nominatives. What else could be expected of shop-girls? But, after all, some of them are deuced pretty, and how they admire *me*! How delighted they are with my notice, poor things. There's Lucy Day, she really thinks that I am serious, and will call upon her on Sunday evening. The devil! I am going to see Tilly Blane, of course."

On this afternoon, he had nearly completed the length of the long apartment; had paused in his leisurely way to exchange coquetries with every fair worker, before he discovered Eirene Vale standing busy at work beside a window, in a remote corner of the apartment. He could not see her face, yet knew her at once to be a stranger. A "new hand" always possessed a degree of interest to Paul, yet on this occasion he forbore to manifest it, lest he might arouse feelings of jealousy in the hearts of others of his fair subjects. Thus he asked no questions, seemed as if he did not see the stranger. "Is she pretty?" This question he determined to answer for himself. From the moment of his discovery, he thought only of reaching the spot where she stood—it was gained at last.

"Miss ——?" he said, with a mixture of suavity and effrontery which he would have used only to a shop-girl in his own father's shop: "Miss ——?" hesitating as if he knew her name, yet could not that instant recall it.

Eirene turned her face. The clear eyes met his with a simple look of surprise. She was neither frightened nor flattered. The innocent face expressed only wonder that an utter stranger should accost her with the familiarity of a friend, while she waited for the young gentleman to conclude his sentence.

"I beg your pardon. I thought ——."

"I thought ——;" but the utter con-

fusion of the youth prevented him from telling what he thought.

The conceited boy of the world stood abashed before the guileless look of a young girl's eyes. He was totally unprepared for such a look, it was so different from the one he had anticipated. He had expected smiling confusion, blushing vanity, with spontaneous and undisguised admiration of his own imperial self. This apparent unconsciousness of his magnificence, this utter lack of self-consciousness, with the look of wonder and inquiry in a pair of eyes—the loveliest, he thought, that he had ever seen—was too much for Paul's equanimity, notwithstanding the large amount of his self-possession.

To his astonishment he saw before him a lady, and was disgusted that he had proved himself to be less than a gentleman.

"I —. I am mistaken. Pardon me," for the third time stammered our discomfited Adonis, as, with a profound bow, he withdrew. He felt an impulse to rush directly out of the shop. He was not used to appearing at disadvantage. He was more than mortified at losing his self-possession, and that to a shop girl—he who had never blushed before the beauties of Marlboro Hill, and had borne without finching the full blaze of the drawing-rooms of Beacon street. Yet amid his confusion he did not forget that the eyes of his fair subjects were upon him. What would they think? What would they say, if they saw that one of their own class had the power to embarrass the young prince and send him in disconcerted haste from their presence? That would be indeed a fall from his lofty position.

Thus he sauntered down the other side of the room and endeavored to chat in his wonted manner. But somehow he felt the gaze of those innocent eyes still fixed upon him, though if he had dared to look, he would have seen that they were bent steadfastly upon their work. The amusement of flirting had suddenly lost all its zest. He found himself judging these buxom beauties by a new standard—the face that he had just left behind

him. How coarse their voices sounded, how inane their words seemed now. He was thankful when he came to the end and had made his last pretty speech.

He went out, and but one face went with him. He did not know the name of its possessor, he had not enquired. He could have asked the question carelessly enough to have gratified an idle curiosity. But it was not idle curiosity, it was interest which he felt. Should he, Paul Mallane, betray interest in one of his father's shop-girls? Oh, no. He could not forget so far his high position.

"Mother could tell me," he said to himself as he stepped into the street. "She knows every girl that comes and goes from these shops. But she is the last person on earth that I would ask."

Paul was too well aware what his mother thought of his visiting the shops.

"It is undignified and beneath you, Paul," she would say, "to lounge away so much of your time with the shop hands. Besides, it is dangerous. It is very pleasant, I know, to bewitch those pretty mountain girls. I am sure you do," and the mother would look with gratified pride upon the young, handsome face. "But by-and-by one may bewitch you. I know you think not; but you don't know how foolish a pretty face might make even you, Paul, with all your ambition."

"Mother, you need not worry about me," the young man would say, with a conscious air. "I have never seen a shop-girl yet, no, nor any girl, who could make me forget what is due to my position."

After his promenade through the shops, Paul had intended to show his handsome face and air his immaculate broadcloth on Main street. He knew that Tilly Blane would see him as she looked through the blinds of the squire's house, at first with eager hope, and then with tearful disappointment, as he, the imperial Paul, strode past in sublime unconsciousness of being opposite her paternal mansion. He knew also that Abby Arnot would peep through the blinds of the house across the street, and as she watched him pass by, exclaim with a toss

of triumph: "There! There goes Paul Mallane! He doesn't even look toward Squire Blane's. Talk to me of he and Tilly being engaged."

He thought, too, how old Deacon Nuggett, sitting in his shop door, would call out as he passed by: "Ah, Paul! Paul Mallane, is that you! Well! well! how fine ye're lookin'. A son any father might be proud on. Y'u'll be in Congress in ten years, eh? Paul!"

But when he rushed forth from the factory door, Paul had forgotten all these anticipated triumphs. He walked straight across the street to the white house under the trees. He entered it, but did not go into the family sitting-room, where he knew that his mother sat rocking the baby. Instead he walked into the prim parlor and threw himself down upon the stiff high-backed sofa. Paul was disgusted with himself (a most unusual state of mind), therefore it was not strange that he soon grew equally disgusted with every thing that he beheld. "What a shabby, shut-up box this parlor is, any way," he said to himself. "There is nothing spacious, nor elegant, nor easy about it. And yet before I went away from Busyville I thought it splendid, just as mother thinks it is now. The pattern of this carpet is entirely too large for the room, it looks as if it was crowding the walls back. And the walls are too low for these great pictures, and the pictures are in dismal taste. Washington's Death-bed; and Calvin, preaching his gloomy theology; and Grandmother Bard in a frizzled wig looking as black as thunder. They say that I look like her too, and — how that centre-table looks, with that square of daguerreotypes piled around the astral lamp. That is Gracy's work. If there is no one else, I will teach her how to take a little of the stiffness out of this room. She should see the drawing-rooms at Marlboro' Hill; then she would know how to arrange a parlor. But to make an elegant room of this is impossible," and Paul gazed about with an expression of increased contempt. "Dick Prescott expects to come here, too. He shan't. He shan't see this parlor. He shan't see —."

What? Paul did not see fit to say. He threw his head further back, fixed his eyes upon the ceiling, and as the rich color stained his cheek, impatiently exclaimed: "I am an ass."

It was a most unwonted state of mind which could make the young prince of the house of Mallane declare himself to be "an ass."

The bell rang for tea. Paul did not stir. "Let those children get seated with their confounded clatter;" said this amiable young man, with eyes still fixed upon the ceiling. When the shuffling of little feet and the shouts of eager voices had subsided a little, and the click of tea-cups and the tinkling of tea-spoons and the fragrance of tea reached his nose and ears instead, Paul arose, and, half lazily, half ill-naturedly, santered forth.

"Here, Paul, here's your seat by me," said Mrs. Mallane, as turning with her most benignant mother-look, she saw Paul, with an expression of annoyance and embarrassment upon his face, standing in the open door. When he opened it, a pair of clear eyes looked up from a tea-cup. The young face whose guilelessness had so abashed his impertinence in the work-shop, wearing the same expression, looked up to his from the home supper-table. His astonishment at seeing it there, with the recollection of his behavior, again overcame Paul's self-possession. He stood perfectly still, as if he thought there was no seat for him at the table. Not till after he had taken the place proffered by his mother, did Paul become conscious that he was sitting on the same side with the young stranger, his sister Grace between them, while his accustomed seat opposite was filled by little Jack. Again he was vexed. Much as it had disconcerted him—strange to say, he felt the most insane desire to look on the face again:

"Mother intended that I should not, and so seated me here," he thought, looking full upon that matron's countenance. The gray eyes were fixed upon him with a penetrating gaze.

"Will you take tea, Paul?" was all that she said.

Paul began to sip his tea in silence,

When the children began to stare at wondering if this could be our Paul was so silent; when suddenly, giving his forces, he commenced rattling in his old, gay, careless manner. It was his usual vacation talk, all the Prescotts and Appletons and the Hill; the distinguished men and beautiful women whom he had met. It was usually very interesting to John and Tabitha Mallane; to the because he felt a genuine interest in persons described; to the mother, as it gratified her ambition to know her son was admitted into such a society.

It had been a grand reunion at the edge of philosophers and poets of transcendental order. Paul, with a number of other young bloods of the law, had managed, through the presence of Dick Prescott, to gain admittance, and thus caught a glimpse of the great and seers. Paul had seen Thoreau and Hawthorne; Emerson and H—, and gave brilliant descriptions of them all. "L—," he said, "with his face in the middle, looks as much like the picture of Christ as ever." He was thinking what a grand gentleman this must be, who was so familiar in terms with the great man whom she had read all her life, whom she never hoped to see; and this last remark struck her sensibility like blasphemy. She looked up at the eyes of the speaker as he turned and gazed over the head of his sister Grace. Once more they were disconcerted and fell before the same glance. Again Paul inwardly sneered himself an ass; but turning to his mother, he ran on more freely than before; while the children's eyes distended with wonder, their cheeks distended with pride and listened, inwardly exclaiming: "It is a great man our Paul must be."

PAUL AND HIS MOTHER.

Paul was soon dispatched. Eating in an English household was mere business affair, and as such dispatched on as possible.

The æsthetic phase of tea-drinking, the toying with tea-spoons, the lingering over tea-cups to tell pleasant stories of the day, Tabitha Mallane had never learned. To give her family enough to eat, to have them eat it as quickly as possible, and to have her table cleared in the briefest space of time that could be, was to her the Alpha and Omega of eating.

Although Paul had just returned and seemed to have much to tell, this meal was no exception to others. Indeed, the atmosphere of hurry seemed more positive than usual.

Eirene found herself swallowing her tea with great trepidation, and wondering why she felt that there was not time to drink it, and why each individual there was doing the same, as rapidly as possible.

With a feeling of relief, she saw Mr. Mallane push back his chair. No one had introduced her to Paul. Nobody but Mr. Mallane had spoken to her through the meal. No one seemed to notice her as she walked quietly out of the room; yet two persons at the table were keenly conscious of her departure.

"Rene! Rene! Poor Mo—" cried out the parrot as she opened the door of her little cell. At the sound of his name, the image of lank, awkward, yellow-haired Moses rose before her, in contrast to the handsome young stranger down-stairs.

"Strange that there can be such a difference in two," she ejaculated involuntarily, as taking up her book, she sat down on a low stool beside the window and commenced the translation of a French exercise. It was an extract from Bossuet: "*Quoique Dieu et la nature aient fait tous les hommes égaux en les formant d'une même bone, la vanité humaine ne peut souffrir cette égalité.*" "Although God and Nature have made all men equal in forming them of the same earth, human vanity cannot bear that equality." She paused, the pencil poised in her suspended hand. A young manly face set in dark hair, lit with dark eyes, seemed to look up into hers from the page before her. "How it would have grieved mo-

ther to hear the Saviour's name spoken with such indifference," she said simply, murmuring the sentence aloud after the manner of people much alone. "But why should I think of it?" she continued, bending her eyes once more upon the page, and resuming her task. But the vagrant thought refused to be called back to the study of French. "Then *he* is Paul of whom I have heard so much," it whispered. She looked up from her book, out upon the garden; there under the old cherry-tree, on the grass was stretched the same Paul, gazing up as if he saw a vision.

There he was! and she was thinking of him! This consciousness sent the quick blood into the young girl's cheeks for the first time.

Paul saw it, this maiden-blush, saw it as the first recognition of his own princely self, and it sent a new thrill into his heart, a thrill that went into his dreams. For a number of moments he had been gazing without interruption on this fair picture above him; on the pure profile of the young face in the open window within its frame of dark vines. The long gaze could hardly have come to a more delightful termination than this, caused by the uplifted face, the vivid blush. And yet he felt once more abashed that he had been discovered. He arose with a bow, then threw himself down again and fixed his eyes with a look of profound meditation upon the sky. "He came out to think," reflected Eirene, and that she might not seem to intrude upon his meditation, she moved her seat from the window, and in the interior of her cell once more invoked the eloquence of Bossuet to assist her in studying French.

To do Paul justice, he did not throw himself upon the grass for the purpose of gazing at Eirene's window; he came into the garden solely to escape his mother and himself. The pretty picture of the window had been an unanticipated delight, enjoyed the more keenly because unexpected and stolen. He knew that if his mother could have foreseen this pleasure, he would never have enjoyed it.

Tabitha Mallane had hastened supper and the children out of the way, in order that she might have a talk with Paul.

The young gentleman would have gladly escaped, but he knew that it was useless to try to evade his mother; he might delay it, perhaps, but the talk would come.

"Sit down, Paul," she said as she seated herself in her low chair and began to rock the cradle, her invariable employment when she had "something to say." "What, going out?" "How uneasy you are. You will have plenty of time left to see Tilly Blane if you do sit a little while and talk with your mother."

Then she began to question him concerning his studies and his prospects for being graduated with honor. "No mother's boy should stand before him," she declared, as her questions were promptly and favorably answered. Yet she did not seem satisfied, and began to rock the cradle violently in the silence.

"What do you think of the new hand, Paul?" she asked abruptly.

"What hand?"

"Why, the one that your father will have eat at our table. Isn't she pretty?"

"Pretty? rather," answered the young gentleman, with the imperturbable air which he always summoned to his assistance in such conversations with his mother. "You took care that I should see only half of her face, that looked well enough," he continued.

"But what *do* you think of her, Paul?"

"Think! I think she is dressed like a dud. Can't say how she would look in the costume of the present century."

"Don't try to evade, Paul. You know that I am not talking of her dress. What do you think of the girl?"

"What time have I had to think of her?" "Ten minutes at supper."

"Half the afternoon, Paul."

"What an idea! Why should I think of her more than of any other shop hand?"

"*Why*, Paul? The girl's face answers that question. You can't deceive me. I saw you go into the shops. I saw you

come back. Something unusual happened there, or you would not have come and shut yourself in that dark parlor, instead of going into the street. Then, when you came in to supper and saw her sitting at the table, your face told me of whom you had been thinking."

"Mother, you need not begin to hold guard over *me*," exclaimed the young man, angrily. "You need not watch me through the blinds, when I go out, and when I come in. I am not one of your babies. I know what belongs to my position."

Poor Paul! No matter what his annoyance, it was such a support for him to fall back upon his "position."

"I know you, Paul," said his mother, leaning forward, eagerly, rocking the cradle more violently, as she always did when excited. "Because I know you, I warn you, in the beginning, against this girl up-stairs. She is sly and deceitful, such still people always are. She intends to captivate you with her quiet ways and her great soft eyes, and she *will* captivate you in spite of all your pride and all your ambition, unless you are on your guard. Of course, my son, you know what is due to your position, you know what your mother expects of you; but it will be hard for you to be true to your knowledge until you are older."

"Mother, who under heaven is this girl that you are making such a fuss about?"

"Her name is Vale. Eirene Vale. Her name is as outlandish as her family. She comes from a shiftless, poverty-stricken set, up on the mountains. Her father whimpered about her having to go to work, and so your father took a notion to be kind to the girl. You know what your father's notions are? They can't be changed. He will have her here. She is a nuisance. I hate the sight of her."

Paul leaned back in the rocking-chair, yawned, and then began to whistle. He was not as fluent upon the subject of the "new hand" as upon his favorite topics of the Prescotts, and Marlboro Hill. He had nothing to say; he looked bored and sleepy.

"Well," he said at last, in a careless tone, "you are making a great ado, and I am sure I don't know what for. You say that this girl is 'sly, poverty-stricken, and a nuisance.' Do you think that there is the slightest danger of my committing myself to such a person?" and with this disclaimer Paul thrust his hands into his pockets, sauntered forth into the garden, and threw himself down under the old cherry-tree.

"Mother will overdo everything," he said to himself, angrily. She ought to know more of human nature than to think such talk will make me dislike the girl. Why did not she let her alone? and let me alone? It is enough to make a fellow say that he *will* make love, even if he had not thought of it before. Of course, there is every reason why I should never commit myself to one in her position. But I don't like to be balked. I won't be balked, not by my mother. Why didn't she leave me to my reason? Then I could have taught myself to have looked on this face without—well, without such a flutter. Such a face!"

"Such a face!" Surely. As Paul threw his head back to look up into the sky, he caught a glimpse of it in the frame of vines in the open window above him.

What was it in this face which so held his gaze? It was not its youthful loveliness alone, Paul was used to beautiful faces. It did not please his senses only, it seemed to touch his soul, it rested, it soothed, it satisfied. What a contrast to the eager, restless, life-worn face which he had just left. The worldly, selfish, blasé boy gazed on, till through the evening air something of the serenity of the pure young brow stole down to him. As he gazed, he felt within him the promptings of his better angel telling him that with such a face to light his life, purity and peace would be possible even to him.

Tabitha Mallane looked out of the window, saw her son, then walked back to the cradle and rocked it as if she were frantic. The baby must have thought so, for it awoke with a terrific scream,

which instantly brought Paul back from Elysium, and made him say, "Curse that child!"

Tabitha Mallane *did* know Paul better than his father know him; better than he knew himself. When she said: This girl's face will take the heart out of our Paul, she spoke from the depth of her consciousness of his nature. He had taken this nature from his mother, he was like her.

She remembered her own impulsive youth, when even interest and ambition went down before the one, importunate want of a young, passionate heart. Well she remembered when she turned from the goodly lands and the pimply face of Benoni Blane to marry John Mallane, though all Busyville held up its hands, rolled up its eyes, turned up its nose and exclaimed in wonder, because "Tabitha Bard looked no higher than a journeyman worker, and he a Yorker."

She remembered the struggling years of her early married life, when Paul was a baby. She had not forgotten, when she drew him through the village streets in his little wagon, how she used to meet young Squire Blane's pretty wife with the infant Tilly in a fine carriage.

She could see distinctly now, the nod, half condescending, half disdainful, which the young beauty would throw her as the carriage rolled on. She remembered how she used to stand in the dusty street, with the handle of the little wagon in her hand, gazing after the fine phaeton, thinking it might have been hers, if she had only been willing to have accepted with it the pimply face of Benoni Blane.

She was not sorry. Although her share in the old homestead was long withheld from her by an angry mother; although she had borne the disgrace, terrible in New England, of being poor: she would not have exchanged John Mallane for Benoni Blane with all his possessions. She wanted John Mallane, but she wanted the equipage, the mansion, and the honored position also. "I *will* have them," she exclaimed, gazing after the receding carriage. "The day will come when your baby will be glad enough of the notice of my boy; when

you won't toss your head at *me* like that, Belinda Blane."

Tabitha Mallane had divining eyes. They foreread the future; her prophecy was fulfilled.

The poor journeyman worker was now one of the wealthiest manufacturers in Busyville. His opinions carried great weight in the councils of the church, and in "Town meeting." He had reflected great credit upon Busyville in the State legislature, and for all these weighty reasons, Busyville had forgiven him for having been born poor, and in another State.

Tabitha Mallane's handsome son, the Harvard student, the incipient lawyer, the prospective member of Congress, the possible President of the United States, all in all considered, was the finest "catch" in Busyville. There were young men there with purer hearts, and brains quite as clever, but they lacked the money, or the beauty, or the grand, imperial air of Paul. He assumed so much indifference and hauteur, and was withal so very graceful and handsome, that there was not a girl in all the mansion houses but what felt flattered when he condescended to bestow his attentions. All this was a misfortune to Paul. He stood sorely in need of a little humiliation. The consciousness of supreme power over women is so very dangerous to any man. His mother's great anxiety came from the fear that he would not make the most of his advantages. She was so afraid that, in some moment of impulse and passion, he would do precisely as she did once: marry for love without asking his mother's permission. She had never repented her own course. When she looked back into the years, she always said: "I would do the same if I were to live my life over again. I could never love another man as I love John Mallane; besides, I always knew that he would die rich. It is very different with Paul. He could never work and wait as I have done, for a fortune. He was made to enjoy and to spend one. Besides, my boy shall never drudge and suffer what I have, in struggling up to prosperity. He must marry a rich wife. If we could

give him all we have, it wouldn't be much with his taste and habits. He thinks that we live in a very poor way" (and here the poor mother would sigh).

"What will our property be, divided among eight?" "One eighth! What would that be to our Paul? Of course, he will settle in the city. Before that he must marry Tilly Blane. She is longing to give herself and all that she has to him. I knew that she would, long ago. Belinda Blane, it's a long time since you tossed your head at me.

"And now that girl up-stairs! I hate her, she is in the way."

BUSYVILLE—ITS BRAHMINS AND BUSTLERS.

BUSYVILLE was a fair type of a small manufacturing New England village. Its Yankee friends called it "a smart little town." It was, in truth, an enterprising, energetic, money-getting place.

Within a limited range of thought and action, its people were intelligent, but its arc of life was very narrow. Its besetting sin was littleness. Its factories, its schools, its churches, its houses, its people, all betrayed this tendency toward contraction.

Their life was shaped by the belief that Busyville, having arrived at a state of absolute perfection generations before, could not by any possibility be improved.

Family branches which had struck out and taken root in the great world, sometimes strayed back and informed their kindred on the parent tree that Busyville was behind the times; information which said kindred resented as an insult. In their opinion, any knowledge which was not known in Busyville, was not worth knowing. In their old Academy, the formula of study had not varied in fifty years. Within a certain range, it was excellent; but it never advanced, never grew larger. To its denizens Busyville was the Eden of this world. To have been born in another town, was a misfortune; to have been born in another country, was an ineffaceable disgrace. The poor stranger, the lonely foreigner who alighted here to look for work, had a sorry time. It did not occur to the pious women who sent boxes of clothing

to the Congoes, and sometimes stinted themselves to help support the missionary whom they had sent to civilize the Hottentots, that there might be mission-work to do even in Christian Busyville.

There were crowded lanes and by-ways in this town swarming with wild, ill-cared for children. It would have been a mercy to have clothed and cared for them, and to have led them by the hand into the commodious Sabbath-schools filled with the smiling, singing children of the church; but the women devoted to the Congoes had no time left for little white sinners at home. In close chambers and in little tenements, lonely stranger-women lived out their crushed existence;—overtaxed, sore-worn wives and mothers whose weary tasks were never done. To one of these a call from a prosperous sister-woman—one kindly expression of personal interest, would have been as the cup of cold water to one of Christ's thirsting little ones. Alas! it was rarely proffered. The lady absorbed in the Hottentots had nothing left for the "common woman" who washed her husband's shirts and mended her many children's scanty clothes in the shop tenements of Busyville. The bustling, well-to-do wives of Busyville were too busy with their societies, and schools, with their churches and houses, their own and their neighbors' affairs, to have either time or capacity left to devote to "outlandish people."

The sin of being a stranger in Busyville was never more keenly felt than by the newcomer on commencement day at the Academy. Then the daughters of the Busyville Brahmins, the maidens of the mansion-houses, the buxom beauties of the old homesteads proceeded to the seats which they had occupied from their earliest recollection and proceeded to pass judgment upon all aliens. With supercilious and mocking eyes they measured the rustic youths and maidens from the mountain-towns, and the young strangers from other States. After the first session, the fair Sanhedrim met in solemn conclave and decided whose outward aspect entitled them to be "one of ourselves."

Woe to the girl who "looked poor." Woe to the pale student whom they suspected of having emerged from one of the village shops, she never became "one of ourselves."

No one proffered to assist *her* in the solution of Algebraic problems. No sweet girl-voice which had parsed triumphantly through *Paradise Lost*, offered to lead her through pages of involved analyses. She watched the cliques of pretty girls laughing and playing under the trees at recess, or looked with wistful eyes as they recited their lessons in groups in the old Laboratory,—but no welcoming word or smile ever made her feel that she was one of them. She passed in and out of the long halls as alone and lonely on the last day of school as at its beginning.

The lines of caste were as rigidly drawn in orthodox Busyville, as in Pagan India.

One had to probe through the family soil for two or three generations to appreciate duly the prerogatives of the Brahmin order.

Methuselah Blane, a stout and unlettered yeoman came across the ocean, perhaps in the *Mayflower*—the Blanes say that he did. For a few pounds, he bought a large tract of land in the new valley, built a log-house and proceeded to subdue the stones, while his wife Mehitabel proceeded to subdue the tempers of her snub-nosed boys and to prepare them by a course of rigorous discipline for a life of vigorous labor. Methuselah and Mehitabel sleep together in one grave, in the old graveyard, beneath a brown tablet from which time has nearly effaced a very remarkable epitaph. They had gone back to dust, and their snub-nosed boys were gray-haired men, before Busyville grew into existence. Then the land of the "Blane boys" was cut into village lots; at last the iron path of the rail-horse was laid through their domain; money flowed into old stockings till they overflowed, and the Blanes and their children became Brahmins forever.

The present representative of the race, Benoni Blane, was a well-enough man,

with a brain as neutral-tinted and as pimply as his complexion. It was not easy to point to any mischief he had done in the world, and equally difficult to discover any good.

Had any one asked a good-natured Brahmin: Why does Benoni Blane stand at the head of his order in Busyville? Is he of large public spirit? Has he endowed a school? Has he founded a library? Has he assisted poor young men to obtain an education? Does he support missionaries or build churches? Is he remarkable for talent, culture, or piety?

The good-natured Brahmin would have replied, "No, he has done none of these things. He is not distinguished for genius, learning, or goodness. Benoni Blane is a man who minds his own business, he is descended from one of the first settlers—and the Blanes have always been well to do."

To have had an infinitesimal portion of your being brought across the Atlantic by a remote ancestor in the *Mayflower*—was, of course, a superlative honor—it constituted you a person of exalted birth. But, if only your grandfather sailed over the ocean in a fast-sailing modern-built ship, oh, that was a different matter—a misfortune, if not a disgrace, which made you "foreign," if not outlandish.

To the Brahmins, by natural birth-right, belonged the emoluments and dignities of Busyville. They supplied the town with professional men; the lawyers, doctors, and squires were all Brahmins. The clergymen were not equally blessed. Men had preached in Busyville whose ancestors did not sail to this country in the *Mayflower*; but they did not preach to the Brahmins. As you recognized the mansions of the Brahmins by their venerable gables, time-stained walls, and the deep shadow of their patriarchal trees, so you knew the ambitious "villas" of the wealthy Bustlers by their stark, staring newness, by their tumorous bay windows, astounding porticoes, and stunning cupolas, threatening the frail fabrics beneath with constant annihilation. But if these rich Bustlers did not know the vulgar from

the beautiful, they had ample means to educate their children to higher tastes. Occasionally a decayed Brahmin family were thankful to sell their magnificent prerogatives, and uncomfortable poverty for new money and a new domain, even if they had to accept with it a new name.

With such recompense, more than one fair Brahmin concluded that she could afford to ignore the obscurity of her husband's ancestry, while she still retained the splendid memories of her own! The wealthy Bustlers who thus allied themselves with the "first people" invariably turned their backs upon their own class, and lifted their eyes and aspirations alike toward the Brahmins. But the small Bustlers, never rich, always comfortable, who were perfectly satisfied to remain Bustlers forever, were largely in majority, and it was they who gave to Busyville its peculiar character and tone. On every corner stood their little workshops, all astir with the hum and whirr of machinery, with the buzz of busy hands and voices. The streets were lined with their houses; little houses glaring in vivid white and green—pretty "pine boxes" in which they flourished in happy mediocrity.

The boys and girls worked together in the shops; made love, married, and then with laudable thrift, made haste to earn and build one of these habitations for themselves and their children. Thus as the years went on, little streets reached out over the meadows, and new white boxes were set in parallel rows, blistering and blinking at each other in the sun. Each house, as it stared, beheld its counterpart in its neighbor, and all of them alike, in their smallness, and sameness, and snug comfort, reflected fairly the average condition and character of their owners. The matrons of these boxes found them quite large enough for their small ambitions and emulations. Whose house should be paid for earliest; who should have the prettiest garden, the brightest "three-ply" carpet, the most wonderful "riz cake," the most transcendent baby, were all objects dear to their hearts, and to them worthy of all desire and struggle. To see all the fam-

ily cotton flying on the clothes-lines by breakfast time each Monday morning was a triumph, whose winning called more than one housewife to her wash-tub a little past midnight. Every chore was done, and she working for the shops and rooking baby, before it was time for her to get her dinner. In the long afternoons, many little shiny-topped baby wagons, precisely alike, issued from the gates, drawn by mother-hands. These matrons then found the recreation of their day, in going to each other's houses, comparing babies, and serving to each other delectable dishes of small gossip. Women endowed with such a remarkable amount of New England "faculty" that they could dispatch every household affair of their own in one fourth of the day, necessarily had some time left for the affairs of their neighbors.

Socially, the Brahmins and Bustlers were as far apart as if they lived on separate planets. The shop-girl from her window watching the academy girl pass to school, mocked her dainty airs, and when she met her on the street with "I'm as good as you are," toss of head, took care that the pretty Brahmin did not have more than her share of the sidewalk. Meanwhile, the Brahmin averted her pretty nose, and gathered up her delicate robes, lest they should be contaminated by the touch of the working-frock of "that dreadful shop-girl." Yet both of these were American maidens, Christian maidens, born in New England Busyville.

The Bustlers and the Brahmins rarely worshipped God together. The Brahmins were all orthodox, and praised their Maker in a proper manner in an imposing structure. From serene heights they looked down with pious pity of disgust, according to their dispositions, on the happy Bustlers, whose devotions they deemed of an unnecessary, vociferous, and hysterical character. All the time, the Bustlers considered themselves not only sound in faith, but as a city set upon a very high hill in the spiritual kingdom, with light enough in it to illuminate the entire race. With holy triumph they referred to the place and

the moment where they "got religion." With warm compassion they prayed for the groping Brahmins, who only "hoped that they had a hope." And for no one with so profound an unction as for old Dr. Drier, the Brahmin divine, the meekest and most blameless of men, yet one so utterly undemonstrative and unlike themselves, that they were sure "he know'd nuthin' what religion wuz."

Thus, the Brahmins ignored the Bustlers, and the Bustlers alternately envied and pitied the Brahmins. Each possessed qualities which the others lacked, which, had they been blended together, would have made a more harmonious type of manhood and of womanhood. The Brahmins needed the stamina and activity of the Bustlers. The Bustlers lacked the refinement and capacity for repose which crowned the Brahmins. But there could be no exchange of gifts and graces, for in social life they rarely met, and never mingled. Neither class ever knew half the good that was in the other.

Hero came bounding down the road to meet them. Mary Vale, with Win on one side and Pansy on the other, stood outside of the gate. Again the loose wheels of the old buggy rattled, and for once in her life Muggins hurried,

Eirene had come home, had come home to spend Thanksgiving—what joy there was in the dormer cottage.

A month had wrought a great change in the aspect of nature. The maples had dropped all their scarlet and amber, and stood discrowned in the wood. A few garnet leaves still clung to the sheltered boughs of the oaks. The larches in the yard still waved their feathery plumes, and the pines on the hill still swayed their evergreen branches with the old souging sound. The English ivy, dappled and warm, still festooned the brown walls and dormer windows; all else was bleak and bare. Piles of wind-whipped, rain-beaten leaves filled the hollows of the road. The marigolds and dahlias had ceased to parade their splendor, lying prone and ragged upon the ground. Even the chrysanthemums had vanished, and now smiled in snug boxes in the sitting-room windows.

How was it with Eirene? Had she changed, as well as the garden? Do we ever come back from the world to any beloved spot just the being that we left it?

One moment in her mother's arms—then the happy little company followed Eirene into the house.

VIRGINIA—OLD AND NEW.

EARLY HISTORY.

THERE are localities which history and nature combine to signalize as central points of those social phenomena which originate and control, if not the tendencies of civilization, at least the vital agencies of civic development; where are concentrated and fused the antagonistic forces whereby a great national problem is worked out; where men are born, opinions conflict, life develops, and events occur, that radically influence the destiny of a country or a people. This result may be traced to climate, geographical situation, staple products—facts of race and natural law. Such a region is the State of Virginia. There is an historical significance and prophetic suggestion in her name having been originally given, in Captain John Smith's chronicle of 1629, to all the British possessions in North America and that of Old Dominion in the earliest charter; for then and now, as regards resources and variety of population, she was eminently representative of the average condition and qualities of the new world—equally removed from the bleakness of the North and the sultriness of the South, and, in colonial and revolutionary times, furnishing the largest number of men whose characters and agency moulded and inspired the national life. On her soil the diverse functions of planter and farmer coalesced; in her councils the most emphatic development of political opinion found expression; from her bosom the great West was first peopled; in her history every germ of our country's prosperity and misfortune may be discovered; on her roll are the names of the two most influential representatives of the two great parties which have shaped American legislation; and in her eastern and western section, the two great social phases—the baronial and democratic, the slave-

holding and industrial; while Law's most eminent votaries, War's noblest heroes, the proudest gentry and the most civilized bondmen, formed a community wherein all the characteristics of our country found the best average exposition, and those of our ancestral land the most tenacious home; and therefore it is that Virginia historical, economical, and ethnological, has been and is the representative State.

And this quite as much from her deficiencies as her merits, from neglect as culture; for the lapse of her prosperity, after the Revolution, and its temporary revival, were the direct consequences of slavery: to the original aristocratic proclivities of a portion of her colonists is to be attributed the fatal indifference to popular education which enabled New England, with such inferior material advantages, to build up thriving commonwealths. "I thank God," wrote Sir William Berkeley, the governor, to the King, in 1641, "there are no free schools or printing." Unfortunately for the chivalric ancestry claimed by the "first families," as the exceptional origin of their State, the tracts of the period, through which the different colonies sought emigrants for their respective settlements—and many of which, rare as they have become, may now be consulted in the collections of literary amateurs—show that while now and then a genuine scion of nobility sought to reconstruct a cavalier's fallen fortunes on the banks of the Potomac and the James, with him came "worn-out London gentry," untitled adventurers, outlaws, and convicts. Enough, however, of good blood was transferred thither, and enough of English pride and prejudice, Irish bonhomie, and Scotch thrift and piety, to plant on the fresh soil every Old-World trait and tendency, from the traditions of primogeniture to the rites of lavish hospital-

ity, from the exclusiveness of manorial to the abjectness of serf life, and from the zest of the hunt to the etiquette of the duello. How far these imported instincts and habitudes modified the character of the landed proprietors, we, to this day, clearly behold, in the memories which the novelist has embodied, in the blind conservatism of a class upon which modern science and social progress have made no impression, and in the grounds, portraits, heraldic tombstones, old churches and very bricks which remind the traveller so vividly, and often with pathetic eloquence, of the "ould countrie." But with these legacies of the past, in later times, blended more popular and pervasive elements; the Dutch agriculturist brought free labor into the mountain-district; on the seaboard northern traders established a mart; amid the woods the Methodist preacher and his sable flock chanted the hymns of Wesley within sight of the temples of the Establishment; and thus, by degrees, Virginia lost her exclusive manorial dignity; decay settled on her domains to which the spirit of the age failed to penetrate; industrial enterprise became a necessity, and the proud and thriftless aristocracy was gradually overlaid or superseded.

The earliest English settlement in America, Virginia was the scene of the first rebellion—that instigated against Berkeley by the colonists who resented his refusal to appoint Bacon as their leader against savage foes. This occurred in 1667, and is known in history as Bacon's Rebellion. A formidable negro insurrection headed by Nat Turner, in 1831, has been made the subject of one of James' novels. No chapter of political history displays such glowing inconsistencies as mark the chronicle of Virginia statesmanship. The same class of politicians who protested most indignantly against the Hartford Convention of 1814 as treasonable, and sustained President Jackson in his forcible repression of Carolina Nullification in 1832, most readily adopted Calhoun's sophisticated dogma of State Rights, and banded themselves most eagerly to de-

stroy the life of the nation, when the tariff had been superseded by the slavery conflict.

In 1775, a Virginian drafted the Declaration of Independence; in 1787, some of her political leaders tried to establish reserved rights; in 1860 the disunionists joined the Southern Confederacy, and many of them desired a dictator; yet the people of the eastern section were not unanimous for secession, those of the western were totally opposed to it; and a loyal convention was held within the borders of the State while she was in rebellion. All her early vicissitudes and characteristics have become proverbial—the indefatigable spirit of faction in the maxim "Old Virginia never tires;" the local exclusiveness in the significant monogram F. F. V.; and the attachment of the negroes in their plaintive melody "Carry me back to old Virginny."

No part of the United States has been more graphically described in its early colonial and subsequent life and aspect as Virginia; first revealed in literature by the sketch of her natural history from Jefferson's pen, William Wirt pictured in the "Letters of a British Spy," with a finished and genial style, some of her most interesting features; and the family-life, local customs, and scenery found memorable illustration in the opening chapters of Irving's *Life of Washington*, the sketches of Paulding, the "Swallow Barn" of Kennedy, "Our Cousin Veronica" of Miss Wormely, and the "Virginians" of Thackeray; while the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp" inspired one of Moore's few American melodies.

There is Mount Vernon, and Monticello, and Arlington: what varied memories those names call up! But these need not now detain us.

RECENT STRUGGLES.

The aristocratic element in colonial Virginia was social rather than civic, and with its pride and exclusiveness mingled those generous sentiments which, according to the benign law of compensation, modify the most perverse tendencies of our nature. Ac-

cordingly, the thrift of New England, so favorable to material prosperity, was allied to a selfish egotism and the family and personal arrogance of the Virginian with warm sympathies and liberal feelings. "I blush for my own people," wrote the youthful Channing, while a tutor in the Randolph family, "when I compare the generous confidence of a Virginian with the selfish prudence of a Yankee; the men do not forget the friendship and feeling of their youth; they call each other by their Christian names." Yet the future ethical philosopher who, at the age of eighteen, thus bore testimony to the chivalric superiority he found at Richmond, with prophetic emphasis, noted the bane of all that was hopeful and aspiring in the hospitable community which was his temporary home. "There is one object here," he adds, "that always depresses me; it is slavery; this would prevent me from ever settling in Virginia." The Northern stranger, however, was not alone in recognizing this slow poison in the body politic destined to work such measureless evil and baffle such noble proclivities. It is the distinction of Virginia to have been, of all States within the Union, that in which this dark problem was most significantly demonstrated—first, in its immediate effects upon vital prosperity, then in its worst aspects as an inhuman and debasing system when resorted to as a local trade; and, finally, as an incongruous element of republican nationality, only to be overthrown through the sanguinary devastation of civil war. Nowhere was raised more frequently or from more illustrious lips the warning cry against its fatal encroachments; nowhere became more evident its blasting influence upon natural resources and legitimate industry; and nowhere were its deep and degraded stains so thoroughly washed out in the blood of its votaries, its victims, and its foes. Occupying a central place between the bond and free labor regions of the republic, not so absolutely dependent upon negro servitude as the cotton-fields further South,

and with the example of a more just and thriving system within her borders, the statesmen of Virginia early saw the danger and the doom lurking in an institution so essentially at variance with the principles of liberty and the laws of right. Not to the traveller's eyes alone was the blot on the escutcheon of the fair State painfully evident, as, descending from the Capitol hill where he had gazed with admiration upon the statue of Washington, he paused in the mart with horror before the block of the slave-auctioneer. A century before, the assembly of Virginia protested to the King that slavery was alien to "security and happiness," fraught with "destructive influence," and threatened "the very existence of the State;" Franklin had denounced the inconsistency of the people in maintaining laws which "continue a traffic whereby hundreds of thousands are dragged into slavery that is entailed on their posterity;" this, declared Patrick Henry, a few years later, "gives a gloomy prospect to future times;" when Jefferson in the Continental Congress called the slave-trade piracy, he was sustained by Pendleton; and the former, had he been upheld by the representatives of the other States, in 1784, would have relieved the whole national domain of the shame and the sorrow; through the influence of Virginia and her sisters of the South, in 1787, Jefferson's clause excluding slavery from the entire north-west territory was restored. In the Legislature of the State, in 1773, a letter from George Mason was read, wherein he solemnly foretold that "the laws of an impartial Providence may avenge our injustice upon our posterity." Thus enlightened by the testimony of facts and the pleadings of patriotism, it seems, in the retrospect, as if Virginia had earned for herself the destiny of becoming the arena where this great evil should find at once its climax, its death-struggle, and its cure. The war wherein it perished was initiated by the fanatical challenge, and what proved the magnetic martyrdom, of John Brown; and every mountain-top became an altar

wreathed with the smoke of sacrifice, every stream a font for the baptism of blood, every wood a grave for the offering up of victims for the sin of generations, and every valley a Valhalla for the champions of freedom and their implacable foes. Virginia, the cradle of the greatest legalized wrong of the nineteenth century, became its grave; the State which renewed the life and prolonged the reign of slavery was its chosen battle-field. Although the tide of war set in various directions, and its decisive battles took place in other States, the most permanent point of interest and the best recorded phenomena of the struggle, its inception and eventualities, concentrated in Virginia; and the history of the Army of the Potomac has afforded European military critics the most suggestive, economical, and hygienic data wherewith to estimate what is original in our resources of organization. There was the Capital of the Confederacy, the camp of the rebellious leader; and, although the first gun was fired in the harbor of Charleston, the earliest land-battle and the final surrender occurred within the limits of the Old Dominion, where political metaphysics had long usurped the sphere of national sentiment; and the prestige which tobacco culture, abundant and available land, and inexpensive negroes, for a few decades, elevated the minority with a chimerical prosperity, was logically succeeded by decadence and discomfort—colleges in a state of normal decline, a limited high degree and an average neglect of education, the absence of a middle class, the failure of the old direct trade with England, and the gradual dilapidation and semi-barbarous condition of proud domains over which pride and prejudice blindly hovered; and the perverted doctrine of State Rights was made to uphold a system which political economy, as well as moral sentiment, demonstrated to be fatal alike to civic integrity and personal self-respect; where Nature protested against what Law sanctioned and provincial narrowness guarded, until the essential antagonism,

both social and political, between right and wrong, wisdom and folly, fact and speculation, reached a fanatical extreme and brought the conflict to the issue of war. The history of Virginia includes, more than that of any other State, the history of slavery, both as a theory of labor, a political problem, and the cause of civil strife; and, with singular emphasis, contains also the history of the process whereby it was prolonged, and the means and method of its final overthrow. On an exhausted soil it went out in agony; amid the mocking echoes of its early condemnation its dying sigh was breathed.

In the historical retrospect of some future eloquent annalist, an effective chapter will record the scenes and sacrifices whereby this region, where family pride, caste privileges, manorial prosperity, and subsequently the degradation and decay incident to bondage in the heart of a democratic commonwealth, became the battle-ground whereon the national life, through a vigilant and murderous ordeal, was purified into "victorious clearness." There is a poetical justice in the coincidence. It was meet that Americans, long enervated by material prosperity unsustained by civic rectitude, should learn the art of war where the sins of peace had taken deepest root; that where Error had "writhed among her worshippers" Truth should "rise again;" that where, from first to last, the principles of liberty and law had most openly conflicted, they should be reconciled; and that the scene of the expiation should be identical with that of the wrong. How tragically picturesque and heroically dramatic were the scenes and events in Virginia during the four years of the rebellion! The first ominous blunders which filled the land with dismay, only to usher in deliberate preparation and redeeming discipline; the months weary, wan, and wasteful, when so many brave and patient children of the North, in order "to serve" were content to "stand and wait;" the stationary camps where, during long winter nights and summer days, the soldiers of Free-

dom alternately rushed off on raids and kept watch and ward in monotonous vigil; the bloody conflict, the dreary captivities, the gallant deeds, the final victory—these and their perilous episodes and significant details of expedients, adventure, endurance, and doom, are no common materials of history. The obscure hamlets, the old taverns and court-houses, the towns, rivers, cross-roads, and “runs” of Virginia became names that thrilled the hearts of millions with triumph or agony, and are now inscribed on countless grave-stones throughout New England and the West, as the scenes of their children’s martyrdom. The lonely swamps sheltered hordes of fugitives, the isolated turnpikes rang with the tread of armies, the woods shadowed the sharpshooter, the earth was honeycombed with rifle-pits and billowy with ramparts; leagues of forest were transformed into treeless plains; old family mansions became military headquarters; signals made the dumb air articulate; tobacco warehouses were converted into foul prisons; the ground shook beneath heavy artillery, and the winds were laid by the echoes of cannon; rival banners glowed in the dawn, and the stars looked down on myriads of fresh graves; the grove, familiar only with the sportsman’s solitary step, was a hospital where hundreds of pallid sufferers were ministered to; the mournful cadence of a negro-hymn, the quickly-uttered password of the sentinel, the whistle of a bullet, the shrill bugle-call or the drummer’s *rappel*, were the accustomed sounds which broke on the soldier’s reverie; where once blithely rose and sang the English lark, carrion buzzards darkened the air; bivouack and battle alternated; bonfires of public documents warmed the veteran, and the smoke of the consolatory pipe rose from the trenches. The scene of Cornwallis’ surrender, which gloriously closed the drama of that Revolution that made the colonists free, became the fortified arena where, for weary weeks, native citizens of an independent republic confronted each other with the wariness and im-

plements of organized warfare. The campaign and the skirmish usurped the place of sport and hospitality. Libby and Belle Isle were names that rivaled, in inhuman horror, the smoking cavern of Algiers and the Black Hole of Calcutta; and the border-homes* of loyal citizenship, like Martinsburgh, were taken and retaken by contending forces throughout the war. Fredericksburg, old, vine-wreathed and aristocratic, woke up, on a dreary morning, to resound with the shots, cries, and scuffle of a raid; the “wilderness” was reddened with carnage; in the morning mists of the mountain-top, hosts met in mortal strife. On one Sunday, crowds watched, eager-eyed, the leviathan Merrimac and fiery little Monitor; and on another, the leader of the rebellion stole forth from the sanctuary a fugitive; in the autumn moonlight, on the Richmond road, fell the gallant Dalghren, cut off in his chivalric attempt to release the prisoners whose misery he had shared; from Winchester sped Sheridan to the rescue; sword and fire laid waste the Shenandoah Valley; Culpepper, Spotsylvania, Manassas, Chantilly, City Point, Harper’s Ferry, and Hampton Roads, the Chickahominy, Petersburg, here a ford, there a mill, now a railway station, and again a white house; to-day a swamp, to-morrow a “lick,” bluff, or “gap,” became the rallying-point, the refuge, the outpost, the beleaguered spot, or the long and sanguinary battleground; on invisible tongues of electricity flashed the tidings of defeat and victory from camp to capital, the list of killed and wounded, the tale of stratagem and surprise, of individual prowess, of siege, repulse, capture, spoliation, hopes and fears; and thousands of distant homes were brightened or shadowed hour by hour, and thousands of fond hearts vibrated from joy to despair, and

* The most authentic and graphic picture of the strange vicissitudes and remarkable adventures of this border-war has been executed by the gifted and genial pen and pencil of Strothers—the “Porte Orayon” of Harper’s Magazine, wherein appeared a specimen of this unique and charming chronicle, which has excited a wide and keen desire for the complete work.

day by day, according to the "news from Virginia;" until, at last, the prolonged capture of Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox Court-house closed the momentous struggle which began as it ended on the "sacred soil" of the "Old Dominion."

RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS.

The relentless breath of war has laid her local pride in the dust, and scattered her hereditary relics; roofless houses, denuded chimney-stacks, and bridgeless streams mark the passage of the destroying angel; the fair hands of her belles have grown hard with toil since the household duties have reverted from bond to free; the souls of her sons are sullen with defeat and perverse with the sophistry of anti-national theories; where Cornwallis surrendered, Marshall pleaded, Randolph found scope for his eccentric egotism, Washington for his pure patriotism, and Henry for his thrilling eloquence; where Calhoun was idolized and Jefferson initiated democracy; where Lord Dunmore tyrannized, Burr was tried for treason, and Davis set up a Confederacy, with slavery for its corner-stone; where Lord Fairfax hunted, and John Brown was hung; the old feudal remnants of an obsolete state of society have disappeared, the ancient landmarks are removed, land has changed owners, customs are superseded, and a transition state of political, social, and economical life prevails, which offers the noblest opportunity, by education and enterprise, free citizenship and free labor, to redeem the original promise and secure the legitimate prosperity of the Old Dominion.

It is asserted by keen observers that the very physiognomy of Virginians has been changed by the war—that the perpetual vigilance, anxiety, and rancor of the women living near the lines, have given a more decisive expression to the eye and firmer set to the chin. As a class, those who have taken an active and sacrificial part in the contest, of both sexes, are said to be physically improved thereby. Work and privation for those enervated by self-indul-

gence and hardened in ease by slavery, if they have the strength to survive the ordeal, strengthen and tone not only the physique, but the character; and while bad whiskey, the loss of property, and chagrin may and have led many to despairing sloth or reckless crime, nobler natures purified by sorrow, and disciplined by adversity, now turn to work and wisdom, with renewed energy and holy faith; these, with the brave souls who never wandered in their national fealty during the long conflict, form a conservative and progressive element in the future of Virginia.

The *entente cordiale* which, in the last generation, existed between Northern and Southern citizens of this Republic, had its origin in and owed its continuance to social causes. Saratoga Springs was the annual rendezvous of the best class of people from both sections; and the free and frequent intercourse thus secured, led to mutual enterprises and an exchange of hospitalities that still live in affectionate traditions. With all the revolutions in medical science, as the knowledge of hygienic laws has extended, the provisions of Nature for the cure or alleviation of disease have constantly risen in human estimation, from faith in the recuperative resources of physiological laws to the scientific use of mineral waters. In every country the latter seem to exist with special reference to local needs; and in Europe have so long been used under wise professional direction, as to have become the regular and reliable means of a salubrious régime. Nowhere, on this continent, are found in greater variety, or more valuable combination, these health-giving springs than in the State of Virginia. Those most frequented are but a moiety of those as yet unappreciated; difficulty of access, imperfect analysis, and the impediments arising from a state of war, have hitherto prevented these benign and bountiful resources from attracting the numbers and attaining the fame which are their legitimate distinction. But we hazard the prediction, that in the future they are destined to exert a healing and

harmonizing influence far beyond mere physical agency. Accessible in three days to the fever-worn Louisianian and the rheumatic New Englander, situated in the midst of the grandest mountain-scenery and an invigorating climate, they will, more and more, bring together, under the most favorable circumstances, the scattered denizens of our vast country, and, with the revival of industrial and educational interests of mutual importance, weave and warm those social ties which are the most auspicious basis of national faith and fusion.

An economical question of wide import and imminent personal interest is now occupying thoughtful and patriotic citizens. It relates to the future subsistence of a large and increasing class, who, discouraged by the overstocked liberal professions, and the excessive tendency to commercial enterprise, requiring large capital, are baffled in the selection of employment and perplexed how to solve the problem of self-support. Reckless speculation has drifted thousands into precarious livelihoods; luxurious habits have sapped the manliness of as great a number; and meantime the expenses of life have increased. It is evident to the least reflecting, that some new arena for industry, some fresh field of lucrative work, has become a vital necessity. The prejudice against labor as incompatible with social refinement and republican ambition, is a sad consequence of our increased extravagance and perverse culture. And yet, of late, physical development and athletic sports have been more generally recognized as the essential complement of intellectual training; our colleges vie with each other in athletic exercises; yachting is a fashionable amusement of the rich, rowing of the students, and baseball among the artisans; "muscular Christianity" is a current phrase. And yet, when the hygienic considerations thus fostered are applied to a regular vocation, our young men, from false pride or effeminate habits, shrink from profitable manual toil. To this, however, many of them must come, unless they are content to forfeit independence

and rust in inactivity. The perpetual influx from country to city, and the preference of clerkships to agriculture, have gone to the extreme of rational limits. The prosperity of a nation consists in a due relation between agriculture and trade; the former is the resource which Nature and Society unite in designating as that destined to restore the wholesome balance and revive the welfare of the next generation. The laws of animal as well as political economy and the exigencies of life here shown, unite to this result. What the country needs is a large class of intelligent, enterprising, and educated agriculturists. The benign distinction of our country is the abundance and cheapness of land. The recent experience of our young men in the camp will or should lead to a new appreciation of the advantages of a pursuit which insures the healthful exercise of the bodily organs and free exposure to the elements. Moreover, the most available remedy for the baneful passion for gain which leads so many to abandon study, when their academic course is over, for the mart and the exchange, and which is the most demoralizing trait and tendency of our national life, is to be found in an occupation which leads, by auspicious labor, to competence; which limits desire to the bounds of comfort, and gives scope to the most lasting and tranquil contentment. Where a genius or adaptation for mechanical labor exists, it should be developed; and to this end scientific schools are now affording every facility; but the cultivation of the earth is evidently the great means and method of recuperation both in regard to fortune and character; and the vast regions opened to free labor by the war seem providentially to await this grand experiment, which involves moral as well as physical and civic, not less than financial, results of national interest.

I remember an American, who had sojourned many years in Europe, and meditated fondly on a new home in his own country, where he could enjoy such a climate as habit had made essential to

comfort and a social independence and tranquillity unattainable in our bustling and ambitious cities; and he declared, as the result of the most careful investigation, that, in the State of Virginia, he found combined more of the essentials of such a residence than elsewhere in the land. He thought the temperature and average character of the soil between the tide-water of the James and the Blue Ridge—the Piedmont region so-called,—and the long, elevated vales of rolling country of Central Virginia, offered a nearer approach to the best features of middle and part of southern Europe, in natural qualities, than any other region; and he considered the life of a country gentleman there as among the most charming possibilities awaiting his return. But his argument gained new force from the variety of resources within the limits of the State, embracing mountain, valley, and seashore, the comparatively little known eastern and the rich meadows of the central region, with a geological structure varying from the ridges which culminate in such remarkable caves, and the wonderful natural bridge, to vast tracts of alluvial soil; all these advantages being enhanced by the geographical position and the mild climate—distinctions which have been recognized from the days of the decision of Pocahontas to those of the vacillation of McClellan—in peace and war, to savage and citizen—affording a temperate sphere between the bleakness of the country settled by the Pilgrims and the sultriness of that where the so-called chivalry found their earliest American home.

Although the latitude of Virginia indicates a moderate climate, and its average temperature is such, the great variety of surface renders the local diversities, in this respect, so marked as to afford a wide range of choice from seacoast to interior and from plain to mountain: the same is true of the comparative productiveness of the soil and its adaptation to different crops. Washington, who not only carefully observed but methodically noted the character

of land and the quality of products in his journeys through the country, pronounced the central counties of Virginia the finest in the United States for agriculture.

Her natural wonders, such as remarkable combinations of mountain-scenery, the Natural Bridge, Wier's Cave, and Hawk's Nest, have been regarded by foreigners as unsurpassed; while the intimate and continuous relation of the State to the Nation is manifest in the fact that five Presidents of the latter were natives of the former; two the great leaders of the Federal and Democratic parties, one the author of that principle of our foreign policy which has guided and guarded our international intercourse, and is known as the Monroe Doctrine, while the best history of the Constitution of the United States is conserved and illustrated by the life of Madison.

Experiment has proved that not the fertile valley of Virginia alone rewards intelligent labor, but that much of the most unpromising land of the State, when submitted to the right system of cultivation, is singularly productive. In many cases superficial ploughing has failed to develop latent qualities of soil; in others, exhaustion is the result of too continuous tobacco-planting; and in still more, the lack of manure. Slave-labor has checked the best growth, both of crops and character, by improvident and negligent methods. Not many years ago, a member of Congress from western New York purchased a considerable tract of sandy and pine-covered land between Alexandria and Orange Court-House at ten dollars the acre; by judicious amelioration, fruit and vegetable farms, with a thriving settlement, transformed the region into a flourishing domain, which increased tenfold in market value. Already many similar instances have occurred since the war, and they will be indefinitely multiplied by wisely-directed capital and industry.

"For the goodness of the seate and the fertileness of the land," wrote Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, to King

James in 1616, Virginia is "a country as worthy of good report as can be declared by the pen of the best writer."

From the facts of natural history recorded in Jefferson's "Notes," to the statistics gathered by the latest explorer of the "sacred soil," this ancient testimony is confirmed. The best of gold deposits, and the strata of iron pyrites containing them; the mines of iron, tin, tellurium, lead, platinum, cinabar, plumbago, manganese, and copper; the quarries of rare marbles, granite, sulphur, cobalt, lime, gypsum, bituminous coal, soap and grindstone, have yielded fortunes in the past, and with the new scientific facilities for working them, and the increased means of transportation, there are prolific returns awaiting intelligent enterprise and free labor. Indian crucibles, still found, indicate how early some of their resources were improved; and the history of the Marks, Waller, Tread, Ford, and other gold mines, suggest a future productiveness. Three hundred dollars a-day were obtained at one time from a single crushing-machine, imperfectly worked, and the tellurium mine yielded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a brief period. But it is the Agricultural products and prospects that offer the surest inducement to emigration. The finest wheat and maize in the world are cultivated in Virginia. Along the James river the alluvial deposits form the best tobacco and grain country; and while the abandoned settlements of Jamestown, the first home of the colonists, only marked by an old church and pier, evidence the malarious taint that drove away the early settlers, manor houses nearly two centuries old, scattered at long intervals, still attest the primitive salubrity and fertility, which proper drainage and wise industry can renew. The soldiers of New England were astonished to see pine-forests only two miles back from these old river settlements, which, when cleared and ploughed, will afford rich grounds for the culture of the cereals. Indeed, miles of Virginia forest, occupied by thousands of our soldiers for years, have been

opened to the sun and to the eyes of sagacious agriculturists, by the vicissitudes and exigencies of the war for that Union which thereabouts so long found her most implacable and insidious enemies. All the European esculents thrive in the gardens of Virginia, and her meadows are lush with the most valuable grains and grasses. The sandy soil around Norfolk is the most favorable for the cultivation of early fruits and vegetables in the country, and these find rapid transit and a ready market in the Eastern States: already many farmers from the neighboring regions have engaged in this lucrative business. The elephantine fossils discovered in the strata, the variety and curative qualities of the many spas among the mountains, the magnificent varieties of trees, the distribution of the rivers, the antiquity of the orchards, the original species of birds, the old roads and taverns of sparse neighborhoods, the very tint of the land, red with iron, and the richness of the timber, oak, pine, locust, beach, tulip, and sugar-maple, are normal signs of a country preëminently supplied by nature with the resources for human welfare. And yet thither the current of population has rarely tended. The reasons for this apparently incongruous fact are evident. Before the war, slavery and its consequence deterred both capitalist and laborer from adventuring in a region which offered such an inauspicious contrast to the free and fertile domain of the great West; then it was generally understood that much of the once prolific soil, like the tobacco-fields around Fairfax country, was exhausted; although it should also be remembered it has never been thoroughly ploughed and manured. The Quaker colony that settled thirty miles from Washington, a few years ago, prospered on their farms until driven thence by the war. That conflict has left so many bitter memories, that now the best class of emigrants shrink from exposing their families to the ill-will of an alienated neighborhood; and, therefore, we find five thousand farms sold and occupied, within a

few months, in Iowa, which insures an addition to the population of at least twenty-five hundred souls, while domains in Virginia so much nearer the great harbors and northern marts, remain often in the reluctant possession of their original proprietors, whose necessity is ready money, and whose paternal acres can, in many instances, be purchased for half their value. As to the state of local feeling, which is regarded by many as an insuperable objection to settling in Virginia, its immediate influence can be, in no small degree, counteracted by grouping eastern or western families around a common centre, thereby insuring them, at first, congenial society and mutual support. Moreover, we have long been convinced that no political scheme or machinery can reconcile the South; such precautions are but negative; the great means of harmonizing the discordant elements of our national life are *social*; it is by companionships that prejudice is undermined, by neighborhood that the kindest impulses of humanity are awakened. All the test-oaths in the world are not as effective as the personal magnetism of character, the magic touch of fellowship, the bond of common interests, and the influence of noble and benign example. The process may be long, and the desired result not achieved in a generation; but it is the true road to patriotic fraternity; and nowhere are there more inducements to initiate the magnanimous experiment than in the State whose soil and climate offer the most genial scope to northern labor, and whose versatile opinions and divergent interests yield the most hopeful opportunity for the fusion of faith which breeds national sympathy.

A very singular, but, on the whole, auspicious diversity of opinion is manifested by the leading party-journals of the country, as to the political status and prospects of Virginia, under the new *régime*: time alone will elucidate the latent facts of the case and the actual relation between the State and the General Government. Meanwhile, if

any faith is to be given to the new Governor's declared sentiments and purposes, we have reason to believe that national fealty, based on enlightenment, will redeem the fortunes and purify the fame of the Old Dominion. Governor Walker, in his speech to the citizens of Richmond, observes:

"I have everywhere told the people the principles which would guide me if elected. I have nothing to take back, to change, or modify—no, not one jot or tittle. I am now, as I have ever been, for equal and exact justice to all men, without regard to race or color.

"Let us in the future do what we have in a measure failed to do in the past, and what is dictated by an enlightened Christianity. Let us educate these people until they rise in the scale of humanity to that position where they can intelligently exercise the rights of freemen. When you shall have done this, and when they can appreciate and comprehend those rights to their full extent, we shall never again in Virginia have to pass through such a struggle as that which has just closed.

"Virginia is just about to start upon a new career, glittering like the morning star, full of life and glory. Her immense resources will be developed; her great lines of improvement pushed forward to completion; and a tide of immigration will pour in from every quarter into her borders. Then she will become, as she has hitherto been, the brightest star in the galaxy of States."

Another reason for purchasing land in Virginia for purposes of agriculture and settlement, rather than in the West, is the amount of available and economical labor at hand. The colored people are content to till a limited amount of ground for the supply of their own wants and the raising of poultry and pigs; they are attached to the soil, and gladly eke out subsistence by work on the farms of more enterprising landowners, at a very moderate rate of wages; properly treated and wisely directed, they are most useful and cheap farm-laborers. Nowhere in the world, perhaps,—taking into consideration the means of transport and the vicinity of marts, the water-power and mineral wealth, the mills, highways, tempered climate, ports, canals, railways, schools, and other fruits of a long-settled country,—nowhere to-day is land so cheap as in Virginia. It is preëminently the

home for small capitalists, large families of limited means and industrious habits. Emigration to the far West to this class, who are attached by habit to the comforts and culture of an older civilization, involves many privations, social and domestic, which are avoided in the Old Dominion; where vicinity to the great eastern cities and all the influences of long-inhabited districts, yield many desirable resources and associations. Of course, intelligent and executive ability, good judgment and the right spirit, are essential to the success and welfare of new settlers, there as elsewhere. As to the prevalent fear of unpleasant neighborhood from political animosity, we accept the recent assurance of a well-informed correspondent, who says that

“In Virginia the great body of the people accept with the most perfect good faith the results of the war as a final, conclusive, and irreversible decision of the issues that were involved, and that no one among us is so wild a madman as to indulge the thought for a moment that we can ever assert and maintain successfully our long-cherished theory of the Constitution and Government of the United States—that we are resolved to take things as they exist and make the best of our situation—that therefore we welcome as neighbors and friends all respectable men and their families who come to abide permanently with us, as an active element in our future social, business, and political life.”

There is one section of Virginia where the exuberance of nature has already triumphed over the ravages of war, and, although the scene of constant raids, and again and again desolated by the march of hostile armies,

now presents its old fertile aspect and peaceful beauty. It is the luxuriant and picturesque valley watered by the Shenandoah, and extending for two hundred miles with an average breadth of twenty miles between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanics. Here slavery never found a congenial domain; it is dotted with gentlemen's country seats, and the exigencies of their position induce the land-owners to sell on terms very much below the intrinsic worth of their estates. Here what is needed is a respectable and industrious population; not political schemers, but honest and intelligent citizens. Of all regions south of the Potomac, this seems to us the one most favored by nature and circumstances as the nucleus of patriotic emigration, whence healthful and hallowed influences might spread through an alienated community; where beautiful scenery, facilities of communication, and one of the finest wheat-countries in the world, with the opportunity of economical and productive investments, offer the most desirable attractions for a rural home and the most assured returns for moderate labor. Auspiciously occupied, it might become, indeed, a happy valley, in whose ample and fruitful bosom local jealousies would be nursed to sleep, and where a magnetic example of agricultural prosperity, domestic comfort, and national sentiment, might be engendered without disturbance, and gradually permeate and redeem not only the baffled industry, but the political integrity, of the Old Dominion.

THE MAGIC PALACE.

IN the year 1730 the Empress Anne, niece of Peter the Great, reigned in Russia. Her court was a gay one, with the kind of half-barbarous splendor which shone in the palaces of the czars at that period. The brief autumn of those extreme northern regions was rapidly passing away, and while statesmen were knitting their brows over political stratagems, or military campaigns, for the new year, the courtiers were eagerly planning amusements to enliven the heavy gloom of the long winter, already drawing near. Balls, masquerades, concerts, and other entertainments of the usual courtly routine, were lightly talked over. But of these the proud gallants and jewelled dames were very weary. Honest labor knows of no fatigue so exhausting as the satiety of idle pleasure. Courtly gayeties often become exceedingly dull and wearisome—a heavy burden, in fact—to those most frequently taking part in them. There was a cry for novelty. Something original was needed to throw a fresh interest into the usual amusements. Suddenly a most brilliant and novel suggestion was made.

“Let us set winter at defiance!” exclaimed the noble Alexis Danielowitch Tatischchew. “Let frost and snow and ice combine to build a Magic Palace for the Autocrat of the North!”

The suggestion was received with acclamation. The plan was laid before the Empress. She graciously smiled, and declared herself charmed with the idea. Lucky Alexis! The Imperial Exchequer was ordered to provide the necessary funds, and the work began.

Some years earlier, in the year 1732, a grand military spectacle, on an imposing scale, had been held, during the severest frosts of the year, on the Neva, then covered with ice several feet in thickness. The Empress Anne had held a review of a military corps of many thousands of men on the river.

On that occasion a large fortress of snow and ice had been built, attacked, and defended, according to regular military tactics; artillery had been drawn over the ice, cannons and mortars of heavy calibre had been discharged, and the vast icy field held firm under all this mockery of war. It was now proposed to build the Magic Palace of Alexis Danielowitch in the same way, over the frozen waters of the Neva.

The site was chosen, and the workmen began their labors. The purest and most transparent ice of the Neva was chosen for the quarry; large blocks were then cut, and squared by rule and compass, then carved with ornamental designs, as carefully and as skilfully as if they had been so much marble. Ere the walls had been raised many feet, however, the alarm was given; the ice beneath had cracked, the foundation was breaking away! The noble Alexis Tatischchew threw on his robes of fur, and drove to the spot in his sledge. He found the report correct; the Neva refused to bear the weight of his palace. The fortress of 1732 had probably been built chiefly of snow. The difficulty was laid before the Empress. She ordered her new palace to be built on the land, and pointed out a spot between her winter-palace and the admiralty, sufficiently near the Neva to facilitate the transportation of the novel building-material.

On this more favorable ground the work began anew. Still greater care was taken in preparing the blocks of ice, which, as in the first instance, were all quarried from the Neva. After they had been cut and carved, with the greatest accuracy, each block was raised by crane and pulley. At the very moment of lowering it to its destined position, a small quantity of water was thrown on the block below. The precise quantity of water was regulated as

if it had been so much mortar; if too much were used, the symmetry of the work would be injured. As the water froze, the different rows of blocks became so closely connected together, that, when completed, the whole building became one compact mass, looking as if it were chiselled entire from one icy mound. The dimensions of this palace were not large; it was indeed a sort of *petit Trianon*. The front was fifty feet in length, simple in character, and divided into seven compartments by pilasters. In six of these compartments were large windows, the framework of which was painted to imitate green marble. The ice took the paint perfectly. The panes were thin sheets of ice, beautifully smooth and transparent as the most costly glass. The central division projected, to represent a doorway, surmounted by a Roman arch and appropriate architectural ornaments. On either side of the door stood a statue of ice, on a high pedestal, and in front was an approach of several steps. This apparent door was in reality, however, but another and a larger window, level with the floor. An ornamental balustrade surmounted the front, with an architectural ornament rising in the centre, above the doorway and the window on either side of it. The roof was sloping, and marked in lines, to represent tiles; there were also chimneys, all in ice. The height of the building was twenty-one feet; its depth was eighteen feet.

But the palace itself was not the only wonder; the accessories were very complete, and all so much frost-work. A handsome balustrade, apparently of marble, with statues and architectural ornaments, completely surrounded the palace, being eighty-seven feet in length, and thirty-six in width, enclosing a sort of garden, or court, with two handsome gateways in the rear. It was through these gateways that the building was approached. Orange-trees, nearly as high as the building, bearing fruit and flower, with birds on the branches, also adorned the court, or garden—tree, flower, fruit, leaf, and bird being all

delicately chiselled out of the same magic marble as the palace itself.

The front approach was guarded by six cannons, regularly turned and bored; they stood before the balustrade, three on either side of the doorway. These were also of ice. They were of the calibre which usually receives a charge of three pounds of powder. In addition to these cannons there was also a large mortar, on each side of the entrance, of a size prepared for shells of eighty pounds. In advance of these mortars stood two neatly-carved dolphins on pedestals. Still farther in advance, two pyramids, nearly as high as the chimneys, had been erected on carved pedestals. Each was surmounted by an ornamental globe, and had an oval window in the centre.

To the left of the palace stood an elephant, large as life; on his back was a man in a Persian dress, while two similar icy figures, one bearing a lance, stood near the animal. Thus it was that the approach to the Magic Palace was guarded by other magic wonders.

Such was the aspect of the famous palace of ice, when, early in the winter, the Empress and her Court came to admire the work of that enchanter, the noble Alexis Tatischev. The Court itself must have been a very curious spectacle to foreign eyes, so quaint and so gorgeous were the peculiar costumes collected there from different regions of the Empire. In no other country of Europe was there a pomp so Asiatic in lavish display of gems and jewels, of the richest furs and the costliest manufactures. The effect was most brilliant. The palace itself shone like one vast gem of opal, so perfect was the transparency, and so peculiar the blue tint of the fabric. Every part of the building, the statues, the dolphins, the elephant, every leaf, flower, and bird, ay, the solid pyramids, the very cannon, were glittering with the ever-changing brilliancy of the many-colored prism, with its crimson, green, golden lights.

As the Empress approached, wonders increased. A salute was fired from the icy cannons, and the mortars threw their

shells high in the air! Yes, real fire and smoke issued from the magical artillery; and at the same moment the marble-like elephant threw up a watery spray, higher than the roof of the palace.

The enchanted portal opened, and the Empress entered a handsome vestibule, whence appeared a lofty room, on either side. In the drawing-room stood a table, apparently of marble, supporting a handsome clock, whose icy wheels, daintily cut, were seen beneath the transparent case. Large statues filled the corners of the room. Settees and sofas, handsomely carved, stood on either side; nor were chairs, footstools, and other smaller pieces of furniture wanting. The sleeping-room, or what appeared such, on the opposite side of the vestibule, was even still more luxuriantly furnished. There was a grand state bedstead, with its appropriate bed, pillows, counterpane, and, above all, finely-woven curtains, apparently of lace! There was a dressing-table with its mirror, and many nicknacks, jars and bottles for powders and perfumes, with cups and boxes for trinkets. This table was supported by pretty little caryatides. On the right was an elegantly carved chimney-piece, and on the hearth were laid logs of wood, ready to kindle! Here and there wreaths of icy flowers hung in festoons.

Conceive the delight of the Empress and her Court at the magical beauty of their toy. There was no happier man that day at St. Petersburg than the successful architect, the noble Alexis Tafischew. And still the enchantment increased. At her arrival the Empress had been received with a salute. At her departure another salute was fired, with still greater effect. In the first instance a ball of hard tow had been well rammed into the cannons; but the imperial lady now desired that iron balls should be tried. The experiment was made, and the artillery of the Magic Palace was actually fired with a charge of powder of a quarter of a pound, and with iron balls. The salute was entirely successful, the balls piercing a strong plank two inches thick, at a distance

of sixty paces; and the cannons remained uninjured.

An evening visit followed. By night the enchantment appeared still greater. All the windows were illuminated with colored transparencies, and nothing could exceed the beautiful effects of the light which filled not only the windows, but the transparent walls of the building itself, with a delicate, pearly glow, even more beautiful than the opal tint by day. The pyramids were also illuminated with revolving transparencies at the oval windows. The elephant was now seen spouting a stream of burning naphtha, a fire-like spray, high in the air, while a man concealed within the hollow body of the creature, by blowing pipes, succeeded in imitating the roar natural to the animal. Within the palace the icy candles, smeared with naphtha, were lighted, without melting, and the icy logs in the fireplace were kindled in the same way!

A beautiful moonlight view, on still another occasion, was most charming, from the crystal-like character of the palace, and its garden, reflecting a thousand silvery rays. Then again, fresh falls of snow gave a new charm to the spectacle, as every architectural ornament, every twig and leaf, was daintily marked by the soft feathery flakes, of a white even more pure than that of the ice on which they fell.

Through the long winter of St. Petersburg, from January to the equinoctial days of March, that icy wonder stood on the banks of the Neva. Before April it had vanished, and disappeared again in the bosom of the stream from whence it arose.

We are not told at what cost to the treasury this dream of a courtier became a reality,—

"A scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to glide into a stream again."

The coldest day of that winter at St. Petersburg was February 5th, when the thermometer stood at 30° F. below zero. The same winter was very severe throughout Europe. At London the mercury fell to 8° below zero.

BEN.

CHAPTER I.

"No! It's no cloud." Ben tumbled out of bed to the open upper half of the door, scanning with his half-shut eyes the odd saffron-colored spot in the gray sea-line. "That means mischief. You can't rightly tell till the sun's up, Letty. I'll just step down to the beach and see what the Lattans say of it. It's the most curious——" dragging on the dust-colored corduroy trousers over his big legs so fast that they split.

"But, now, Ben—the potatoes?" hesitated Letty.

Ben's jaw fell. "Oh! the potatoes! Oh, yes. Potatoes." He tied his shoes, slowly. His fingers were all thumbs, thick and slow. "Now, 'Titia," looking up presently with decision, "you know I'll dig them potatoes. I told you last night, the job was two weeks late a'ready. If a high fall-tide would come, it would swamp the field. There's no use throwin' them continuoally in my face. But there's Nancy Cool, she'll be mighty oneasy at the sight of that appearance. Cool's boat's out over night. I'll just step down and tell her it amounts to nothin'. Hey?"

"Do, Ben. Nan's had enough of trouble. Time enough to-morrow for the potatoes."

"I never put off dooty till to-morrow, 'Titia," said Ben, loftily, and went whistling across the salt-meadow, his hands in his pocket, his big, red-shirted figure coming into bold relief against the pale-tinted sky, in which hung the strangely-colored blot. It was so slight a matter that a landsman's eye would have passed it unmarked; only these fishermen, bred to find a meaning in every hint of wind or wave, were troubled and puzzled by it; with a vague sense of coming disaster.

It was an hour or two, before Ben came back to dig the potatoes. The

field was half a mile away; he determined to take Benjy, and make a day of it. "We'd better hev' our dinner along, mother?" he said. Then the Bens, big and little, had to pack the tin bucket. It was a work of time, especially as Benjy was giving an account of the clam-bake yesterday. Letitia, hearing their shouts of laughter, came in and perched herself on the table to listen. The boy had all of his father's broad sense of fun; the shrewd, twinkling blue eyes, and the queer quirks of voice in telling a story, that made old Ben the jolliest company on the coast. They were having too good a time to break up the party hastily, when some one came outside to ask Ben's help to draw a seine.

"What do you say, Titia? It's poor old Sanford."

Letty nodded.

"But, there's that digging, now," lingering at the door. She laughed, and he went off with a whoop and leap, like a school-boy clear of his task. The potatoes were half of their next winter's support. But 'Titia was not an unreasonable woman. She would as soon have expected to see a tortoise come galloping down the road, as Ben go about his forever-undone work like another man. For herself, though, she was as brisk-limbed a little body as she was pretty. By noon the house was shining and clean. And Letty, in her gingham dress, sat sewing on the porch, the sun glinting on her coils of brown hair, while little Susy played at her feet, her blue slip looped back from her fat shoulders with a bit of ribbon. The sun shone warmly on the porch and square patch of garden, and the purple dahlias and crimson prince's-feather, bordering the tomato-beds. In front of the garden stretched the endless line of beach, where Ben and a group of

men were hauling a seine out of the uncertain yellow surf. Behind Letty's house were the woods, abandoned to the white sand and charcoal-burners.

The picture would have been altogether still and bright but for that cloud—which was no cloud. It had hardened into a dull, reddish mass just above the horizon. One of the men said that it looked like an arm and hand stretched out threateningly. Ben listened uneasily and, turning his back on it, began to joke louder than ever. Inland-born as he was, since the day he came to the coast a boy, he had been sucking in all the superstitions and monstrous fancies of the fishermen like a dry sponge put into its native water; just as naturally as he had taken to the sea and sea-craft, until he was made wrecking-master, and so became a recognized leader among them. He had worked his way up till he was owner of the *Queen*, as taut a little schooner as ever pulled her way through salt water. For the year or two after he lost her, he fished, crabbed, toed for clams, any thing to get his legs wet. His wife used to wonder if he had fish's blood.

The *Queen* was down on the beach now. It was the first time since Ben lost her that she had been back to her old mooring.

"Yon's yer boat, Ben," said Sanford. "She run in an hour ago."

Ben raised himself from the pile of fish that he was sorting.

"Whew!" he said, thrusting his thumbs leisurely in his arm-holes to look at her. The whistle died out dully.

"Noland's got a new jib on her."

"Yes."

"I never heerd how you come to sell her, Ben," said Landrey, who was from the other side of the bay.

"He never sold her."

"I'd hev' sold Benjy as soon—a'most," kicking a crab back into the water. "Howsoever, let's get on with the haul."

"Debt?" asked Landrey, nodding toward him.

"Ben went on Cox's paper——"

"He's always on somebody's paper!"

"So the *Queen* went." They always talked of Ben before him as if he were a log, or a big lump of good-nature. "Then Cox turned the cold shoulder on him."

"Hillo, now, Sanförd! You've gone far enough. It hurt Joe Cox worse than me, I dare say, to see Noland steer that boat out of the bay. It's only nateral he'd stand off with me since, with this onpleasantness comin' up at the sight of me."

"Well, it was only the fortune of war, Ben," cried Landrey, heartily, shouldering a basket of plaice.

"That's so! Fortune of war! I believe I'll not go out for another haul, boys; I've got business. Goin', Benjy?" as the boy jumped into the surf-boat. "Get in before dark. Yer mother, you know." He went off, clearing the beach with his long steps, shouting out, now and then, snatches of some old catch. Ben was known everywhere, by the perpetual clatter and fun he carried with him. The born coastmen have a curious silence impressed on them; never sing nor whistle; even laugh under their breath.

He stopped at his own gate, and hailed Letty. "Come down the beach a bit, mother," walking a little ahead of her when she joined him.

"Oh! the *Queen*!" cried Letty, with a catch in her breath when she saw it. She halted.

"Yes. Come on. I thought you'd like to see what Noland's been doin' to her. I would. Hillo, Noland! You've put a clean face on the boat, eh?"

"Yes. Fact is, I can't afford to hold her. She's for sale. I put a bit of paint on to freshen her up. I had a bid for her down in Baltimore."

"Then she'll go off from this bay?" Ben went on hurriedly to the cabin.

"Letty and I came for a look at our old quarters. Letty took two voyages with me, you know?"

Letty followed. It was a snug little closet of a place. In that corner had been her bunk, and there her sewing-box. Ben had taken her with him

until Benjy was born. He had always been a doting old fellow, in his queer way. She ran about, crying, "Do you remember this, or that, Ben?" Ben nodded. He remembered it better than she, though he was busy asking Noland how crabs were held in Baltimore, and about that blow off the Hook.

"Doctor Drouth came up with me from the Hook," Noland said, presently. "He's somewhere's aboard."

"Drouth is, eh? You'd better run along home, mother. I'd rather you were in-doors, with that queer look in the sky. What do you make of that, Noland?"

"Puff of smoke from a steamer."

Ben shook his head. He watched Letty go up the beach, and then turned quickly. "Where's Drouth? I want a word with him. Oh! Well, Doc!" going to meet the hatchet-faced man in black who came from the stern.

"Here you are, Ben! Going over your old boat?"

"Yes. I don't see any about here like her."

"No." They dropped these few words mechanically, keeping their eyes fixed on each other, as men do between whom lies some grave, unnamed secret. Then they stood leaning over the deck of the little vessel, which rocked to and fro on the gentle, bright swells, waiting till Noland had sauntered up the beach. When he was out of hearing, they exchanged a few sentences in a rapid whisper.

Ben broke out at last aloud. "I tell you, Doc, I ken't bring myself to believe it! It seems onreal to me. There's not a sounder built man on this beach," striking his broad chest with his fist.

"You know how long the disease has had hold of you."

Ben nodded in silence.

"I put the case fully before Vandyke; there's no better authority in New York. He says perfect rest and a long sea-voyage is your only chance."

"Well, I've been restin' pretty much all my life." Ben could not help chuckling. "But a v'yage is impossible, unless before the mast."

Drouth shook his head. "Worse

than nothing. I think you ought to tell your wife. The end might come any day."

"Letty? No. I've kept it from her these seven years. I ain't a-goin' to hurt her now." He bit a piece from his plug of tobacco, and began to chew fiercely, looking moodily down into the water.

"If the *Queen* was yours now——"

"There's no use crying over spilt milk, that I kin see. She's not mine."

Drouth waited a moment. "It was the old Major gave you that boat, wasn't it, Ben?"

"Mrs. Dunstable. That's an ondecient name the boys give her. No. I made the money for that on the water. She dealt very liberal with me, though. I was only her bound-boy out on the frontier there; and when she brought me here and saw how I took to fishing and the water, she give me my indentures." He hesitated; but seeing that Drouth still waited, attentive, went on. "When I married, she bought the house and two acres for us."

"The house is yours, then? or Letty's, in case—any thing happens?"

Ben squirted his tobacco-juice about him for a minute or two. "The truth is, Doc, it's gone. There! There's no use of a word, now! I went on Jim Lattan's paper about two months ago, and that's the way it ended. It has a trick of ending that way—with me."

"You're an infernal fool, and Dick Lattan knows it!"

"Dick Lattan never played a man foul in his life. He meant to pay the bill. I reckon I'd do it agen in such a case. I ken't loaf about with money in my pockets while the boys are in a tight place."

"You'll loaf in your grave before long, while your wife will starve."

Ben was silent a minute, and then shook himself, like a dog getting rid of an unpleasant wetting. "It will hardly be so bad as that, I s'pose. You're going up to the village? I'll stay on the boat till Noland comes back," stretching himself on his back on a pile of rope and staring lazily up

at the peak, as if he meant to make that his day's business. If he intended to hint that he would rather be alone, Drouth did not choose to understand him.

"You've known the Major—Mrs. Dunstable, all your life, then?"

"She took me before I remember; out of the poor-house I've heerd."

"There are some queer stories afloat among her kinsfolks here about her life out yonder. Hey, Ben? A childless widow's apt to be gay? How was it?"

"I never heerd them stories," sharply. "I bid Letty never come to me with them. The Dunstables ruled the roast in that country, and the old lady used her money as became her. She's spent the most of it hunting for her son. She's crazy on that p'int, I judge."

"You think he never was stolen by the Indians, then?"

"It's unlikely. The child wandered off, I've heerd, bein' left at home with the servants. It was two weeks before his mother came back to make proper search for him. She's never been the same woman since. It was a wild country then. There's a dozen things might have happened to him without blamin' the redskins."

"It has been a monomania with her as she grew old, I believe," said Drouth, for whom the subject evidently had some peculiar interest. "When her lovers forsook her, I reckon she went back to this old trouble of her son. There has been hardly a point in the West which she or her agents have not visited. I've been one of them for a year or two. Did you know it?"

"I heerd so," indifferently.

Drouth leaned over him, lowering his voice. "I meant to find the man if he were alive, Ben, and *I've done it*."

Ben started upright. "You found him! A real, live man? But you needn't tell me that he ever was stolen by the redskins!"

"Yes, I do."

"Well! I always said that story was bosh!" with a discontented grunt. "Hev' you told her yet?" after a pause.

"No."

"Hadn't you better be about it, then?"

"You're not overly civil," Drouth laughed, but jumped aboard the scow that lay alongside, and put ashore, while Ben watched him uneasily.

"She's half starved herself for years to save for that son," he said. "It'll all go to him, now. Every dollar! There's no chance there for Letty and the young un." He had not known before how much he depended on "the Major," in case, as the doctors threatened, he should die suddenly. He had been so used all of his life to depend on somebody! He lay pushing his foot against a barrel, telling himself that one of these days, before the potatoes were dry, maybe, or this big run of blue fish was over, he would die.

Die. Lie with his big, strong legs and body like a log under the sand yonder, while Letty and the children would come to want. And he never able to help them.

For a few minutes Ben lay motionless, his jaws tight shut, his hands clasped over his eyes. Then he got up. "God help us! I'll go dig the potatoes," he said. But the bit of bright flag at the peak fluttered that moment against the sky, the sail flapped, the surf plashed against the stern. There was meaning in this to Ben: the boat was a live thing to him; he knew it; needed it; he clung to the mast more passionately than he had ever done to the breast of the woman he loved. He looked out to the clear violet shadows of the sea-horizon. If Letty were down in the cabin as she used to be, and he had his hand on the wheel, and they could sail on and on and on yonder to find life for him! Leaving death on the shore, and the hateful work, even to the undug potatoes. Ben sighed and looked listlessly about, wondering if he had brought his spade with him. "I'll work for her every minute that's left," he said, vehemently. Noland found him, however, an hour after, splicing a rope of the main-sail.

"Hillo, Ben! What ails you, man? You're looking peaked, white about the

gills, I thought to-day. Seen any blue mackerel? Lattan's after them."

"The devil he is! Here's my squid-line in my pocket, as good luck would have it!" and he was off with a leap and a shout down the beach.

CHAPTER II.

DROUTH had paced up and down the beach for an hour or two, before the old lady appeared. He had sent her a note at noon, in which he stated the bald fact that her son was found, and asking for an interview. He wanted to make sure of the reward promised, but was quite willing to be spared any display of emotion on her part. She was a little too old, he fancied, for any of the sweet motherly feelings such as belonged to purer women. The reformed old rake, when every other excitement palled, had gone back to this notion of the son lost thirty years ago, merely as a last resource for stimulant.

However, when she came, her unusual quiet and subdued, almost awed manner puzzled him. There was nothing melodramatic here. He pulled a log from the old wreck for her to sit down on, and stood beside her. She was a tall, keen-eyed woman, her face beaked like a bird's; dressed in close-clinging black bombazine; to-day, too, she had omitted the tinge of rouge on her sunken cheeks, and wore her own gray hair parted over her high, narrow forehead. Something held her hand when she would have put on the glossy black wig she usually wore. "My son shall see me as I am," she thought, and laid it down. She looked in the glass a moment, and fancied she saw there the fresh, delicate face of Mary Dunstable twenty years ago. "I wish my boy *could* have seen me then!" she said gently. There were tears in the cold eyes. Her hands, thin as bird's claws, shook as she hooked her dress over the withered breast on which her baby long ago had lain. One could not believe that this was the domineering old woman to whom the men gave the name of "the Major." When she was seated on

the beach, she waited for Drouth to tell his story, asking, to his surprise, but few questions, patiently silent even when he detailed at length the heavy labor and expense which the search had entailed upon him and his agents. His story, when sifted, was clear enough. The child, a boy of about a year and a half old, had wandered into the forest, and been found and secreted by some Indian women, in order to revenge some injury which the Dunstables had done to them. It was doubtless their purpose to restore him after a time; but, fearing punishment, they had carried him with them in their next move.

"And after that?"

"After that your son shall give you his own history."

She looked at him and rose. "You do not mean—you did not bring him with you?" trying to speak coolly.

"He will be here in an hour."

At that she walked directly away from him, and stood for half an hour alone, waiting, down on the sands. Drouth knew her too well to go near or disturb her. Besides, there was something in the lonely shabby figure there by the wailing sea, waiting this life-long, deferred fulfilment of its hope which touched him despite himself. To-day she was not the woman he had known. He had prepared himself with proof upon proof, knowing her ordinary morbid suspicion about even trifles; but she had received this vital story without a question.

"Women are queer animals," he said. "It's all the woman that is left in her, perhaps, that notion about her boy." The afternoon was growing late; the sun threw her shadow, long and black, upon the sand. She kept her eyes fixed upon the marshes through which the path came; but so far there was not a living creature in sight, except two or three fishermen, among whom was Lattan and Ben, squidding for mackerel far up the beach. When the time had almost arrived for her son to come, Drouth went closer to her.

There was one business-point on which he wished to set his mind at rest. "I

conceive, Mrs. Dunstable, that when your son is here, and you are convinced that he is your son, my responsibility is at an end."

She hesitated. "I do not understand you."

"I mean that my money is due, in any case. No matter whether the result satisfies you or not."

"You mean that I will be disappointed in my son?"

"I do not say that," quickly. "But his education has been different from yours, necessarily."

"He has been reared as a half-breed? I am prepared for that." After awhile, recollecting herself, she added. "As to your money, of course you have earned it. That is all right."

She turned again quickly to watch the path through the marshes. What manner of man would come to her on it? The coarse, rank pride of the woman was alert and defiant. There was no situation in life in which she had not pictured her son; she had prepared herself against any disappointment. He might be a reckless Bohemian in New York, burning brain and body away with bad liquor; a rough out on the plains; a half-breed with his dirty squaw. But under whatever disguise, the old Dunstable courage and hot energy would be there. No base training could quench the fire in that blood. The soul in him would leap to meet her own at call, vigorous and conscious of its right to mastery over other men.

She had waited many years for this hour of triumph. She could not help turning to Drouth, and saying, in her usual arrogant tone, "I set myself to do this thing twenty years ago, and now I have succeeded, in spite of fate. If there is any God in the world stronger than a strong human will, I have never found Him."

Drouth said nothing. They were all used to the old free-thinker's boasting. She was her own God, and would be to the end, unless she could set up this unknown son for an idol.

"How soon will he be here?"

Drouth glanced at his watch. "In ten minutes." He walked away from her. Now that he was sure of his pay, he felt an abated interest in her. He looked at Ben yonder with far more human sympathy. The men were squidding for mackerel, Ben leading. An athlete might have chosen the work to display all his strength and grace. Drouth had enough of an artist's eye to watch Ben with pleasure. The quick, high-stepping dash into the edge of the surf, the measured whirl of the line and glittering lead above his head; the sudden force which darted it beyond the breakers into the still sea; the slow backward tread up the beach, drawing the line hand over hand, at the end of which lay the lead and empty hook. "Unlucky Ben!" muttered Drouth. "Always unlucky!" This stalwart fellow, who swung his line in such jolly humor, knowing that in a few days he would be nothing but a dumb object of dismay and terror to even his wife and child, touched Drouth more than he could tell. "And all for the lack of a few dollars? This world's a queer botch, anyhow." He walked slowly back to Mrs. Dunstable, kicking bits of kelp as he went down into the foam.

She took an irresolute step forward to meet him. "It's more than ten minutes." Her voice was unnaturally low and hard.

"He is coming now."

They both turned to the marsh, a strip of which ran down to the edge of the beach. At this time of the year it was a field of brown velvet spikes of the salt flags, growing shoulder high. There was a rustling among them along the narrow path. "It is your son," said Drouth, drawing back.

She stood as hard and lifeless to appearance as the dead log at her feet, her withered hands knit together, the diamond on one of them blazing in the low sunlight. A flock of wild duck passed by silently in a black snake-like line upon the edge of the nearest breaker; a salt air rustled the flags, and then they parted; and Ben, his empty line

in hand, came out of the path on to the sand.

She drew back as though she had been stabbed.

"Not—*that*?" She put her hands out, blindly thrusting him out of sight. Drouth took hold of her, and seated her on the sand.

"That is your son," he said, shaking her a little roughly. In a moment she thrust him feebly back.

"That is Ben, my bound-boy; I have known him all my life. Where is my son? You shall not deceive me, Dr. Drouth?" in her old, shrill, imperious tone.

"I thought you would ask for the proofs before we were done with it," coolly pulling out his bundle of affidavits. "The boy was abandoned by the Indians at the first white settlement; in a year or two found his way to the poor-house, where you found him. If he is not all you ask in your son, that is your affair. You made him what he is."

She was her own keen self now. She opened the papers one by one, scanning them line by line, keeping her face carefully averted, Drouth noticed, from the figure of the man down in the surf. When she had finished, she folded them again, and bound them with the India-rubber strap. "I will send you your check to-morrow, Dr. Drouth," she said, calmly. "You deserve it for your patience. It is a well-constructed story——"

"You do not dare to say that you doubt the facts!" hotly.

"But, in constructing it," she went on, rising, "you counted too much on a woman's blind feeling. Unfortunately, it does not help you," fixing her cool, baffling eyes on his face. Drouth knew, then, that the game was out of his hands. She had put up the barrier; whatever might be her real feeling, it was hidden, as behind a rock.

"Do you mean to disown your son?"

"Ben my son? Why! look at him and me!" The haughty, fine smile belonged to the old days of her royalty of youth and grace. Drouth was baffled. She was withered and shabby;

Ben, in the strength of manhood; he had certain noble qualities, too, Drouth knew, which she could not even comprehend; yet the gulf was undeniably great, which culture, and the want of it, had made between them. So great, it seemed impossible that the same flesh and blood stood on either side of it.

"Whatever he is, you have made him," doggedly. "I wash my hands of the matter now. You know his condition. You know Vandyke's opinion, that a quiet sea-voyage is all that will save him. He is your son, Mrs. Drouth, deny it as you choose. His life is in your hands."

"What value is that man's life to any body? I wish to God he lay dead there upon the sand!"

"You will do nothing for him, then?"

"Nothing." She passed him by, going up the marsh-path. "She knows he is her son," thought Drouth. She had always been used to treat Ben with the lazy good-humor which that lazy, good-humored fellow drew from every body. Now, in the bitterness of her disappointment, there was murder in her heart for him. So Drouth believed, watching her hurry up toward the village for her horse to go back alone to her solitary house in the pine-woods. "She's lived starving up there half her life to save for him, and now she's going back alone, because he is not a gentleman. It's her cursed pride." He judged her as he would a disappointed man, not knowing the deeper disappointment that came to her as a woman. He could not see her; she waited in the cornfield till dusk, watching Letty, busy making ready for Ben's supper. She could catch glimpses of the cheery little woman in the kitchen, of the lighted table, the steaming pot of clam-soup. Presently Ben came lounging up to the gate, with a laughing, bare-footed crowd; the Lattans, Noland, and the rest. They had all a joke for Letty. When they were gone, Ben sat down, with the two children swarming about him, and Letty brought him his plate of soup, kissing him as she did it—a reward for his hard day's work!

It all seemed nauseous and vulgar to her; yet, there *was* something here which had never come into her own life. As she turned away, she had her hand tightly pressed on her narrow chest. God only knows how long the aching and hunger had there been hidden for things common to other women as the air they breathed; love, the touch of children's fingers. She had meant when her son came to her, an absolute stranger, that her past life should be a blank to him. She would begin anew; she fancied herself an ideal mother to him, liberal, tender, loving. Ben knew her in the tawdriest undress of her daily life; jeered at her as "the Major" with his fellow-boors!

She untied her horse from the hitching-post, and mounted into the buggy. Her road skirted the beach. There was a foreboding shadow in the air. The sea thundered ominously. She heard hasty steps, after a while, behind her on the solitary road, and Ben came up and stopped the horse.

"Stay with us to-night, Mrs. Dunstable. It's miserable lonely out in the woods yonder, and you've not even a dog for company. Besides, there's a look in the sky to-night that none of the men understand."

She looked deliberately into the coarse, pleasant face without reply; then she quietly drew up the reins. "Take your hand away," she said, coldly, without naming him. "I will go home alone."

CHAPTER III.

BEN watched her disappear into the gloomy woods with a tug of pity at his honest heart. He had seen the pale, soured face turn once or twice nervously toward him as she went. "It's miserable lonely for her," he muttered, as he went back home. The strange blot in the sky had spread until it darkened the whole horizon, and there was a heavy, pitchy odor in the air. "It's my belief there's a monstrous fire to N'York," he said to Cool, who, with the other men, was wandering about uneasily. "Leastways, there's somethin' ter-

rible out o' gear somewhere." He brought Cool and Lattan in and then shut the windows, and piled up the blazing drift-wood. He hid Titia's sewing, and made her sit idle with them by the fire; he begged for the children to stay up an hour. Letty thought she never had known him in such a jolly, mad-cap humor, laughing at some of his pranks till the tears came into her eyes. Ben felt, as he generally did with them all about him, there never was a fellow in better case than himself. If only——. He could not forget that his time was short. He would make the best of it while it lasted. He pressed the apple-jack on Lattan, and treated him with unwonted deference; he did not want Dick to think he had borne him a grudge when he was gone; he kept them all up till ten o'clock; there were some capital stories too good to be lost, and very soon—there would be nobody to tell them. When they were gone, Ben carried the children to bed, and helped Titia undress them.

"Dear! dear! I have not put in a stitch to-night!" she cried. "But such a nice time as it has been! There never was a fellow like you, Ben," putting her arms about his neck as she stood behind him.

"Do you think that, little woman? I'm going to work for you to-morrow. I'll work all the time I have left;" and with this flattering salvo laid to his heart Ben soon slept the sleep of conscious virtue.

At midnight the cry came. In the history of the coast, that night is remembered as set apart, lighted with its peculiar horror. Ben, roused by a tumult of voices without, and choking for breath, went to the door, where the group of half-clothed men and women were gathered.

"What is it, Lattan?"

"God knows! The sea is on fire, I think."

In any emergency, jolly Ben was the cool-headed leader among them. He went to the beach and came back. "No. It is worse for us. The woods are burning clear up to the Hook, and the fire will be on us in a few minutes."

Even Ben over-stated it. There was no real danger in store for them. The village was detached from the extensive pine-woods that ran inland by salt-ponds or creeks. Still, it was no slight strain upon their courage to find themselves trapped, as it were, in this coming flame. The long drought had left the pine-tracts dry as tinder; the fire had been slowly stealing down to them all day. It had reached them now. It was too far back for the villagers to distinguish the separate flames; but as they stood on their own barren neck of sand, the whole horizon burned into dull and virulent heat; volumes of smoke and stench rolled down upon them, and at their back the ocean sent in its grappling breakers on sand, a greedy hell of fire.

They quieted the terrified women and children at last, and collected them all together. "There's nothin' we kin do but wait," said Ben.

"There's nothin' it can burn nigh here," added Drouth, "but Dolbeir's woods——" He stopped, glancing at the man nearest him with a sudden, awful meaning. Dolbeir's woods was a patch of pines about a mile square, connected to the main forest by a belt of swamp. There was but one house in it.

"Good God! Is she there?" asked the man (Cool), in a whisper.

Drouth nodded.

"What's the matter, boys?" said Ben, coming up.

"The Major."

The three men, silent and pale, moved as by one impulse to a point down the beach, where they could see the connecting belt of swamp. It was already a red line of fire.

"It's too late," said Drouth; and after a moment, "Don't let the women know."

"Kin we do nothing?" Cool said, with a strangely altered voice.

"No," adding quickly: "Don't you see? The fire is within a quarter of a mile of her house. Before a man could reach her, this woods will be a living coal." He could not but remember the "cursed pride" of the poor old woman; how she had jeered at God, and left her

own son to die this very night. With Drouth's Calvinistic belief, it seemed right to him that the Lord should thus terribly have laid bare His red right hand in vengeance. A lurid light suddenly shot up into the sky. By it they had a glimpse of the house standing black and solitary in the hollow of the woods.

"Give me your shirt, Cool," said Ben; "mine's cotton," stripping rapidly.

"What are you going to do?" cried Drouth. "You shall not go, Ben! You are mad."

"Stand back, Drouth." He strapped the waist-belt, drew up his high boots, carefully stopping every entrance for the air. Drouth caught his arm, forcing him to look at him.

"You shall hear what I say. If you go, you'll never come back alive."

"I don't believe I will. But I can't stand it, Doc. Don't let Letty know that I've gone."

He was ready now, a fur cap tied securely down over his jaws. He stood irresolutely a moment, and then muttering to Cool, "I can't go without a word," crossed over to where his wife stood with the other women, stooped and kissed first one child and then the other. "Why, Susy, girl! you're mighty fond of old dad, that's a fact," disengaging her clinging arms slowly, and holding the sleepy face close to his own a minute. "Letty!" She turned her white, frightened face. "Go into the house, Letty. Don't you worry, little woman. Whatever comes, don't you worry." He dared not kiss her, for fear of rousing her suspicion, but he held her hand tight. It was for the last time, and she did not know it! "The—the Good Man's over all; don't you know, Letty? Now go in with the children." He took her to the house-door.

"Come soon, Ben." He did not answer; but he only stooped and kissed the little, freckled face, lifted pleadingly to his. Then he shut the door, and came back to Drouth.

"If I never come back, Doc," he said, steadily, "tell her how it was. Tell her how short my time was anyhow. I don't

think I can do any thing better with it than this." He seemed to be deaf to all the two men said. Then he ran into the surf, wetting his clothes thoroughly, dipping a cloth to put over his face to protect him from the smoke. When he came out of the water, there was a ring of the usual good-humored chuckle in his voice. "I've a notion that you're not done with me yet," nodding, as he started toward the wood.

Drouth tried to say, "God bless you," but it choked in his throat. Every step of the way was known to Ben. He thought as he ran, that he could find it in the darkest night; but he had not calculated on the stifling smoke that rolled in volumes in his face. The men, watching him, saw him stop and stagger once, twice, in the open space before he reached the woods.

The swift, black figure, running in the open space, suddenly caught the sight of the villagers. He heard the far-off shouts of dismay that followed him, and a moment after a single cry—a woman's.

"Oh, God! Ben! Ben!"

He was just at the entrance of the woods. They saw him stop one instant, and then, without turning to look back, he darted through the brushwood and was lost to sight. A few moments after, he heard, through all the other sounds, the sharp, regular stroke of axes. "They are cutting down the swamp trees to help me," he thought. "But it's too late; the fire has crossed before them." Twice he lost his way. The familiar sound of the axe-strokes was lost. Nothing was left that was familiar. The trees in the lurid light put on unnatural, ghostly shapes; overhead was a sea of rolling clouds on fire; billow above billow; the sharp crackle of the burning woods, the roar of the wind through the pines, and the woful beating of the sea upon the shore answered each other in hollow thunders. To Ben it seemed as if that great and terrible day of the Lord had come, of which he had often heard in the back seat of the little Methodist chapel, trembling as he heard.

There was a field before the house.

The woods enclosed house and field completely, as in a horseshoe. The fire was already creeping down both sides, the part yet untouched being that through which he had come. The sole chance for life was that he could regain his path before the fire reached it. He crossed the field, entered the house. There was no gay, gallant enthusiasm, no sense of derring-do in the poor fisherman; abject terror dragged down every heavy step; with every breath came the thought of wife and children, drawing him back; life itself had grown terribly dear lately since it had been measured out to him in such niggardly dose. Yet he took his life in his hand and threw it down; a manlier man, I think, in his cowardice, than any cavalier of old.

The house was vacant. In a path of the desolate little garden behind it, he found the old woman lying where she had fallen, stifled by the smoke and senseless from terror. Ben lifted her without a word and turned back. His own strength was giving way; and he had wasted time irreparably in searching for her. The fire was so close now that the currant-bushes in the garden were already singed by the heat.

Yet he might reach the woods——

Through the dark hall again and out into the open fields.

Then, he laid her down and stood quietly beside her. It was too late. The pines were on fire.

A moment after, Ben pulled out his tobacco and began to chew vehemently. Then he wandered aimlessly apart, and stood looking up into the uneasy sea of fire. Death was near. It seemed to the ignorant fisherman that he stood already alone with God. Presently his old mistress came up and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Is there no chance?"

He looked at her vacantly and shook his head. His heart was with Letty and the children. She saw that it was. It did not seem to matter so much to her—this sudden, terrible death coming upon her; the passion, the hunger which had driven her almost mad for years mastered all others at the last.

Her son. She recognized him now. Which of his race had gone to meet death with nobler courage? In his coarse, uncultured face there was in this last hour a grand sweetness and simplicity. It was she who had left him debased, as untaught as an animal. Now, he held those he loved close to his soul, and she, with her own child beside her, would die alone. God so punished her.

The God whom she had not seen in all the sunshine and sweet airs of her prosperous life, she thought she found now in vengeance and death. So blind are men.

They were bound in by a ring of fire; the wind drove the flame in jets and whip-like snaky lines toward them through the crisp stubble. Now and then, at long intervals, a strange greenish light conquered the red glow, and a sound which was not the wind or sea hushed them both. Ben did not notice it. She came to him at last and took his hand. He was so like his father, she thought! Now, in the hopeless peril of the hour, the easy jollity had slipped away from his face, and the stern, fine forces of the man came out to meet Death. There was but a little time left to her. The hot air scorched her breath; her lungs contracted. To die without one human being to care for her! She drew his hand to her face.

"Do you care to know that you are my son?"

Ben looked down at her. It seemed a far-off matter to him now; though, it may be, a faint comical fancy came to him that if he were going to live, it would be a most disagreeable possibility. "I don't know how that kin be," turning away again. "It's unlikely."

"I'm nothing to you! Yet you were my child once!"

The cry of the old woman touched Ben. "You're not nothing to me. Don't talk that way, Mrs. Dunstable. I come here to fetch you. But as for bein' your son— Anyhow, it's all up with us now!" He clasped his hands over his head and walked away from her, unconscious that he did so. But he was a man, and it was hard to

stand patient while he was burned like a rat in a cage. The fire crept closer, slowly. The house behind them burned up suddenly into a vivid glare. The ground grew hot under their feet. She followed him, caught his hand again.

"It's coming."

He did not answer.

"You're thinking only of Letty and the children?"

"Naturally," with a queer, pitiful chuckle.

After that there was silence between them.

She never knew how long a time passed. At last there came a strange sound which had been heard before over the roar of the flames and the sea. She saw Ben lift his head to listen. There was a blinding flash— another.

He turned his face to the darkening sky, put out his trembling hand, stood motionless a moment, and then threw himself with a cry upon the ground.

"Merciful God! *The rain! the rain!*"

CHAPTER IV.

A FRESH, cool morning; the sea dark-green, with the low light of the yet unrisen sun glancing through its clear, broken heights and hollows; white gulls flickering here and there along the crest of the shore-breaker; a few black porpoises lazily rolling further out; overhead, drifts of pale pink clouds, and off to the East, in the yet vacant chamber of the sun, depth upon depth of golden mist. Even from the sterile sea-sand Nature drew color and life those autumn days. The salt stubble fields were turned into rich bronze and maroon slopes; along their hedges of holly the bay bushes thrust out their berries white as with hoar-frost; the golden-rod tossed its yellow plumes, the tiger-lilies blazed passionately in the dim light, while here and there a pond of fresh water lifted its cool burden of green leaves and perfumed white cups. Letty thought the village never looked so bright and quiet as now, when she was going to bid it good-by.

For the *Queen* was to sail that morning. She was anchored off shore, and all the people were down to see her off, with her new captain and crew. The crew were all from the village. There was not a boy there who had not tried for this chance of sailing with Captain Ben. Everybody now made a sort of gala-day of it: how could they help it when they looked at Ben's jolly face, or heard his tremendous, boisterous shouts? Any stranger coming among them would only have seen a homely, gaunt fellow setting out on a trading expedition to Cuba or beyond. They could not know that to Ben it was the enchanted voyage of his life; that it was his lost youth he sailed to find, and meant to bring back again.

He ran up to the house for a last word with his mother, who stood waiting at the door, steadying herself with one hand on little Susy's shoulder. The night of the fire and the long illness which followed had broken her down beyond help. It was an old, white-haired woman who waited for him, chattering with little Susy, pleased and eager as the child. In those long, helpless days of sickness, with Ben and Letty nursing her, a great change had come upon her. The people, who were never tired bringing her new home-brewed medicines, herb-teas, and savory little dishes, could hardly believe that the poor, feeble creature was the hated "old Major."

Perhaps, coming close to Death, she had come close also to some great truth, but dimly guessed by us in the heat and worry of every-day life.

One day, she said, looking shrewdly up into Letty's face: "There's something in your herb-tea, Letty, which I never found in any wine that money could buy."

"I hope it will cure you, mother," she said, puzzled to know what she meant.

"It has cured me, child," gravely.

Letty fretted secretly a good deal about the difference between them and this new-found mother; her own bad grammar, Ben's tobacco, his everlasting noisy hillos and laughs, his bare red

legs, gave her many an anxious hour. "It's very rough for you with us," she ventured one day to say.

"My dear," said the old woman, meaningly, "I never was loved in all my life before." But Letty noticed that she clung most to Susy, who was a gentle little thing, and dainty and old-fashioned in her ways. They grew such fast friends, indeed, that when she had bought the *Queen* and fitted it out for Ben, she said, "Take Letty with you, my son, and the boy; but leave me Susy. Don't leave me alone again," with sudden terror in her voice. "I will not need her long."

It was settled, therefore, that they should keep the house together till the *Queen's* return. The old child was just as eager with their plans as the little one. After the ship had sailed that morning, they went up to a high headland to watch her out of sight. They could see the men waving their hats, and Ben with Letty standing on the bow, beckoning to them.

The little girl choked down a sob. "When they come back," she said, cheerfully, "the *Queen* will come round that point. We'll stand just here to see it come in."

"You will stand here, Susy."

"So will you, I suppose, grandmother. You can come if you will."

The sea-wind blew the gray hair about her eyes. She shaded them with her hand, standing silent until long after the man's figure on deck had faded out of sight. "When you are as old as I," she said at last, "you will know that there is always something which we would have had in life, but—which never came,—never came. There is another will than ours, Susy. And a better," she added, in a lower tone.

She stood looking patiently out to the wide sea, knowing that she would never see her son again.

But lazy Ben had his hand upon the wheel at last, and Letty was by his side, and in the clear light they sailed happily on and on and on to meet the early morning.

TRIAL BY JURY.

It is common learning to every student of the law that the right of trial by jury was guaranteed by the great title-deed of English liberty, and that by the Constitution of the United States and the constitutions of many, if not all, of the individual states, it is secured to all persons charged with crime, and to a very large class of civil causes. But the origin and nature of the institution, with its practical workings as an instrument in the administration of justice, are not generally known or thought of among the intelligent and respectable class of citizens who are oftenest called upon to sit in the capacity of jurors. The feeling that it is one of the most effective safeguards against aggressions of centralized power, together with a rich experience of its salutary influence in times of local or national political excitement has brought both Briton and American to cling to it with uncommon tenacity. The Englishman and American have thus learned to regard it as a thing too sacred to be tampered with, and hence, to view every suggestion for its modification with the keenest jealousy.

If we regard the trial by jury merely as a *political* institution, it undoubtedly deserves the encomium of De Tocqueville, who, speaking of it in that character, says: "He who punishes infractions of the law is the real master of society. Now the institution of the jury raises the people itself, or at least a class of citizens, to the bench of judicial authority. The institution of the jury consequently invests the people, or at least that class of citizens, with the direction of society. . . . The system of the jury as it is understood in America appears to me to be as direct and extreme a consequence of the sovereignty of the people as universal suf-

frage. These institutions are two instruments of equal power, which contribute to the supremacy of the majority."

We repeat that this high praise of trial by jury as a political safeguard is just, for there has never been invented another such protection of the life and property of the citizen against the servile judge of a tyrannical government. It disposes of the cause of the patriot by the sympathetic judgment of twelve of his peers. They know the wants, the desires, and the hopes of the masses; they partake of them, and guard it as you will, in the end they will reflect the popular feeling. Their verdict will be the verdict of the populace.

But however favorably it may operate for the commonwealth in cases of great and general public interest (and in this category we may include all prosecutions for crime), it needs no argument to show that neighborhood prejudices and sympathies will not always, nor oftener than not, qualify jurors to make up a satisfactory verdict in matters of *private* difference. Indeed, the same susceptibility which renders the jury the palladium of our liberties may in a majority of *civil* causes entirely disqualify them from rendering a carefully-considered and thoroughly-impartial verdict.

This brings us to our main purpose, namely, to point out some of the defects of trial by jury as a *judicial* institution. Upon this ground the distinguished author, whom we have already quoted, admits that its utility might fairly be contested. Nevertheless, he is an advocate of trial by jury in both civil and criminal causes. "For my own part," says he, "I had rather submit the decision of a case to ignorant jurors directed by a skilful judge, than to judges, a majority of whom are

imperfectly acquainted with jurisprudence and with the laws." He would have better expressed the preference of a very large number of American lawyers, had he written: "I would rather submit to the judgment of a single skilful judge, *in a civil cause*, than to the verdict of twelve ignorant jurors, who being unaccustomed to the application of the rules of evidence, and without experience in analyzing, arranging, and combining masses of intricate and perhaps conflicting testimony, are made the victims of their sympathy and impulse, and moulded by the skilful advocate, as clay in the hands of the potter."

In the trial of civil causes, the objection to a single judge is not felt to be so forcible as in criminal trials. It very rarely happens that the controversies of private individuals are such as to tempt the integrity of the judge who is usually a discerning man, practiced in sifting the true from the false, and accustomed to testing the rights of parties by the cold, inflexible standards of the law. If such a judge may "direct" or control the verdict of a jury, there is no good reason why he may not himself decide the cause at once in those cases where the public interest is not at stake. Nay, there are apparent many reasons why it were better so.

1. For example, jurors, if not always ignorant, are at least generally unaccustomed to performing judicial functions, and are as untrained for and unskilled in that kind of labor as the judge who "directs" them is in building steam engines. Now, there is no appropriateness in taking men from every calling in every walk of life to perform, without previous training, one of the most delicate and difficult functions of government,—except it be, as we have before said, in those cases of public concern in which political considerations outweigh all others. Yet it is often, nay, generally, done. On the other hand, judges, if not always skilful, are always of respectable standing in a profession which is trained in the study and practice of the law; and they are not seldom men of unsullied honor and profound sagacity.

2. Jurors may be, and often are, imposed upon and misled by the artful sophistries of an advocate, if he be a popular favorite. Judges are rarely deceived by the tricks of the trade.

3. In theory of law jurors are judges of fact only; in practice they are many times judges of both law and fact, receiving the charge of the court with becoming meekness, and then deciding according to their own notions of law and right. This is especially so in civil causes, where the government or a great corporation is a party against private individuals. In such cases it is often nearly impossible to obtain a fair and impartial verdict. We could name a county where a railroad company was never known to win the verdict, no matter what the law or the evidence might be, or how often the verdict might be set aside, or judgments reversed by the superior tribunals; and railroad cases are of common occurrence there. We could name another county in which verdicts have been set aside and judgments reversed by the higher courts no less than eight times in a single case, and still the popular element continues to speak through the jury against the solemn judgment of some of the purest and best men on the bench. Yet this is a mere civil action for damages, in which the public have no interest whatever; but there is a popular jealousy of corporations to be gratified; and so, right or wrong, the verdict is always for the plaintiff. Such abuses can only become frequent under the jury-system, and could hardly occur with any judge who has any professional pride, to say nothing of honesty. That kind of contumacy amounts to a species of nullification, and any judge who should attempt it and persist in it would be speedily impeached and removed.

4. Jurors are beyond the reach of impeachment because their office ends with the finding of the verdict. Not only so, they are practically beyond the reach of any punishment for a false verdict. In the olden times a writ of attaint lay to inquire whether a jury of twelve men gave a false verdict, and if

the grand jury of attain found the verdict to have been obtained by corruption of the jury, the jurors were outlawed and made forever infamous and were also punished by confiscation and imprisonment. If this remedy was ever adopted in this country, it long since fell into disuse. Jurors now sit and determine the rights of parties without any responsibility to the law except for perjury and taking bribes, and these charges, and particularly the first, from the very nature of the case can with difficulty, and only at rare intervals, be substantiated.

The defects which have been enumerated, and they are not all that could be mentioned, are not accidental, but essential defects of the system. They are defects which may well be tolerated in causes of a public nature for the sake of insuring the perpetual sovereignty of the people; but which in the trial of private suits are a burdensome and growing evil. "After all," says Blackstone, "it must be owned, that the best and most effectual method to preserve and extend the trial by jury in practice, would be by endeavoring to remove all the defects, as well as to improve the advantages incident to this mode of inquiry. If justice is not done to the entire satisfaction of the people in this

method of deciding facts, in spite of all encomiums and panegyrics on trials at the common law, they will resort in search of that justice to another tribunal; though more dilatory, though more expensive, though more arbitrary in its frame and constitution. If justice is not done to the crown by the verdict of a jury, the necessities of the public revenue will call for the erection of summary tribunals."

It remains to be noted that trials of civil causes before a court without a jury is no untried experiment even in this country and England. The immense commercial and international interests which are adjusted in the admiralty courts are not less wisely, nor less satisfactorily determined because they are decided upon without the intervention of a jury. It is believed that the important and oftentimes complicated cases which are decided in chancery are as conscientiously decided upon the facts as in the common law courts, and even more impartially. We have never heard that the safety of our political rights is endangered by this single judge jurisdiction. But we are certain that it is a frequent remark among lawyers that it is a good rule to submit a righteous cause to the court, and to try a bad one before a jury.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S PREDECESSOR AT NOTRE-DAME.

EVERY THING is defined by its antithesis. The vivid public interest rife at the actual moment respecting Father Hyacinthe recalls his brilliant rival and contrast, Father Félix. Father Félix preceded Father Hyacinthe as preacher at Notre-Dame. He represented the extreme Papal interest in the Gallican church. He was set forth by this interest as the voice most capable of stemming the tide of liberal sentiment on which, partly swelling it, partly guiding it, but chiefly borne by it, Father Lacordaire had rode into his easy and magnificent renown. After a few seasons of his Conférences at Notre-Dame,

attended by vast congregations of the selectest wit and wisdom of Paris, Father Félix yielded his place again to Lacordaire's true successor, Father Hyacinthe. Such is the oscillating, if not vacillating, policy with which Rome essays to stop Time, and turn the wheels of Progress backward.

Father Félix enlisted no sympathy. But the absence of sympathy only enhances the splendor of his intellectual triumph. Rarely has any arena of oratorical gladiatorship witnessed feats of strength and of skill, at the same time so barren and so admirable. The coolness, and the poise, and the confidence

of power, with which this man sallied out, single-handed, as it were, against the bristling and impenetrable front of God's embattled providential forces, would have been sublime audacity, had he himself been conscious of the odds. As it was, to Protestant eyes it seemed like impudence, saved, however, from grotesqueness, by the marvellous address of the champion.

There are well-pronounced varieties, —for aught I know, quite endlessly numerous,—of effects that may be produced by eloquence. Here, certainly, was a variety which to my experience was novel. It may not be devoid of interest to the reader to have it described. Let me describe it by telling the story of my first Sunday morning at Notre-Dame, during one of the Lents when Father Félix was the preacher there.

The hour for the sermon to commence was half-past one. I went before twelve, and not too soon. At twelve the best seats in the choir of the church were all taken. I paid a charge of three sous at the entrance of the choir for a seat at my choice. I wandered up and down the aisle extemporized between the rows of chairs already occupied, and finally was negotiating with a policeman—omnipresent representative of the Government—for the privilege of a place in the aisle, when that space should be closed up, expecting to stand, an hour, till then. Unexpectedly, and quite out of precedent, a young man near by beckoned to me, and gave me a chair (which he had sat *two or three hours* to reserve) by his side. I tried to repay him with my gratitude, and I succeeded, for he volunteered, as we went out, to keep a place for me the following Sunday. I engaged it.

This young man, a student, unlike almost all his fellows, seemed religious. He crossed himself, and murmured prayers, and bowed, and chanted, during the mass preceding the sermon. At odd spells, —I ought to say, not exactly *within* the time occupied by the mass, however,—he told me how the Père Félix was the most eloquent man of the times; that

he was superior to Father Lacordaire, just deceased; that some called him the Bossuet of the nineteenth century; that all the celebrities of journalism, of philosophy, of letters in Paris, were in the audience. I asked him if he was a hearer of M. St. Hilaire at the Sorbonne. He said yes, and gratified me, and confirmed himself in my good opinions, by giving, he a Catholic, to M. St. Hilaire, a Protestant, just that character of earnestness and of suasion which I had attributed to him myself.

That vast cathedral, meantime, filled itself to the remotest corner of its lofty galleries—now I did not quite see exactly that, but I believe it—while, at intervals, I read a report, bought the day before, of the previous sermon of Father Félix. I found it so splendid, that I conjectured it might have been an unusual inspiration, and accordingly prepared myself to be disappointed in the effort of the day. I was disappointed, but it was by having my*utmost expectations surpassed.

Father Félix addressed himself to the times, and did not beat the air. His subject for the season was, "The Harmony of Reason and Faith." His sermons were polemics against Rationalism, which had spoken a recent and bold word through M. Renan, and been silenced for it there, at the College of France. The Church,—that Church which claims by eminence, nay, exclusively, to be the *pillar and ground of the truth*, hastened officiously to the war. Certainly Father Félix was no mean champion. And, taking that day as a specimen, he spoke for Protestantism, as well as for Catholicism—better even. I can easily believe that the Truth in its abstract, intellectual form, might call the muster-roll of its confessors, from beginning to end, without getting the response of a clearer-ringing voice than that of Father Félix. M. Bersier had told me he was a Jesuit, and a thorough one. Surely he was a thorough one. Such adroit adjustment to time, and place, and public temper—such fencing, with logic vivified into rhetoric—such swift and infallible en-

counter of the precise face offered by the revolving prism of the question of the hour—such perfect blending of the man of the world with the son of the church in that seductive deference to the rationalizing spirit of the age and that profound obeisance to hierarchical authority—it was worthy of the all-accomplished member of the Society of Jesus.

A man of medium stature, not forty years old, with a head that you would call round, and a rubicund complexion,—such appeared Father Félix to me. His eloquence borrowed little from his personal appearance, nor did his personal appearance at any time seem transfigured by his eloquence. His voice, without being any thing extraordinary, was sufficiently musical, and sent itself in clear globules of pure pronunciation, and elastic emphasis, to the farthest recesses of that pillared auditorium.

Hearing him preach was like seeing a salt crystallize. His matter seemed instinct with some spirit of life that moved it into perfect forms. Every sentence was a formulated thought,—definite, clear, sharp, ultimate,—like a crystal. The whole discourse was a glittering mass of crystallization—like those superb mountains of crystal, helped by art to their symmetry of aggregation, which they show you, at Paris, in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*.

It may be thought, from my illustration of the crystallizing process, that there was not much warmth in Father Félix's eloquence. And I cannot say that there was. If there was any, it was an incidental evolution, like the heat which kindles during an energetic chemical action. As for generous, vital, personal warmth, according to my thinking, there was none. The speaker's weapon was a lance of lightning, vivid, rapid, deadly. There was no thunder-burst. The blade leaped suddenly to its mark, in silence, and pierced it always. Not an aim missed.

Of course, I describe the effect. There were passages of comparatively sonorous declamation; but the sound made no

part of the impression on me. It was the swift, barbed thought, and the arrowy words.

The form of the discourse was as perfect as a type of nature. It was tripartite, and completely, exhaustively comprehensive of the subject—which was, for the day, *how* the harmony of Reason and Faith is destroyed:

1st. Either by the absorption of Reason in Faith;

2d. Or by the absorption of Faith in Reason;

3d. Or by the separation of Reason and Faith.

The special admirable quality of the treatment was *definition*, sharp as a schoolman's, but without the schoolman's over-refinement. If thought is distinction, as has been said, then here was thought. It is surprising how little remains for discussion, after terms are defined. The orator hardly did any thing more than state the three ways of destroying the proper harmony of Reason with Faith—and rested, as the lawyers say. After stating the current Rationalism, the whole purport of which, quoting, respectfully, from an "illustrious Protestant," he declared to be the denial of the Supernatural, either as existing or as possible, he rose into a lofty sphere of indignant declamation, protesting, in the name of humanity, that the Supernatural does exist. It was as splendid as any thing could possibly be—*without the awe-inspiring wrath of a passionate heart*. The cold flash of his eloquence lighted the place, like the heatless flame of the white Aurora Borealis. The ice-fields of the North Pole throw such a reflection of the sunshine which they freeze.

As the orator impaled Rationalism, shuddering on his spear, naked and self-conscious,—unharmful, save by a too relentless exposure,—his unsympathizing audience could not repress an audible laugh—the most curious, and most worthy of analysis, that I ever heard. It did not mean amusement. It did not mean gratification. It did not mean applause. It meant simply the recognition of success, *without emotion*

of any kind whatever. It was almost cynical on both sides.

How do I account for this strange phenomenon—the absence of *sympathy* between speaker and hearer—in the midst of such resplendent oratory? Whether it was subjective or not with me—it was, in part, I can readily believe—I felt the repellent charm, radiant around that white-robed priest, of his Jesuitical character. He stood there insulated entirely from the electric touches of those human hearts, by the vitreous non-conductors of his ecclesiasticism. Representative of a suspected order, priest, celibate, Jesuit—how solitary he was! I could have pitied my human brother; but in the pride of schooled and imperial intellect, he *wanted* nothing that the heart had to offer.

You felt, rightly or wrongly, that the cleaving words he spoke were spoken more in the interest of church, than in the interest of truth, much more than in the interest of humanity. You wished him success against his foe—for it was also your foe—but you did not wish *him* the success. It was a strange suspense you experienced between good emotions. You had no sympathy for either of the combatants; you had no positive feeling at all; you were hostile toward the one, and you could not be friendly toward the other. I should have said that your only positive feeling was a disagreeable one.

Oh, if the heart of Luther could have stormed and thundered from that Olympus of intellect! If that mute, angry, lightning-tongued sky could have broken the spell that kept it arid! If it could have burst in sobs of passionate rain! Those who have enjoyed the privilege of hearing Father Hyacinthe from the same place, know how different and how much more grateful and more fruitful is the effect of eloquence when the heart answers to the head like Jura to the Alps. A mute tempest of cloud and lightning without thunder or rain is the symbol of Father Félix. A tropical burst of shower is the symbol of Father Hyacinthe.

Light without heat was Father Félix's sermon to me that day. No translation

is possible that would not rob it of that finish of form which was a capital point of its effectiveness. The style was classic and polished to the last degree. There was nothing positive in the sermon, from first to last, that could offend *any* taste, religious, literary, or philosophic. It was all of an Attic purity. Except the word Catholicism, used instead of religion, here and there, there was absolutely not a suggestion which was not *truly* catholic—that is, fit for the adoption of any Christian. No hint of the Virgin, as is common. Pure, supreme, exclusive ascription to Christ—in the very words of Paul, and in every thing *but* Paul's inimitable spirit. He closed by declaiming a rhetorical invocation of Christ—with open eyes, and oratoric gesture. It was the absolute zero in the temperature of his discourse.

I have perhaps been too severe as well as too long. I have hardly been too laudatory. I might mention that it seemed curious to see the preacher sit down, two or three times, as if it was a regular convention of the pulpit—it is, I believe—when the auditory, by unanimous consent, proceeded to coughing, and clearing their throats, and blowing their noses. Father Félix took no text.

So the art of pulpit eloquence—such as existed in the French Augustan age, the time of Louis XIV., when Bourdaloue, and Massillon, and Bossuet preached an almost perfectly pure gospel, with a perfectly pure diction—is not extinct in France. There is something exquisitely fascinating in what I can only call the accomplished literary politeness which you feel to be present and dominant in such discourse. It is the wisdom of God, unable to recognize itself, in the disguise of the wisdom of men. The very fidelity of the preacher seems to become but his graceful deference to the proprieties of the place and the theme. How one, after the contentment of the mind begins to cloy, does sigh for a moment of Paul! Even now we are all of us holding our breath to see whether Paul has not perhaps returned, for at least a moment, in the person of Father Hyacinthe.

CONCERNING CHARLOTTE.

[CONTINUED.]

A MODEL SCHOOL.

THE next day Mr. Lauderdale brought Ethelbert to call upon Charlotte.

"Miss Burnham has been telling Allston about your model school," said he, "and we have come to ask permission to visit it this afternoon."

"From what I hear," said Ethelbert, "the plan is admirable, and realizes ideas for which I have the most profound sympathy. Please take me to see your school."

"The plan is not original," answered Charlotte, "as you must have already perceived from Margaret's description. I have tried to put in practice the theories of several eminent thinkers, only occasionally adding a detail of my own. The school is at present my most rampant hobby, and I shall be only too much delighted to show it off to you."

Charlotte left the room to prepare for the walk. When she returned, she found Ethelbert absorbed in contemplation of a vase of flowers that Gerald had brought fresh that morning. As she approached, he pulled a heliotrope from the bouquet, and examined it minutely.

"This flower reminds me of your friend, Margaret Burnham," he observed. "She has precisely the grave delicacy and patient strength which characterize the heliotrope."

"He divined that," thought Charlotte, "and did not know that she wore a heliotrope in her hair!" Aloud she said:

"When you know her better, you will add,—the aromatic fragrance of nature, that diffuses itself only for intimate friends, but which fully compensates the absence of rich coloring of the exterior."

"I do not see any thing so interesting in Margaret," observed Mr. Lauderdale.

"She always seems to me as cold as an icicle and stiff as a ramrod."

"And always will," returned Charlotte, coolly. "Heliotropes are a little beyond you, my dear neighbor. I will make you a bouquet of roses and lilies, with here and there a marigold."

Mr. Lauderdale opened his lips to protest in defence of his own penetration, but Charlotte declined to listen, and hurried her guests, laughing, out of the house.

On the road, she explained to Ethelbert the circumstances which led to founding the school. "Three years ago, when I first came of age, I was exceedingly bored by the exhortations of my neighbors, who wanted me to found a ragged-school or an orphan asylum, or perpetrate some other benefit to society. I had no objection to orphans, and rather a partiality for rags; but I was frightened at the monotonous prospect of a horde of crop-headed children, in blue checked aprons, heaped together in whitewashed rooms to learn their Catechism and duty to their neighbors. Besides, I hated philanthropy, and revolted at the idea of taking it up as an occupation, because I had left school, and was supposed to have nothing to do. Distracted between prejudices and principles, I was rapidly growing morbid, even rabid, when a blessed uncle of mine happened to die, and left me all his fortune, including a prosperous farm. As my bread and butter was already amply secured, I had no personal need of this windfall, and resolved to devote it to the luxury of having my own way."

"Charlotte calls that a luxury," observed Mr. Lauderdale. "I should rather style it the first necessity of her existence."

"It is the first necessity of every

existence capable of having a way of its own," said Ethelbert.

"Mr. Allston, accept my gratitude. I am a born despot, and, I believe, founded this school in order to have a kingdom to rule over. With the cunning of my tribe, I veiled my inexorable purpose in honeyed words. I collected my philanthropic neighbors, and proposed to consecrate the entire fortune of my uncle to the evolution of their ideas. In exchange for so considerable a donation, I should be left in absolute control of the whole concern. Other friends of the cause might contribute by means of annual subscriptions, and whenever they were dissatisfied with my proceedings they could remonstrate with me, and in case of contumacy, cut off their share of my supplies. But I trusted to be able to satisfy them so completely, that they would continue their cordial support of an institution which would owe its existence to their benevolent initiative. It was dreadful to these good people to resign a Board of Managers, and all the intrigues and cabals thereto appertaining. Nevertheless, they agreed, seeing I would agree to nothing else; so the matter was left in my hands, and I set to work. The buildings on the farm were enlarged to accommodate three hundred children, the number actually living there. During the year of preparation, I selected my pupils by means of an extensive correspondence, recruiting them chiefly among the poor and orphans, but securing also a certain number of well-to-do paying scholars, who, I need not assure you, are placed on precisely the same footing as the rest.

"The school opened well, with the full three hundred, ranked as follows: twenty-five are babies under a year old; twenty-five more under three years; fifty, between three and six; and the remaining two hundred from seven to fourteen."

"What are the reasons for this classification?"

"The elder two hundred work the farm, so that the school is nearly self-supporting, and I could not afford at

first to have too many little ones. But by-and-by I trust that the nursery will become one of the most important parts of the establishment."

"Why did you receive paying scholars if the school was designed for charitable purposes?"

"But it was *not*," said Charlotte with great energy; "and I was determined to prevent any stigma of pauperism from attaching to my children. I did not want to do good, or to be good, but simply to engage in the most natural and charming occupation possible to human beings. Does a child cease to be interesting because it has not had the misfortune to be born in a gutter?"

Ethelbert smiled brightly,—his smile was always pure and bright,—but had no time to answer, for at this moment the party arrived at the gates of the institution.

It had not, however, in the least the air of an institution, merely of a very large rambling farm-house. The building was shaded by great walnut-trees, and surrounded by grass too irregular to be called a lawn, and upon which a flock of geese was feeding. The path from the gate was narrow, and entirely devoid of trimness, and Mr. Lauderdale proffered his usual criticism upon its careless condition.

"I should think, Charlotte," he observed, "you would be ashamed to have left your school so long a time without a decent avenue. And when will you have some orderly grass-plats instead of this straggling common?"

"Never," returned Charlotte, composedly. "Being happily disencumbered of a Manager's Board, I have been able to avoid all useless pomp of regularity and magnificence. It is worse than thrown away upon children, for they are chilled, and crushed, and stifled by it. They instinctively crave irregularity, even disorder, and I take special pains to satisfy them, for I remember my own childhood."

"I think," said Ethelbert, "that half the evils in the world are caused because people forget their childhood."

"And that children have but one

life,—that of the imagination. They are infinitely more intellectual than we are, and, to be perfectly happy, need nothing but liberty for their ideas. Without such liberty, they either degenerate or die.”

The visitors entered the nursery.

This was a large, semicircular room, surrounded by a dozen smaller ones, where the babies slept apart. The sun streamed cheerfully through the broad windows, mattresses covered the floor, and on these were sprawling twenty-five babies, entirely naked, and rioting in the enjoyment of a sun-bath.

“No pains are spared to develop these small bodies,” said Charlotte—“baths, and frictions, and carefully adapted food, and varied amusements, which they find chiefly in each other’s society, thus saving herculean exertions on the part of nurses. Twenty-five babies are infinitely more manageable, and more interesting, than one.”

And she went in among the young children, like a gardener among his tender crocus-bulbs.

In a room adjoining the kitchen, a number of children, under six years old, were shelling peas and beans, and some elder ones scoured knives. From the window, the visitors saw a group of boys and girls bringing home a load of raspberries on a goat-wagon; another engaged in hoeing corn, and in the pigeon-house appeared some blond heads, around whom fluttered a cloud of cooing pigeons, eager for the corn that the children scattered to them.

The ample kitchen was thronged with chattering assistants, who, under the guidance of a single teacher, prepared their own dinners, and learned how to cook,—as a most fascinating amusement. Charlotte explained that the range of diet was extremely varied, and every day a bill of fare was posted in the dining-room, from which each child made his selection, and handed a written order to the kitchen department. As all the domestic service was performed by the children, they were at liberty to modify it at pleasure, and form independent groups for dining,

not only in the common hall, but in any room of the house, or suitable corner of the grounds. In summer the dinner constituted a series of picnics, amplified to gorgeous feasts by the riotous imaginations of childhood.

In the laundry, the washing was done by machines, but the ironing was entrusted to the children.

Still another suite of rooms was devoted to handicrafts of various kinds. Sewing held the principal place, for the children made their own clothes on machines, after the work had been prepared for them by teachers. The elder pupils were also taught hand-sewing. Carpentry, shoemaking, cabinetmaking, flower-work, &c., were also taught, and the trained abilities of the pupils turned to practical account for the necessities of the establishment.

The farm was devoted to the culture of fruit and vegetables, and the raising of poultry and pigeons, all for the market as well as home consumption. As many cows and goats were kept as the children could conveniently take care of. The goats were useful, not only for their milk, but also for draught instead of horses, the various farm-loads being divided up among innumerable little wagons, suited to their capacity and to that of the children.

This subdivision of labor, and the use of miniature instruments and apparatus to suit the Lilliputian workpeople constituted the first principle in the distribution of work. By this means, a multiplicity of small forces were able to accomplish as much, and as efficiently, as a smaller number of adult persons.

The second principle concerned itself with the happiness of the workers, and consisted in the subdivision of time. No child was expected to work more than an hour at any one employment, and being trained to aptitude in a great variety, was able to change from one to another many times during the day.

In obedience to the third principle, or liberty of attraction, all the children were left free to select their occupations according to their tastes. Every morning the teachers announced the tasks

that must be performed that day, and various lists were opened on which the pupils might voluntarily enroll themselves. In the rare cases when the work failed to attract a sufficient number of tastes, there were always a sufficient number of volunteers, who enrolled themselves from motives of honor and friendship, and devotion to the public welfare.

According to the fourth principle, the children were initiated into the divers manipulations by their fellows, just a little more advanced in age and ability than themselves. And no child was taught any thing, until, mortified by his own ignorance and awkwardness, he had himself solicited instruction.

The boys and girls were employed together, and in all kinds of work, domestic and agricultural. The boys learned how to sew and cook, the girls how to dig and hoe.

"My subscribers," observed Charlotte, "made a great fuss over this item of the system, which is as essential as the geese that I have left feeding on the lawn. I don't know which scandalized them the most, that boys should work the sewing-machines, or that girls should wheel potatoes. But I wanted to uproot certain superstitions, and habituate my children to see no distinction in work, but that between physical and mental, in both of which they must all necessarily engage."

"What is the use," said Mr. Lauderdale, "when they must encounter such distinctions as soon as they enter the world?"

"Perhaps my little phalanx will do something to efface them. Perhaps they will have learned to crave the social charm that is experienced when two different natures are engaged in the same pursuit, and which is entirely lost by the present stupid practice of shutting them up apart on account of their differences."

The visitors now entered the school-rooms.

"Prepare yourself," said Mr. Lauderdale to Allston, "for the most revolutionary system of instruction that you

ever heard of. Charlotte, I believe you will be afraid to tell what you teach, and above all what you don't teach to these benighted children."

"The regular course of instruction," said Charlotte, "embraces nothing but languages. Children who manifest any special taste, are taught drawing and music; the latter on any instrument they may select. Each child, moreover, is obliged to keep accounts of the work in which he is engaged, and has opportunities of earning small sums of money for his own profit, and in these transactions he learns the rudiments of arithmetic. He is taught to read and write his own language, at the same time, and in the same breath that he learns the vocabularies of a half-a-dozen others. The object of the entire system, is to fill the child's mind with vivid and accurate pictures. He is taught languages as a key to language, both because this constitutes the natural study of his age, and that for which he has especial facility, and because in language, as in a mirror, he can see reflected the entire world, that he is not yet strong enough to explore. He studies words as images, translates them as much as possible into picturesque realities, and is finally taught to use them as signs, when his mind has become saturated with their real significance. The same natural significance and picturesque effect is sought in the syllables and the letters, and the A B C class is a little more advanced than that which is first taught how to read. You see them here at work."

The class was engaged in filling up with blocks of wood a gigantic frame, which represented the letter B. Nearly a quarter of an hour was needed to complete this letter, and the duration and intensity of the effort involved, served to stamp the B indelibly on the memory.

"We aim," said Charlotte, "to produce single effects, clear, profound, and vivid, rather than fritter away the time and the attention by repeated haggings and nibblings and superficial chips of ideas."

By the side of the B, one of the pu-

pils now placed a pair of gutta percha lips, also mounted on a frame, and movable by a wire.

"Pronounce this letter," said the teacher to the class; and the children shouted out the sound in chorus.

"What pronounces this letter?"

"The lips."

"Show me how."

The boy pulled the wire, the great lips opened and shut like the statue of Friar Bacon, and the rosy mouths of the children moved in unison.

"And the letter B is therefore——?"

"A labial!" cried the class.

Charlotte explained to her guests that similar apparatus was brought into play for the illustration of gutturals, and dentals, and all the rest of the alphabet. They passed into another room, where a new class was reciting.

"Tell me about the word *vanish*," said the teacher to the boy at the head of the class.

"*Vanish, s'évanouir, vanus, vain, s'reuire, aphanisomai, fance*, root *Van* or *Fan*, composed of a labial and a liquid. The labial shows that the thing is mobile, is running up or running away, the liquid, that it has dissolved into nothingness."

"Show me how."

On the table in front of the class was placed a lump of brilliantly blue ammonia, sulphate of copper. The pupil poured acid on the mass, and it disappeared rapidly before the delighted children.

"What is the German for *vanish*," asked the teacher of the next pupil, a girl.

"*Verchwinden*, like *twinkle*, like a flash which passes very quickly."

In illustration, the child swung a polished mirror into the sunbeam that streamed through the window, and the others clapped their hands as the fitting vision dazzled their eyes.

"The word *stamp*," demanded the teacher of the third scholar.

"Root *st*,—*sto*—stand, stable, stork, stark, *stampfen*, *stehen*, stare, *staoimos*. Dental, meaning immobility, fixity, preceded by a sibilant which shows how something has rushed down to its place, like a rocket, I suppose."

VOL. V.—13

"Illustrate this root," said the teacher.

The entire class sprang to their feet, and stamped on the floor so vigorously that Mr. Lauderdale put his hands to his ears, and Charlotte, laughing, led the way to another room.

"By the time these children are fourteen," she said, "they will understand six different languages well, have become familiar with a multitude of facts, that vulgar superstition relegates to professed scientific courses, and be in possession of trained, flexible intellects, capable of rapidly mastering any theme to which they may apply themselves. And the teachers of the national schools complain, that after five years' drilling, their pupils cannot learn how to read and write!"

"In this room," continued Charlotte, "the children reënact history."

"Every one knows, that in spite of all the parade that is made at school about teaching history and chronology, children really learn nothing but a few isolated stories, and forget the rest. Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Alfred burning his cakes, George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie, this constitutes their budget of historical information.

"Since this is all they will learn, this is all I attempt to teach them; only, by intensifying each scene, I am able to impress upon them a great variety, without risk of confusion. I tell them stories, and they act them out afterwards, with all the appropriate scenery and costumes, and some of the money saved from the lawn is expended in this necessary luxury."

Here the teacher approached, and whispered some secret communication.

"Ah!" exclaimed Charlotte. "We have now a case in point, that exactly illustrates the working of the system. The other day I related the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle, and it seems that the children who sleep in the tower have been reënacting the story. A whole party of them ran away last night, and were found this morning asleep in the barn. In the case of such escapades, it is the rule to imprison the parties concerned, to await their trial

before me and their fellows. Madam, you may release the prisoners."

The teacher opened a door which led into a small room, painted like a dungeon, and lighted by narrow-grated windows. Half-a-dozen boys and girls, between nine and twelve years old, filed out solemnly and seated themselves on the trial bench, with an air of heroic dignity.

"I do not quite understand this severity, this dungeon, in a system of liberty and attraction," said Ethelbert.

"It is the counterpoise," answered Charlotte. "The intellect is developed by attraction, the character by resistance. The children are stimulated to such a passionate interest in ideas, that they are prepared to dare all manner of hardship in their defence, and to face the dangers which they must hereafter encounter in real life. These dangers result from the adoption of false ideas; and from failure to win the approbation of the world for those which are true. Since the dangers are real, and rooted in the nature of things, it is just that the children who have dared to originate new ideas should bear a certain amount of anxiety and suspense, before the ideas are accepted. They must learn to be heroes as well as thinkers, or their thoughts will always be stifled at the birth."

Turning to the culprits, Charlotte asked in a grave tone:

"Who is responsible for this affair?"

A beautiful boy of ten years old, with large steel-gray eyes, and fair curling hair, rose and bowed.

"It is I," he answered.

"And who are you?"

"Lord Douglas."

"Very good. You may tell your story."

"After you had told us about Queen Mary, we went down by the brook to think it over. The more we thought, the more we were indignant at her captivity, and the more we were determined to release her. She sleeps in the tower, you know, in the room above ours."

"Where is Queen Mary?"

Lord Douglas beckoned to a little

girl, somewhat younger, but as beautiful as himself. She came to his side timidly, but confident in his powers of protection.

"Just look at her," said Lord Douglas, with the quaint, deliberate admiration characteristic of boys of ten. "See what hair she has, and what eyes! Is it possible that we could have left her in that horrid castle, and with that hateful Lady Murray? We should have been pigs, worse than the followers of Ulysses."

"There is some truth in what you say," observed Charlotte.

"I should think there was. Well, we plotted together, Ronald, and Henry Seyton, and myself, and before supper we contrived to secretly warn Queen Mary's maids of honor, the girls who sleep in the same room with her, you know. We agreed to escape the same night, and at supper we could hardly eat for thinking about it."

"I did," interposed a chubby little fellow, "because I was not sure when we should have another chance."

"Oh, of course," returned Lord Douglas, with magnificent scorn. "You were only the page. You could not be expected to feel the crisis as we did."

"After supper, we managed to grease the bolts of the front door, and to take a wax impression of the keys. We were in such a hurry that the impression wasn't very good; but that did not matter much, since the keys are always left in the door."

"Then what was the use of taking an impression," asked Mr. Lauderdale.

"Oh, of course, we had to," answered Lord Douglas. "They did, you know. Well, while we did that, the ladies of honor stole the costumes from the wardrobe,—and I take pleasure in assuring you," said the little Lord, turning toward his feminine *confrères* with a superb gesture, "that they did their business admirably. No one suspected them, and they hid the costumes under the bed-clothes."

"We went to bed at nine. I, of course, did not sleep, but the other boys slept like logs."

"I bet I did," said the small positivist, who had before acknowledged his matter-of-fact supper. "Lord Douglas had talked to me so much, I was dead beat out. He's an *awful* fellow when he once get's going."

"Well," said Lord Douglas, waving his hand in condescending acceptance of his comrade's valuable but inferior qualities, "it was best that he did sleep, for he was wide-awake like a good-fellow when the time for action came."

"When the clock struck one, I roused the boys, we dressed, and crept up stairs to knock at Queen Mary's door. Her faithful ladies had prepared her, and I had the honor of taking her under my special protection."

"He is always real good to me," interposed Queen Mary, gratefully.

"Madam, it is my duty, and my privilege," said Lord Douglas, bowing. "We stole down stairs in silence, but our hearts beat so loudly that it seemed as if every one must hear them."

"Oh, I was terribly frightened," said the little queen, her blue eyes dilating at the recollection of the recent peril.

"That was quite natural, since it was she alone whose life was in danger from her wicked enemies."

"We had no difficulty in unbolting the door and passing out. But then for the first time," . . . and the boy colored, hesitated, and cast down his eyes as if overwhelmed with shame.

"What was the matter?" asked Charlotte.

"Oh, it was too stupid! I hardly dare tell you. You know Lochleven Castle was on an island surrounded by water—and they brought a boat close up to the wall so that Queen Mary stepped into it and rowed off."

"Very true."

"Well, here it is not so at all—and we had to walk a quarter of a mile to reach the water!"

"That was extremely inaccurate," said Charlotte, infusing a tone of displeasure into her voice for the first time. "I am really ashamed that you could have undertaken to escape without remembering this insuperable difficulty."

"So am I," said Lord Douglas, quite subdued. "But at that moment we could not retreat. We reached the lake, I spread my cloak on the ground that Queen Mary might step from it to the boat."

"Oh, for shame!" cried the listening children. "That was Raleigh with Queen Elizabeth!"

Convinced of error by the acclamation of his peers, the poor little lord lost all heart. His gray eyes filled with tears—he choked back his sobs with difficulty.

"Ronald may finish," said Charlotte, kindly.

"There is not much more to say. I could have told the whole in half the time that he has been at it. We rowed across the pond—he calls it a lake, and I suppose I ought to, but it sounds funny."

"Certainly you ought to call it a lake," said Charlotte. "How could Lochleven Castle have been built in the middle of a pond?"

"Lake, then. When we got to the other side, we didn't know what to do next. Some fellows ought to have come after us, and that would have been splendid. Lord Douglas said we must find an inn where Queen Mary might re—re—"

"Repose!" interrupted Lord Douglas, indignantly.

"Which means rest," continued the other. "He never thought about us, and we were all as tired as she was."

"Clown!" cried Lord Douglas, with tragic vehemence. "How dare you speak of your petty trials in comparison with hers! A dethroned queen, insulted, threatened with the scaffold, stealing away in the dead of night, with a handful of faithful followers! Think how she must have felt, and be thankful that you were permitted to share her sufferings!"

"Oh yes, I felt awfully," said Queen Mary, and sighed. "I believe I was sleepy too, for I was real glad when we came to the barn."

"Lord Douglas said that it was an inn," continued Ronald. "Only kept by a secret friend of the queen's."

"A *vassal*," corrected Lord Douglas, with emphasis.

"So we climbed up the ladder and crept into the hay, and pretty soon were all fast asleep. I believe Lord Douglas watched part of the night. He's a true beat, I'll say that for him."

The Douglas grasped his follower's hand. "I didn't mean to be rude to you just now," he whispered. "I'll give you my jackknife."

"It don't cut. I'll take your pencil instead, if you like. But don't be in a hurry. Wait till to-morrow to think about it."

"The party was found in the barn this morning," said the teacher, "and I sent them all to the dungeon immediately."

"Now," said Charlotte, "we must judge this matter. You have noticed, children, that Bertram has been guilty of two gross inaccuracies. What does he deserve for this?"

"Disgrace!" cried several voices, and Bertram hung his head.

"On the other hand, we must acknowledge that he has shown both skill and courage in realizing the history. Should we not set that against the disgrace?"

"Yes!" said the children.

"On account of the mistakes, therefore, we will count the affair a partial failure, and I wish you all to notice that it is impossible to avoid such mistakes where the circumstances are so very different, so nobody need try again to run away at night. I shall certainly consider it a *total failure* another time. In regard to Bertram, however, we will, after noticing the failures, accord him an honor."

"Agreed," shouted the children.

"Come here, Bertram." Charlotte drew the boy toward her, and imprinted a grave kiss on his forehead.

"You may write his name in large letters on the Board of Honors this evening," she said to the teacher, "and those of his companions in smaller letters. Good-bye, children."

And Charlotte led her guests away.

"Charlotte, you are perfectly crazy," said Mr. Lauderdale, when they had left the house. "You have so excited those children that they will all be tum-

bling out of bed for the next fortnight."

"Not at all. I have restrained them by pointing out an impossibility in the nature of things, the only kind of restraint to which human beings can submit with dignity. Should, however, another escapade occur—which is extremely improbable—I shall so effectually wither it as a *total failure*, that no one will dare to try again, for fear of becoming the laughing-stock of the school."

MARGARET.

That same afternoon, Margaret was seated with her two pupils in Mrs. Lauderdale's handsome school-room. The children were more than usually rude and restive, and Margaret's patience more than usually inefficacious. They were grained like their mother, and from their father had chiefly inherited an immense capacity for self-indulgence, which, deprived of his grace, showed greedy and coarse enough. The dignified patience of a shy, shrinking woman, was entirely thrown away upon such natures. They needed an active, bustling, jolly, quick-tempered person, who would occasionally cuff them on the ears, but tell them plenty of stories afterwards and often excuse their lessons. Margaret's conscientious determination to drive into their rebellious little heads, the stipulated amount of arithmetic and geography, only irritated them,—and they had no scruple in venting their irritation against a person who never scolded, nor raised her voice, nor complained about them. They might have lavished boisterous affection upon any one sufficiently boisterous to amuse and control them at the same time. Margaret could do neither, and like Mr. Lauderdale the children found their governess cold and stiff and altogether uninteresting. She, keenly alive to their indifference, and incessantly reproaching herself for it, was herself more profoundly irritated than she was aware, by their resemblance to their mother. This resemblance, or rather identity of nature, like a fatal prophecy, continually paralyzed all her efforts, either to love or improve the children,—as if they were already

grown up, and hardened into coarse clay.

To sunny, sympathetic natures, that assimilate without effort all the bitter and the sweet that comes in their way, retaining the sweet, and changing the bitter to mellowness, persons like Margaret are often incomprehensible. And coarse, overbearingly successful people, —though good-natured as cabbages,—are pitiless towards such glacial incapacities. Neither suspect the fountains of tenderness pent up behind these barriers of ice, the delicate talent crippled by these shy gaucheries. Mere kindness is insufficient to melt the barriers, or to set the proud shrinking soul at ease. The words must be penetrating as well as bland, the sympathy careful, profound,—or both are rejected, to the astonishment and irritation of well-meaning officiousness.

People rarely take the time or trouble necessary to understand characters. They prefer rather to regard the difficulties as a tacit insult to themselves, and an excuse for keeping at a distance. They will build green-houses for exotic heaths, they will foster early violets into bloom with lavished cares. But souls, —more precious than heaths, more tender than violets,—are reckoned unworthy of such costly pains; they are left to freeze unsheltered on biting winter nights, and to be thrown away carelessly among other withered refuse.

"Grace," said Margaret, "You do not know your lesson at all. You must learn it over again."

"I shan't do it."

Margaret, without farther words, handed the child the book. Grace wrenched out the page, tore it into pieces, and laughed triumphantly in Margaret's face.

"You may learn the next lesson, and I will hold the book for you," said Margaret, coldly.

Upon this the child burst into a storm of tears, and threw herself upon the floor, where she lay drumming the carpet with the heels of her shoes. The noise summoned the mamma to inquire into the cause of the not unusual disturbance.

"Goodness gracious, Miss Burnham, you are letting Grace spoil her new ten-dollar shoes in that manner! I am astonished that you have not yet learned how to control these children. You will ruin their tempers."

Grace, feeling that her cause was fortified by parental tenderness, stopped kicking, but yelled a little louder, as if to prove the vicious influence that the governess had already exercised over her angelic disposition. Margaret, far more deeply chagrined by the consciousness of her own ill-success than Mrs. Lauderdale's words could make her, hesitated for a reply, when the footman entered the room, and handed her a pencilled note.

"He's waiting," said the man, jerking his finger over his shoulder in a free and easy manner upon which he would not have ventured in presence of Margaret alone. But the servants were always less respectful to her when Mrs. Lauderdale was by.

Margaret glanced at the note, written in a foreign language, and started up hastily to leave the room.

"Stop a moment, Miss Burnham," interposed her employer; "I hope you are not going to run off during school-hours in this harum-scarum manner. I pay you a good salary to teach my children, and I cannot have them cheated out of their time."

At this remark, the waiter chuckled secretly as he closed the door. Margaret colored for a moment, and then turned as white as steel.

"You are right, madam," she answered in a low voice, "I should wait,—and of course, will do so. I only regret that you felt obliged to speak so openly before the servant and the children."

Had Margaret thrown back the words into Mrs. Lauderdale's face, and insisted upon seeing her visitor, the good dame would have been perfectly satisfied. A five minutes' hearty quarrel, would have opposed no obstacle to reconciliation and concession five minutes afterward, and the atmosphere would have been cleared up by the storm.

"I'm a regular out-and-outer," Mrs. Lauderdale was accustomed to say. "I have my word quick and sharp as you please, and all is over. Give me an honest temper, and none of your sneaking sullenness."

But the dignity that refused to bandy words, and that could afford to acknowledge an error, profoundly annoyed this honest dame, because so mysterious and inexplicable. Such conduct could only be the cloak for some concealed impertinence. Margaret's immediate submission had removed too quickly all open pretext for scolding,—but the unexpended displeasure launched itself helter-skelter in the dark.

"And who is this 'He' that is waiting? A lover under the rose, I'll stake my head. I think it is high time I investigated this surreptitious correspondence. Let us see your letter, Miss Burnham."

And with a broad laugh, and a gesture intended to be playful, Mrs. Lauderdale held out her hand to snatch the little note. But Margaret drew back and put it in her pocket.

"Excuse me," she said, in distinct, cold tones, "I acknowledged the justice of your observation that I should not allow my own affairs to interrupt the duties I owe to you. But these affairs are my own, and I must beg leave to reserve them exclusively to myself." Mrs. Lauderdale fumed a little, but presently withdrew, not before she had officially excused Grace from a repetition of the lesson.

"There is no comfort in life," she said to herself, "with these sly, secretive people. A frank outspoken girl I could love; but this Margaret, with her stealthy obstinate ways, is like a cat. We shall never get along together."

Mrs. Lauderdale did not do herself more than justice in asserting that she could love and be kind to a person more comprehensible than Margaret. But moral incompatibilities constitute obstacles to the best intentions, quite as insuperable as blindness, or deafness, or any other physical infirmity.

As soon as his mother's back was turned, Henry Lauderdale junior hurled

his arithmetic up to the ceiling, whence it fell—minus the cover.

"Hurrah! I bet Miss Burnham got a good scolding *this* time!" he cried, exultingly.

"What will your father say to this arithmetic?" said Margaret, ignoring the boyish impertinence, at which nevertheless she quivered inwardly. "It is the third you have spoiled within a month."

"I'll tell him you threw it at my head because I did not know my sums."

The afternoon wore away slowly, the tasks were at last finished, and the governess and pupils released, to the infinite content of all parties. Margaret waited with tingling impatience, until every book had been replaced, and the desks rolled back to precisely the requisite angle,—an operation which Henry contrived to prolong for a full quarter of an hour. Finally every thing was in order, the children dismissed to their recreation, and Margaret, released, sped down the avenue to the park gate.

Under the hedge in the road was seated a man, whose face and hands seemed to belong to a gentleman, but whose coarse ragged clothes rather indicated a common tramp. And the voice in which he growled at Margaret as she approached, was that of a gentleman degenerated into a tramp, like the tones of a broken grand piano, pitched into the lumber room.

"You kept me waiting long enough!" said this agreeable personage.

"I could not help it, father," said Margaret, uttering the last word with difficulty, as if it stuck in her throat. "The children's lessons were not finished; and I could not leave them."

"Well,—you've brought the money, I hope."

"All I have for the moment," and she emptied her small purse into his outstretched hand.

"Bah! That is not worth shaking a stick at. I say,—it's a shame that you did not stay at your uncle's, you might have managed to filch me much more than this."

"You know I left him, because he

forbade me to have anything to do with you."

"Just like your romantic nonsense. It would have been far more practical both for yourself and for me, to stay and pick up the drippings from his fat table. He need never have known that you met me now and then by chance."

"What!" exclaimed Margaret, in indignant amazement, "You would have wished me to cheat the man who nourished me with his bounty, and eat at his table with a lie on my lips! My mother herself would not have done that for you. Oh, do not suggest such infamy, or I shall begin to believe that you are!"—

She stopped short. Her step-father met her eyes with dogged assurance.

"That I am what? Guilty of the theft of which they accuse me?"

"Yea."

"Well, suppose I am. Would you shake me off like a mangy cur, as all your virtuous friends have done?"

Margaret placed her hand on her bosom, as if to seek strength and inspiration of some concealed talisman.

"No, no," she cried. "For *her* sake I will never forsake you!"

The man looked at her a moment as if debating whether or no to permit some words to pass that trembled on his lips. He evidently decided that further confidence was at the time inappropriate, and shut his jaws hard together, as if to force back into his muddy consciousness, whatever might be trying to escape. Then he pulled his slouched hat over his eyes, and rose to go.

"These clothes," said Margaret timidly, "can you not afford to wear any better? I will send you some more money soon."

He laughed gruffly. "Thank you, girl. I dress better than this when I am at home and receiving company, but too much toilette would be rather unhealthy in this vicinity." He strode away, nodding a salutation, in which an ancient grace struggled through an acquired roughness of demeanor, like a golden curl escaping from beneath a fustian cap.

Margaret watched her step-father out of sight, then reëntered the park. But

instead of returning to the house, she sought refuge behind a lilac bush, where, unseen, she could draw from her bosom the flat locket that held the precious miniature of her dead mother.

A fair, sweet face, with low, broad forehead and delicate eyebrows like Margaret's own, and drooping mouth, whose settled melancholy relaxed not a line of the forced purpose into which it had been composed. An heroic but deadly purpose, to which her life had been vainly sacrificed, the endeavor to rehabilitate the character of her husband. In him she had persistently believed, for him she had expended her energy and her fortune. Margaret had consented to accept her faith, Margaret had nursed her in the long, terrible illness that closed her clouded life, Margaret had taken up as a sacred heritage, her faith in a man whom she herself disliked, and had continued steadfastly at the post where her dying mother had left her. Alone in the world, with only this miniature between herself and dreariest desolation, often this frail barrier had proved all-sufficient. But to-day Margaret was depressed by the consciousness of failure in her easier duties, depressed by a new suspicion of unworthiness in the object of her patient fidelity, and the desolation seemed to draw nearer.

The soul is less exigent than we suppose, and often, to sustain its strength, needs but a single friendly voice that shall say, "Thou art strong!" But when the voice fails, and all other comfort fails, the poor soul is sometimes very desolate. As Margaret looked at the face of her lost mother, tears sprang to her eyes, unaccustomed sobs choked her throat. For a moment the pent up longing and loneliness must have its way, and Margaret, crouched behind the lilac with her one treasure in her arms, broke down into an agony of weeping.

Short is the space left by the world for indulgence in solitary grief. In a few minutes Margaret heard the gate swing open, and the voices of Lauderdale and Allston returning from their walk. She instantly checked her sobbing, but not in time, for Ethelbert said,

"I thought I heard some one crying just now. Who can it be?"

"Oh, it is probably Grace," replied the father indifferently; "she is always in some kind of trouble." And Mr. Lauderdale walked on. He was quite alive to the pathos of tears in books, or in people for whom he was not responsible. But the troubles in which he might be compelled to interfere, simply annoyed him, and he shirked them as much as possible.

Ethelbert lingered behind, and came directly towards Margaret's hiding-place, following the direction of the sound he had heard. Margaret made herself as small as possible, but, as Ethelbert passed the lilac, she saw by his scarcely perceptible start, that he had discovered her. In these circumstances an awkward person would have exclaimed aloud; any one timid or indifferent would have withdrawn at once, and in silence. Ethelbert did neither. Whatever might be the cause for Margaret's grief, she had probably cried long enough, and a little

diversion could not fail to do her good. He walked straight on therefore, toward a late flowering syringa, leisurely out off a spray, turned and came back to Margaret.

Her habits of self-control had enabled her to recover her composure during this little interval, and as Ethelbert approached she rose to meet him.

"We have been visiting the school," he said directly. "I thank you very much for telling me about it."

"I need not ask if you were pleased?"

"I was delighted. The school is charming, and completely imbued with the imaginative vitality of its founder."

Then he described the visit, and the escapade of the history class. His fluent description demanded but few interruptions from Margaret. He talked to her, rather than with her, and the bright, kindly speech first soothed, then interested, then cheered his companion, just as he probably intended that it should do.

THE AFRICAN EXODUS.

SANTO DOMINGO, 1869.

"And God said unto Israel in the visions of the night: 'Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great people.'"

AMERICA has been to the children of Africa what Egypt was to the children of Israel, a land of bondage in which they toiled as an alien and despised race. They toiled, *but they also learned*, under their proud masters those arts of civilization which converted a feeble and ignorant tribe into "a great people," disciplined to productive industry and trained to habits of orderly obedience.

Wisely or unwisely done, rightly or wrongly accepted by the dominant race, African slavery has ceased in the United States; and leaving the past to bury its own dead, the future can recognize none but freemen on the soil of the Union.

But this change in the political status of the blacks did not extinguish the

race. It still exists as a great people though a peculiar, and to those who will insist on the term, an alien race.

This strange, but numerous people, represent an industrial power of four millions. More by an extra million than the population of the United States when they defied the arms of England, and made themselves a self-governing nation in 1776.

This mighty productive power still feels the shock and disorganization consequent upon the sudden change of its directing forces; but all the same, it continues alive and present to enhance by so much the industrial energies of the country. It may yield less for the moment than it produced under the intelligent and despotic authority of the late master-class; but it is by no

means destroyed. It exists, and must be employed, for better or for worse, as the stronger white race shall be wise or unwise.

Avoiding all manner of ethical side issues, we will keep then to this one great and undeniable fact, that there exists in the United States a peculiar people representing an industrial power of four millions; and that in the Antilles there are about two millions more of the same race whose energies are more or less wastefully applied.

Can the thirty millions of whites, with whom their future destinies are to so large an extent interwoven, fancy that it is nothing to them or their children whatever may become of their African freedmen? I use the term African as the one most clearly, fairly expressive of their lineage and race characteristics. Negro is a word of reproach even among themselves, while "African" defines their origin from a grand and magnificently endowed continent, and declares for the race a distinct right of nationality in the motherland. In adopting that name and title the African asserts the great truth that his race are not destitute of country and empire, and that he is the lineal and legitimate heir—whenever he chooses to return and assert his birthright—of as rich and noble domains as any the sun smiles upon in all the borders of the round world.

Already some of the best and bravest of the sons of Africa are bearing back to her bosom the most precious gifts of civilization. They take to her the choicest treasures of their house of bondage; as Moses and his brethren of the tribes of Israel carried back to the land of their inheritance the arts and sciences of their Egyptian masters. The plough, the loom, the foundry, the steam-power, and even the electric telegraph is penetrating, and will soon permeate Africa from ocean to ocean. The death of the slave-trade is forcing the native chiefs of Africa into new and more hopeful relations with the white traders along their coasts. Missionaries of peace and civilization are traversing

the paths formerly monopolized by the slave-trading cañals, and commerce is now opening profitable markets in broad and fertile realms in the interior of Africa—noble realms which were barely known by name—and only as slave-producing marts—to the last generation of slave-buyers.

In those beautiful regions the boldest and best instructed of the liberated children of Africa will soon build up flourishing and world-respected States. They may well be of such vast and welcome utility to the commerce and manufactures of other nations that it becomes the common wish, as well as the common interest of all races to forget prejudices of caste and color, as is happening in the case of Japan.

It is another curious parallel between the Hebrew period of servitude in Egypt and the African servitude for a like period of four hundred years in America, that the Egyptians entertained similar prejudices of race towards their Hebrew slaves. The native servants of Joseph's household would not sit at the table with Joseph's brothers, because the Hebrews (perhaps as aliens) "were an abomination to the Egyptians." High as he was in rank, and greatly appreciated as were his eminent services by the King, Joseph felt the necessity of having a separate abiding place assigned to his kindred. They were always held as an alien and inferior race during their long and severe apprenticeship to Egyptian civilization. They were forced to learn the arts and the habits of a higher order of civilization under the heavy yoke of a strange people, who despised and "hardly entreated them," because they were of an alien race, precisely as the Africans have served and suffered under the foreign yoke of their American masters.

The Hebrew and African slave phases have such a marvellous correspondence even to the sudden mighty and irresistible climax of emancipation, that one case seems like a prophetic foreshadowing of the other, and the crowning act of a great *African exodus will be an inevitable conclusion.*

The children of Africa will not consent to remain pariahs and aliens in a strange land when a great empire of their own, in which fertile domains in a congenial climate and the highest rounds of social distinction, and the most elevated honors of political rank await their acceptance in the vast realms of the mother-land. They must and will return in strong, well-organized bands to take and to keep, to subdue and to govern the vast empire of their race.

Two causes, both of them harsh, and to the human understanding striking revelations of Divine Justice, combined to force the children of Israel to form themselves into the compact and united nationality which God had promised they should become in Egypt. One was the stern divisions of race and caste which compelled the despised Hebrews to remain apart an alien and subjugated people. This national system of scorn and repression kept them a distinct people with well-defined and firmly-knit ties of race unity. Had they been allowed equal citizenship and encouraged to contract marriage and business intimacies with the Egyptians, they would have probably merged their national peculiarities into the larger sea of native population, and melted out of history as a separate people. With their absorption into another nationality would have also passed away their cherished traditions and expectations of future empire in the Land of Promise. Again, the parallel is complete. Would the children of Africa gird up their loins to recover their distant inheritance and leave Africa to blossom in prosperous beauty, were they not held apart and treated as aliens in the land of their bondage? No; the visible and permanent lines of race-demarcation are also the signs and the charter for a distinct and independent nationality in that ready and inviting Africa of which our freedmen are the lineal heirs and the natural sovereigns.

The second condition precedent for a robust national existence, is a strong, hardy, industrious population, able to create wealth and ready to defend it;

and such a people was moulded in Egypt, as afterwards another in America, out of the hard exigencies of many successive generations of slavery.

The inflexible prejudices of race kept each of these marked and peculiar bond-people apart from the dominant race in the land of their sojourn, and the constant toils of many successive generations shaped and hardened them into an industrious and disciplined power. Meanwhile, they acquired the useful arts and the moral and intellectual training which alone could raise them to the dignity of a self-governing power. So prepared, the children of Israel went up from the land of bondage and established a great nation. So prepared, the children of Africa are even now marshalling their hosts for a mighty exodus. Many, in numbers probably a large majority, will remain where they were born; but tens of thousands are this day preparing, more or less unconsciously, to take their part in building up a new empire in Africa.

Another remarkable sequence is the fact that in Santo Domingo, at the spot on which the first cargo of slaves from Africa were landed, exists a regular organization of the "Children of Africa," whose aim and work it is to prepare the rising generation for the great exodus of their race.

It was the fittest point of departure for the returning keels of the instructed and disenthralled Africans, whose feeble, ignorant, and barbarous ancestors had traversed the same ocean-track hitherward, as bound, suffering, and ill-treated slaves. The Training-School of Santo Domingo was formed by a few freedmen from Baltimore, under the friendly counsels of a single white friend. The Government gave them a part of the walls of an old barrack which they have fitted up after a fashion, by the labor of their own hands for chapel and school-house, and established therein a free school. The Bible Society of New York supplies the pupils with the Scriptures for their Sunday reading-classes; and the most interesting publications of the Tract Society, furnished gratis also,

has amply provided the evening schools with welcome books for the young and old. This grain of mustard-seed, sown in modest silence, and nurtured by the free-handed kindness of societies composed almost, if not altogether, of whites whose fathers were slave-owners, may grow and expand into a wide-branch-

ing tree; but let its fruits be few or many, those who go forth from under it will assuredly carry back to the motherland the most precious treasures in the gift of their former masters; the *Light of Christian Civilization* and the *Love of Industrial Progress*, the twin pillars of national might.

AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth."—*Shakespeare*.

THE traveller from foreign lands, whom a steamer belonging to the Cunard or the French line has brought in a week to the city of New York, finds that the noble ship was a worthy introduction to the new country, where all he sees is as grand as he expected. The beautiful bay with its smiling banks and countless villas, though not as magnificent as that of Rio, nor as gorgeous in coloring and rich in associations as that of Naples, inferior even, in many respects, to the Golden Horn in its eastern splendor, or to the grimly imposing harbor of Stockholm, still fills him with delight, and the low, busy hum of the great city rising from beyond the forest of masts, tells him that he approaches one of the centres of the world's commerce. He finds in Broadway a street abounding in all the signs of enormous wealth and boundless activity, and far surpassing in both the busiest thoroughfares of Paris or London. Like Eastern bazaars, devoted in certain parts to money institutions, in others to wholesale houses, and again to fashionable retail trade, it impresses him both forcibly and favorably by its splendor and its vast surging life, in spite of its distressing narrowness and the capricious mixture of marble palaces with wretched old brick houses, and of elegant equipages, fit for Hyde Park or the Prater, with unsightly hacks and old-fashioned drays. He looks with wonder at the upper part of the city, which has widened and regulated itself with no *Hausmann* to direct and to demolish, and though he may smile at finding the pal-

atial mansions of "merchant princes," presenting their narrow fronts with wearisome uniformity close to the street, unconscious of *perron* or *porte cochère*, and lacking even the little elbow-room eked out by humbler dwellings in a tiny lawn or modest flower-garden, he is naturally struck by the miles and miles of wealth-bespeaking Rows and Terraces, interspersed with costly edifices of larger dimensions and almost overwhelming splendor. He finds in the Park a signal evidence of the munificence of a republican community, well directed and eminently useful, with a prospect of future increase proportionate to that of the city, to which it is at once an ornament, an honor and a health-giving delight. In fine, without referring to the higher, intellectual enjoyments which he meets in this the genuine capital of the Union, he cannot fail being impressed with the material grandeur of this portion of the New World, and he begins to understand practically the marvellous accounts of American wealth or American energy, with which all Europe is ringing. A visit to the gold-room, makes him think less of the Exchange or the Bourse than he did before, and at the American Institute Fair in the colossal rink, he finds proofs of inventive genius such as no nation on earth has yet displayed. He is fully satisfied that the statements he has heard at home were not, as he feared, exaggerated by patriotism or colored by partiality, and he is naturally desirous to see more of this wonderful country, and full of expectation of what he will see

on his way to the political capital, and a little beyond, to the famous Old Dominion renowned in English history, and as grand in her tragic humiliation now as she was in her full power, when she gave statesmen and presidents to the Union.

His anticipations are to be sadly disappointed. He finds that the American, the Nomad of civilization, is like his brother Nomad, the Arab, satisfied if he is but in motion, but treats all other things, including comfort, health, and life itself, as matters of comparative indifference.

His hack carries him after dinner down an indescribable, dirty, ill-paved street, to a wooden shanty near the wharf. The driver jumps down, roughly demanding his fare, before he deigns to open the door, jerks his portmanteau from the foot-board behind, throws it down in the black mud and vanishes. The traveller looks instinctively for the Station. He is on his way from New York, the Empire city, as he has heard it called daily, to Washington the capital of the United States of America. This is the great thoroughfare from the North to the South; the one great line on which the immense travel of the whole people carries daily tens of thousands in one or the other direction. He recalls the superb stations of great European cities, from the magnificent débarcadère of the Northern Railway of France to the tiny wood-carved cottage on the Bergstrasse; he sees in his mind the vast halls, adorned with statues and frescoes, through which he passed in Vienna before he entered the train going East, and thinks, perchance, of the quaint but spacious houses by the side of the railway in Egypt with their airy rooms and rich ornamentations.

He has to learn that travelling means in America rushing from one place to another, and next to rushing, pushing. The lesson is at hand, for as he stands in the deep mud, looking disconsolately around for the station, or an obliging official in his uniform to direct his steps, he is rudely jostled on all sides, his luggage is kicked about, his umbrella knocked

over, and boys yell at him, Evening papers? and, Black y'r boots? At last he sees a stream of people entering a little wooden shed; he follows them and finds himself in a dirty, crowded room, with a little window on one side, which he finds out is the ticket office. He purchases his, if kind friends have not saved him the trouble, by procuring one for him at a hotel, and luckily finds a porter by his side, whom the prospect of a handsome gratuity inclines to be gracious. By his aid, he makes his way through an almost furious crowd, into another shed, still dirtier and meaner than the first, where he is literally pelted with huge iron-bound trunks; they pass between his legs threatening to upset him; they knock against his arms and his sides, they are lifted over his head and endanger his life. Then they are thrown pell-mell on a platform, and in the midst of this infernal din, bewildered and confused, he is rudely summoned by an Irishman on the other side: Now then, your ticket! Then comes the only drop of comfort he is likely to have on his journey; he receives his check and is relieved of all care for his luggage till he arrives at his hotel. But what must he do next? How he wishes for one of those cozy waiting-rooms for first class passengers, with their easy chairs and sofas, their gay decorations and bright windows, their pleasant companions and obliging officials! He is out again on the street, in imminent danger of being run over by street cars and huge vans, by hacks dashing up and drays turning suddenly round; at last he asks a civil-looking person, who answers with a stare and an apparent doubt of his right to be travelling alone: There's the ferry! He enters a huge wooden building, into which men and women, drays and wagons, wheel-barrows and luggage-crates are shoved promiscuously, till he is stopped at a stile, through which only one person can pass, and where of course is the inevitable rush and the unfailling jam. He has to unbutton his coat and to show his ticket, or else to pay a few cents. He follows the crowd, and seeing the chains of a ferry-boat before

him, he goes toward them, when he is met by a stream of eager people rushing out and fairly overwhelming him. And again, there is no one to direct him, no sign-board to guide him, no official to be consulted. A new wave rushing up from the ticket-office at last seizes him, and he drifts helplessly along, across a hanging bridge, into a long narrow passage, which he sees marked, Ladies' Cabin, and nearly out again at the other end, on to the bow of the vessel.

Heaven be thanked! He is on the ferry-boat, and for a few minutes enjoys the bracing salt-air, the glorious view down the bay and up the river, and above all, the certainty of not having a host of elbows stuck into his side and people pressing him behind till he nearly suffocates those before him. But he has not much time to recover; he hears a clanking of chains, a winding of wheels, and firmly grasping his umbrella and his dressing case, he is once more lifted off his feet and carried helplessly in a fearful rush over the boat, across a yawning gulf between its bow and its floating bridge on shore, and into a somewhat cleaner and airier building, half-filled with counters offering fruits and refreshments. He looks around, but here also no sign, no help; he must follow the crowd, and to his intense disgust, he is once more stopped in a narrow, crammed passage, to obey the fiercely-uttered summons: Tickets! At last he finds himself in what he may take for a station, if he chooses—an immense structure, filled with trains, and O wonder! placards are hanging on some of the cars, with the name of their destination printed in large letters. Devoutly grateful for the first item of information vouchsafed him, he hurries—for he has already learned to rush like others—but is met by a stern: Next car, this car for ladies! Oh, the bitter lesson he has to learn, that whatever his birth, rank, and station in life may be, he is here but a man, and as a man an inferior animal, who is not safely to be trusted with ladies! Like a good traveller, he does not grumble, but takes things as he finds them, and is on the

point of entering a car, when he hears a stentorian voice from the farthest end of the train cry out: Sleeping car, gentlemen!

He has heard much of this great American invention, and has been advised to spare his strength and avoid unnecessary fatigue by taking a berth and sleeping all night. He walks down, therefore, into the utter darkness, from whence the voice proceeds, and finds a man, lantern in hand, selling tickets for berths and staterooms. He obtains a ticket, but not the information where to find his berth, and at hap-hazard mounts a platform leading to a peculiar-looking car. It is locked. He starts to try the other end, and after having waded through a long mud-puddle, which he could not see in the deep night which reigns in this part of the building, he finds a colored servant who tells him to walk in. Here also utter darkness! A man with a lantern comes and enables him to read the letter and number of his berth—but it turns out that he must go to another car. At last he has found the place and admires the ingenuity with which the seats give up a mattress, pillows, blankets, and coverlets, as if by magic, and a very comfortable-looking bed is improvised in a few minutes. His watchful eye, however, discovers here also the sad disproportion between outward splendor and real comfort. The woodwork of the car is superb in its variety of material and excellence of finish; heavy damask curtains hang from rich gilt cornices and the seats are covered with costly plush or velvet. But before he has become well at home in the berths, which remind him uncomfortably of his state-room on the steamer, he is once more imperatively ordered to show his ticket, a lantern is thrust in his eye and a second guard—perhaps a detective?—inspects him as if he were a criminal. His neighbor is a lady, and he hears how she pleads in a low tone. But the conductor opens the curtains unceremoniously, and tells her he must see his passengers, telling her as a half excuse for his rudeness, with a grim smile of delight at the trick and his own

sagacity, that he has but just before discovered a man, who had "doubled" in on another passenger and tried to hide behind him under the blankets in order to escape paying his passage-money! After a few moments' silence, an unlucky baby lifts up its voice and has to be very audibly persuaded to be a "good child" by an offer of refreshment; then a couple of politicians enter into a loud and warm discussion on the approaching election in their State; a poor boy with a whooping-cough starts from his couch crying in his sleep: I am dying! and then breaks forth in vehement spasms of coughing, and thus it keeps on, hour after hour, in the huge barrack, where some forty or fifty people are packed away, with nothing but thin partitions, opened at the top, and half drawn curtains, to separate them from each other.

The traveller, weary of having so much more company in the car and in his little berth than he is accustomed to, hails the rising of the sun, as he approaches the ineffably mean surroundings of the great city. Sterile fields alternate with small woods of scrub pines; huge gullies rend the red soil in all directions and wretched hovels with half-clad negroes meet his eye everywhere. Afar off he sees the magnificent cupola of the Capitol rise pure and white above the low mists, and his heart beats high at the sight of the palace, from which as from the heart of a great nation, its life's blood pulsates through this colossal empire. But he looks in vain for smiling kitchen gardens, for rows of pretty cottages and stately country mansions, and for the low but cozy houses of far-stretching suburbs to which his eye had been used at home. A few wooden sheds, a row of black men and boys perched on a rail fence and a herd of pigs wandering in perfect happiness through heaps of garbage, are all the indications of a great city he beholds, before his train is shoved into a dark shed, stops, and leaves him once more to his own inspirations. He follows the inevitable rush down a long narrow passage, beset on all sides by hand-trucks, wheelbarrows and dogs, to say

nothing of impatient elbows and unwieldy baskets, that leave their mark in his side, till he is pushed, he hardly knows how, into a vast building, handsome enough in its large proportions and solid structure; but utterly bare and deserted. In vain does he inquire of several persons, what he must do; every body seems to be in a desperate state of hurry and, though civil enough in look and word, to have no time for answering questions. In vain does he look for the book-stall and the refreshment room, which he has come to consider an indispensable comfort of every railway-station on earth; in vain for the uniformed official or even a porter with his badge, to whom he might turn for information. It need not be said with what feelings of admiration for the independent American, who needs no guidance and no help, but is "ever enough in himself," and with what pity for his own "foreign helplessness" he approaches the doors; but all his thoughts and feelings are drowned in an instant by a score of powerful whips thrust literally into his face, while a Babel of voices shouts in his ears a perfect torrent of unintelligible names.

Happy the man who can here take a cab and drive at once to his hotel, to make his morning ablutions and enjoy a breakfast such as he is not likely to remember having found outside of Scotland! He will feel as if he had indeed reached the desired haven, and will, for some time, remain in happy ignorance of the strange fact that Washington, a large, opulent city and the capital of the Great Republic, the residence of a numerous diplomatic corps and the political *élite* of the whole nation, cannot yet boast of a first-class hotel!

But woe is him, if his fate carries him farther on the great high-road from the North to the South! After having run the gauntlet of intolerable rudeness through a crowd of black and white coachmen, he finds himself in the middle of a muddy street, cut up with railway tracks, in constant danger of being run over by express-wagons and luggage-vans, and surrounded by a number of

low drinking-shops, crowded even at that hour with thirsty laborers and loafers. He has heard, however, and learned by experience that the American is invariably civil and ready to give information; he inquires, therefore, of a passer-by, where the train for the South is, and receives a willing answer, accompanied by a dramatic gesture of the hand. Can it really be, that he is expected to run after that little horse-car, which is just moving off through slush and mud, and seems to be filled to its utmost capacity with passengers of every rank, age, and color? He remembers where he is, grasps his impediments and hurries after the fast retreating car. No helping hand is stretched out to him; not a word of information is vouchsafed, and as he jumps on the platform behind, he cannot help smiling grimly at his unwonted agility, and wondering, with a keen sense of enjoyment at the anomalous position in which he finds himself, what will become of him next? He is, of course, duly asked for his ticket, a ceremony which he has gone through so often that he has long ceased to grumble at it, and marvels again to see how this, the great train to the South, moves leisurely through the wide streets of the city and condescendingly picks up or sets down stray passengers all along the road. At last he reaches a wharf on the river, if a sand hole, half filled with stagnant water, and a few rickety, rotten beams and planks, covered with mud and garbage, deserve that name, and sees a crowd rush once more, as if their lives were in danger, on board a little dirty steamboat, where he is expected to make his way through piles of baggage, under horses' heads and over boxes, babies, and bleating sheep to the cleanest and quietest place he may find.

After a while, a colored man will come and ringing a huge bell before his face, summon him to breakfast; but with this meal and the landing on Virginia's soil begins a sad period in his travels, which is better omitted here, for the same reason which makes us turn aside when we meet a lady whom we have once known, when she was great and rich in

children and in honor, and who now appears before us in sad weeds, alone and with downcast eye, but still so grand and so noble in her solitude and sorrow, that we feel pity would be out of place and sympathy superfluous.

Is American travelling really a penance? Far from it. The railways of the republic have undeniable advantages over those of the Old World, which no experienced traveller will fail to appreciate fully. The manner in which the cars are built, the system of checking luggage for thousands of miles, the control exercised by the conductor, and even the supply of ice-water, and the boy with papers and books, are points of great excellence. But American railways lack as yet two important features, which are somewhat valued abroad: comfort for the traveller and responsibility of the company's officials.

The idea of comfort is, of course, a relative one, and can, therefore, only cautiously be applied to a general judgment of so important a feature in the life of a great nation. The foreigner is apt to imagine comfort to mean that he may find on the train which he chooses for a pleasure excursion, a snug though not very large salon, handsomely but not gorgeously furnished, with an abundance of lounges and easy-chairs, tables, and mirrors, and no draught and no dust. He shows his ticket when he enters the car, and surrenders it when he arrives at his destination; he only sees the guard when he wants him to render him a service, and although it is done for a consideration, he never asks in vain for information, for refreshments, or for special favors. His wife sits down with her children on the floor around her; his sister takes her embroidery or her novel, and he ensconces himself in an arm-chair near the large window to enjoy the scenery. Other groups occupy other parts of the little salon, and enter into a friendly chat or remain as far apart as if they were in another train, as their tastes make it preferable. Thus they spend a few hours pleasantly and quietly, and when they arrive at the end of their journey, they are fresh and fit to enter

any room, having encountered no cinders and no dust.

The American, gregarious by nature and by education, would dislike such exclusiveness, and seeks his comfort in the greatest number with whom he can associate. He must have a wandering caravanserai, in which eighty or a hundred persons of all classes and colors and ages are assembled together, and where he can move about in his nervous restlessness to meet friends, to make acquaintances, and to see new faces and new phases of life. He loves to hear a roar of voices around him, with people constantly moving from seat to seat, or up and down the long, narrow passage in the middle. He would not like to sit alone, but presses down into a narrow, double seat, where every movement brings him in personal contact with his neighbor and makes him master of his ease and comfort for the journey. The book of Job comes into prominence once more, for the American—even the fragile, delicate lady—submits with admirable patience to the tyranny which such close proximity must needs produce; the open window, admitting with the cold draught almost invariably a current of cinders and dust, the half-filled spittoon with its nauseous contents, the restless activity and the easy familiarity of the neighbor are all borne in silence and cheerful submission. The American delights in the length of his train and the variety of its contents: he pays a visit to the luggage-room to inspect trunks and boxes; he chats with the express agent and looks at the countless parcels he has under his charge, from the small box filled with precious gold to the Newfoundland dog on his chain, from the bridal bouquet he carries to one station to the long, narrow box which he has to deliver at the next cemetery. He spends an hour in the smoking-room, where "black and white do congregate," and then passes from car to car, disregarding the danger and enjoying the intercourse with several hundred of his fellow-travellers.

It is an amusing feature in the history of American railways, that while Austria

and other foreign countries have imitated the long, double-seated car—which in southern regions and the tropics, with its cane seats and backs, and large gauze-covered windows, is the perfection of comfort—America, on the other hand, begins slowly in this point also to imitate the Old World and to introduce cars with private compartments. The tenderness of American pride forbids the calling them by their right names, and hence there are no first-class and second-class cars, but virtually the same is accomplished under the somewhat ludicrous title of drawing-room cars and silver-palace cars. Aside from the enormous price, these new cars are well-arranged and offer every comfort which is attainable on American railways; they are well hung and go easily; the little compartments are cozy and snugly fitted up with easy seats, large windows, tables, and mirrors, and privacy is secured, if not absolutely, at least to a great degree. Perhaps the only drawback is the utter disregard paid here also to the unfortunate single gentleman, who does not choose to engage four seats at once. There is no axiom truer than that, in travelling in America, money is a matter of little consequence, but a wife so indispensable, that a well-known poet could give his trans-Atlantic friend the candid advice: If you really want to travel for six months in the United States, you had better marry, steal, or borrow a wife, than go alone.

On the subject of responsibility there can, of course, be no such difference of opinion as on that of comfort. Nothing can exceed the thorough defectiveness of the American railway system in this respect, and the consequences are overwhelming in their fatality. From the humblest brakeman to the president of the road, the officers utterly and disdainfully disclaim being responsible for any thing to any body. If the switchman has forgotten his duty and hastens a number of souls unprepared into eternity; if the engineer is drunk and runs into another train, producing a calamity that sends misery to a thousand homes; if a cashier runs away and ruins all the

stockholders, or a president speculates in gold and robs his friends of millions—there is no one responsible for all these disasters and crimes. A ludicrous instance, illustrative of this happy exemption of railway officials, occurred a few years ago in a Southern State. An unusually heavy snowfall had obstructed the trains in such a manner, that at one place a party of travellers was kept for a week in a state which approached starvation, and made even the man who was then reputed the richest man in the States aware that money is not omnipotent. Another train was blocked up before an impassable deep lane, a few miles from a large city, the capital of the State, where thousands were anxiously awaiting news from the North. For days the passengers suffered with that unsurpassed patience which is one of the national virtues, cheered by the merry sallies of a gentleman, whose convivial charms are well remembered in Liverpool and now fully appreciated at a watering-place in Canada, and the genius of a great actress, now no more. But at last they began to suffer in good earnest, and one of the passengers, born in the high north of Europe, determined to make an effort to establish communications between the train and the city. He started on foot, and in the course of a few hours reached the town with comparative ease, greatly indignant at the shameful neglect which alone could explain why a wealthy railroad corporation should have left a number of passengers buried in snow and suffering from hunger for two days and three nights at a distance of only five or six miles. One of the first persons he met was the Superintendent of the road; he made the situation of the unlucky travellers known to him, and was promised that an extra train with provisions and fuel should be started as soon as possible. But when he urged dispatch and, his patience giving way, expressed himself somewhat strongly on the sufferings to which they had been exposed, and of which his increasing faintness made him sensibly conscious, the official became abusive and informed him that he was a gentleman and would ask satisfaction for

such language! There the matter ended for the present. When the train had been rescued, which was the work of a few hours, an indignation meeting was proposed in the concert-room of the leading hotel at that place. The poor foreigner was too much exhausted to attend, but when he inquired after the result on the following day, he was informed that resolutions had been passed, praising the officers of the road for the prompt and efficient aid rendered under such difficult circumstances. How far this was the result of a jolly dinner, where the champagne flowed in streams, given by the Superintendent to the actress and her friends, was never fully ascertained.

The subject of irresponsibility in cases of great disasters is too serious for a mere gossip on American railways. Suffice it to say, that nothing can explain the recklessness of railway managers and the want of condign punishment for gross and culpable negligence, than the marvellous indifference to human life, which is perhaps the natural effect of republican institutions and a nomadic life. It is well known that the mortality of children from natural causes and from others, is enormous in America, and yet in spite of the efforts of physicians, the admonitions of bishops and great divines, and the horror every now and then expressed by the press, the newspapers teem with advertisements tending to increase the evil, and mothers are as careless as ever in the management of children. Accidents by which young men and women lose their lives, are seen in every journal; now it is reckless shooting by pistol or sporting gun, and now a coal-oil explosion; theatres burn, engines explode, steamboats blow up, and trains collide; the world shudders—but there is no Rachel to weep because they are not. The strange people, so noble in its loftier traits, so grand in its public and private benevolence, are in too great a hurry to stop the perpetual rush for the sake of one who drops by the way-side, and a week, a day after, not a soul thinks of the “accident” but the hundreds whom it has reduced to misery and wretchedness. The same applies to minor evils. If a train

is delayed by negligence or rushes by before its time to suit the engineer; if a connection is not made, and the detention involves a delay of twenty-four hours with all its attendant expenses and losses, or a conductor fails to stop at your station, and carries you on for many a mile—all complaints are met with unmoved face, and your lawyer will tell you that a lawsuit would be long, expensive, and very uncertain. This utter disregard of the responsibility to the public is probably most marked in the case of over-crowded trains. Elsewhere the payment made for a ticket is held to insure an equivalent, a seat and transportation to the desired point; the obligation is believed to arise from a contract entered into between the company and the possessor, and in England at least the latter is entitled, if the company fail to convey him as stipulated to the end of his journey, to hire a conveyance at their expense and to recover in court. Not so in America. No binding obligation is acknowledged. If there are no seats you can stand up, and at the North as at the South, on the most frequented routes, numbers of passengers may daily be seen patiently standing up in the middle aisle of cars, holding on as best they may to counteract the violent jostling and rocking peculiar to American railways, and hardly venturing to grumble at the abuse. A few gentlemen living on one of the great lines leading into New York not long since presented the company that owned the line with sufficient ground and a considerable sum of money to erect a station near their country-houses. The first time after its completion, one of the donors purchased his ticket and entered the train to go to town; but it was full to overflowing, and instead of adding another car or making room somewhere, he, an elderly gentleman of high social standing, and entitled to the utmost consideration, was compelled to stand for several hours and thus to expose himself to an amount of fatigue, annoyance, and serious injury to his health, which in a less vigorous constitution might have proved fatal.

The fact is, that most American rail-

ways are built on speculation, and for profit. A few large landowners, who wish their lands to be brought into market, appeal to some capitalists, who seek an investment for their funds; they enter into a compact and the railway is built. If Congress can be made to believe that some public benefit may be derived from the enterprise, so much the better; in that case a grant of public lands is made and the undertaking is secure, and enormous profits certain. The road is then located on the cheapest lands; the sections are given out to the lowest bidder, who lets out his contract to subcontractors; the engineer and all the officials form one great association for earning large sums, and hence the cheapest and meanest material is furnished and duly accepted as satisfactory. The whole is done in the greatest possible haste and in the most imperfect manner; a great celebration is held, dinners are given, the enterprise, energy, and spirit of the projectors is praised in fulsome terms, and ere the first year is gone, not a few lives have been sacrificed to the great speculation. Railway committees of the British Parliament and coteries at the Paris Bourse have only child's play before them in comparison with the gigantic "rings" of American railway enterprises. It was during the last session of the Congress that a famous speculator who was also a member of the Senate, approached a privileged visitor with the words: I have taken a good contract, Governor.—How much?—Forty millions!—You don't say so? well, I think I can tell you how that will work.—Well, how?—You will sublet it to somebody else and pocket ten millions by the transaction.—Well, you are about right, I think that will be the sum.

Hence only a small number of the leading railways, mainly at the North, a few in the Northwest and one or two in Georgia, are really well built, having powerful engines, well ballasted roads, and steel rails. Most of the others would be considered abroad as mere makeshifts, dangerous in the extreme and a horror to paternal governments like

those of Germany. Hence the many inconveniences connected with American railway travelling: the fearful jolting over defective and worn-out rails, badly coupled and imperfectly secured; the still more exhausting constant shaking which tries the nerves to their utmost and makes a hundred miles on American roads equal to four hundred on foreign roads, in point of fatigue; the frequent stoppages to take in water and wood, now utterly unknown on the great express trains of Europe, and the frequent accidents arising from imperfections of the running material. The wonder is only how they can be so patiently endured. The American boasts, and boasts justly, of the marvellous inventive genius of his race, and points with legitimate pride to the number of patents issued daily! And yet he submits to seeing his health impaired by breathing the impure, dust-filled air of the cars for hours and hours, till his person is covered from head to foot with more uncleanness than a month's journey elsewhere would have accumulated; he bears being rocked and shaken and jolted till he feels every bone in his body with sore consciousness, nay, he even risks his life behind a crazy engine, in a mere wreck of a car and on a track of worn-out rails laid on loose sleepers. He must be moving, moving, and has no time, in his rush through the world and this life, to weigh the chances and to think of his safety.

Where so much indifference to life is manifested, culminating in unparalleled bravery on the battle-field and unhesitating exposure while saving others, it is naturally not to be expected that much care would be bestowed upon the minor comforts in travelling. The seats, even aside from the forced intimacy which they produce, are not often really comfortable, too much attention being given to bright color and costly ornamentation, and too little to the ease of the traveller. The ventilation, on the other hand, is admirable and far superior to any thing attempted abroad; the same, unfortunately, cannot be said for the heating apparatus commonly in use. Where Continental trains employ hot-

water compartments under foot, which send the warm air upward and keep the most sensitive part of the human body, the feet, comfortable, American railways prefer two huge iron stoves, which diffuse an intolerable heat in their immediate neighborhood, but leave the more remote parts cold and admit under the seats a constant current of icy air. The intense heat leads impatient traveller with robust health to open the window, and the less vigorous neighbor has, at best, to choose between being roasted on one side or chilled through on the other side. Nor can much praise be bestowed upon the refreshment-rooms met with on railways generally, though great improvements have of late been made on some roads, where they equal, if they do not surpass, the best establishments of the kind in Europe—always excepting the French buffet, which in quality, savor, and price of eatables is unmatched. But on the generality of roads the provision made for feeding the hungry traveller is simply execrable, and well-deserving that a Dickens should arise with a pen powerful enough to arouse the patient American to a full sense of the absurdity of the prevailing system. As the train reaches a stopping-place, chosen by no means for its suitability or the merits of the landlord, but generally in the interests of certain members of the Ring, a number of large bells is instantly set in motion and a dozen powerful voices are heard shouting: Dinner, gentlemen, dinner! Then follows the customary rush to a table, on which a lot of dishes have been standing ready so long that they are cold; the eager traveller draws up as many as he can reach, heaps them on his plate and works away with a vigor and a haste as if it was a wager who could eat most in the shortest time. Often before he has finished, and always before he is allowed to leave the room, he is summoned to pay the extortionate dollar or more, which is the usual price of every meal, however scant it may have been and however little the guest may have been able to consume. Hence the practical American has fallen upon the evident device of

travelling with his lunch-basket, and many hundred meals are thus taken daily on every train, which travels over a long distance. How far cold dishes are injurious to health, when they form the only food for several days, is an open question; but there can be no doubt that what may be the loss of the inn-keeper, is the gain of the traveller; and even a series of cold lunches, eaten comfortably and leisurely in the cars, must be vastly superior to hot dishes, snatched hastily and undigested. The perfection of American railway travelling in this respect is found on that greatest of roads known to the world, the Pacific Railroad. The lucky holder of a through ticket in one of the so-called Pullman cars, who finds within the same coach his seat by day and his couch by night, and a restaurant where he may either pay a sum of money for all his meals during the journey, or order each time what he chooses, has a rare opportunity of enjoying the luxury of travelling in its fullest extent. As the train carries him swiftly along, he sees every place of civilization unrolled as in a vast panorama before his eye; here in the East, the large city with all the evidences of highest culture and greatest wealth; then the border-land, where the new settler and the squatter bring their cheerful sacrifice of a hard life's work for the benefit of the coming generation; next the primeval forest and the boundless prairie, with an abundance of animal life, while the emigrant's slow oxen and the Indian's shaggy pony eye each other suspiciously and their masters represent in striking contrast the dying race of the owner of the soil and the undaunted energy of the usurper. Then he catches a glimpse at the strange prophet's home, who rules like Mohammed over a host of deluded beings, which he has drawn to him across the vast ocean and the great prairies of the New World from the very centres of civilization and the remotest corners of Europe. He rises from his comfortable dinner and smokes his cigar as he climbs the Rocky Mountains with their weird cañons and their snow-covered heights, and when he

awakes again, he finds himself on the Pacific slope, soon to see the Golden Gate opening before him upon the still waters of another ocean!

This is, however, almost the only route on which the novelty of the ever-varying sights, the freshness of the scenes on which the Redskin and the Mormon enact their strange dramas, and the excitement of crossing a vast continent from ocean to ocean, make railway travelling a real pleasure. Everywhere else it has become a mere mechanical contrivance to devour space and to reach a given place in the shortest possible time. The country abounds in beautiful scenery, unsurpassed in loveliness and richness of coloring by any thing known abroad. But how few travellers race up the Hudson, the Connecticut, the Mohawk, or the Susquehanna, with any purpose of enjoying the beauties of nature? The West and the South have again their peculiar charms, surprising to the unprepared eye of the foreigner, who marvels at the beauty of a city like Madison, or the picturesque scenery in Western Georgia; but who ever thinks of travelling there for enjoyment? How many even take the trouble to look out and regale themselves with the rich feast spread out before their eyes? The American, whose homesteads are generally chosen with a careful regard to fine views and handsome surroundings, and whose excellence in landscape painting is well established, has yet but little eye for scenery; he is too much hurried, too sedulously bent upon business, too full of care and speculation, to enjoy in happy leisure the rich treasures which his country holds up before him in matchless exuberance. Nor does railway travelling seem to have made him more communicative and courteous to his neighbors. The stereotyped Yankee with his indefatigable questioning is no longer to be found, but as little can the social gentleman often be met who in the old stage-coach would kindly render some small service or throw out some trifling remarks in order to establish friendly relations and show his benevolent sympathy with the welfare of his

fellow-travellers. The courtesy, which formerly respected a cloak, an umbrella, or a book as a sign that a seat was occupied, is no longer observed by all, and the weary traveller, who may have been sitting by his friend's side for days and nights, is unceremoniously ousted by a market-woman, who enters at some way-station, and finding him absent for a moment, takes his seat and pleads a lady's privilege in refusing to give way to the rightful owner. But even this homage paid to the sex, and hence, one might imagine, of as little value as the attachment of the elder Biron, who was always constant in his love—to the sex, is slowly passing away, and ladies may be seen standing, especially in the street-

cars of large cities, while men sit coolly around them, and think not of rising. Is this the effect of the large influx of foreigners, whose views of the respect due to the fair are less exaggerated than those of the American? Or has the war, as some will have it, among other demoralising effects, caused this sad loss of former courtesy also? It is certainly desirable that some simple code of rules for railway-travelling should be agreed upon, by which such matters could easily be regulated, and the eminent good sense and practical tact of the American hold out a fair promise that this, like many other delicate points, will soon be arranged by a silent understanding and mutual concession.

 SKETCHES IN COLOR.

THIRD.

We were

“— sitting down one afternoon
Upon our parlor rug;”

not, as sat the merry doctor;

“ With a very heavy quarto
And a very lively bug; ”

but with some army blankets, that we were sewing together, to do duty as carpets, when an ambulance stopped in front of the house, swift feet passed up the steps and through the door (we were in an Arcadia where people did not lock their front doors), and a voice, just the least trifle imperious in its tone, ordered us to “put up that work, and get our hats, and come along directly.”

“And what for, pray?” we asked; somewhat doubtful about being ordered out of our house in such unceremonious fashion.

“I'm going to Slabtown, and I want you to go with me.”

“But we can't go to-day. We've got this work to finish, and —”

“Oh! yes, you can. Any way, you must; for the doctor has lent me this ambulance for the whole afternoon, and there's no knowing when I can have one again. You'll never have a better chance to see Slabtown, and I assure you, you'll be sorry if you miss it.”

“What and where is Slabtown?”

“The greatest curiosity you ever saw; there—I won't tell you another word. If you choose to come, I'll tell you about it on the way; if not, I must go at once; for if I delay, it will make it so late getting back.”

So we postponed our carpet sewing, packed ourselves into the ambulance, and rattled away through the sleepy old streets, whose only occupant was the afternoon sunshine, which danced through the deserted gardens, and played such undignified pranks with the quaint, venerable houses, that it was almost enough to rouse the “dead and gone” owners to resent the liberty.

“Have you been to the freedmen's camp down by the depot?” asked our friend.

We had not. The week since our arrival had been fully occupied in setting our house in order, and we had been nowhere.

“Then we'll go there first; for it's a perfect curiosity to see them as they first come in. William, there'll be time to stop for a few minutes at the freedmen's camp, won't there?”

“I'll drive a little faster so as to make

time," responded our Jehu, a tall Vermonter who was taking his first look at the world, outside of his native town; "I'd like to go there myself, it's every bit as good as goin' to the minstrels. Of all creeturs ever the Lord made, I dew think them niggers is jest the queerest."

The freedmen's camp consisted of a number of tents, arranged in parallel rows, in which the colored people, who came in by hundreds from the country around, were accommodated until they could find work, and a more comfortable habitation. We saw there, what we had so often heard of, and what is now a thing of the past; the plantation negro, with his curious talk, his childish interest in trifles, and his omnipresent banjo.

There was an immense difference in appearance and character between the field-hands and the house-servants. The former can, even now, after so long a time of freedom, be recognized at a glance by their walk. They invariably lift their feet high, and take long strides, as they were obliged to do in stepping over the corn-hills. The house-servants held themselves at an immeasurable distance above the field-hands, and would tell, with an air of superiority infinitely amusing, that "*dey* nebber done no common work, dey was allus roun' de house, jes' under missis' orders;" their social standing being settled, in their own estimation, as nearly as I could make out, by the fact of their having been, or having *not* been, under an overseer.

There had just been a large arrival from North Carolina. Many of them had never before been off the plantation where they were born, and their expressions of wonder, and comments upon what was new and strange to them, were exceedingly comical. They crowded eagerly round to see "dese yer northern ladies," who were to them the representatives of freedom and every earthly good. They commented freely upon our appearance; and their remarks certainly had the merit of frankness, whatever else they lacked. The negro, like many of his educated brethren, thinks much of appearances; and fine

clothes, and bright colors, are the joy and rejoicing of his heart. I don't know whether they expected to see us dressed in "red, white and blue," with golden diadems on our heads, and waving the "star-spangled banner," after the manner of Miss Columbia in the pictures; but they were evidently disappointed. "Dey ain't dressed up much fer ter go a ridin'," I heard one say; while another remarked, "Mighty plain lookin' cah'ge dey comed in. Nebber seed ladies ridin' like dat ar 'fore. Ole missus had a raal hansum cah'ge, wouldn't a sot her foot into dat ar."

Some of them had their fires made out of doors, and were baking their hoe-cake, chattering and laughing the while, in childish enjoyment of their new life, with its unaccustomed privilege of going hither and yon, as they would;—with not a thought of the untried world and the doubtful future beyond them; while others, particularly the old ones, sat in the tents, in apathetic indifference to every thing around them, apparently completely stupefied, at being transplanted from the old accustomed scenes, to these, so new and strange.

The local attachments of the negro are very strong. The breaking-up of old associations, the leaving familiar scenes, is like a death-blow to him; and *this*, and *not* their attachment to their old masters, as the latter triumphantly claim, accounts, I think, satisfactorily, for the fact that some of them have gone back to the places that were for so many years the only homes they knew. They return to their old haunts, as a bird to its last year's nest.

Raising the flap of one of the tents, the most extraordinary spectacle we had ever beheld, met our astonished gaze. A piece of carpeting was spread on the ground, and on this, sat, Turk fashion, an enormously fat woman, one of the blackest of her race, dressed in an exquisite light blue moire-antique, short-sleeved, and low-necked, with a full trimming of point-lace on the waist; while from the red and yellow handkerchief, sadly in need of washing, that bound her head, depended three superb ostrich feathers,

the color exactly matching the dress. They had undoubtedly formed the gala robe and headdress, of some Southern dame, who had abandoned her house in sudden fright at the approach of the Yankees, leaving behind every thing but the most necessary articles, to be appropriated by the servants; who in such cases, following the example of their imagined prototypes, "spoiled the Egyptians." There was the faintest perceptible quiver of her eyelids, as we raised the tent-flap, but in no other way did she manifest the slightest consciousness of our presence; sitting motionless, with folded arms, like a bronze statue of some barbaric queen.

Our Vermonter, who appeared to be enjoying himself as much as if he were witnessing a performance of his favorite minstrels, seeming to regard the whole thing as a grand national spectacular entertainment, suggested that "if we were a goin' to Slabtown, it was about time to be lookin' that way;" so we turned our backs upon the glories of the moire-antique and ostrich feathers, and followed for a while the windings of the blue, beautiful river, over a road that had once probably been good, but was now cut into deep ruts by the heavy government wagons and artillery; then striking across a wild, desert country, where every trace of fence and house was obliterated—one wide-spread ruin as far as the eye could reach—we rode for a mile or two, and then came in sight of what we thought was a fort, until our guide announced:

"There's Slabtown."

"Where?"

"In that enclosure. There is no way of driving in, so we shall have to leave the ambulance here and walk."

I have no idea of the exact area covered by this settlement, but it contained between two and three thousand colored people, who had made for themselves a home here, almost in the wilderness. The place was surrounded by a strong and very high fence, with a broad ditch outside, spanned at intervals, where there were gates in the fence, by narrow bridges. There seemed to have been a defi-

nite purpose to make the place as difficult of access as possible. The width of the bridges admitted of but one person crossing at a time, so it would be quite easy to resist the attack of even a large force.

Crossing one of the bridges and entering the gate, we found ourselves in a broad street, with a labyrinth of narrower ones leading from it in every direction. The houses were built of logs plastered with mud—the warmest dwelling ever invented—with huge mud chimneys rising, in Southern fashion, from the ground on the outside. Most of them looked neat and comfortable, and I did not see one that could really be called dirty. Some of them had porches over the doors, with side lattices, made of rough wood with the bark on, arranged in pretty, tasteful patterns, precisely in the style of the rustic wood-work, for which our city cabinet-makers charge so enormously. Slabtown was in the height of the fashion, so far as wood-work went, and might, indeed, have dictated fashions to the rest of the world, for I have never seen any work of the kind so beautiful as these rustic porches, and the chairs and settees that invited one to rest in them.

The houses stood some distance apart, and each one had a little plot of ground attached, where the owners raised corn and some few vegetables, and an enclosure where they kept the abomination of the Jews. Corn meal is the necessary, and bacon the luxury of the black man; give him an abundance of these, and occasionally some fresh fish, and he asks nothing more of gastronomy. The women did all the work in the cultivation of the gardens, while most of the men found work in the town, or in the numerous camps that dotted the plain, and lay like snow-wreaths in the clefts of the hill-country beyond.

The men were nearly all absent, except a few old ones, who sat by the fire, smoking their pipes, and droning to one another of the bygone days, "de shuckin' time, an' de gran' Christmas at ole massa's"—more real to them now than these strange new days upon which they had fallen. But we were in just the best

time to see the women, for the midday work was done, and it was not yet time to prepare the hoe-cake for the evening meal; so most of them were out of doors, on the porches or in the street, refreshing themselves with a dish of gossip, after the manner of their sisters, white, black, yellow, or copper-colored, all over the world,—and dressed in fashions such as mortal eyes had never before seen, nor mortal imaginations conceived.

One woman was promenading the main street, in a Turkey-red skirt and a soldier's light blue overcoat, with a string of glass beads carefully spread out over her shoulders, that not one of them should be hidden. Another had on a rag-carpet with a hole cut in the centre, through which her head appeared, the corners hanging down over a light, delicate silk skirt, elaborately trimmed with velvet—part of "ole missus'" wardrobe, undoubtedly—and on her head a man's old straw hat, adorned with a bunch of soiled artificial flowers. Still another wore a nondescript garment, of which it was impossible to determine the original color or material, so many shades and qualities mingled in the patches; and over this bundle of rags was displayed a black lace mantilla, while the smoke from her pipe curled upwards around a delicate little white bonnet, set sideways over her very dirty turban.

Scores of such costumes met us at every turn. But notwithstanding these half childish, half barbarous absurdities, there was much to be hopeful of in a people who, just released from slavery, acting for the first time on their own responsibility, like a child taking its first steps alone, had the wit to plan, the energy to carry out, and the stability to maintain, an undertaking like this settlement. It was entirely their own doings. They had come here, one by one, from the freedmen's camp, as they found the means of support; had built their houses, and when the place grew to nearly its present size, enclosed it in the manner described.

It is idle to talk, after such an example as this, of the inability of the colored people to take care of themselves. They

have proved conclusively in this, and in other instances, that they are abundantly able. They *can* do it, and, if thrown upon their own resources, as were these, without a helping hand, they *will*. But my experience with them has invariably been, that if any help is given them, they cease all personal exertion, and sit down with folded hands, to wait for more. Where nothing is done for them, though they suffer at first, they soon develop into energy and independence; but if you do anything for them, you must do everything. Many persons at the North have been very much disappointed at what seemed to them great ingratitude on the part of colored people for whom they had done much; but I do not think it is so much ingratitude, as a manifestation of this peculiarity of their race. Do anything at all for them, and from that moment you are in their eyes laid under an obligation to take care of them for the rest of their lives.

This settlement was an independent one in every respect. They had some few laws and regulations, which all bound themselves to respect, and they maintained their own store, church, doctor, and minister. The latter was absent, but we saw the doctor. He looked more like an Indian than a Negro, and was possessed of a great deal of natural common sense, and some considerable knowledge of different diseases and their remedies, picked up, he could scarcely tell how; so said the surgeon of a hospital in town, who occasionally supplied him with a few of the simpler medicines.

We visited the store, and found the proprietor stretched out on the tops of some barrels, so sound asleep, that our entrance and talking did not wake him. I think we might have carried off his whole stock, and he been none the wiser. It would not have been much to carry, for all that was visible was a cabbage, three smoked herrings, a paper of pins, ditto needles, some sticks of candy, half a dozen pipes, and a box of the peculiar quality of tobacco, dear to the negro heart, elegantly denominated "pig-tail."

The church stood in the centre of the

place. I wonder if it was accidental, or for convenience, or whether there was a definite idea, in making the paths through which the daily life was trodden, all radiate from this central point of light and faith. It was built in the same fashion as the houses, of logs with the bark left on. The door had no hinges; two strips of leather held it, and a third with a hole in it, through which a nail passed, served for bolt and lock. The square openings cut for windows, were unfilled by sash or glass; the air and sunshine entered unchecked, free as the mercur, warm and life-giving as the love, the worshippers sought there. There was no floor save the bare earth, and the seats were of the rudest kind,—logs set upright, with rough boards laid upon them.

The pulpit rose like a piece of fairy work, among these coarse and homely surroundings. It was of the rustic work in which these people displayed so much taste, and by far the most beautiful specimen I have ever seen. I know not what the outward man may be, but a true artist soul, designed what was wrought out there. The aspirations of a crushed, dumb life, breathed themselves out in that dream of beauty. On either side of the pulpit an evergreen was planted, and an ivy twined itself through the lattice work of the front; the rich, glossy, dark green of the leaves, contrasting with the dead brown of the wood. There was both faith and poetry in the planting there these emblems of immortality, earnestness and reminders of the "everlasting spring," and "never-fading flowers," in the "land beyond the river."

No other building made with hands ever affected me as did that little church, with its bare floor, its rough log walls, and its one touching attempt at beauty and refinement. I have been in gorgeous city churches, where the operatic choir sent floods of melody through aisle, and nave, and transept, and where the kneeling congregation as with one voice, joined in the solemn responses to prayers, that through ages of faith have carried worshipping hearts

heavenward; I have been in quiet country meeting-houses, where the simple, old-fashioned tunes were sung, and the good man's words were few and plain so that a little child might understand, and the green boughs waved against the windows and looked lovingly in, as longing to join their mute praise with that of the worshippers; I have sat in solemn Quaker assemblages, awed almost to fear by the deathlike silence; in earnest Methodist gatherings, where "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh;" I have stood under cathedral domes of the old world, where opal lights fell on floor and pillar, from pictured windows, the secret of whose coloring was lost long years ago; where chisellings from the mighty masters of the past, seemed living things save for their silence; where the organ notes drifted up through arch and dome, and dropped their liquid echoes into the stillness; where light, and color, and architecture, and music were blended into one perfect whole, so that there was scarce a distinctive recognition of either, only the consciousness of an atmosphere of beauty that enwrapped the senses, while the soul sank utterly satisfied, into the calm of that beatitude of harmony; but never through all these, did the "*Our Father*" come home to me with such fullness, and distinctness and nearness, as in that little church in the wilderness, where the "poor and the needy" of an out-cast race, worshipped the God of their deliverance. "Peace be within thy walls," and the blessing of the "God of peace," upon all who gather there.

We had become bewildered by the maze of streets through which we had passed, so that we were obliged to ask for a guide to lead us to the one by which we had entered. Seated in the ambulance once more, our friend asked:

"William, don't you think we might drive round by the colored orphan asylum, and stop there for a few minutes?"

Our Green Mountain friend pulled out a watch, that might have come over in the *Mayflower*, and been originally

bought by the pound, and looked from it to the sun and back again, as if trying to discover whether that luminary were going to set in accordance with it; if not, the mistake would inevitably be with the sun, and not with the watch.

"Wall, I dunno; it's the longest road, but you know they say, 'the longest way round's the shortest way hum,' and I dunno but it'll be jes' so, for that's a better road than the one we come, and I kin drive faster."

So we took our last look of Slabtown, and laid away pleasant remembrances of it to be called up for future enjoyment, regretting only that we could not change the name to something prettier and more expressive of its character. I never could decide upon a satisfactory reason for the fact, that almost every settlement of colored people I have known anything about, has been called Slabtown. I have heard of at least a dozen; and in what the peculiar appropriateness of the name consists, I have entirely failed to understand.

The orphan asylum was in a confiscated house, furnished by the government for the purpose. It stood in the centre of a farm, not another house in sight; and here, in this lonely place, two women lived, who, walking in the footsteps of their master, had left home, and friends, and ease, and comfort, to gather these little ones, wandering alone through the rough paths of the world, into one of the earthly folds of the Good Shepherd. There were about fifty children, most of whom had been brought there by soldiers, who had picked them up from the roadside on their march, where,—the little feet growing weary, and unable to keep up with older, stronger ones,—they had been left to die, save for the pitying help of stranger hands; for in that panic-stricken flight, with its eager haste, its only half-assured hope, its backward looks of terror, it was literally true that "the mother forgot her child," and had no "compas-

sion" on it, when its weariness made it a hindrance to her progress; and leaving it to, she knew not what fate, hastened, alone, to freedom.

All the burden of providing and caring for these children in every way, and teaching them, these two women bore alone. Once a week, one of them drove into town, five miles, to buy needed articles, and get their mail, and this was their only communication with the world; their nearest neighbors were bitter enemies, and they were shut up to each other and their work. And so they had lived for months. It was a wonderful life, in its self-abnegation, its entire giving up of everything to which our nature clings, and which our habits of life seem to make necessary; but, "verily they have their reward," largely now, for the satisfaction of such a work is greater than can be understood by those who have never earned it for themselves; and completely, when, having led this little flock here, the "well-done" shall be said to them, at the great ingathering of those, who, "inasmuch as they have done it to the least of these, have done it" to their Lord.

Not many such days come in a lifetime, as this, whose setting we watched on our homeward way,—so full, so suggestive, so rich in new experiences. We could not tell how long it was since we had laid aside our work, and left our house; we seemed to have been rolling on in that ambulance for weeks; but, when at home once more, we took up the thread of our daily life, it was with a new, thankful sense of its dignity and worthiness. A nation had been "born in a day;" and to us was given a little of the work of elevating, and teaching, and helping it to become worthy of its freedom. Some misgivings had clouded our hopes of success in our work, but having seen what we had that day, we gave them to the winds, and "took courage."

WIND OF THE SOUTHLAND.

I.

Wind of the Southland, murmuring under moon,
Thou hast the stolen soul of all things sweet—
Sea-scents that languish upon idle seas,
Fumes that on shadowy shorelands swoon or swell,
Balm burnings, and blown languors of briery blooms
From isles beyond a thousand brims of sea,
Wind of the Southland, wand'ring through the night!

II.

Wind of the Southland, memory burns in me,
For thou hast come through portals of the Past.
I knew thy whisper in youth's dreaming-time
That shrined the sweetest weathers of the world;
Thy breathing moves like a forgotten voice,
And thy touch thrills like a remembered hand,
Wind of the Southland, tender as of old.

III.

Wind of the Southland, singing from the South,
As though thou led'st a revel of the Junes
Where late has past the funeral of the year,
Our wreaths are ruined, and our nests are bare,
There lies the moulted feather on sad mould,
But here's a life outrising clay for thee,
Wind of the Southland, singing from the South!

IV.

Wind of the Southland, singing from the South,
We long have lost all music of our own,
Warm thou the starry heart of even with song,
Waken the green delaying in the ground,
And call the leaf that slumbers in the bud,
O minstrel of the prophecies of spring,
Wind of the Southland, breathing song and scent!

V.

Wind of the Southland, wilt thou bring my broods
That flying took the heart of my desire
And left me fain to follow and find rest?
To-night my dream discerns returning wings,
And hears good cheer ring out of alien skies
And far away—but is my dream a dream,
Wind of the Southland, wandering our ways?

VI.

Wind of the Southland, murmuring under moon,
 Thou bringest more than I can sing or say,
 And comest as a covenant to our clime;
 My hopes come back like doves from o'er the sea,
 My heart forgets the winter-world that flies,
 Leans o'er its fires, and nods and dreams of spring,
 Wind of the Southland, singing from the South!

 THE GREAT GALE AT PASSAMAQUODDY.

THE coast of Maine has become the popular resort during the last few years, and the fame of Mt. Desert has spread far and wide, till thousands of visitors have made it the terminus of their summer journey, unconscious that there is an Ultima Thule beyond, of equal picturesqueness and beauty.

Passamaquoddy Bay, with its numerous islands, and rocky cliffs, its sandy coves and wooded shores, possesses a wild charm of its own, which is beginning to force its way to notice, and already tourists are beginning to make notes of it, and artists to suspect its fine possibilities of light and shade, and to recognize the warmth and power of its fine red tints of granite and sandstone, and the calm beauty, or stormy magnificence of its wonderful skies, with their strange amber and purple hues.

The purity of the healthful air, and the fresh and breezy vigor of the life in these quiet neighborhoods, having tempted us to prolong a summer vacation somewhat far into the fall, it chanced that we were witnesses of a superb and terrible spectacle, such as has never yet befallen and we hope may never again befall the chance visitor in this far-off region to witness. I refer to the storm of the night of Oct. 4th, which showed itself in such different forms in various localities; now in rain and freshet, and again in violent wind, and furious tempest.

A month before, when all Boston was blown to flinders, the attention of some of us was attracted to the prediction

of Lieutenant Saxby of the Royal Navy, with regard to another gale, to which we might still look forward.

This prediction bore date of December 21st 1868, and was extracted from the London Standard. It read as follows:—

“At 7 A.M. on the ensuing 5th of October, the moon will be at the part of her orbit which is nearest the earth; her attraction will be at its maximum force. At noon the moon will be on the earth's equator, a circumstance which never occurs without marked atmospheric disturbance. At 2 P.M. on the same day, lines drawn from the earth's centre will cut the sun and moon in the same arc of right ascension. The moon's attraction, and the sun's will therefore be acting in the same direction. In other words the new moon will be on the earth's equator when in perigee, and nothing more threatening of high tides and destructive winds can occur.”

In the September blow, we had stood a pretty fair shaking, and had found several trees uprooted in the morning, while our small boats were piled up helter-skelter on the beach filled with gravel and drift-wood, and banged and bruised by floating logs that had hammered and buffeted them till they were much the worse for wear.

The daylight showed traces of a remarkable tide, the grass was washed flat for many feet beyond the highest water mark above the beach line, and half a dozen of our neighbors' boats had gone ashore on the opposite point, our own yacht having barely ridden out the gale;

but our chimneys stood upright, the roof had not loosened, and we could read with that complacency which characterizes a man's review of his neighbors' calamity, the doleful account of the wild work made in Boston by the same south-wester.

Thus, having weathered the stiffest breeze remembered by the oldest inhabitant, we believed we might afford to laugh at prognostications of evil through the wind, even from an officer of the Royal Navy, backed by such astronomical proofs as Lieutenant Saxby had at command.

Nevertheless the prophecy was alluded to, as one comments on Second Advent prospects of universal destruction, and as the fifth drew near, we looked for the proof of the fallacy of this warning to be added to the many records of the absurd presumption of man, in attempting to calculate the disturbance of the elements.

The morning of October 4th dawned mild and damp, with a warm wind blowing from the south-west across the water. Passamaquoddy Bay, ordinarily a placid and sunny surface enough, with sufficient variety of billow and foam to redeem it from tameness, to say nothing of twenty-five feet of tide coming and going perpetually, was now crested with white-capped waves, which gleamed against the varied purple and green shades of the main body of the water, and far and wide the commotion extended. The small craft scudded for shelter, and soon the Bay was deserted, but for the solitary steamboat which was seen making her way up slowly as the gloom of evening fell.

At dusk we went down to the shore. The tide was about an hour flood, and the waves black as night were dashing into spray against the crags, and rolling up over the shingle with a rush and swell that tossed the stones in air, while the roar was loud and booming like that of the sea, instead of the gentle plash to which we are accustomed.

The skipper came down to the shore, and tried the moorings of his large sailboat which was lying in the cove at the

foot of the lawn, fastened by the bow to the shore, and by the stern line to the remains of an old wharf whose solid foundations had stood the storms of half a century.

The skipper examined the double bow-line knots of his strong lines, shook the tightly furled sails to see if all was fast, straightened the centre-board, and saw that the side-stays were steady.

"Is she secure?" I asked. "She'll hold if the wharf holds," he replied, sentimentally, as he gave another tug at the rope. "It will be a fair test," he continued, "but it stood the great gale, and I guess it will hold through this."

The tide came in rapidly, the wind had increased, and was one of the kind you can lean up against, and now the rain began to fall, first in mild mist which soon changed to heavy pattering storm.

Passamaquoddy Bay being one of the arms of the great Bay of Fundy, receives the influx of its marvellous tides, the ordinary run being from twenty to thirty feet, so that its daily ebb and flow is no small circumstance; but on this occasion with the sea lashed into a fury by the rising wind which blew straight on shore, we anticipated something uncommon; and as the fast falling rain drove us to the house for shelter, we turned regretfully to take one last look at the dark seething waves, just in time to see a boat that was moored to a buoy in the cove, swamp, and go under, while the sea swept over her with its resistless force.

As we reached the door the rain came down in torrents, driving in through closed shutters and bolted sash, streaming in rivulets under doors, forcing a passage through the crevices in windows, and pelting through the roof upon the ceiling below. The family were kept flying for two hours with mops and floor-cloths and towels, to keep out the flood, after which the deluge somewhat abated, though the wind continued rising, howling savagely about the corners, with a human malice in its tones, and a positive wail of spite when after shaking the strongly barred doors and windows for a while, it failed to force an entrance.

The steady, square-built house rocked like a boat on the wave, the cupola cracked, the shutters were lifted from their hinges and banged furiously. One of the windows blew in with a loud crash, and boards and blankets were almost insufficient to barricade the aperture.

Above the raging of the elements could be heard the sharp sound of splitting wood as the trees outside fell before the hurricane; the wind roared in the wide chimneys, and fanned the dying embers to a flame; and now a new calamity threatened. One of the servants rushing in from the kitchen announced that the neighbor's chimney was on fire, and on looking out, the sparks large and bright were whirling in the air directly toward our barn. To be burned out on such a night would be a fearful thing; and the skipper donning overcoat and goloshes, marched bravely through the storm to warn Mr. B. of his danger.

By the time he returned the rain had abated, almost ceased, but the tempest was at its height, and even his stalwart and athletic form could with difficulty maintain a foothold. He brought doleful reports of prostrate fences and broken gates, but the darkness concealed the worst damage.

Soon, Johnson, the skipper's man, puts his head in the door.

"If you please, sir, the boat has come ashore, and I have been down to try to save her, but I can't do anything; and there are two men here from the village, who say that all the barns are down, and that they have been about saving people's property all night. They picked up one woman who had fainted in the road; her barn blew down, and she thought the house was coming after, so she ran out and fell with the fright."

"I will go and see," says the skipper, and the men follow him to the beach.

The sky is clearing, the rain has ceased. I follow them down the bank. Storm-clouds scud across the horizon, above them the stars shine out clear and still. It is nine o'clock, it wants an hour to high water. The trees on the lawn have a curiously bent and twisted

look, two or three are split from top to bottom, the ground is strewn with leaves and branches from their boughs. We grope our way to the shore, but before we reach the end of the grassy slope, something heaves and surges at our feet. Black as midnight, resistless as fate, the sea is booming in, far above the sand, above the bank, nearly up to the punt which has been hauled far up upon the grass. The tidal wave combs over ten feet high, the spray dashing far higher, sprinkles our faces. The wharf has disappeared, its logs and timbers are rolled to our very feet; the white foam gleaming in the starlight breaks over the summit of the crag on which its highest beams rested. An inky yeast of seaweed and driftwood seethes against the grass. We stand high up on a kind of battlement of turf, usually far above the highest wave. Now the cresting billow breaking into foam drenches our foreheads, as it leaps high in air.

The boat, broadside to, is banging up upon the rocks. A large hemlock log inside her, makes her unmanageable. It is hopeless to attempt to bring her in, the most that can be done is to save the sails; one of the men springs in to unfasten them—as he does so, the surf engulfs him. Boat and man disappear in the raging flood.

There is a breathless pause, then the wave recedes, and the boy scrambles dripping to the shore.

"She went to pieces under me," he says, as he shakes himself.

Bang! goes the keel upon the cruel rock; she is breaking up, the wreck floats away under the skipper's eye. Pretty soon he comes up the bank, the men bearing the wet and torn sails behind him, like trophies.

"There is not enough of her to show she ever was a boat," he says ruefully enough.

The tide rolls higher and higher, the other boats, which we thought were out of harm's way, have to be moved again; the surf already has half filled the punt, as she lies high upon the grass.

Passamaquoddy, almost always tranquil in our quiet cove, sheltered by two

bluffs, roars and thunders like the Atlantic. The surf is equal to Cape May.

As we climb the hill to the house, we catch glimpses of trees uprooted in the swale to the north of us, and the foot-bridge across the ravine near by, with its strong cedar supports, undermined by the falling trees, is broken in two, and the pieces lie scattered far and wide.

At ten o'clock I went down alone to the shore. The gale had nearly subsided, its fury was over; the tide was at its height, but its raging breakers rolled harmlessly on. It had done its worst.

The scene was grand. The stormy sky, breaking into rifts of clearness, through which shone the solemn unchanging stars, the bent forms of the trees, visible in the dim and uncertain light, their tossing branches still vibrating, and their leaves stirring noisily; the forms of ruin barely sketched in the obscurity, the up-turned boats, overset by the wind, and the mighty wave with its powerful and terrible voice, swelling and heaving below in the darkness, formed a picture at once fearful and magnificent.

The tempest has passed by, the gusts come fainter and fainter, now they are silent. By eleven the atmosphere is clear, the wind lulled to rest. It is hard to believe that an hour before we were rocked by the hurricane. We can sleep undisturbed, happily unconscious of tomorrow's store of misery.

Morning dawns upon a scene of desolation. Devastation and wreck meet the eye on shore and sea. Every fence is flat, the barns are down or unroofed, the chimneys look like those of a bombarded town. From a tidy New England village, trim and well to do, ours is transformed into a Virginia settlement, tumble-down and desolate.

"It is like Petersburg after the battle," says a returned soldier.

Not a boat is in sight; the town across the bay, on the New Brunswick side, seems to have lost half its warehouses, and nearly all its wharves. The neighbors report dire disaster to cattle buried in the ruins of the barns. Two men of our acquaintance were in a stable when

it fell, and were not extricated for fifteen minutes, but were both unhurt.

"I have lived here seventy year," says one old man, "and I never see the wind blow before; the last gale warn't nothin' to it," and he points dismally to his unroofed barn and his rows of uprooted apple-trees.

The groves are the saddest sight. Evergreens and birches of fifty years' growth lined our shores for miles, crowning the rocky bluffs with freshness and beauty. These now lie uprooted and broken; fir upon spruce, silver-birch upon pine, in mighty winrows of a giant's mowing, straight through from sea to clearings. Scarcely one tree of considerable size is left standing. The woods are impassable from the fallen trunks. Great firs lie snapped short off at the root, where the ground has proved too firm to allow them to be uprooted.

In New Brunswick, where the forest primeval still exists in patches, in fifty acres of original growth, only three trees are left standing; while the second growth being more pliable has suffered less, though fearfully injured.

In a cemetery at St. Stephen, N. B., in the centre of an ancient pine forest, the gardener estimates that a thousand trees have fallen. Here, hundreds lie prostrate. Whatever offered a surface to the wind is down. It is a piteous spectacle, the forest laid low, the growth of a century destroyed in a single night! The loss is irreparable.

The day brings news of dire disaster far and wide. Pembroke, Perry, Calais all have suffered.

Eastport, being exposed to the full force of the gale, is almost a ruin; its spires lie flat, its wharves are gone, some of its stores are washed away, the shipping has greatly suffered. One new barque going out of St. Andrews to seek a harbor, broke in two, and all on board perished. The damage to the fishing interest is incalculable. The small boats are broken to pieces, the drying houses, containing nets, lines, and cordage are destroyed, the shores are strewn with wrecks. The St. John papers report one hundred and forty bodies washed

ashore at Grand Menan. The steamer New York, lying at anchor at Lubea, in Rummery's Cove, which has always been esteemed a safe harbor, parted her iron cables like whipcord. The shock of the wind was so tremendous that the whole upper deck started, and the Captain is of opinion that had the moorings not given way, the saloon with all the passengers would have been washed overboard.

In this town a heavy rafter was blown from a fallen barn, and driven through the wall of a neighboring house, as if shot from a mortar. A brick house on a hill, in an exposed position, had the gable end blown in, all four of the chimneys blown down, and the roof torn to pieces. A barn was forced six feet from its foundations and only kept from falling down into the gully on whose edge it was built, by the support of the trees growing against it. A vessel on the stocks was blown bodily eight feet, when it fell, and crushed the frame so that it cannot be used in rebuilding it. The gable end of a new store, with no window in it, which had just been weather-boarded and painted, was driven com-

pletely in. A hogshead full of water was lifted quite across a door-yard. The church spire was moved two feet, and two of its pinnacles carried away.

At St. Stephens, N. B., one church was utterly destroyed and lies a shapeless ruin. The bell tower of the Episcopal church fell, having given forth several ominous tolls before it came crashing down.

It is needless to multiply instances of the power of the gale. It was a hurricane such as this region has never known. More befitting the tropics than this frigid section.

The people bear their heavy losses with singular equanimity. There is nobody to blame, and the disaster is so general, that one almost forgets individual distress in the general misfortune.

Truly, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," this has been the most uncanny, and though we must hope it has blown somebody good, it certainly has brought ill enough for one neighborhood.

To cheer our drooping spirits, two more gales for the 18th and 28th insts. are predicted; but let us hope that the prophecies are founded on less secure ground than that of Lieutenant Saxby.

THE DEATH BELL.

A REFULGENT noon filled all the world with splendor. The little clouds in these beautiful heavens looked like the white shoulders of swimmers in a lake of sapphire. But the doorway of the bell foundry of Breslau was low and arched, and here the sunbeams halted, as if they craved no commerce with the darkness and the gloomy vapors pervading the great vault within. Helena stopped, too, for she, like the sunbeams, seemed to dread familiarity with these ghastly shadows. As she stood in the archway, with her bright yellow hair rippling down over her crimson mantilla, one might have thought that Aurora had returned at noonday to chide the sun for confiscating all her dewdrops. This charming girl looked down eagerly into the foundry. She saw the great furnace

with its coruscations of blue flame, and the huge caldron wherein the molten metal for the new bell for the Magdalen church lay shimmering like a lake of gold; she saw the rays of lurid light darting up to the ceiling of the vault and clinging to all the beams as with bloody hands; but she saw no living soul within, for Reichert the founder and his artisans had gone to their midday meal; and the embryonic bell was apparently left to take care of itself. A shade of disappointment crossed her pretty face. "I thought he truly would have waited," she said, and was about to turn away, when a voice cried, "Helena, thou dear one, I am here," and presently there emerged in the twilight of the archway, a tall and handsome youth, who ran forward in great joy, and seized the maiden's

hands, and exclaimed, "I am glad thou art come. Thou shalt now descend into this black paradise of surprises, and behold all that thou hast been curious about so long."

"I thought, Fritz, that thou hadst left," she replied.

"Nay," said he. "How should I disappoint my dear one who wished to see our preparations for casting the bell? Be careful in passing down these steps. Our master has often promised to have them repaired; though, for my part, I had rather he should mend his temper than the steps. Let me take thy hand. So! Thou canst not see the way? Ah, trust me; I will neither falter nor mislead thee. Now will we mount this platform, where thou canst see that which will one day sound merrily over Breslau."

"Oh, how beautiful," she exclaimed; but, a slight emotion akin to a shudder disturbed her, and she said, "Perchance, Fritz, this bell may sound notes of woe for thee or for me."

At her feet lay the lake of shining metal, faintly palpitating in the intense heat. One could almost fancy the liquid was pellucid, so clear was the delusive shimmer upon its surface. Yet, while there was no visible impulse to give it motion, there were evidences of some mysterious yearnings that disturbed it. Inexplicable tremors, faint vibrations, as if responsive to harmonies inaudible to human ears, agitated the mass. One might detect pulsations. The metal was unable to tranquillize itself with these fiery raptures penetrating all its atoms. It trembled in delicious anguish. It writhed with the instinct for escaping as a brute in a cage writhes against the inexorable bars. It beat in little petulant ripples upon the sides of the caldron as upon a shore. It wanted to utter in waves and currents, and capricious eddies the delights of mobility; it would become fraternal with rolling floods of lava; it would unite in intention with tides, and cataracts, and all the flowing masses of the world. It murmured, and thrilled, and purred, and uttered little soft seductive sighs. Across its surface danced

innumerable sparkles, salamandrine flies, one would say; galaxies of emeralds, taking to themselves wings, could not sparkle more brilliantly. Now and then a minute fragment of scoria was shot up from the depth of the lake, and exploded in tiny meteoric showers; while round the margin fiery auroras were streaming.

"It is beautiful," repeated Helena.

"Ah, many a handsome face hath looked upon it," said Fritz, "but none so handsome as thine."

"What, do many visitors, come hither?"

"Yes, many of the highborn dames of Breslau come to see the molten metal for the bell. And pretty offerings, too, they throw into the caldron. One of them threw her bracelets all sparkling with gems into the mass; others have thrown in golden crosses. Yesterday a lady brought a great silver flagon. Some of the rich burghers' wives have brought massive silver candlesticks. Many have thrown in rings of dazzling beauty; I would I could ornament thy taper fingers with such toys. But chiefest of all that I grudged to this dragon bell, which in its fiery hunger hath swallowed so much, was a gold necklace given by the Syndic's daughter. Oh, it was of marvellous beauty and radiance; and as I saw it fly from her hands like a shooting star, rest a moment on the surface of the metal, and then dissolve away forever, I wished some gnome had rescued it for thee."

"Vex not thyself for such baubles," returned Helena. "The flowers thou gavest me last evening are dearer far to me than jewels, for thy kisses hover upon the petals and mix with the perfume. And this little cornelian cross of thine—see, I wear it close to my heart. Could I treasure it more lovingly if it were even of richer make?"

He knew not how to conceal his pleasure at these words. "I see—thou art pretending to love me," he said with a smile.

"And dost thou never pretend to love me?" she replied. As men add smiles to their love-jests, so women add to theirs a tear. Helena's eyes glistened as she spoke.

"But come," said he, "let us descend and see the mould wherein this monster bell is to be cast." And they stepped down from the platform to where huge masses of clay and sand, and cunning contrivances of iron and wood had been fashioned into a matrix for the bell. Above was the channel which was to convey the molten metal from the vent of the caldron to the mould.

Helena gazed at it with that sort of vague admiration which one feels for anything huge, ungainly and complicated, about which one understands nothing.

"Shouldst thou not like to see the great river of metal come flaming down the channel?" said Fritz, excited by a sudden suggestion of daring.

"That would I," replied Helena, clapping her hands with delight.

"What if I open the vent?" returned he.

"Yes, do it!" she cried. "Nay, do it not," she added with trepidation, seeing that he laid hold of a great maul, and was moving toward the caldron. "Nay, do it not. Thou knowest how harshly Reichert, thy master, deals with his men. His mouth will be full of evil speech when he returns, if thou shouldst meddle with the work."

Fritz scarcely heard her. A horrid excitement, that "wild delight punished by Nemesis," possessed him. He rushed up the steps toward the vent, swinging the maul in great curves as he went. The hammer descended with a crash upon the bars; with frantic glee he struck them one by one away; the flap fell, and in an instant the bright metal came roaring and hissing through the channel. Her eye was dazzled with the rapidity of its down-rush. In a short time the caldron was empty, and the mould full.

"It is accomplished," said Fritz, exultingly.

"Alas, I fear thou hast done wrong," replied Helena. "And now I hear the voice of the master."

Reichert indeed descended the steps of the vault. He cast a nod of recognition without cheerfulness towards Hele-

na. He moved towards the caldron; he noticed that smoke and vapor were thicker in the vault than usual.

"How now," he exclaimed to Fritz, "What art thou doing? See that all is going well with the metal. The bell must be cast this night."

"It is cast already," replied Fritz.

"Cast? What means it? What devil's prank hast thou been playing?"

"I have run the metal into the mould," said Fritz.

"Thou fool and maker of mischief, thou hast ruined me!" shrieked Reichert, in a burst of ungovernable fury. "Did I not forbid thee, on pain of death, to touch the vent? By Pluto, I will teach thee a lesson!" and he sprang upon the youth.

All the lurid shadows in the great arch above were moved with sudden frenzy. They shook red hands in ghostly deprecation; they beckoned for invisible witnesses; they moved hither and thither among the beams and rafters; they clutched at the unknown. Some of them lifted up a shadowy finger, as who should signal, "Hush! a tragedy is upon us!"

"Oh mercy, mercy!" screamed Helena. "Oh mercy, mercy!"

"No, none!" exclaimed the infuriated founder. "He hath disobeyed my orders and ruined my great work. As he hath blotted my fair fame, his life shall pay the penalty. Die, cursed meddler!"—and he plunged a dagger into the youth's heart. The blood of the murdered boy spirted over upon the mould, and gave a horrid baptism to the bell. The vault rang with Helena's piercing screams; but presently she sank insensible beside the corpse of her lover.

REICHERT was condemned to death. Gloomily he paced the prison cell; but all the terrors that surrounded his condition failed to bend that morose, indomitable spirit. He heard it related that on breaking away the mould, the bell was found a perfect casting, without flaw or defect. His workmen—but his no longer—were engaged in giving it the final touches of art, and masons and car-

penters were preparing the tower of the Magdalen church for its reception. With regrets he heard all these rumors, but without compunction.

The night before his execution he sent for his friend Von Tallien.

"You are come," he said, when the latter entered the cell, "to take your farewell of a man whom destiny has cruelly injured. There are compensations, it is said, in every life—but as for me, I can detect no such delicate arrangement in the world. What compensation is there for a ruined career, as mine is? No! Man, wretched man, is not protected by some amiable Being, whose motives of government are all sweet and friendly. Rather is he the offspring of savage, ruthless elements, which breed him after I know not what grotesque and hideous pairing. He is the brother of raging winds, of howling tempests, of cataclysms that rend the mountain bars; and his destiny, like theirs, is to be beaten about the world in endless agony and strife."

"Alas, my poor friend," answered Von Tallien, who was a good, conventional man, strangely contrasted (as is often the case in friendship) with the fiery Reichert, and who understood nothing of these bold arraignments of causes and forces, "Alas, my friend, think in this sad hour that your fellow-men have not been so merciless to you as you have been to yourself. Recollect that you did not use to control your temper. You were too hot, too hot. Think of this, and try to be humble and contrite; and so prepare yourself for the tribunal of Heaven."

"Contrite! humble! Let me hear no more of these degrading notions. Know this, I am a Man! I have faculties to play a part in the world. I am a great Artist! Should I renounce these sovereign powers and walk as an apologist for my being before sun and stars? Nay, let me descend to the fellowship of brutes, and like the ox be trained for slaughter—" he suddenly stopped. "Ha, what a pang! To that event I am indeed brought against my will."

Von Tallien was deeply moved by this passionate outburst, but, being the man

he was, felt naturally desirous of bringing the prisoner to a better frame of mind. With this idea he led back the conversation to the crime for which Reichert had been condemned.

"Against your will, and not against your will," said he. "It was of your own will that you took the life of another."

"He was unfaithful, and deserved death," was Reichert's response. "To please a girl, he risked the ruin of my greatest work. Such an act, I repeat, deserved death."

"Oh," exclaimed Von Tallien in a shocked and deprecating tone.

"Yes, it is just. The world has too many of these inconsiderate idlers, who go about marring the works of others. Some of them should leave it. When they have done their worst, 'Oh, it was a jest!' they say—as if that consoled one. Draco punished all offences with death. I, at least, would thus punish an injury to a work of art."

"But your bell was found perfect. Nothing could have succeeded better," said Von Tallien.

"Oh! misery, I know it. Failure would have been the vindication of all my cares. For, indeed with what secret fear and delight, I looked forward to that casting! How many times a day I ran over in my mind every precaution, every expedient that might ensure success. By night my dream, by day my whole employ! At last, every thing was ready. The crowning moment came, and another, a meddling servant, steps in and defrauds me of my rightful triumph as an artist. I say," he cried, striking his fist upon the table where his fetters made a loud jangling, "I say, it is an affront of Fate."

He sat down, and covered his face with his hands. Von Tallien was confused and perplexed; he knew not how to deal with this troubled haughty spirit.

The silence that ensued was broken by the entrance of a janitor who came to announce that visitors must leave the prison. Von Tallien again recommended religious ideas to his friend. "Let me beseech you," he said, "by the love

we have borne one another, to soften your disposition. Confess that you have done wrong. Confession is a life-preserver thrown out by conscience to save the soul from drowning in the gulfs of selfishness."

"No more!" said Reichert imperiously. "Never will I confess that man can do wrong in vindicating his honor—especially the artist. Let it pass. We must part. But still before you go, there is a request which I would have you convey to my tormentors. Ask them to have the bell secured in its place in the Magdalen tower this night, that I may at least hear its voice before I die. And henceforth let it toll at the death of every one who is brought to such an end as I am."

Von Tallien promised to use his influence with the council for these objects, and so prepared to leave his unfortunate friend for ever. He was unable to repress his emotion, and parted from him in a paroxysm of grief.

The workmen engaged in the Magdalen tower hurried to the completion of their task, but it was not till the next day that the work was accomplished—indeed, the bell was only just fixed as the mournful procession left the prison. The executioner, the priests, the officers of the prison, the council of the city, in the midst of them the prisoner guarded by two soldiers, moved along through the crowd, and reached the foot of the Rabeustein, "the hill of death."

Then it was that Reichert heard sweet and melancholy notes pour forth from

the Magdalen tower, and raising his eyes saw the new bell swinging like a censurer, and laden with sound as with a perfume.

The spectators spoke to each other of the singular circumstance that a man should go to make a bell, and afterwards hear it tolled for his own death. A creeping terror began to agitate their souls. They thought so strange an event boded evil to them. Meanwhile the bell became shriller and more clamorous. It filled all the air with passionate appeals. Sometimes it pleaded for pity, sometimes it shrieked for revenge, then it changed to doleful lamentation; finally one of the listeners declared that its cadences seemed very like low mocking laughter.

Reichert heard all these sounds. His heart was torn with contending emotions; he knew not himself, nor his thoughts. Indistinguishable reveries whirled together in a vortex of pride, shame, agony, and regret. "For this I labored," he said. Then the bell seemed to moan of remorse. It thrilled him to the soul. He thought of the youth he had slain: "Oh, thou unhappy boy, I pity thee," he cried. The tears gushed into his eyes, and poured down his cheeks. The people seeing his lips move as he sat down on the "bloody seat" thought he was praying, and said he would make a good end.

The executioner lifted his sword. A silence fell upon the lips of men and the hearts of women. In a moment all was over.

THE STORY OF CRAZY MARTHA.*

[FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF JACQUES JASMIN.]

[This little drama commences in 1798, at Lafitte, a pretty hamlet situated on the banks of the Lot, near Olairac, and terminates in 1802. At this last period, Martha, bereft of her reason, escaped from the village, and was often afterwards seen in the streets of Agen, an object of public pity, begging her bread, and flying in terror from the children who cried out after her,—“*Maltro, un soldat!*” (*Martha, a soldier!*) The author confesses that more than all others, in his childhood he pursued poor Martha with his sarcasms: he little dreamed that one day his muse, inspired by the wretched lot of the poor idiot, would owe to her one of his most exquisite creations. Martha died in 1834.]

I.

Drawing the Lot.—Two different hearts.

—*The Cards never lie.—The Conscript.—The Oath.*

Nor far from the banks which the pretty little river Lot bathes with the cool kisses of its transparent waters, there lies, half concealed by the feathering elms, a small cabin. There, on a beautiful morning in April, sat a young girl deep in thought; it was the hour when in the neighboring town of Tournains, a band of robust young men were awaiting in suspense the result of the army draft which was to decree their fate. For this the young girl waited too. With uplifted eyes, she breathed a prayer to the good God: then, not knowing what to do with herself, how to contain her impatience, she sat down; she got up, only to sit down again. One might see that she was in an agony of suspense; the ground seemed to burn the soles of her feet. What did it all mean? She was beautiful; she had every thing that heart could wish; she possessed a combination of charms not often seen in this lower world,—delicate erect figure, very white skin, black hair, and, with these, an eye as blue as the

sky itself. Her whole appearance was so refined that, on the *plains*, peasant as she was, she was regarded as a born lady by her peasant companions. And well did she know all this, for beside her little bed there hung a bright little mirror. But to-day she has not once looked into it. Most serious matters absorb her thoughts; her soul is strangely stirred; at the slightest sound she changes suddenly from marble hue to violet.

Some one enters; she looks up; it is her friend and neighbor, Annette. At the first glance you could not fail to see that she too was in trouble, but at a second, you would say,—“it is very manifest that the evil, whatever it is, only circles around her heart, and does not take root there.”

“You are happy, Annette,” said Martha, “speak; have the lots been drawn? have they escaped? *is he free?*”

“I know nothing yet,” replied Annette, “but take courage, my dear; it is already noon, we shall very soon know. You tremble like a jonquil, your face frightens me. Suppose the lot should fall upon Jacques, and he should be obliged to go away; you would die, perhaps?”

“Ah! I cannot tell!”

“You are wrong, my friend; die! what a baby you are. I love Joseph, if he has to go, I should be sorry; I should shed a few tears; I would wait for his return, without dying. No young man ever dies for a girl; not a bit of it; and they are right. There is truth in the couplet,—

My lover when he goes away
Loses far more than I who stay.

A truce to your grief, then. Come, if you feel equal to it, let us try our luck by the cards. I did this morning, and it all came out right for me; so it will for you. See how calm I am; come, to

* See “Last of the Troubadours,” in *Putnam's Magazine* for October, 1869.

console you, let us see what the lucky cards will say."

So the buoyant young girl makes her friend sit down, checks for a moment her own wild spirits, gracefully spreads a small piece of shining taffeta, and takes the cards in her hands. The suffering heart of Martha stops for a season its fierce throbs; she gazes with eager eyes; she ceases to tremble; she is inspired with hope. Then both girls,—the light-hearted Annette and the loving Martha, repeat together the well-known refrain,—

"Cards so beautiful and fair,
Lighten now a maiden's care;
Knave of clubs and Queen of love,
To our cause propitious prove."

One after another the cards are turned up, placed in piles, then put together and shuffled. Out them three times; it is done. Ah, a good sign, first comes a king. The girls are a perfect picture—two mouths breathless and speechless; four eyes smiling and yet awe-struck, follow closely the motion of the fingers. Upon the lips of Martha a sweet smile slowly rests, like a fairy flower. The queen of hearts is turned up; then the knave of clubs. If now a black malignant spade appears, Jacques will be saved. Seven spades are already out; only one remains in the pack; there is nothing to fear. The beautiful dealer is smiling, is joking—stop! like a grinning skull cast into the midst of a festive crowd, the *Queen of Spades* comes up to announce dire misfortune!

Hark! on the highway, the noisy drum strikes in like a mocking laugh, mingled with the strains of the shrill fife, and wild bursts of song. It is easy to guess that these are the happy fellows who have escaped the draft; whom the great moloch of war, with a lingering touch of pity is going to leave to the country. Here they come in two long lines, dancing, leaping, each one wearing in his hat his lucky number. Soon a crowd of mothers gathers around them, many weeping for joy, and some for grief.

What a moment for the two young girls whom the cards have just smitten

with sorrow. The noisy group comes nearer still. Martha, wishing to put an end to the torturing suspense, flies to the little window, but immediately recoils, utters a faint cry, and falls cold and fainting beside Annette who is herself shivering with fear. The cards had not deceived them. In the midst of the lucky crowd whose lives are saved to their country stands *Joseph*. *Jacques* was not there; he had drawn "number 8."

Two weeks pass, and the light-hearted Annette steps out at the threshold of the flower-bedecked church, fast married to Joseph; while in the house of mourning, Jacques, the unhappy conscript, with tears in his eyes, and a knapsack on his shoulders, bids farewell to his betrothed, in touching words, as she stands overwhelmed with grief. "Martha," he says, "they compel me to depart; happiness deserts us, but take courage; men come back from the wars. You know I have nothing, no father, no mother; I have only you to love. If Death spares my life, it belongs to you. Let us hope, still hope for the happy day when I shall lead you to the marriage altar like a gift of love flowers."

II.

A Great Sorrow.—Martha snatched from the tomb.—The handsome Girl-Merchant.—Jacques will find a rival.

THE beautiful month of May, whose new birth brings universal pleasure, king of all the months, let it wear the crown, and surround itself with joys! The month of May has come again. Upon the hill-side, and in the valleys, happy hearts unite to chant its praises; it comes softly and sweetly, and, like lightning it is gone. But, while it lasts, everywhere is heard the sound of melodious song; everywhere you behold happy festive groups entwining in the joyous dance.

At length the spring is past, and while its pleasures still linger in the groves and fields, in yonder little cabin, one sweet and lonely voice thus moans in a song of sorrow: "The swallows have come back; up there are my two in their

nest; they have not been parted as we have. Now they fly down; see, I can put my hand upon them. How sleek and pretty they are; they still have upon their necks the ribbons which Jacques tied there on my last birthday, when they came to peck from our united hands the little golden flies we had caught for them. They loved Jacques. Their little eyes are looking for him just where I am sitting. Ah! you may circle round my chair, poor birds, but Jacques is no longer here. I am alone, without a friend, weeping for him, weary too, for the friendship of tears fatigues itself. But stay with me; I will do everything to make you love me. Stay, dear birds that Jacques loved; I want to talk to you of him. They seem to know how their presence consoles me. They kiss each other, happy little things. Kiss, a long kiss; your joy is balm to my heart. I love them, for they are faithful to me, as Jacques also is. But no one kills swallows; men only kill each other. Why does he write no more? *Mon Dieu!* who knows where he is; I always feel as if some one is going to tell me that he is dead. I shudder; that terrible fear chokes my heart. Holy Virgin, take it away; the fever of the grave is burning me up; and oh! good Mother of God, I want to live if Jacques still lives! Where are you, beautiful swallows? Ah, my grief has been too noisy; I have frightened you away. Come back, and bring me happiness; I will mourn more softly. Stay with me, birds whom Jacques loved, for I must talk to you of him."

Thus, day after day, mourned the orphan girl her lover's absence. Her old uncle, her only guardian, beheld her sorrow, and was grieved. She saw him weeping, and dissembled her own pain to chase away his tears. She tried to keep her troubles hidden from the world, that frivolous, heartless world which is ready to find evil in every thing; which laughed at her sorrows, and had no sympathy with them. At length, when All Saints' Day came round, they saw two wax candles burning for the dying, on the Virgin's altar, and when the

priest said: "Death is hovering over the couch of a young and suffering girl; good souls pray for poor Martha," every one bent his head in shame, and out of every heart came the *Paters* bathed in tears.

But she will not die; it was the dark hour before the dawn. Grim Death may fill up his new-made grave. Her uncle, at her bedside, has said but one word; it sinks into her heart. That sweet word has brought her back to life; she is saved! The fire comes back to her eye, her blood begins to course again under her white skin. Life returns in great tidal waves of light. "Everything is ready, my child," says her smiling uncle, and her answer is: "Yes, let us work, let us work." Then, to the astonishment of every one, Martha requiethened, lives for another love, —the *love of money!* She craves money, she is a miser, money is her only concern. She would coin it with her own blood. Well, hard work will give money to every brave hand, and Martha's hand is more than brave.

Under the rustic archway, who is that girl-merchant, rousing the hamlet with her chatter and noise; who is buying and selling incessantly? That is Martha; how every one praises her, so good, so complaisant, so charming. Her buyers increase in numbers like a rolling ball of snow. Yesterday she had twenty, to-day forty. Gold pours down upon her little arcade. Thus a year passes. Martha is happy while she works, for Jacques is not dead. No, he has been seen more than once in the army. Sometimes when the report of a battle arrives, her arm drops, and her eye loses its light; but her courage soon returns if rumor makes no mention of a regiment which is always in her thoughts.

One day her uncle says to her: "In order to attain your long desired happiness, you need a thousand pistoles, and you will soon have them. A little pile soon becomes large. We need not sell the cottage. Look at your money box. With the proceeds of my vineyard, and what you have already earned, you have already more than half the sum. Have

patience for six months more. Why! my child, happiness costs time and labor and money. You have nearly three quarters. Finish the good work yourself. I am content; before I die I hope to see you perfectly happy.

Alas, the poor old man was mistaken. Two weeks later, death closed his eyes, and Martha sat in the churchyard, weeping upon his grave. There, one evening, she was heard to murmur: "My strength is exhausted; sainted spirit of my loving uncle, I can wait no longer; forgive me; the good priest sanctions the act;" and, without delay, to the astonishment of the villagers, furniture, shop, house, all that she possesses change hands. She sells everything, except a gilded cross, and the rose-colored dress with little blue flowers in which Jacques loved to see her. She had wanted silver, she was now laden with gold; her thousand pistoles are in her hand; but so young and inexperienced as she is, what is she going to do with them? "What is the poor child going to do with them," do you ask? The very thought lacerates my heart. She goes out; she seems, as she leaves her little home, an impersonation of the angel of sorrow slowly rising towards happiness, which is beginning to smile upon her flight. That is not a flash of lightning; it is her little foot which with lightning speed spurns the path. She enters the quiet little house, where sits a man with hair as white as snow; it is the priest, who welcomes her with an affectionate air. "Good father," she cries, falling on her knees, "I bring you my all. Now you can write and purchase his freedom. Don't tell him who it is that buys his ransom; he will guess it soon enough. Don't even mention my name, and don't tremble for me. I have strength in my arm. I can work for a living. Good father, have pity; bring him back to me!

III.

The Country Priest.—The Young Girl's happiness—Jacques is free.—Return of Jacques.—Who would have thought it?

I LOVE the country priest. He does

not need, like the city pastor, in order to make men believe in the good God, or the wicked devil, to exhaust his strength in proving, with the book open before him, that there is a Paradise as well as a Hell. Around him all men believe; every one prays. In spite of this they sin, as we all do everywhere. Let him however but elevate his cross, and evil bows before him; the new-born sin is nipped in the bud. From his every-day seat, the wooden bench, nothing escapes his sight. His bell drives far off the hail and the thunder. His eyes are always open upon his flock. The sinner evades him: he knows it, and he goes in search of the sinner. For offences he has pardon, for griefs a soothing balm. His name is on every lip, a blessed name; the valleys resound with it. He is called, in each heart, the great physician for trouble. And this is the reason that Martha went to him with hers, and found a balm. But from the obscure centre of his little parish, the man of God was far better able to detect sin and drive away malignant thoughts, than to find the nameless soldier, in the heart of an army, who had not written a word of inquiry or information for three years, especially when, to the sound of cymbal, trumpets and cannon, six hundred thousand excited Frenchmen were proudly marching to conquer all the capitals of Europe. They shattered all obstructions, they put to flight all who stood against them, and only stopped to take breath upon the foreign soil, that they might go on to further and greater conquests.

It is true that during the past spring Martha's uncle had written often, but the army had just then made a triple campaign; Jacques, they learned, had been transferred to another regiment. Some one had seen him in Prussia; another, elsewhere in Germany. Nothing definite was known about him. He had no relatives, for, let the truth be told, the fine fellow had no parents. He had come out of that asylum where a throng of infants live upon the public pity which takes the place of a mother. As a boy he had been long searching for

his mother, but never could find her. He had an ardent desire to be loved, and as he knew he was loved at Lafitte, had it not been for the war, he would have lived and died there.

And now, leaving the good priest to his benevolent task, let us turn aside into a very humble cottage, where poor Martha is hard at work. What a change! Yesterday she had her *trousseau*; there was gold in her wardrobe. To-day she has nothing but her stool, a thimble, a needle-case and a spinning wheel. She spins and sews incessantly. We need not lament that she is tiring her fingers; when she was rich, she wept; now that she is poor, she smiles constantly. Jacques will be saved for a long and happy life; and life, liberty, everything he will owe to her, and her alone. How he will love her! and where one loves and is loved, poverty is powerless. How happy she is; the cup of her future is crowned with honey; already has her heart tasted its first, rich, overflowing drop. Every thing is flowering around her. Thus she works on from week to week, sipping drops of honey amid waves of perfume. Her wheel whirls without ceasing, and hope is entwining as many cloudless days in the future, as her bobbin spins out armfuls of wool, and her needle makes points in the cloth.

You may be sure that all this is well known in the meadow-lands. All the people are now enlisted in her cause. In the clear nights she has serenades, and garlands of flowers are hung upon her door. In the morning the girls come with loving eyes to give her little presents of sympathy and esteem.

One Sunday morning, the dear old priest comes to her after mass, his face beaming with joy, and in his right hand an open letter. He is trembling, but more with joy than with age. "My daughter," he cries, "Heaven has blest thee and answered my prayers; I have found him; he was in Paris. It is accomplished; Jacques is free. He will be here next Sunday, and he has not a suspicion of your part in this matter. He thinks that his mother has at last

come to light; that she is rich and has purchased his freedom. Let him come, and when he knows that he owes every thing to you, how much you have done for him, he will love you more than ever, more than any one except God. My dear daughter, the day of your reward is about to dawn; prepare your heart for it. Jacques will surely come, and when that happy hour arrives, I want to be near you. I want to make him understand, in the presence of all the people, how happy he ought to be in being loved by such an angel as you." We are told that blest spirits in Paradise are bathed in bliss when they hear the harmonies of heaven. Such is the joy of Martha as these words sink into her heart.

But the Sunday has arrived. All nature shines in green and gold under the beautiful sun of June. Crowds are singing everywhere. It is a double festival for all. The clock strikes noon; leaving the holy altar, the good old priest advances with the loving pure-faced girl. Her eyelids droop over her azure eyes, she is timid and speechless; but an inner voice cries, "happiness." The crowd gathers around her. All is grand; you would say that the whole country-side is awaiting the arrival of a great lord. Thus marshalled, they go forth from the village, and with laughing joy take their post at the entrance of the highway.

There is nothing to be seen in it; nothing at the far end of that road-furrow; nothing but the shadows checkered by the sunlight. Suddenly a small black point appears; it increases in size, it moves, it is a man; two men, two soldiers; the latter, it is he! How well he looks; how he has grown in the army! Both continue to advance; the other,—who is he? he looks like a woman. Ah, it is a woman; how pretty and graceful she is, dressed like a *cantinière*. A woman! my God! and with Jacques? where can she be going? Martha's eyes are upon her, sad as the eyes of the dead. Even the priest, who escorts her, is trembling all over. The crowd is dumb. They approach still

nearer; now they are only twenty paces off, smiling and out of breath. But what now! Jacques has suddenly a look of pain; he has seen Martha! * * * Trembling, ashamed, he stops. The priest can contain himself no longer. With the strong, full voice with which he confounds the sinner, he cries: "Jacques, who is that woman?" and, like a criminal, lowering his head, Jacques replies, "Mine, M. le Curé, mine; I am married."

A woman's scream is heard; the priest returning to himself, and frightened for Martha, "My daughter," he said, "Courage! here below we all must suffer." But Martha does not even sigh. Everybody looks at her; they think she is going to die. She does not die, she even seems to console herself. She curtsies graciously to Jacques, and then bursts out into a wild mad laugh. Alas, she was never to laugh again otherwise: the poor thing is mad. At the words which issued from the lips of her unfaithful lover, the poor sufferer had at once lost her reason never to regain it.

When Jacques learned all, he fled the

country. They say that mad with remorse, he reëntered the army, and like a lost spirit weary of his wretched existence, he flung it away at the cannon's mouth. Be that as it may, what is true, alas, too true! is that Martha escaped from friendly vigilance one night, and ever since, for thirty years past, the poor idiot has been periodically seen in our village stretching out her hands for our charity. In Agen, people said as she passed, "Martha has come out again; she must be hungry." They knew nothing about her, and yet every one loved her. Only the children, who have no pity for anything, who laugh at all that is sad, would cry out, "*Martha, a soldier!*" when she, with a mortal fear of soldiers, would fly at the sound.

And now you all know why she shuddered at these words. I, who have screamed them after her more than a hundred times, when I heard the touching story of her life, would like to cover her tattered frock with kisses. I would like to ask her pardon on my knees. I find nothing but a tomb. * * * * I cover it with flowers.

WEAPONS FOR COMBAT WITH FIRE.

LITTLE attention was given, until within a few centuries, to the improvement of means for extinguishing fires. In the ancient, as in the modern cities of the Mediterranean, buildings were usually constructed with floors of earth, stone, or pottery, and without the extensive use of wood, either in interior or exterior decoration. The climate being mild, it was rarely necessary to heat the rooms, although when requisite the object was accomplished by fires that were made upon the bare floors, the coals being swept out immediately before the apartments were occupied. Even at the present day there are no fireplaces in the Vatican, and when the late Queen of Naples sought asylum in it, the only means of offering her a warm reception were such as could be supplied by foot-stoves. Conditions of this sort

rendered accidental fires in the cities of antiquity, comparatively rare. A large proportion of those of the present day originate in connection with the improved methods now customarily employed in heating buildings. Modern discovery has also brought in the train of its benefits, nearly all the materials that most commonly occasion conflagrations, or increase their violence. Friction-matches, distilled liquors, kerosene, illuminating gas, in fact, nearly all the explosive and inflammable substances of chemistry and the arts, are of recent birth. Even the distribution of metal pipes throughout modern buildings, by serving to attract lightning, increases the danger of fire.

There is evidence that the ancients were provided with some contrivances for extinguishing flames, although with

principal reference to occasions where fire was employed by an adversary in sieges or naval engagements. Fiery missiles and what was known as "Greek Fire," were not uncommon in ancient warfare. The germ of the fire-engine seems to have been a two cylinder force-pump constructed in Egypt by Ctesibius, the inventor of the *clepsydra*, rather more than a century before the Christian era. The dark ages did not produce many improvements. "Instruments of fire, or water syringes," are mentioned in the records of Augsburg, A. D. 1518, but the modern fire-engine was invented by Hautsch of Nuremberg. A machine of his construction was described in 1657, as consisting of a water-cistern and a force-pump, whereby twenty-eight men raised a column of water one inch in diameter, to an elevation of eighty feet.

Some commentators think an instrument called the "*hama*," used at fires, mentioned by Pliny and Juvenal, was a sort of grapple fixed upon a pole; in short, the ancestor of our hook-and-ladder concerns. The lineage of the hose-cart can be definitely traced. Apollodorus, the architect of Trajan's bridge across the Danube, suggested attaching to a bag filled with water, a tube formed of the intestines of an ox. During fires water was to be forced upward through the tube by subjecting the bag to pressure. It was reserved for two natives of Amsterdam, each having the same name, Jan Vanderheide, to substitute the outside for the inside of the animal in the manufacture of hose. Fifteen and a half centuries preceded the discovery that there is nothing like leather. Augustus Cæsar has the credit of creating a fire department. It consisted of seven bands of firemen: Two divisions of the city of Rome constituted the fire district for each band, and the prefect of the watch was the superintendent of the entire body. Did the helmet ornamented with an eagle, essential to the costume of our fire-laddies, thence originate?

Special regard was paid during the middle ages, to preventing the spread of fire. The curfew bell was the offspring

of legislation having reference to this purpose. Curfew is a corruption, of *couvre feu*, and refers to the notice thus given after sundown, requiring burning wood or turf to be covered with ashes, in order to prevent accident during the hours of darkness. Antiquated enactments compelling the extinction of all fires on shipboard when entering port, remain in force in many places at the present time. Marseilles and Bordeaux were noted for the stringency of such regulations. Yet, although cold meals have thus been inflicted for hundreds of years upon the voyager coming thither by sea, the precaution did not avail for the exclusion of modern occasions of accident. A few weeks ago, a man standing on the deck of a vessel used to convey naphtha or kerosene, having lighted his cigar, dropped a burning match, and thereby started a conflagration that consumed property valued at not less than a million of dollars. The earlier reports erroneously stated that the fire originated in a barge containing petroleum; but it was afterwards ascertained that the vessel laden with that fluid was the only one that floated almost unharmed amid that scene of devastation. We are accustomed to regard the cities of our Western States, where blocks of wooden buildings, locally denominated "frame ranges," come into existence in ten days and blaze up in a night, as the appropriate territory of the consuming element. But Yeniseiski, a Russian city of 40,000 inhabitants, was thus destroyed during the present year; and a town in Hungary called Radosin, burned down in less than an hour. In the latter instance, twenty-one children perished in the flames, one hundred and thirty buildings were consumed, and only a church, the bishop's palace, and five smaller structures remained standing.

There can be no doubt, but that the long immunity from serious conflagrations enjoyed in many parts of Europe, should be enumerated among the obstacles to the introduction of improvements in machinery, and methods for extinguishing fire. The primitive arrangements there in use, offer strong points of

contrast with the enterprise exhibited in these matters in this country. A few water-butts on wheels constitute the entire fire-apparatus in some continental cities of not inconsiderable size and importance. An American, describing the recent destruction of the Royal Theatre in Dresden, thinks that the inefficiency exhibited on that occasion would have rendered the scene an enjoyable farce, had there not been imminent danger of an irreparable loss to art in the proximity of the famous Zwinger gallery of pictures. With us, we read without surprise of elaborate and costly preparations for such emergencies, even in the cities of newly-settled States. Thus in St. Paul, Minnesota, a fire-cistern is in process of excavation in the sandstone of the river bluff that will have a capacity of fifty thousand gallons.

The fire-engines to be worked by hand, made in this country, surpassed similar machines elsewhere. One of the earliest, in Pawtucket, R. I., sent up an inch stream vertically one hundred and eighty-four feet, while at the same time employed in drawing its own water. More extraordinary successes have been attained in the competitive trials that once delighted the volunteer firemen of our large cities, and a spurt of upwards of two hundred feet with an inch and a quarter stream is named among the results. There never was a finer gymnastic exercise invented than the muscular effort called forth by the brakes of a New York engine; the performances on some of those of Western construction, where the men sat at their work and went through something like rowing, seemed tame in comparison. It was not a lazy ambition that incited young America to run with the machine. Had not the old apparatus been superseded, it might have attracted the attention of the Sorosis. It is mentioned among the incidents of a recent fire in Brattleboro, that a number of ladies assisted to "man the brakes," and that their efforts were crowned with unequivocal success.

The superior excellence of steamers and paid fire-departments was admitted for years before they took the place

of the old system. One steamer to about fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants is said to be the average requirement in those cities that have been supplied. A series of years may be required to demonstrate by statistics, the diminution in annual losses by fire, yet there must be already a change for the better wherever the new machines have been introduced. Steam sufficient for working is obtained while they are driven through the streets, and usually within four or five minutes from the time of lighting the fire beneath the boilers. Their capacity for flinging continuously twelve or fifteen hundred gallons of water per minute to a height of more than two hundred feet, while at the same time drawing or forcing it an equal distance through hose, should afford abundant means, if properly applied, to quench anything short of the final conflagration.

It is yet too soon to inquire whether the steam fire-engine will itself be superseded by other inventions. There is a water-system urged as a substitute, to be used wherever there is a fall of water sufficient to drive a force-pump by means of a turbine. Orders are conveyed by telegraph, and water having an extraordinary pressure, is directed by a system of valves to the hydrants nearest the fire. In a recent experiment in Lockport, N. Y., it is said that with a fall of nineteen feet, a stream was thus obtained from a hydrant, which, after passing through one hundred feet of hose, reached in air the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. Water is certainly the natural antagonist of fire. M. Van Marum, in Holland, has shown that violent conflagrations can be extinguished with singularly small quantities of water, thrown first upon those parts of the fire that are nearest; the flames being so followed up as to wet successively each portion of the burning materials. Combustion usually ceases upon the exclusion of air, and this may be effected either by water, or by certain vapors, or gases, steam being among the number, whenever it is practicable to cover therewith the substances that are being consumed.

A fire-extinguisher invented by Greyf

was successfully exhibited about one hundred and fifty years ago, before the king of Poland and a large assemblage of nobles at Dresden, and its secret was purchased for a large sum of money. In England, it was known as the "water-bomb." The mode of use, was to throw the whole contrivance into the midst of a fire. It consisted of a vessel holding water, containing within, a metallic case filled with gunpowder. A fuse communicated with the exterior. Upon explosion in a room or close building, a fire was usually extinguished by the water thus scattered in every direction; but it failed in extensive conflagrations not enclosed by roofs or walls. A chemist named Godfrey tried medicating the water contained in it, probably using sal-ammoniac; but the improvement was not manifest.

The inventors of later years have revived the notion of substituting for plain water, certain solutions, the chlorides generally, and that of calcium in particular seeming to assist the process. It is not certain that such solutions might not damage goods more than water. At present soda water, containing carbonic acid under pressure, seems to be among the favorites. A sort of crucial experiment was made, not long since, in the upper part of this city, the test being the comparative time required for the extinction of equal quantities of similar burning materials by engines of the same class, one using water, and the other, a solution of some chemicals known only to the experimenter. The fires were extinguished simultaneously. Since then an exhibition with a fire-annihilator in the lower part of the city was pronounced a success. The arrest of an accidental fire in an oil refinery in Titusville, Pa., and of another in a hotel in St. Paul, Min., before gaining headway, are accredited to such machines.

Large fires, fairly under way, exhibit an intensity and power capable of destroying and sometimes even turning into food for flames, the most refractory building materials. It has been observed that brick walls bend and crack if exposed to fire on one side and water on the other;

iron beams and uprights, struck when hot by jets of water, have been known to give way instantly; thereby precipitating disaster more quickly than timber supports. During one of the great fires of San Francisco, it was noticed that structures of iron, surrounded by flames, suddenly burned up, blazing with a peculiar and vivid light; and water seemed rather to enhance the violence of their combustion. Such observations, and the use of steam blasts to intensify furnace heats, have suggested a theory that a dissociation of the elements of water, possible under such circumstances, may increase the fire. The objection to this is the probability that no more heat would be evolved by the combustion of the elements, than would be required to separate them. It smacks of the fallacy that lies at the bottom of the ingenious endeavors that empty the purses and wear out the souls of men who hope to construct a machine to demonstrate "perpetual motion." A singular accident displaying the capacity of iron for sudden ignition, happening in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, was reported by Dr. Frankland to the London Chemical Society. A pressure of twenty-five atmospheres, applied by mechanical means to oxygen gas, caused the explosion of a cast-iron gas holder. At the moment of the occurrence, the iron took fire, producing a shower of sparks. The broken fragments, subsequently examined were found blistered and oxidized by actual combustion, and half an inch of steel was burned off, of a connection of the apparatus. That the heat of flame may accomplish similar results in great fires, is indicated by scientific investigations resulting in estimating it as high as three or four thousand degrees Fahrenheit; and air rushes in to support combustion with such extreme violence, that frame buildings on the edge of a large fire have appeared to leave their foundations, moving in mass, as if sucked into the vortex of destruction.

The confusion inevitably attendant upon large fires, occasions a necessity for thorough organization in any system employed for their extinction. Throwing

mirrors out of windows while featherbeds are carefully carried down stairs, is the familiar illustration of the conduct of people unused to such emergencies. Last October, at a fire in Alton, Illinois, a grand and historic elm tree, the pride of the city, was endangered by the flames. A well-known German resident, sharing the general excitement of the occasion, was with difficulty prevented in an endeavor to hew down the ancient landmark with an axe, in order, he said, to save it to the city.

Various local affairs affect unfavorably the efficiency of our fire organizations. An English expert has lately attributed most of our existing defects in these matters, to the admixture of political interests, which, it must be admitted, cause undesirable entanglements in some localities. There was a statement recently published in a newspaper in another State, which, if true, illustrated the objectionable results of such alliances. To put it in a condensed form, there was believed to be an intention on the part of a Common Council, to appoint an engineer for a steam fire-engine who was totally ignorant of its construction and management, but was to be rewarded with that position for his services in influencing the votes of a Hose Company in favor of a candidate for local office.

The question whether governmental system or private enterprise is best adapted to controlling the means of extinguishing fire is differently decided in different places. In New Orleans, the whole business is in charge of an association under contract. A claim for compensation for its services may yet be before the courts, the association having sought the recovery of more than a hundred thousand dollars by attachment upon the funds of that city, lodged in bank for other purposes. The London Fire Brigade has grown out of the combination of separate establishments owned by the different Fire Insurance Companies. In Paris, the business is, of course, under imperial control; and in most European countries, fires are affairs of state, with which the people do not

interfere. It is a matter of current belief that in Turkey, the pious Mussulman folds his hands while his worldly possessions are being consumed, merely remarking, "Great is Allah." Whatever used to be the case, at present, in Constantinople, a good-sized garden-squirt is kept in the public bazaar. When fire occurs, certain men drop their ordinary occupation, and most of their clothing, so as to result in a uniform not entirely unlike that of our first parents. Seizing the machine, they place it on a hand-barrow which they carry with the poles on their shoulders, and proceed to the locality where the property of the Faithful is undergoing destruction. In at least one of the Chinese treaty-ports, the entire "force" marches to a fire preceded by a band and keeping step to oriental music. On arrival, before commencing operations, the roll is called, each member present answering to his name. The subsequent duties chiefly consist in conveying pailsful of water from the nearest place of supply.

The disastrous losses of life recently occasioned by fires, have called forth various suggestions in the public press. Upon steam-vessels there can be no question that a compulsory training of the crew by a daily exercise in the use of suitable apparatus would prove of efficient service when the actual emergency occurs. On the "Stonewall" a bucketful of water would have extinguished the fire, if applied during the first alarm; but, it is stated, the buckets, if there were any, were not to be found on board of that ill-fated steamboat. In this city, the attachment of fire-escapes to tenement-houses, enforced by legal enactment, though excellent in its way, is found insufficient. The means of safety must be extended to buildings of a different class, or else some other provision must be devised to protect their occupants. The fatal accidents to janitors and their families have painfully demonstrated the deficiency of existing arrangements. Whatever mode of relief is adopted, it should be applicable to every structure used as a habitation.

The Society for the Protection of Life from Fire in Loudon, an association sustained by private subscription, has saved, every year since its formation, a large number of lives. Its portable fire-escapes, kept ready in various parts of the city, put in an appearance at fires as regularly as fire-engines. This alone, would furnish business enough for a

large benevolent enterprise in this city. Our inventors offer many improvements in these life-saving contrivances. If kind hearts find a reward for effort and expenditure in the prevention of cruelty to animals, surely a nobler opportunity is afforded by the prospect of saving human beings from death in that form which is most abhorrent to our nature.

MY NOTION ABOUT THE HUMAN EAR.

OBSERVE, I do not say hypothesis, much less theory, but notion. Indeed, I am quite willing, if you prefer it, to say vaticination or vagary, for I am not scientific and do not wish to be misunderstood, or to provoke a controversy with Dr. Draper or any other distinguished physiologist.

Charles Lamb said he had no ear. I have not only an ear, but a notion about it. Lamb meant that he had no ear for music, and proves the falsity of his assertion by his rare appreciation of old English poetry, and by some not very bad verses of his own. My ear for music, particularly sacred music and jigs, is, in my opinion, a very good ear; but that is not what I am talking about.

By ear, I mean the external human ear. Did you ever look a long time at anybody's ear? Try it, some idle moment, and you will find that the "volute to the human capital," pleasing enough at first sight, becomes after a while a horrible, an appalling feature. The thing is so senseless, so unmeaning—or, rather, the meaning of all those curves, gulfs, prominences, depressions, ridges, and lastly that frightful shaft or tunnel which leads into the very brain itself—the meaning, I repeat, of all these is so far beyond your ken, that the outward ear, gazed at attentively for many minutes, becomes an awful and distracting thing.

You say that the object of the external ear is to collect the vibrations of the atmosphere, and convey them to the tympanum, which straightway beats an alarm to the soul and tells him to get up

out of his cerebral bed, and go to the optic window and see what that noise is about. But you know that a wind-sail, or huge cloth funnel, smooth inside, is the best thing to catch the air; and, if you had had the making of the external human ear, the wind-sail is precisely the model which you in your wisdom would have selected. Why, then, these elevations, *sulci*, and other irregularities of the human ear, to say nothing of those great flaps, which, in the elephant, seem almost to close up the *meatus auditorius*? This, and other such questions, perplex you, and make the external ear fatiguing, to say the least of it, to your mind.

As for the internal ear beyond the tympanum, with its chain of little bones, *malleus*, *incus*, *os orbiculare*, and *stapes*; then the *fenestra ovalis*, next the vestibule, next again that strange spiral cavity called the *cochlea*, with its wonderful cylindrical cavities or tubes, semi-circular in form, two of which are horizontal and one vertical, and, lastly, that mysterious liquid within them, in which the *fibrilla* of the auditory nerve, proceeding from the fourth ventricle of the brain, ramifies and terminates—as for this internal ear, who does not know that it is infinitely more wonderful and incomprehensible than the cartilaginous flap outside. The doctors are completely nonplussed by it. It is easy enough to understand how the vibrations of the tympanum, occasioned by the undulations of the air, may be transmitted through the little bony chain just mentioned, to the fluid in the semi-circular canals of the vestibule, and thence to the

little dangling, or, rather, floating ends of the auditory nerve; "but any further uses of this extraordinary and complicated mechanism," the physiologists may well say, "are utterly beyond our knowledge." For one may readily see with the mind's eye the ravellings, as it were, of the auditory nerve undulating in unison with the wavelets of the strange liquid in which they float; but how and in what manner the undulations of these nerve-threads become what we call *sound*, interpretable, or in speech, or beyond interpretation, as in divinest music, is indeed what Tyndall rightly says of it, "unthinkable." And when one begins to think about the unthinkable, the sensation is too disagreeable to be long borne. We will, therefore, get back to our "notion," which is thinkable enough.

How I came by my notion, which, I flatter myself, is peculiarly my own—as much so almost as a veritable discovery in the domain of physics—is not at all clear to me. To the best of my recollection, it occurred in this wise: In the year 1842, there lived in the little mountain city of L—— a certain Dr. B——, who had a son named Tom, who was a particular friend of mine. One autumn afternoon—I am positive as to the time—I went to pay my regular daily visit to Tom. Now, Tom was lazy, and spent most of his afternoons in his father's office, lying at full length on the sofa, sometimes reading, more often sleeping. Not finding Tom at his accustomed post, I hunted about on his father's bookshelves for something to beguile the time until his return, and it so happened that my hand fell upon an elementary work on physiology. This book I borrowed and never returned—the usual mode of literary theft—and from it, in some roundabout way, I derived my notion; but *how* precisely I cannot tell. The book, together with many others, was stolen in turn from me many years ago, and I am unable to refer to it. Of its contents I remember literally nothing, except a picture of the four cardinal temperaments—sanguine, bilious, nervous, and lymphatic. There may have

been some physiognomical hints thrown out in its pages, but I am unable to recall any one of them, and I am very sure that, among those hints, not one word was said about the ear. Nevertheless, I am willing to swear, were it necessary, that from that book came my notion about the human ear; not an ill-defined notion either, but an *a priori dictum* of the "pure reason," sharp in outline and disengaged clearly from the very first.

But what is this wonderful notion? I will not keep you much longer in suspense; but, in order to make my meaning plainer, one or two preliminary statements are necessary. First: there is an almost infinite variety of ears, and each of these ears according to the well-known physiological law, that "form indicates function," has a precise though as yet imperfectly-ascertained value as a sign or indication of character. In other words, the ear, as to its shape, is not an accidental, purposeless, and unmeaning appendage, but, in common with the features of the face proper (which, being more mobile and full of expression, have been more carefully studied), is an index of the natural disposition, and as accurate an index as the eye or the mouth. This must seem an absurd statement to any but the expert in the study of ears, if, happily, such expert, beside myself, exists in the United States. Were it incumbent on me to defend this apparently absurd statement, I might refer to President Barnard's late lecture on the microscope, in which it is gravely stated that the entire structure and habits of an extinct mammal or saurian may be rigorously determined by the inspection of a fragment of fossil bone invisible to the naked eye. That mysterious vital force, which, from cells almost identical in appearance, develops this into the oak and that into the man, must of necessity have the power to co-ordinate each separate molecule, fixing by inexorable law its exact place in the general organism, and thus and thus only accomplishing the great work of distinct genera, species, and individuals. Viewed in this light, no part of the body is with-

out its significance, and even palmistry ceases to be the absurdity which we have been accustomed to think it. Hence I affirm again that the ear is a sign, and not a very unimportant one, of character.

Second: in proof of my affirmation I will cite only the fact which has been current from time immemorial, that a certain kind of ear is deemed indicative of a thievish disposition. This may be, and probably is, in many instances, a popular fallacy; but I defy you to look attentively at a man's little, pinched ear, driven, as it were, into the head, and not form an unfavorable opinion of the owner's character. You are forced, by infallible instinct, to form this opinion; and however often the "correction of reason" and long acquaintance with the individual may induce you to accuse yourself of hasty generalization, I, for my part, will still give my voice in favor of instinct as against reason, and contend that the mean-eared man is mean at bottom, and will forever remain mean, in spite of the decorous restraint which society has imposed upon him. At all events, my experience in ears has made me very hopeless of those to whom nature has denied well-shaped external organs of hearing.

And now you are, I trust, prepared in a measure to receive my "notion," so long withheld and so cautiously approached. It is this: the external human ear is a sign or mark of the money-making or wealth-accumulating (for there is a distinction between these two) faculty; as much or more so than the "organ of acquisitiveness," so called; for I am no phrenologist, but hold with Oliver Wendell Holmes, that you may as easily tell the amount of money in an iron safe by fumbling the knobs, as tell the quantity and quality of a man's sense by feeling the bumps on his head. I repeat, the external ear is a mark of the wealth-accumulating faculty, more so than any fancied internal "organs." I am prepared to go further, and to say that, without a certain conformation of the external ear, you cannot accumulate and retain (you may make it) money, and with

that conformation you cannot help accumulating it.

What do you think of that?

I am in earnest.

Do not say that I am injuring my case by the extreme position which I have taken, because I am ready and willing to declare, not that the ear makes money, any more than the eye itself sees, but that the external ear is as truly the organ of money-making as the eye is the organ or instrument of vision. If this statement be preposterous, all the better. I want to make a deep impression upon you. But, before you throw me out of court, listen, not to my argument, (nobody argues a "notion") but to what I have to say—listen attentively and considerately.

Among your acquaintances there are one or more rich men, and each of these men has, it is to be hoped, a pair of ears, and these ears are or should be in good hearing order. By-the-by, it just occurs to me that I never knew or heard of a deaf-mute who had acquired wealth—did you? But your rich acquaintances must be rich in a particular way. If he has inherited wealth or made it by some lucky *coup* or lottery-stroke, he will not do. Throw him out of the account—his ear is of no value in this important investigation. If he has made his fortune by marriage, or had the advantage of a good start in the world, or has been made the pet of some moneyed man, and accumulated more by reason of stinginess than capacity, cast him aside. He may have the right sort of ear, but it will not answer our purpose. But if he be chargeable with none of these defects, and if you be positively certain that he commenced life with nothing or next to nothing, and, in utter contempt of the metaphysical *ex nihilo nihil fit*, made his way up in the world mainly by his own sagacity, prudence, and industry, and acquired, not a competence, not a paltry \$50,000 or \$100,000, but a really large fortune, then study his ear. Twenty to one; nay, fifty to one, it will be just the ear we are looking for—the ear which predestines its owner to wealth. What sort of an ear is it, though? I will tell you presently; but I would be very much

gratified and the strength of my position would be very much enhanced if you would put down the magazine at this precise point, put on your hat and go to your rich acquaintance and, by permission or slyly, examine his ear. If it do not correspond to my description presently to be given, then you may call me—no, don't call me a liar—I would have to resent that—call me not an ear-sighted man.

One word before you go. When I said above that your rich man must have accumulated his fortune by his own exertions and not another's—by his own "sagacity, prudence," &c.—you said to yourself, "that's begging the whole question"—didn't you? You admit it. Never mind, now; I will meet that point when you come back.

Well! have you seen your man? You have. Were his ears still attached to his head? They were. Both of them? Yes. Were they in good hearing order? You didn't inquire. No matter.

Now, that rich man's ear was not a little bit of a contemptible affair, something like a withered interrogation point, was it? No. I knew it was not. Neither was it a great flap-ear, like an elephant's or a hog's? No. It did not stand out from the head like the ear of the chinchilla—I think it is the chinchilla—did it? No. It did not slant backward—was not a red, inflamed, ripe-tomato ear, nor a thin, skinny, translucent ear, did not lack the scroll on the outer margin and look as though it had been smoothed out with a flat-iron, and the lobe at bottom, in which the ear-ring is inserted, was not wanting, giving it a skimp, cut-off appearance? To all of these queries you give a negative answer, as I felt sure you would.

Then that rich man's ear must have been rather a fleshy, *large* ear; of a healthy, not too pale color; not slanted backward, but straight up and down; lying close, but not too close to the head; symmetrical and well-developed in all of its parts, and inclined to be somewhat hairy as age advances. Mark you, it is a *large* ear, but not a large, round ear, as the top of a blacking-box clapped to the side of the

head would be. No; it is a longish ear vertically, and more of an ellipse than a circle in shape. Yet it is not a narrow ear. It is developed equally in all directions, impresses you favorably as an honest ear, begets confidence, and deserves it. Such an ear, I dare be sworn, you will find on the head of nine out of ten, nineteen out of twenty, yes, forty-nine out of fifty men, who, from poverty and obscurity have risen to opulence. Over and over and over again, I have looked at the ears of men of wealth, and but in a single instance, that of a gentleman in Baltimore, who is said to be worth three millions, all of his own making, have I found the rule to fail. For more than twenty years I have prosecuted my researches into this new and interesting department of—physiognomy, shall I call it? and each year and every ear has added to the certitude of my "notion." I have talked it over to hundreds of people, have verified its correctness, while in the act of broaching it (some rich man happening to pass by at the time), and have met with but one human being who ever entertained the same opinion. How he came by that opinion, or how long he had held it, he could not tell. He was a money-making man himself, had the money-making ear, believed firmly in the nummicultural property of the large, longish, fleshy ear, and I think told me the truth. Still, I have every right to claim the discovery as my own, and do claim it.

Now, it is the easiest matter in the world to ascertain the value of this claim of mine. A wider observation may prove it to be all nonsense. Well, I want to put it to that test. I have already given an exception; let us see if there really be a rule in the matter. Help me. If you live in New York, there are Vanderbilt, Stewart, Drew, Olafin, *et als*. Ask them to allow you to examine their ears. Do it anyway, whether they allow it or not. The Astor boys won't serve; they didn't make their money. It is probable, however, that they have inherited large ears. If you live in Boston—but I don't know any rich man in Boston; nor, for the matter of that, any in Philadelphia,

Chicago, San Francisco, or elsewhere. But there are plenty of them, I dare say, in each of these cities, and you know them if I do not; look at their ears. I have never seen George Peabody, but I will wager my reputation or any thing else of positive worth, that he has the ear in question. I saw W. W. Corcoran last summer at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, and he had the identical ear, had it beautifully; and I would submit his to a candid world as the typical rich man's ear.

Why the ear, more than the nose, the eye, or any other organ, should have any thing to do with money-making, I don't know; but I am sure that it has, and so will you be when you have examined as many ears as I have. The phrenologists place the organ of acquisitiveness very near the ear, a little above and behind it, if I am not mistaken, but I have very little faith in phrenology. This I know, or rather have observed; the well-developed ear is, as a rule, but a part of the well-developed body, such as money-making men generally have. A deep chest, ample stomach, stout limbs, large bones, a thick-set figure, a round head, broad between the ears; these are oftenest the marks of the money-maker, according to my experience, and the ear partakes of the characteristics of the gen-

eral development. But note this: a man may have all of the above marks except the ear: rely upon it, he will never be very rich. Or he may have none of the above marks; but if he have the ear, the chances are that he will get rich. The mental traits which accompany the conformation of body just given, are, as I have intimated, prudence, sagacity, energy, and courage, all of which, of course, are requisite to the money-making character. Suppose—and now I am about to meet the point you made some time ago—suppose a man to have the aforesaid prudence, sagacity, etc., what's the use of the ear?

Why, my dear fellow, he couldn't have them without the ear. They go with it inseparably. If he had them, and his ear was cut off, they would disappear. Absurd! No such thing. I tell you that the man with the large, longish, fleshy, flat-lying ear is predestined to make money; and whatsoever qualities of mind are requisite to the fulfilment of that predestination follow as a matter of necessity. Then the shape of the ear determines the character of the mind? Well, yes; if you will push me to extremes. But what I say and stick to, is this: men who make large fortunes, as a rule, have also large ears. See if they have not.



BREVITIES.

FINE ARTS OF SOCIETY.—V. LETTER-WRITING.

"CORRESPONDENCES," wrote Sydney Smith in an impatient humor, "are like small-clothes before the day of suspenders—it's impossible to keep them up." That there is a great deal of truth in this remark of the witty Dean, nobody will deny, for mankind may be divided into two great classes, good correspondents and bad. Virtue has one face, but vice many; and bad correspondents afflict us in such a multiplicity of ways that it would be difficult to enumerate them. And, as it often is with other forms of wickedness,

many of these sins originate in ignorance. People treat letters with the most shocking levity, and absolutely look upon them as trifles of very little moment. Your good correspondent, on the contrary, holds them as sacred as a bibliophile does his books, and treats them as reverently. He replies promptly, not with rash and inconsiderate haste, nor after so long an interval as to allow all interest in the correspondence to cool; he answers your questions, and responds to your ideas. He never writes like a book, nor with a view to

the publication of his "Remains;" never treats you to an undigested sketch of his next essay for the "Occidental," beginning: "My dear friend: The theory that an impression is irradiated along the white fibres to the cerebrum and," etc., and closing with "Yours truly." Neither does he entangle you in a controversy upon theological subjects, or overwhelm you with knowledge valuable perhaps to him, but utterly worthless to you. He never bores you with petty gossip about the people you don't know, or vexes you by omitting to communicate interesting intelligence concerning your particular friends. He neither smothers you with egotistical details, nor tantalizes you by omitting to speak of himself altogether. He is equally sparing and judicious in his praise and his blame, and administers either when necessary, with an unflinching courage. In short, to be a model correspondent, one must be a model friend, and a model friend, according to Mr. Emerson's highest ideal, should be able to dispense with correspondence altogether. At the rate at which we are perfecting our telegraphic facilities, business correspondence will soon be entirely resigned to the wires; and friendship and business withdrawn from mail-duty, what would be left but love? Lovers, even of the male sex, possess in perfection the art of saying nothing in the greatest amount of words; penny-a-liners and Congressmen are their only rivals. But with this department of letter-writing Douglas Jerrold interferes when he says, in solemn warning, "A man's in no danger as long as he talks his love, but to write it, is to impale himself on his own pot-hooks."

Letter-writing, particularly the lighter kinds, needs a delicacy and brilliancy of touch peculiarly feminine, and this is why women excel as correspondents, and are especially noted for *l'éloquence du billet*. De Quincey declares that if you desire to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from its idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet snowy in its composition, you must break open the

mail-bags and read the letters in ladies' handwriting. Women rarely write poor letters,—we came very near saying that men rarely write good ones. Certainly, letter-writing, as a fine art, demands more purely feminine qualities than any other. A thoroughly good letter is neither a sermon nor an essay; it is a written conversation, where the talker has the advantage (or the disadvantage, as you choose) of having all the talk to himself. Women being proverbially fond of this one-sided discourse, find themselves at ease in the opportunity to say all they wish without the possibility of interruption. Their quick perceptions and lightness of touch prevent them from becoming bores, their versatility secures variety of topic, and their wit and sprightliness embellish the page with a thousand airy nothings that give piquancy and zest to the composition. And when it comes to the note, that peculiarly feminine weapon, can any man compete with them? A man's note, if ever he try his hand at that elegant trifle, is generally modelled upon those famous compositions produced in the Bardell-Pickwick case; "My dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Where is the delicate and polished grace with which an elegant and cultivated woman can invest even such a homely topic as chops and tomato sauce? She can contrive to throw a shade of sentiment over a question of dinner, and elevate a sauce into the dignity of a poetic adjunct. She can convey an exquisite compliment in an invitation or an acceptance, and even has the skill

"From such a sharp and waspish word as No,
To pluck the sting."

Of course, there are formal notes and even letters, which are not letters any more than backgammon boards and patent-office reports are books. And as Charles Lamb thought proper to make a catalogue of those books which are not books, so would we willingly compile a list of letters which are not letters, and which cause infinite vexation of spirit when an unconscientious postman hands them in as such. In this

index of the accursed should be included all begging-letters of every description; all circulars from tradesmen or societies; all notices of meetings to be attended, which have no business to come in so fair a guise; all social announcements of whatever character, births, deaths, engagements, or marriages; all invitations of a formal description, to dreary formal entertainments; all prospectuses, and all letters written with a view to publication. And here it must be observed, that of all the dodges for insinuating a horrid dose of fact down the throat of an unwilling public, that of the newspaper letter is the most odious and the most transparent; and one learns to look askance at a long column commencing with the forms of a letter, like a shy horse, who suspects a halter behind the unusual oats.

One of the most necessary qualities for a really good letter, is expressed better by the French word *abandon* than by any other. You must throw yourself into your subject without reservation; your petty insincerities, your usual social hypocrisies must be laid aside. And as there are no eyes looking at you from the fair white page to shame you into shy reserve, what delicious confidences one can make under these encouraging circumstances! You rely upon the discretion of the friend to whom you are writing, or you would not call him or her your friend,—why then should you stickle at a frank word? The letters which we prize most are those which are written for ourselves alone; do we take very much satisfaction in the epistle which might as appropriately be addressed to Tom, Dick, or Harry? The savor which gives our friend's letter its zest, is the purely personal interest it contains, the fact of its being a letter which could by no possibility have been written by, or addressed to, any other person; in short, its individuality.

It is this trait which makes correspondences between men and women so dangerous. Unless the correspondents are remarkably unsentimental, or very

strongly interested in some topic which forms the subject of their letters, art, literature, science, or whatever it may be, there will be always a gradual sliding off into personalities. A discussion of their own tastes, their own peculiarities, their own fancies, very soon leads into a still more animated comparison of sentiments and feelings, and once upon these quicksands, the end is not far off, for as the French proverb most truly says, "Parler d'amour, c'est faire l'amour." In fact, some cynics declare that there are but two kinds of letters possible between men and women, business letters and love-letters. But these misanthropic gentlemen also declare that no woman can write a note of one page, or dispense with that almost obsolete adjunct, the postscript; both of which slanders vie in falsity with the preceding one. Women may be, as Charles Reade says they are, diabolically angelically subtle in the art of saying something that expresses one ounce and implies one hundredweight, but they are equally subtle in the art of cramming that unknown quantity into the smallest possible compass. They are, beyond conception, skilful in that curious phase of letter-writing, called "writing between the lines." It is tolerably safe to take for granted that a woman's letter carries its meaning in that invisible ink, and that its true signification is nowhere expressed in actual words. It is rather an unfortunate circumstance for the sex that this little peculiarity is inherent in their nature, because, to quote Reade again, "mankind, though not wanting in intelligence, as a body, have one intellectual defect—they are muddleheads." The straight-going arrows of the feminine armory are apt to be lost among the intricate convolutions of the masculine brains. We have seen a lover writhing in agony over a letter intended to express the fondest affection, and a deluded youth smiling like Malvolio, over a deadly shaft feathered with a seeming compliment. The weaker sex are like the hare, when hard-pressed they have to double. Some French

writer tells us that he has often heard men speak of the impossibility of understanding women, but that it is no great wonder, seeing that women do all they can not to be understood.

That is the point, Messieurs, and in

analyzing the character of a woman or the contents of her letter, whatever may be the apparent simplicity of either, you have always to make a large allowance for an unknown quantity!

DREAMING.

WHEN full a third part of life is consumed in sleep, it is wonderful how little has been written, and how little known, about this half-way state between life and death. Not even the means of procuring this coveted repose, of securing as much as is necessary to sanity, of preventing the nightwatches from being perverted into a curse, are commonly understood. People toss about restlessly on their beds after green tea or coffee, after midnight feasting, the study of embarrassed accounts, or some harrowing news, and wonder what it all means. A long walk just before retiring, the hearing of a monotonous discourse, the nearness of falling water, even a bowl of chocolate, and sometimes a sponge-bath will change all these relations, and secure that rest which his pillow of hops gave to George III. A cane bolster is said to be a great help to somnolency. One eminent missionary used to repeat the Lord's prayer till, as he said, "the devil of restlessness was cast out." Erskine knew a man cured of sleeplessness by dressing him as a watchman, and putting him in a sentry-box. Brodie, the great surgeon, used to tell of a friend of his reduced by poverty to picking stone on English roads, who refused every offer of change of circumstances because of the splendid night's sleep he now enjoyed. Boerhave procured this blessing for a patient by keeping water dropping at his bedside. Generally, an easy mind, a good digestion, and plenty of open-air exercise will save one from ever realizing any thing like what Coleridge described to Cottle: "Night is my hell: sleep my tormenting angel. Three nights out of four I fall asleep struggling to be awake; and frequent night-screams have made me a nuisance. Dreams with me

are no shadows, but the very calamities of my life."

The cause of sleep was imagined to be the swelling of the bloodvessels of the brain; but a woman who had her head broken proved the reverse. During profound sleep her brain was found to be perfectly motionless; and in other animals it has been discovered that in sleep the veins cease to be swollen, and the surface of the brain becomes pale; when the animal is aroused the blood is seen coursing rapidly through full veins.

But, we would speak now of disturbed sleep. Dr. Rush said, a dream was a transient paroxysm of delirium. The cause of such vagaries of the imagination is often detected easily, having frequently some relation to our waking thoughts; or, taking the hint from surrounding circumstances.

Immediately after reading Purchas's account of the palace of Kubla Khan, Coleridge dreamed a poem of two hundred lines, beginning with

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alp the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

So Dr. Gregory dreamed of walking up Mount Etna because of a bottle of hot water at his feet, and another time of being frozen at Hudson's Bay because the bed-cover had fallen off. Dr. Reid believed himself scalped by Indians because of a blister on his head. Professor Upham gives the case of an officer in the Louisburg expedition of 1758, who was prompted by whispers during slumber to believe just what the people around him chose; now that he was fighting a duel, now that he was entering into a fearful battle, now that

a shark was close upon him in the water. Baron Trenck, we remember, was tormented in his starved dungeon by dreams of the luxurious tables of Berlin. An Edinburgh gentleman and his wife had been excited about a French invasion, and then were interested in a military drill before the castle; it was not strange that the falling of a pair of tongs made both dream an alarm was given, troops were marching, and fighting had begun.

A curious experience of Colonel Knapp, once a theatre-critic of renown, and a thoroughly brave man, rises to my memory in illustration of this point. Knapp visited a New Hampshire village, where he was acquainted with but a single family, in hope of laying a ghost which was reported to visit the village graveyard every midnight. Placing himself on a tomb, the Colonel gradually fell asleep; at once he seemed to be sinking into the grave, a sensation caused by the dampness of the stone on which he reclined. By-and-by he became sensible of a female in white standing over him, with an aspect of intense pity. He rose up; she retreated, and he followed her to the very door of his friend's house. The next day he called upon the family. The surviving sister wept when she saw their friend, because of a dream the previous night of beholding him lying in a graveyard—a sign of his approaching burial. "Oh no!" he replied; "'twas only a sign that she had been walking in her sleep to her sister's grave, and needed medical care at once." So the ghost was effectually laid.

And yet it would not be at all true to say, that, the mind always continues its waking thoughts during sleep; that it never calls up any thing save what has already passed. Dr. Bushnell's famous California story refutes such a narrow supposition. Captain Yount was visited with a dream of a party of emigrants perishing of cold and famine in a valley, near a perpendicular cliff of white stone; they were endeavoring to eat the tree-tops rising out of deep

gulfs of snow; the distress upon their faces was distinctly seen. The dream was repeated. In the morning, the impression was so strong that Yount related it to an old hunter, who recognized the spot at once. So that, in spite of ridicule, they organized a relief party, and with mules, blankets, and provisions, proceeded to the spot, found the predicted number of sufferers, and brought them safely to California, where some of them still do live. One would like to know if this brave adventurer had not been hearing, reading, or telling that night of some such experience, so as to give a color to the dream which followed; if his imagination had not shaped the scenery; if he really saw little to correspond with what he foretold; and if his final report is scientifically exact.

Hardly anybody knows the fact that a man may determine his own dreams. Giron de Buzaringues found out that, by leaving his knees uncovered, he could dream of travelling in a diligence; by keeping the back of his head open to the air, he dreamed of performing a religious service out of doors; by stripping himself of all clothes, he seemed to be parading the streets in utter nakedness.

The strangest thing to most persons is that hardly any time is consumed in the longest dream, because the imagination disdains all outward bonds. In a sleep of ten minutes one of Abercrombie's friends crossed the Atlantic and returned; which almost equals Mohammed's visit to Heaven, while his pitcher was falling over. Another gentleman dreamed of enlisting, deserting, being condemned, and led out to be shot; all while some transient noise was occurring in the next chamber. So Macnish made a voyage to India, remained some days in Calcutta, then visited Egypt, and had the honor of an interview with Mehemet Ali, Cleopatra, and Saladin; all in a very brief slumber.

The study of these phenomena would be as simple as it is confessedly delicate were there no prophetic character about the mind in this state. Some of the

discoveries made in dreams are as hard to explain as others are easy. That young Scotchman, who was about to lose his paternal inheritance because a deed could nowhere be found, might well explain it to the increased energy of imagination, acting at a time when nothing outward disturbed its range, that, his father seemed standing by his bedside with sweetly sad countenance, reminding him of the cover of the hall-bible in which he had placed the missing document for safe keeping. During the day-time, his imagination was too much distracted by passing sights and sounds to secure that protracted thought necessary to revive all the past of his experience. In sleep, his mind fastened upon his father's counsels; he would seem living with him again; he would show him once more where his principal papers were placed, and so bring back to him the document on which a lawsuit was just being decided.

The teller in a Glasgow bank, whose account showed a deficiency of six pounds, eight months after recalled an importunate stammerer, who insisted on being paid this amount out of regular order: the only astonishing thing was that so long a time should have elapsed before the dream occurred. Might it not be that such a vision had occurred earlier, but had not been recalled in waking hours; as only a small proportion of one's night-thoughts are ever remembered? A very common story is of this sort. A young Scotch lady was in love with an officer of Sir John Moore's, in the Peninsular War. Her spirits suffered because of his perpetual exposure; she became melancholy, and believed that she had parted with her lover forever. Everything was done by her parents to restore her gaiety in vain. All the life of Edinburgh could not enliven her at all. Not unnaturally, she saw her lover in her sleep open the curtains of her bed and inform her that he had been slain in battle, but that she must not lay it to heart. A few days after she was dead. The night of the apparition was that of the battle of Corunna, in which the young man had

perished. Of course, the ninety-nine times in every hundred where the event does not correspond are dismissed and forgotten; only the correspondences are treasured up, and made the gospel of the credulous.

The unwise thing of all is to attach a superstitious importance to our dreams, imagine them supernatural when they are only tokens of ill-health; or desire these nocturnal visitations, which often tend to insanity. The book of most pretension on this subject, the "Philosophy of Sleep," tells of a woman who was driven by a dream into such insanity that she took to the woods, lived there for seven years, until a storm gave occasion for her capture, when she gradually recovered her right mind. Much worse cases than this Scotch one have occurred. At Gardiner, Maine, a man felt prompted in sleep to burn a neighboring church, and murder a woman against whom he had some grudge. The last crime was only prevented by the arrest which followed the first.

The case of Bernard Schidmaizig illustrates the famous acquittal of the Maine murderer on the plea of somnambulism. Bernard started up at midnight, seized the hatchet which he always kept near him, and struck at a phantom standing by his bedside. That blow felled his wife. She died the next day. But, awful as the result was, he was not consciously guilty. His delusion bordered on insanity, and would ultimate in a lunatic asylum. He had believed some stranger was about to attack him in his sleep.

A word or two upon somnambulism, which is, in fact, an acted dream. A young nobleman, living in the citadel of Breslau, was seen by his brother to rise in his sleep, wrap himself in a cloak, escape by the window to the roof, and there tear open a magpie's nest, wrap the young birds up and return, place the birds under his bed and lie down again. Of course he could believe nothing of what had occurred until shown the birds in his cloak. It seems to us nothing but a

developed dream, the imagination realizing its visions while the will ceased its control over the body. And I frankly grant that many of these phenomena are beyond our explanation at present; that every solution leaves in the dark as much as it explains; that the future is certain to give us something that might be decently called a philosophy of the subject.

We close with the remarkable case given by the Archbishop of Bordeaux in the "Methodical Encyclopedia," of a young priest who used to rise in his sleep and write sermons, read them aloud, and make corrections. He would continue to write when a card was held between his eyes and the paper. Nor was this writing done by sight; for, a blank

sheet being substituted for his sermon-paper, he made his corrections on that exactly where they should have been in the original sheet. More than that: he asked for certain things, and understood only the replies which related to these thoughts. Nor did he remember anything of what had occurred when he awoke, but at the next attack lived over this second life exactly as before.

The Chancellor of our largest University has recently stated in public that this subject required an attention it had nowhere received; and all reflecting men in all countries, especially in ours, will join heartily in this opinion; the present essayist hopes to help, not hinder, so interesting a discussion.

THE CHANTING CHERUBS.

MR. EDITOR: In Mrs. Hawthorne's very pleasant record of travels, recently published, there is an allusion to this beautiful work of Mr. Greenough, in which an erroneous impression is given as to its origin. It is but an act of justice to the memory of the sculptor to remove this impression. Without touching upon the point of the originality of Mr. Greenough's talent, of which his later works must be the best test, we merely give to-day the facts connected with the group of the Chanting Cherubs—which must always possess a certain interest, independently of its beauty, having been one of the very earliest of the superior works of American sculpture. It dates from forty years ago—a whole era in American art—and especially so in sculpture. The winter of 1828 found Mr. Fenimore Cooper in Florence, where he had an apartment in the Casa Ricasoli, and the few Americans then pausing for any length of time in Florence, generally found their way to his rooms, and enjoyed the glow of the noble wood-fires he delighted in building on that Italian hearth. Among these was Mr. Horatio Greenough. Mr. Cooper soon became deeply interested in the young sculptor, whose high personal character, frankness, upright-

ness, and generous nature won the entire respect and regard of his older friend. There were weeks during that twelvemonth when Mr. Cooper and Mr. Greenough were the only Americans then in Florence. They were very frequently together.

Mr. Cooper from early manhood had always felt a deep interest in works of art, and was especially anxious that the native genius which he knew to exist in America should be fairly developed, both in painting and in sculpture. He had been among the earliest friends of Mr. Cole. He now wished that the young sculptor should attempt something more than a bust. Among those grand works of art which throng the Italian galleries, and have been the delight of the civilized world for ages, is the *Madonna del Baldachino* of Raphael, now in the Pitti Palace, a picture which would, no doubt, be more vaunted, were it not in the same collection with the *Madonna della Seggiola*. Unlike this last, with its two sublime figures—said to have been first sketched from nature on the head of a wine cask, in a Roman vineyard—the *Madonna del Baldachino* is a large picture, giving full expression to a varied devotional spirit, in the faces and figures of saints, angels, and cherubs. At the

very lowest point of the whole picture stand two lovely little cherubs, chanting from a scroll—they belong to the numerous cherub family of Raphael, unapproached by other painters, instinct with a supernatural loveliness and innocence, far beyond all beauty of earthly childhood. If not entirely equal to those marvellous cherubs of the Dresden Madonna, whose heavenly eyes appear to reflect the mysteries of eternity, the wisdom of an ever-living infancy—they yet belong to the same choir. At one of his earliest visits to the gallery, these cherubs attracted the admiration of the American traveller; peculiarly fond of children, doting on them in fact, he gradually gave those pictured faces something of the affection belonging to the living. He never went to the gallery without greeting them, without pausing before them. They were his delight during the year he passed in Florence. On one occasion when the young sculptor accompanied him to the gallery, he proposed to him

to copy these lovely children in marble.

Mr. Greenough was much pleased with the idea, and immediately began the work. It was, therefore, no servile disposition to copy which led him to chisel this group. He did so in compliance with the earnest wish of a friend, who became the purchaser of the work. The Chanting Cherubs, when finished, were sent to America, where they were exhibited for the benefit of Mr. Greenough; but the fact that they were copies in marble, of a work of Raphael, was distinctly stated at the time, as giving something of additional interest to the work. To accuse the sculptor of plagiarism on these grounds, is sorely unjust. Had Mrs. Hawthorne been aware of these facts, the paragraph relating to the Chanting Cherubs would no doubt have been differently worded, and the only drawback to the pleasure of reading her charming pages would have been removed.

S. F. C.

HIALMAR JARL.

With watchful eyes all day they sailed and sailed.
 Out of the sounding North the currents drew
 With steady flow. At eve strange voices wailed,
 The moon rose up; a forest stirred and blew;
 And straight from mists trailed by on either hand,
 Stood forth a phantom land!

Under the stars all silent, white, and chill,
 A dew-exhaling peak, it pierced the moon
 Threaded with smoke of cataract and rill;
 Heavy with sleep and solitude forlorn,
 The singing surges lapped it round and round
 With slumbrous pause and sound.

A silence fell. Then one said softly, "Lo!
 The burial he prayed for hath been won.
 Fold by his ship's white wings: by climes of snow,
 Or palmy capes and islands of the sun,
 His quest is ended, and for evermore
 His journeyings are o'er."

Upon a headland height they carved a tomb;
 O'erhead swept on the marches of the stars;

Under their feet, through dizzy depths of gloom,
 They heard the moan of tide-beleaguered bars,
 And marked the sea, by moonlit shoals and sands,
 Flash up her jewelled hands.

And low, in tones like reeds blown overhead
 By windy flaws, rung round about his bier,
 They sang at morn the service for the dead,
 And closed his eyes, and passed and left him here,
 With royal beard swept downward on his breast,
 And hands disposed for rest.

They sailed away. About the haunted shore
 The creeping mists again their cordon drew,
 The troubled wave waxed drowsy as before,
 The passing murmurs into silence grew,
 And hoary Pine, and Fir-tree gnarled and gray,
 Since that forgotten day,

Above the skyward battlements of stone,
 Where, side by side, their whispered watch they hold,
 Through shifting years, unreckoned and unknown,
 Have seen the Summer's Oriflamme unrolled,
 And heard the winter's trumpets challenge back,
 From cloud and stormy rack;

But to the Chieftain's sleep no waking comes,
 Nor human footsteps ever seek his strand;
 Lost are the echoes of his battle drums;
 Perished his fame from all the Norway land;
 Faded the storied tumult of his swords,
 And pomp of nodding lords.



TABLE-TALK.

AN AGE OF DISCOVERY.

— Dr. Livingstone has been heard from again. After two years of wandering in the heart of Africa, there is some prospect that he will come back to Christendom, and give the first authentic account of the interior of that continent. His achievement, in discovering the real sources of the Nile—for there is little doubt that his conjecture placing them in the lakes a thousand miles south of the Equator, has been confirmed ere now—seems to crown this age of discovery; the age in which the northern and the southern seas have given up their secrets to science, and in which

the depths of the ocean and the central wastes of both continents, the atomic world of microscopic life, and the remotest corners of space from which light reaches us, have alike been made the scenes of successful research. Talk of the age of Henry of Portugal, of Columbus, and of Cortez! No knowledge obtained by them can be compared with the discoveries of Darwin and Wallace; no conquests achieved by them with the victories over nature itself, which art is now announcing every year. Pizarro himself will one day be second in fame to such adventurers as build some of our Pacific railroads; who knew how, not

only to subdue the wilderness and to suppress savages, but to appropriate to themselves the spoils of civilization also, and to make the great markets of the world, through the Paris bourse and the New York stock exchange, tributary to their purses.

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

— Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's book with its queer title, "Lady Byron Vindicated," has renewed feebly the autumn table-talk about Lord Byron, which fascinated so many people, by the opportunities it gave to skilful talkers to beat about and about the confines of unmentionable crime, without quite becoming indecent or rude. But the earnest controversy then heard cannot occur again; hardly a voice is raised to protest against the general verdict, that Mrs. Stowe has made a rash charge which she cannot prove. Her book is a loose, inconsequent summary of every thing that can be said against Lord Byron; it shows, what every body knew before, that he was the most unfaithful of husbands and the falsest of men. But it gives no good reason why his sister, Mrs. Leigh, should be accused of crime and her memory dishonored. On the contrary, it makes it certain that Lady Byron herself continued to love and trust Mrs. Leigh after she had all the evidence against her that she ever obtained. It was not new knowledge, but only a new way of looking at the case, that led Lady Byron afterward to regard Mrs. Leigh as guilty of a "deed without a name." The world will never believe such a charge on the inference of an outraged woman's mind; and the utmost Mrs. Stowe has done is to raise a suspicion, which will be entertained or rejected according to the reader's predisposition or prejudice. But few will doubt that Mrs. Stowe has hurt her literary reputation by a most illogical and useless piece of special pleading; and her reputation for fairness, by demanding a suspension of public opinion, on the ground of further evidence to come, when she really had nothing new to offer. Her book, meantime, is unutterably dull; having no interest for any

mortal, unless he be a special student of the Byron controversy, or of Mrs. Stowe's own state of mind.

RAILWAY INFLATION.

— Railroads are certainly the fastest things yet devised. They have filled the world for the last year with the noise of their explosions, both literal and metaphorical; and still they flourish and spread. In the United States, nearly eight thousand miles of new track were laid in 1869—the anniversary year of the steam-engine, the first patent of which was obtained by Watts in 1769—more than twice as much as in any preceding year; and the projects now offered to confiding subscribers for stocks and bonds are numberless. The amount of capital now invested in them every month, in New York State alone, far exceeds the entire savings of the people of the State for the same time. This cannot last long, of course, unless the entire capital of the "coming man" is to consist of railroad tracks and locomotives, with nothing to carry on them; but it is likely to continue until some great crash warns people off from this class of investments; and then a year or two of panic will follow, in which no lines will be built, and no projects trusted.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

— What a wonderful change would be wrought, if one tenth of the capital now flowing into roads for which there is at present no demand, were devoted to the improvement of those in use! Our cosmopolitan contributor gives us in this number a lively tirade upon American railway travelling, which will amuse and interest all who have seen the European roads, and all who have not. It is common for our patriotic citizens, when "doing" the continent, to enlarge upon the absurdities of the European system, and to paint in rose color the comforts and freedom of our own. Who wants, they ask, to be locked into a close little pen, however softly cushioned, with no means of alarming his guard, even in case of murder or of fire, with his luggage unchecked and in danger of loss at every station, and only knowing that whenever the door is opened and a hat touch-

ed to him, his ready shilling or franc is expected? Who wants to be shut into an unventilated compartment, buried for the journey between two close neighbors, on a triple sofa, with his knees locked between those of a strange tête-à-tête besides? And what shall be said of the wretched little hot-water foot-heaters, sparingly furnished to first-class carriages alone in the coldest weather, and sometimes forgotten then, in comparison with the well-warmed well-ventilated American car? In this, they tell you, you may choose your neighbor among a score, and your seat near the stove or far from it; in that, you are helpless, done-for, with no doing of your own, and must submit to be coupled or isolated, scalded or frozen, or more commonly simply to have your feet burned while your whole body is shivering, at the will of those who have you in charge.

But meet the same traveller just after a journey on an American railway, if you want to see the same facts viewed without the enchantment distance lends. Our critic finds ample ground for grumbling, and for becoming the cause of grumbling in others, in the discourtesy of attendants on our roads, and the intolerable discomforts of many of their stations. These two features are peculiar to the United States, among all civilized countries; and go far to destroy the repute of our whole railway system. In Europe, the spirit of subordination is everywhere, no one but has somebody to look up to, and no one thinks looking up a disgrace. The general attitude of those the traveller meets is that of waiting to do him a service. But here, those who are employed for the very purpose of waiting, and to whom that is the business of life, despise their work and resent any expectation that they will attend to it, as a personal insult. This is the cause of half of the travellers' miseries here; and the other half will disappear when we have smooth, solid road-beds, and comfortable waiting-rooms.

RAILWAY READING.

— Nothing distinguishes railway travel in America and in Europe more strongly than the universal reading of

books, magazines, and newspapers on our roads. The European is generally an idler when he cannot be at his own work, which alone he has been trained to do; the American has a passion for turning every minute to account. The amount of absolute mental vacancy, per head, is doubtless less here than in any other nation. Hence our railways are favorite marts for all easy reading; and every writer for a monthly may safely reckon that a large proportion of those he addresses will be reached while whirling through space, eighty or more feet per second. At such times, people read more for occupation and less for profit than at others; but why does not this large demand for agreeable sketches of life, "society novels," and the like, call forth a more abundant and better home supply? The best English stories find their way more generally in this country than at home; but this kind of literature does not seem to flourish among our writers. It is an open secret now, that an original American Magazine can more easily obtain any thing else, high or low in character, than a good story. Is it not strange that in a nation in which Auerbach and Freytag, Victor Hugo, Balzac, and George Sand, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Reade, and Trollope, find nearly half their readers and half their fame, there should be no rivals of these writers?

That they belong to a class of men of leisure, who stand outside of life and observe it as critics and artists—a class which does not exist here; that our life is too busy and makes too many pressing demands on talent for minds capable of great work to pursue story-telling with devotion, is an imperfect solution of the difficulty, but the only one we have. Yet novels are a product of the times; they scarcely belong to universal literature, which rests on passions and powers that are the same in all ages, and which alone lives. The modern novel is perhaps already in decay; the work of future mind, that in which American genius to come will reveal itself, is of another order; and certainly nothing can be inferred against the capacity of a nation for

producing a great literature, by any deficiency in the knack of nursing a reader's curiosity through three volumes, while tying and untying the knotted thread of a romantic amour. The novel, as a novel, is far below the level of greatness; it is where the artist is more than a novelist, and protests nobly against social tyrannies and superstitions, or revives by genius forgotten heroism, or furnishes a touchstone for manliness before which conventionalisms wither, that the form of his works sinks from sight, and the crown of genius is won. *Consuelo* and *Ivanhoe*, *Romola* and the *Tale of Two Cities* are great, not as novels, but in spite of the form of novels, as poems; and when the titillations of the plot cease to be attractive, will be as well liked as now. It is an effeminate and unheroic age that reads for these; but who reads the *Iliad* or *Hamlet* for the plot?

MR. LOWELL'S "CATHEDRAL"

We have plenty of works in which the true greatness of the best novels has found expression in other forms. In December, James Russell Lowell's new poem, "The Cathedral" was published; and the revised and un mutilated version of it, which forms a beautiful little volume of itself, is a noble work which will add much to his fame. It is in a larger style than any of his earlier writings; simple, massive, memorable. Students of Browning's round-robin epic, "The Ring and the Book," will think they find its influence in passages, cramming them with thought at the expense of melody, and cramping easy words in hard places, under forms of syntax they never knew before. Yet these roughnesses, if rough at all, are set deliciously; flies made jewels by the lucid amber that flows around them. And there are jewels, too, in their own right, with small need of setting; the piece is studded with phrases which are pure nuggets of beautiful truth; with those happy epithets which are at once new, and yet so wedded to their subjects in the verse that divorce is impossible; more than all, with stray thoughts, such as might seem wild and strange, but that they have here naturally flowered into

exquisite expression only because their roots lie in the rich past.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

But the most world-famous poem of the year, its chief literary event indeed, was the new volume by Tennyson, also published in December, completing his "Idylls of the King." These new Idylls, which are reviewed at length elsewhere in this number, had been in type, it is said, for many months, undergoing his revision in the proofs, which has been given to small purpose, however, if the London edition is as carelessly printed as the American, which alone we have seen; and which is made unsightly by many errors, and in one place senseless by the omission of a word. How much of the poems was written many years ago, we cannot tell; the "Northern Farmer, new Style," has certainly been in the author's hands five or six years; and the "Morte d'Arthur," which now appears as a part of the last Idyll, "The Passing of Arthur," was published in 1842. Yet the reader finds it hard to believe that the whole of this poem, in its present form, was written at once; there seems to be a joint, skilfully grooved and planed, but still visible, both in style and in thought, where the old familiar text begins so grandly:

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea."

MUSEUM OF ART.

— Spain, in the early days of her decay, "sold her provinces to buy pictures." She is in straits now for money, and the day may come when even her pictures will be sold, to keep her rulers from destitution. Yet if the great Galleria of Madrid, the finest in the world, were sold to-day, there is no central organization in the United States which could be relied upon to enter into zealous competition for its stores. If any of the grand assemblages of works of art, now held by decrepit and pauper monarchs in the Old World, were brought to the auction block, it would be a national disgrace to the richest and most growing people on earth not to obtain a selection from them; but, except by individual purchases, to adorn private

and perishable houses, none would come to us. We do not want Congress to turn amateur collector; were there no stronger reasons, a glance at the hideous results of its patronage of art hitherto, as shown in the Rotunda of the Capitol, would forbid it; but we want an association of wise and liberal citizens, which will build a noble gallery, fit to receive the best paintings and sculpture of the world; which will open it, at all times, in the heart of the metropolis of America, as a school for the taste of the people; and which will be ready to bring into it, as opportunity offers, whatever may be produced among us, or spared from the old stores of the Old World, of the "art that cannot die."

The earnest demand for such a gallery will now have a chance to supply itself. The Committee appointed at the enthusiastic meeting of November 28d, in the Union League Club Theatre, have been busily at work, completing their plan for an organization, and enlisting artistic taste and talent in their enterprise; and the public will have an opportunity, early this year, to take an active part in it. The Royal Museum in Berlin, the Glyptothek and Pinacothek in Munich, and the South Kensington Museum in London, are all the work of one generation; and all but the last, of communities which do not approach this in wealth or in general activity of thought. Would it not add a glory to our country itself, if our children here and visitors from all parts of the world should find in New York an artistic centre equal to any of them?

THE COUNCIL.

— That most preposterous anachronism, the Œcumenical Council, is in session at Rome. In the pomp of its ceremonial and the solemnity of its proceedings, it is a parody upon the last church council which claimed to be universal, that of Trent, held in 1545. But in its relations to Christendom at large, it hardly rises to the dignity of a burlesque upon the great historical assembly of the sixteenth century. Pius IX. has spent more than twenty years in denouncing civilization and human progress; and

these eight hundred prelates have been called together to enact into a creed for Christianity all his absurd negations of whatever is good and hopeful in modern society and life. The spectacle of the church adopting the "syllabus" or summary of all the old pope's fanatical letters, as doctrine, is too pitiable to be merely amusing. If they go further, and declare the personal infallibility of the weak old gentleman, and of all who may hereafter buy or burrow their way into the seat he holds, they will place the Roman Church of to-day intellectually as far below that against which Luther contended, as that was morally below the standard of the New Testament. The three tailors of Shoreditch, beginning their manifesto, "We, the people of England," are the only parallel to the first council of the Vatican assuming to speak for the Christianity of the nineteenth century.

Some think that, unless the council proves too timid to register the decrees prepared for it, the Church in Europe will split; and a large part of the French and German bishops, with their flocks, will leave it. Doubtless some will do so; souls as truly Christian in their simple love for truth as Bishop Dupanloup and Father Hyacinthe cannot submit. But with Catholics in general, the habit of obedience is doubtless stronger than any definite convictions. The worst of it is that, in all free nations, the adoption of the syllabus by the Council will set the Church in direct opposition to the fundamental law. For instance, it will make it an article of faith with all Catholics that the Church has the right to use force, to impose temporal punishments, to require and compel all rulers to carry out her sentences of imprisonment, torture, or death; that the Pope has the right to set up or to depose rulers at his will, to give away kingdoms as gifts, to excommunicate and lay under an interdict whole nations, depriving them of the sacraments essential to salvation, at his caprice; that the toleration of other religions is wicked, and that modern civilization as a whole, including political freedom, self-govern-

ment, secular education, and the great scientific movement of the human mind, is pernicious and abominable. What will then be the attitude of the Catholics in this country towards our domestic politics?

ROMANISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

— Fortunately, the question concerns the nation far less than it does the Catholics themselves. The liberties of the United States are well fixed; the tide of our society is one which Mrs. Pius-Partington's broom can never sweep back. But there are particular districts in which the bigoted tools of priestcraft are so numerous, and the practices of parties so corrupt, that this Church of the Middle Ages may gain an indirect control, almost as complete as if it were directly established by law. The manner in which our common-school system is now attacked by Catholic journals, and by politicians in their interest, suggests that, at least in certain cities and States, trouble may grow out of the ultramontane fanaticism of the Catholic Church. The question whether King James's English Bible shall be read in the public schools is comparatively a trifle; but behind its agitation a strong party is forming against the entire State system of popular education. Hitherto little impression has been made on public opinion, which regards the common schools as the sacred church of liberty, and the truths they teach as its creed. But are there no politicians corrupt enough to sell out the poor man's only way to intellectual life, if they can get in exchange a larger lease of power? There are indications already that a storm is brewing in this quarter.

LIBERALISM IN EUROPE.

— Outside of the Council, liberal doctrines seem to flourish in Europe. England is considering the Irish land question with a patient fairness and kindness which show that her public opinion grows rapidly wider and more humane. The Austrian constitution seems to gain consistency and strength in practice. Prussia evidently strives more for growth and less for acquisition than hitherto. And in France, a quiet revo-

lution was wrought in December, when the Emperor adopted the British constitutional form in changing his ministry, such as may involve the most important results.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

— M. Emile Ollivier, to whom Napoleon confided the formation of a new Cabinet, with himself as prime-minister, has, as all agree, a clear head, great powers of persuasion, unusual tact as a political manager, and a strong personal following among men of thought and education. He made his fame in the opposition, as the cautious but determined foe of absolutism; and was long regarded as a democrat. But for several years he has been privately the Emperor's friend, in certain emergencies his counsellor, and has come to be the leader of those who believe in "Napoleon, the well-intentioned" of Emile de Girardin, and who confidently hope to see the empire gradually grow into a truly free, constitutional monarchy, resembling in its best features that of England, but more bold, more scientific, and better centralized. His enemies call him timid, unprincipled, and a trimmer; his friends hail him as the savior of the empire and of France, the reconciler of liberty and order, the statesman to come of the century who is to eclipse the fame of Cavour and Bismarck. To us, so far away, the Napoleonic dynasty looks like a ship going to pieces in a raging storm; and Ollivier's task is to rebuild it, out of its own fragments, while the sea still rages. But then impossibilities are only the provocations of greatness; and if the new architect of a French government is so great, is greater than any of the seven or eight men before him, from the first Napoleon down, who have during this century attacked a similar problem and failed, he has certainly a chance to show it.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

— Congress met early in December with a world of work before it; but showed no disposition to do anything of importance. The Christmas recess came, with nothing to show for the first month but a resolution denouncing repudiation.

But a number of important documents were laid before it, among them the first message of President Grant, a long report from Secretary Boutwell, and a batch of interesting diplomatic correspondence on the Alabama claims. The President's words were few and weighted heavily with strong sense, except that he showed lamentable ignorance of finance and still more lamentable unconsciousness of his ignorance. Yet the Secretary of the Treasury himself presents a scheme, utterly inconsistent with the President's, but scarcely more tolerable. Some of the British journals call it "idiotic;" but this is abusive. It is more modest to say that it appears to be impracticable in its devices and fanatical in its anticipations.

REVENUE QUESTIONS.

— By far the most important official paper presented to Congress was the report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue. In this report, the work of a year of industrious and intelligent research, Mr. Wells discusses the material progress of the nation in all its forms, conjectures the sum of its wealth as a whole, estimates the cost of the war, discusses the state of foreign trade, points out the injurious effects of an unsettled and inflated currency on the distribution of wealth, and reviews in minute detail our whole system of national taxation, exposing its blunders and excesses, and advocating an elaborate scheme of reform. The study of this report by the people will be a sort of education to them, in the most important questions of years to come.

THE TARIFF.

— The best part of the report and that of most practical import just now is the discussion of the tariff. The facts which Mr. Wells has here collected and arrayed so lucidly will convince every fair reader of the ruinous effects on the country at large of heavy duties levied in the interest of a class. People complain of the heavy taxes, but the real burden the government imposes on the people is not in its own revenue, but in that collected, under cover of its taxes, by private monopolies. Were our public burdens limited

to the actual wants of the public treasury, they would be the lightest, instead of the heaviest, in Christendom.

— Why, then, does Mr. Wells not say so plainly? Why does he not announce the general law which his facts irresistibly prove, that a tax which is "protective" is necessarily wrong in principle and pernicious in practice? Instead of this, he stops half-way: he recommends that the plunder voted by Congress to private interests be reduced! "Reform it altogether." It is always safer to put a reform on a basis of sound principle. To ask only a compromise with wrong is to sacrifice the right at the start. But Mr. Wells has always been a protectionist; only by the honest study of the facts has he been led so far away from the pet theories of his early life; and honor is due him for the simple love of truth with which he has pursued his researches, and for the manly avowal he makes of their results, as far as they are attained. The time cannot be distant, if he continues to reflect upon the subject, when he will follow other competent and candid inquirers in the direct advocacy of free, unrestricted trade.

THE LOGIC OF FREE TRADE.

— Free trade is the only consistent doctrine for a logician or a statesman. It stands among the laws of society as one of those simple, direct, universal principles whose statement is their demonstration. It has never yet been put on the defensive, for there is against it nothing but apology for the existence of interference. Nor can any such apology be devised on which a parallel argument cannot be framed, of equal strength, in favor of "a paternal government" in all things, of absolutism and of slavery. The distribution of the rewards of industry is better regulated by the natural course of competition and trade than it can possibly be by any devices of rulers; and the prosperity of the whole mass of men will be greatest, when each is free to buy what he wants and to sell what he has, where he can deal most to his own advantage. Who is wiser than these natural laws, which lie in the constitution of society? What human wisdom is great enough to re-legis-

late these social laws, and to rearrange profits and prices, not according to the service done mankind by those who earn them, but "from the depths of their inner consciousness?" Yet this is the protectionist's problem, and if he has not the omnipotence and omniscience needed to solve it, and to do this better than the architect of the present universe has done it, he is merely a meddler and disturber.

THE GROWTH OF CRIME.

— These economical truths have other aspects. No doubt the worst feature in the times is the growing tolerance of selfish crime. Robbery of the government by its officers and by tax-payers, robbery of corporations by their managers, and of the public by corporations, and all forms of swindling, large and small, are now more rife and less severely condemned than before the war. This is a curious instance of the broad effects of a legislative blunder on popular morality. The Legal Tender Act led to a depreciation of the currency; this made debts profitable and speculation universal. The rewards of industry were no longer distributed according to the value of industry, but a new distribution took place, according to chance or, at best, shrewd foresight. Plodding and saving, the economical virtues, fell into decay, while rash enterprise or reckless gambling flourished. The old-fashioned notion that wealth is honorable only as it is earned by services done to mankind, has died out; and the broad moral distinction between such wealth and that which is got without giving any equivalent, is effaced. Yet this distinction is the only safe guide for public opinion; honesty and dishonesty are rightly estimated only in a community where money taken from others without compensation is a disgrace to the taker, whether his means were force or guile. The time has been, when the banditti of Wall Street and those of Southern Italy would have shared the same condemnation; and it will come again. Meanwhile, the moral sense of the nation as a whole has been much debased, by a financial folly of its legislators.

MORAL EFFECTS OF BAD LAWS.

— This experience shows how intimately the moral culture of a people is bound up with its material condition; so that legislation, meant to touch only what we call the lower interest, always affects the higher. Civilization is one; life a globe of crystal in which the smallest stain or fracture tends to ruin all. The day has gone by when economical science could be studied apart from social science as a whole, when what have been called "the laws of selfishness" could be regarded as other than a branch of the laws of society. Whatever goes to change the currents of wealth, goes to change the growth of souls; and character, the aim, the summary, and the test of all civilization, gathers into itself, for good or evil, the whole history of past wisdom and folly. But it is chiefly by financial laws that governments, in these days of high organization, work upon public morals; and it is quite within bounds to say that Congress, by the Legal Tender Act alone, has occasioned more misery than all the public charities in the United States ever relieved, and more crime than all the courts of Christendom ever punished.

— Such reflections will occur to many thoughtful minds in studying the report of Mr. Wells. It is a plain business document, made up of facts and figures, and does not enter into the broader considerations of public morals and national character, with which, however, its facts are inseparably linked. This is as it should be; the Commissioner's work is done when he has shown the immediate effects of our tax-laws upon industry and trade; but his statistical summary of these is to the national life just what the official report of a general after a great battle, giving the outline of his movements, and the number of killed and wounded, is to the heroism and sacrifice of the conflict, the anguish of the sufferers upon the field, and the irreparable desolation left in a thousand homes.

THE IRON MONOPOLY.

— For instance, Mr. Wells shows that iron, the chief element of civiliza-

tion, is actually worth in gold, about \$20.50, or less than twenty-five dollars of our currency, per ton; and that it can be made in this country, with a fair profit, in open competition with the markets of the world. But we have a tariff law, whose object is to prevent this competition, and to make iron sell for more than it is worth. This law has given those who have furnaces a practical monopoly, for a long series of years, of this manufacture; so that they have received a far higher price from the consumers than iron has commanded in other civilized nations. This tax has brought the treasury, in round numbers, a million of dollars a year; it has brought the monopolists ten times as much, in addition to their reasonable and natural profits; but how much has it taken from the people?

HOW IT REACHES EVERY MAN.

— This is a question which no man can answer. There is not an article used in manufactures, in trade, or in the household, but is laid under tribute by it. The maker of machinery and tools, of railroads, engines, and cars, of ploughs, looms, anvils, and spades, of houses, glass, and shoes, of paper, pens, printing-presses, and books, must pay more for his raw material; must therefore have more capital, pay more interest upon it, and charge higher profits, because of this tax. Every workingman's rent, his axe, his coat, his loaf, his knife, his fire, must pay duty, not to the United States, but to the iron-master of Pennsylvania. The amount this tax yields to the monopolists directly is thus multiplied in a thousand forms, and enters into every varied avenue of industry, clogging them all, checking the progress of invention, utterly destroying many branches of busi-

ness, robbing the laborer's home of its comforts and his life of hope. This is but one of many such taxes, on salt, on copper, on lumber, on wood, on coal, on clothing, on leather, on every thing of which a monopoly can be maintained by law, all of which are levied for the avowed purpose of "protecting" a class at the expense of the nation; and which together make up the bulk of the whole burden which is exhausting its strength.

MORAL EVILS OF HIGH TARIFFS.

— The moral aspects of such legislation are too bold to escape notice. It is all false upon its face; for it is in the form of revenue laws; laws which pretend to be made for the benefit of the national treasury, while they really pay five dollars to private interests for one to the government. It helps to obliterate all moral sense of the sacredness of property and of the rights of labor, that wealth is obtained more speedily and surely by a vote of Congress than by industry and prudence. It makes legislation itself suspected, if not corrupt, by setting before its authors enormous pecuniary interests, hanging upon a single word. It breaks down commercial integrity, by provoking evasions of law, smuggling, and bribery. An honest revenue law, which shall aim simply to supply the wants of the treasury, at the least cost to the people, is the prime condition of a reform in public morals. The glory of England to-day is the purity of her financial administration, in all its branches; a purity beyond that found in any other nation, and which belongs mainly to this generation, being unquestionably due, in a very great measure, to the revolution which put an end to monopolies sustained by tax-laws, only twenty years ago.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

— If ever poet did his best to perfect himself in his art, as, first, by thinking over his themes before writing about them; second, by devoting his noblest powers to the writing; and, third, by keeping his manuscripts more than the Horatian period, it is Alfred Tennyson.

Whatever faults may be laid to his charge, the grave fault of hasty thinking and careless writing is not among the number. He has always done his best, not merely his best for the day, or the year, but his best for life. We are reminded of this whenever we take up

the late editions of his collected works, where we continually meet with changes of text, some of which are certainly for the better, while others are as certainly for the worse. But, good or bad, there they stand, as the poet's last expression of himself and his genius. It is nearly forty years since the attention of Tennyson was turned to the Arthur legends, and he has not done with them yet, or has done with them so recently that they must still be vital in his mind. *The Lady of Shalott*, a boy's attempt to handle one of these legends, was published in his second volume, issued in 1832; and now, in the year of grace, 1870, we have *The Holy Grail and Other Poems* (Fields, Osgood & Co.), the perfect work of the man, and the last, we imagine, of his Arthurian epics, or Idylls, as he prefers to call them. Strictly speaking, there are but two new idylls in the volume, "The Holy Grail," and "Pelleas and Ettarre;" for "The Coming of Arthur" we must regard as a prologue to what follows here, and in "The Idylls of the King;" while "The Passing of Arthur" answers for the necessary epilogue. A considerable portion of the latter is old, as the reader will discover, figuring in "The Epic," which dates as far back, in print, as 1842. If we could suppose ourselves to be writing in 1832, it would be our duty to say something of "The Lady of Shalott;" or, if we could suppose ourselves to be writing ten years later, it would be our duty to say something of "The Epic." But the "forward-flowing tide of time" will not flow back with us, as with the poet, in his *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, so we shall say nothing of either; for what would have been a duty then, would be merely a pleasure now—a pleasure we can no more afford ourselves in Tennyson's case than in Shakespeare's or Milton's. We will not dwell, therefore, upon these fresh Arthurian idylls, further than to say that they are fully worthy of those which preceded them. If we have any criticism at all to make, it is that the *substance* is not quite so rich, the action so rememberable, but the form is as perfect as ever. It is no

praise to say this, however, for this is the one thing above all others we are sure to find in Tennyson. His workmanship—his art is perfect, more perfect, if there can be degrees of perfection, than the art of any other English poet, living or dead. Of the minor pieces only *The Northern Farmer—New Style*, *The Higher Pantheism*, *Flower in the Crannied Wall*, and *The Golden Supper* are new. "The Northern Farmer" is not so striking as his elder brother of the same name; "The Higher Pantheism," is a brief and inadequate treatment of a large subject; and "The Golden Supper" is not what we have a right to expect from Tennyson, who ought to be above writing, or printing, fragments now. "Flower in the Crannied Wall," should never have seen the light, or, seeing it once, should have been allowed to pass out of sight, with

"I stood on a tower in the wet."

If it be parodied, as it probably will be, a very natural rhyme to "crannies" will at once suggest itself to the parodists.

— In Mr. Gerald Massey's *Tale of Eternity* (Fields, Osgood & Co.), there are eighty-two poems, if we have counted them correctly, or over seven times as many as in Tennyson's new volume. If quantity stood for quality, Mr. Massey ought to be seven times as great a poet as Tennyson, or, say, at least a Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth in one. As quantity, however, does not stand for quality, Mr. Massey is merely what he is, viz., a voluminous, not to say multitudinous, versifier. When he first appeared it was the fashion to praise him, and to hope good things from him in the future. It was the fashion to praise him because he had raised himself from quite a low station in life, as they regard it in England, to a place among men of letters, or among those whom it sometimes pleases us to consider such. We respect Mr. Massey for what he has made himself, as we do all self-made men; but we realize in his case, as in most similar cases, that the self-made man is generally a half-made man. For what he was and is, he will not compare with Burns,

or Bloomfield, or poor John Clare, most ignorant and most delicious of rural poets. Mr. Massey's early poetry was very much like Mr. Alexander Smith's early poetry, except that it was invariably written in worse taste, which is rather a severe judgment to pass on it, when we recall the very bad taste exhibited on every page of *The Life Drama*. That is to say, Mr. Massey's verse was all a fume and a splutter of rich, lush words, as if instead of waiting until his fancies were out of the shell and fledged, he had incontinently broken the eggs which contained them, and whipped the contents into a yellow, frothy syllabub. As time passed on, he learned to make sponge cakes, which were acceptable, we suppose, to the lovers of such light diet. There are pretty things in *The Ballad of Babe Christobel*, and in *Craig-crook Castle*. And there are pretty things in "A Tale of Eternity"—if we could only remember where they are. Here is one, which stands as a motto to an "In Membriam:"

"The dear ones who are worthiest of our love
Below, are also worthiest above.
Too lofty is his place in glory now,
For hands like ours to reach and wreath his brow:
A few pale flowers we plant upon his tomb,
Watered with tears to make them breathe and bloom.
The gentle soul that was so long thy ward,
Now hovers over thee, thine Angel-Guard:
And, as thou mourn'st above his dust so dear,
Thy happy Comforter draws smiling near.
Look up, dear friend, our Doves of Earth but rise,
Transfigured into Birds of Paradise."

There are pretty things, too, in *Hymns and other Lyrics*, which are noticeable for a vein of simple, natural reflection, and genuine devotional spirit. The volume is an advance upon the earlier pieces of Mr. Massey. It is written throughout with more soberness, and with fewer violations of good taste. Its chief defect is a want of substance. There is not enough sense behind the words, or the sense is so commonplace that it leaves no mark in the memory when the words are no longer before the eye. One poem washes out another, as if the whole were ripples of spray on a beach. They glitter, and are gone. "A Tale of Eternity" will never reach its destination.

— Indifferent as American Literature is, there was once a time, nor was it so very long ago, either, when it must have been a weariness to the soul. So, at least, we judge from the *flotsam* and *jetsam* which the waves of the present are occasionally casting up at our feet. Two such wrecked ventures are *The Poems of Emma C. Embury*, (Hurd & Houghton) and *Titania's Banquet, Pictures of Women, and other Poems*, by George Hill (D. Appleton & Co.). We have no wish to speak with disrespect of either of these writers, for the first is dead, while the last must be well along in the vale of years. We remember Mrs. Embury as a contributor to the magazines of thirty years ago, at which time, and possibly a little earlier, she was not inaptly styled "The Hemans of America." So remarks the writer of the Preface to the volume, in charming unconsciousness that a comparison with Mrs. Hemans has long since lost whatever little value it may have had once. As nobody reads Mrs. Hemans now, so far as we are aware, it is not likely that many will read her American counterpart. The ladies were alike, if we may trust our recollections, in that the strong point of both was the domestic affections, and unlike in that Mrs. Hemans was a spirited rhetorician, which Mrs. Embury was not. We can recall "The Pilgrim Fathers," "Casabianca," "Leaves have their time to fall," and "Flowers, bring flowers," but, though we have just laid down Mrs. Embury's poems, they are gone from us utterly,—

"Gone like a wind that blew
A thousand years ago."

It is a handsome volume of 368 pages, and if one is making a collection of American Poetry, it will look well in the collection. So will also Mr. Hill's little book, which purports to be a third edition, revised and enlarged. It differs materially from the first and second editions, future bibliographers may like to know, but wherein we cannot inform them, since we have not been able to persuade ourselves to let Mr. Hill be our usher to "Titania's Banquet." We have likewise declined to see many of his

"Pictures of Women." "The Ruins of Athens" are not so poetic now, as forty or fifty years ago, when Campbell and Byron were encouraging the Greeks in their struggles with the hated Moslem; nor do we think much of "Sonnets" constructed in defiance of all rules. Here is a specimen of one, which recalls what Halleck (in whose memory it was written) was fond of quoting from Burns, about the awkward squad firing over his grave:

"The earth that heaps thy relics, Halleck, where
No name more famed sepulchral shaft shall bear,
Full many a pilgrim-bard from many a shore
Shall wend to greet, till time shall be no more;
The spot, henceforth to genius ever dear,
Shall gladly hail, nor quit without a tear;
Some strain of thy imperishable lyre
Recall, and ere reluctant he retire,
Exclaim, 'In thee, O Fame's lamented son!
A thousand poets we have lost in one.'"

A sonnet, quotha! It is such a sonnet as Bottom would have written after he was "translated."

— It must be humiliating for the literary guild to reflect that in a few years the greater part of their number will only live in the pages of biographical and bibliographical dictionaries, and that of the remainder the greater part will only go down to posterity in extracts. If there was any certainty that the extracts would be made from their best works, and would include the best things therein, they might be consoled for the oblivion which had overtaken the rest; but unfortunately there is no such certainty, the rule being that the majority of writers are represented at their worst. If the reader doubt this fact as regards the English Poets, he should turn to Percy and Ellis, and note what they quote from the singers of the age of Elizabeth, and the days of James and Charles the First, and then read some of the authors quoted, if possible, in the original editions, and see if they do not generally rise in his estimation. Once an author is quoted from, he is done for; for your ordinary compiler follows his fellows as sheep follow their leader,

"Thorough bush, thorough briar."

It is sad for a poet to know that nine tenths of his work must perish; but to

know that the one tenth which survives is unworthy of him, is to be injured without the hope of redress. We are led to these reflections by *Evenings with the Sacred Poets*, by the author of "Festival of Song," "Salad for the Solitary," etc., a handsome volume, of which Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. are the publishers. To say that it is not interesting would be untrue, and to say that it is not disappointing would be equally untrue; the fault being that it is interesting, as regards the amount and variety of information in it, and disappointing, as regards its criticisms and many of its selections. The compiler is evidently a man of old-fashioned tastes and sympathies, who has read much, digested a little, and who relies upon authorities for his opinions. The cast of mind implied by these habits is a safe one for certain literary purposes, but it cannot be depended upon when thorough research and acute criticism are demanded. We have found much that was valuable in the shape of material in these "Evenings," but not much that was new to us, except in literatures with which we are unfamiliar. Of the last five *Evenings*, which embrace the sacred poets of England and America, we are perhaps somewhat competent to speak, having gone over the ground to a certain extent ourselves, and these have frequently disappointed us. We doubt the authorship of some of the poems quoted, and more than doubt the correctness of the text of others. A poem on page 223, commencing

"Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,"

is ascribed to Raleigh, but on what authority we are not told. In the first place, it is not included in any edition of Raleigh, with which we are acquainted; in the second place, no edition of Raleigh can be trusted implicitly; in the third place, if there is any such thing as internal evidence, it is entirely against Raleigh, whose verse, so far as it has been authenticated, is harsh and fantastic, rather than harmonious and natural. Internal evidence is against Chaucer's having written in such modern diction as this:

"Fly from the crowd, and be to virtue true,
Content with what thou hast, though it be small;
To hoard brings hate: nor lofty thoughts pursue;
He who climbs high, endangers many a fall."

On page 241, we find these lines:

"All must to their cold graves;
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

On page 254, we have the last stanza of Shirley's great dirge, which concludes,

"All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!"

Is it not curious that the man who quoted this, could not see that there was something wrong in the other quotation? and is it not still more curious that the first and last lines of this noble poem should be incorrectly given? If we may trust our memory as against the text before us, Shirley wrote,

"The glories of our blood and state,"

instead of "*birth* and state," and "blossom in *their* dust," instead of "*the* dust." One of the most beautiful of Shirley's smaller pieces copied on the same page, reads as follows:

"Hark! how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell:
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter, and but cheat the ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resigned;
And, a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade.
Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,
Was but a moral of this bell."

Where the compiler found this we know not; but in a copy of Shirley's "Poems," bearing the date of 1646, instead of the two concluding lines just quoted, we have,

"He that on his pillow lies,
Tear-embalmed before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life,
To meet the sacrificer's knife,
And for Eternity is prest,
Sad bell-wether to the rest."

We are by no means satisfied with the way in which the early English Poets are represented, but as tastes differ we suppose the compiler of these "Evenings," has as good a right to his preferences as we have to ours. He has no right, however, to change the measures of his authors, as he does perpetually,

and to such an extent, that we sometimes fail to recognize our old favorites. Here is the beginning of a poem of Harrington's:

"When I survey the bright celestial sphere
So rich with jewels hung that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,
My soul her wings doth spread, and heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies!"

This should stand as follows:

"When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere," etc,

the six lines quoted being really eight lines re-arranged, apparently to save space. Pope's "Univorsal Prayer" is tolerably well known; but it is not easy to recognize it in such lines as these:

"Thou Great First Cause, least understood! who all
my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good, and that
myself am blind."

It is still more difficult to recognize Cowper's "Castaway" in this:

"No poet wept him; but the page of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age, is wet with
Anson's tear,
And tears, by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead."

How this extract from Bethune should be corrected, or how it can be read, as it stands, will probably puzzle many:

"I am alone; and yet in the still solitude there is a
rush
Around me as were met a crowd of viewless
wings; I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies,—heaven meeting earth,
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth."

We are not familiar with the poem, but it probably stands in the original,

"I am alone: and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush," etc.

Nothing can be said in defence of such liberties as these, which are multiplied indefinitely, and are so unpardonable, that we close the book lest we should be unjust to its merits, which are considerable, of their kind, though the kind is not one which will commend it to scholars.

— If theology were our forte, we should probably not make the confession that we do in regard to *The Life of Joseph Addison Alexander, D. D.* (Scribner & Co.), viz.—that we had no idea

that America had produced so profound a scholar. We are not in the habit of reading the Lives of divines, however eminent, but we have read this "Life" through, and when we say that it is in two bulky volumes of upwards of five hundred pages each, the reader may suppose that the pleasure of it exceeded the labor. Dr. Alexander was every way a remarkable man (we might say the most remarkable man in the country, if Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit had not anticipated us in the expression), and the most remarkable thing about him was his talent for learning languages, of which he probably knew more than any linguist of his time. As soon as he was able to understand the meaning of English words, he began to study Latin; at six, or thereabouts, he began to study Hebrew, and a little later, Arabic and Persian. He read every thing that came in his way, and wrote largely from boyhood, both in prose and verse, and with astonishing fluency and clearness. He seems to have found, or made, a royal road to knowledge, and to the last day of his life it was open to his eager and unwearied spirit. He was once asked by one of his acquaintances how many languages he knew, and he answered, "I have a smattering of several." His biographer, Henry Carrington Alexander, gives a list of them, and it amounts to twenty-four, including Syriac, Ethiopic, Chinese, Malay, and Coptic. He was unique among modern scholars for the ease with which he used his extraordinary learning, which sat upon him and his work "as lightly as a flower." Dr. Beach Jones remarked this fact in a letter to Dr. Alexander's biographer, chiefly in reference to his expositions of the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospels of Mark and Matthew. "Scholars can see in every part of these commentaries proofs of amazing erudition, as well as of the profoundest and nicest scholarship; and even unprofessional readers become convinced that the author must have possessed vast resources. Yet it would be difficult to point to any similar production where so much learning is presupposed and implied, and

where so little is displayed. We have the ripest fruits of consummate scholarship, but no parade of the means and process by which they were reproduced. One of the first scholars and greatest minds in this country was once contrasting the commentaries of Professor Alexander with those of another distinguished professor in the same department, and illustrated the difference by the following expressive figure: 'When — has done his work, you find yourself up to your knees in shavings. When Dr. A. has finished his, you don't see a chip.' Not the least astonishing thing about the great scholar was his mastery of nonsense, of which we have several specimens in his "Life." One, written in his youth, is made up of words which were to be found in Webster's Dictionary, and a curious medley it is. Another, written in manhood, was in the form of a magazine for children. It was mostly made up of stories, of which the following extract from "Don Patrick: A Romance of Terra del Fuego," is not a bad example: "On the summit of the Amazon, above the green fields which are watered by the Hecla and its tributary streams, there stood in ancient times a fortified sirocco! From its frowning entablature the martial canzonet, as he paced to and fro with his easel on his shoulder, could behold the verdant glaciers of Owhyhee, and occasionally catch the dying echo of some distant *mal di testa*, as it died away among the capsules of the lofty praries. Here the youthful Masorites were wont to angle for the aloe and the centipede, the choicest dainties of a Gentian's table; while above them, in the logarithms of St. Chroline, an extenuated monkey of the order of Sangamon, wearing his rosary of snow-white azure, chanted the solemn replevin of the Vandal Church. In this romantic spot, before the days of Salamanca, or perhaps while she was reigning, lived an aged Virtuoso, who could trace his cosmogony to Upas the Valerian, through many generations of illustrious Flamingoes." Bon Gaultier was good at this kind of writing, as the "Ballads" testify, particularly the imi-

tation of Tom Moore, with its superb line,

"And kaftan and kalpac have gone to their rest;"
but Bon Gaultier was a mere bungler beside Dr. Alexander, who adds another to the many confirmations of the truth of the proverb,

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

— Three documents of signal importance have appeared within a few months, in the interest of the liberal party in the Roman Catholic Church. The first is the protest of Father Hyacinthe—the greatest of living Roman Catholic preachers. The second is the latest pastoral of Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, beyond comparison the ablest of the French bishops, in which he shows by unsparing argument the inexpediency of declaring the Infallibility of the Pope to be a dogma of faith. The third is *The Pope and the Council*, by Janus (Roberts Brothers).

The chief part of the book is occupied with a direct and most overwhelming attack, not on the *expediency* of enunciating the doctrine of Infallibility, but on the very doctrine itself. It is the work of a Roman Catholic theologian of Germany, whose name is withheld from publication. But no Protestant author within our knowledge has struck at this dogma such trenchant blows, or brought to the discussion a more ample equipment of historical learning. He shows the whole system of papal absolutism to have been built exclusively upon a long series of deliberate forgeries of historical documents. And although there is nothing new to ecclesiastico-historical scholars in this demonstration, it is put with new and irresistible force in this volume, and proceeds from a source which gives it new and momentous significance. This work and Dupanloup's pastoral are documents of a sort to commit the liberal Roman Catholic party irrevocably to war with the "infallibilists." They take positions from which there can be no going back, but in which, in case the conspiracy of the Jesuit faction is successful, and the definition of infallibility is secured in the council, they must

stand *inter-exclusos*—which is Latin for "out in the cold."

It looks to us as if the unflinching boldness with which these liberals have encountered the arrogance of their ultramontane antagonists, would be successful. To be sure, the latter have pledged themselves just as irrevocably in favor of infallibility as the liberals have pledged themselves against it. They have distinctly declared that the Church cannot get along without it, just as the liberals have demonstrated that the Church cannot possibly get along with it. Rather than pronounce a decision which would be tantamount to the condemnation of one or the other of these powerful parties, we incline to the conviction that the Ecumenical Council, with the cautiousness common to delegated bodies, will fall into something like the position of the outside world, which is disposed to agree with both of them.

— *Priest and Nun*, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright (Phila. Crittenden & McKinney), is a "sensational story," designed to create the impression that Roman Catholic clergymen are generally worse than their Protestant brethren; that convents are prisons in which the daughters of our first families are kidnapped and immured in spite of *Habeas Corpus*; that "the dungeons under the Cathedral" are commonly used for the incarceration of offenders against the Church; and that the servant-girl of the period is ordinarily implicated in a foul and dark conspiracy to destroy the liberties of our beloved country, and to get the babies of America baptized on the sly. We have our misgivings about the effectiveness of this method of training the youths of America

"Early to fly the Babylonian woe,"

inasmuch as some of the most eminent recent converts to Romanism have, according to their own confession, been brought up under this very regimen. But if this method is still to be pursued, the book before us is perhaps as good for it as any thing since the "Awful Disclosures" of Maria Monk. The degree of literary ability of the book is worthy of the class of literature to which it belongs.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

MONTHLY NOTES PREPARED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

— The necessity of preparing these notes nearly a month in advance of their publication, prevents us from giving all the announcements of the winter season in England and on the Continent; but the indications, as we write, are that there will be no falling off in the literary productiveness of our foreign friends. All departments of authorship are already well represented: history, biography, criticism, fiction, will receive many additions—few of them, perhaps, of very special importance, but also few which have not a sufficient reason for existence. In spite of the inundation of novels, and the ever-increasing grotesqueness of their titles, the taste for graver works, especially of science, theology, and history, when not too technically handled, seems to be steadily increasing. There is no doubt that the average quality of literary performance has improved—indeed, it was probably never higher than at present. But out of the mass of books which exhibit considerable skill in statement, the number which give evidence of proportioned and well-considered design, still remains few. This is principally true of the English literature of to-day. In France, there is so much excellence in both these respects, that it has grown slightly monotonous; while in Germany we have labor, research, sentiment, theories innumerable, but, with a few exceptions, a general carelessness in regard to literary workmanship.

— Our design, in these monthly notes, is to chronicle whatever in Foreign Literature, Art, or Discovery may possess an interest for the American reader. A *complete* resumé of such intelligence would claim much more space than the character of this Magazine will allow, and would embrace much matter, important only to a limited class. Moreover, literary or artistic events of marked prominence are so generally discussed by the daily and weekly press, that, in many instances, the interest in them is already obsolete before they could appear in a monthly periodical. We have preferred to collect, chiefly, the material which has not been thus exhausted, and which, therefore, is likely to retain a certain freshness for our readers. This is less possible in English than in German and

French literature. The field is large enough for many gleaners, and if we now and then pick up poppies and "azure cyanes" instead of ears, there are those to whom color is as necessary as bread.

— A work which ought to be very charming is the life of Mary Russell Mitford, "related in a series of Letters to her Friends;" by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. The announcement contains a list of the distinguished contemporaries whom she knew, or knew of through friends,—two hundred in number. The poets commence with Cowper and end with Tennyson. Any one who had the fortune to see Miss Mitford in her cottage at Swallowfield, and to hear her delightful talk of old days and old scenes, would be slow to consent that such a rare and eventful personal history should be lost. If Mr. L'Estrange has given, as the title would indicate, Miss Mitford's life in her own language, we may count on a sure and unusual pleasure.

— Among the announcements of new works on theological subjects are: "The Church and the Age;" "Ecclesia, a Series of Essays;" "History of Religious Thought in England," by the Rev. John Hunt; "The Peace of God," by the Archdeacon of York, and "Fireside Homilies," by Dean Alford. Of a more strictly historical character are "Heroes of Hebrew History," by the Bishop of Oxford, and a translation of Presensé's "Early Years of Christianity." In Germany, Dr. Diestel, Professor of Theology at Jena, has just published a "History of the Old Testament in the Christian Church"—a work which has not yet been performed, notwithstanding that the original theological publications in Germany average *fifteen hundred annually!* There could be no stronger evidence of the existence of very grave and important undercurrents of thought and speculation in the religious world than is furnished by the large and increasing number of works of this class. And perhaps nothing could better illustrate the advancing civilization of the race than the difference in tone and temper and tolerant intelligence between the religious writings of to-day and those of a century or two ago.

— Dr. Stratmann, of Kelfeld, the author of a "Dictionary of Old English," has commenced the publication of Shakespeare, giving the exact reading and spelling of the first editions, with the later variations. He is very severe upon the modern critics for their arbitrary changes, and in many instances justifies his retention of the original text, through his knowledge of the English of Shakespeare's day. The devotion and patience of the many accomplished students of Shakespeare in Germany is hardly likely to be paralleled in the poet's own country.

— It is quite impossible to keep pace with the productions of the English novelists. Every week brings us a fresh flood of announcements. We notice, however, the beginning of a slight change in the style of titles. There are still: "Too Bright to Last," "Not to Be," and "Only Herself," but "M. or N." denotes a tendency toward condensation, and a return to realistic simplicity is hinted at in "Martha Planebarke."

— The *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslands* translates large portions of Mr. Lea's article on "Monks and Nuns in France," which was published in *Putnam's Magazine*, last summer.

— Adolph Strodtmann, in translating into German Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," has allowed himself a singular liberty. Unable to find rhymes enough for "six hundred (*sechs hundert*), which certainly has one rhyme—*verrundert*), he has increased the number to one thousand—*tausend*, which admits of several rhymes! The heroism of the celebrated charge is thereby diminished exactly forty per cent.!

— Among the recent additions to the Humboldt literature is a collection of letters entitled "In the Ural and the Altai," written by Humboldt to Count Cancrin, the Russian Minister of Finance, during the journey of the former to Siberia, in 1829. The personal narrative of this journey was never written by Humboldt, hence the correspondence supplies a missing link in the story of his travels.

— "American War Pictures: Sketches from the years 1861-65, by Otto Hensinger," is the title of a work recently published in Leipzig. The author served under Blenker and Sigel, and gives lively descriptions of the battles in which he was engaged. His work, however, is filled with complaints against the American generals and the American people for their failure—as he affirms—to properly recognize the services of the German troops.

— Since the celebration of Humboldt's hundredth birth-day, no less than eight biographies of him have been published in Germany.

— Mathilde Weendonck, of Zurich, Switzerland, has written a tragedy embodying the story of *Gudrun*, one of the mediæval epics of Germany. The performance was much more successful than that of Richard Wagner's opera of "Rheingold"—an attempt to revive the same kind of material.

— On the 6th of September, the fiftieth anniversary of Hans Christian Andersen's arrival at Copenhagen was there celebrated. The author received the grand cross of the order of Dannebrog.

— The industry and zeal of the German Egyptologists, and the extent to which they have enriched our knowledge of the old Egyptian civilization, are not yet generally known. The latest contribution in this field is Dr. Dümichen's report of his researches in 1868. He was attached to the astronomical expedition sent to observe the total eclipse of that year in Aden, his special duty being the examination of the oldest Egyptian monuments—a task for which he was prepared by years of philological and archæological studies. His work is devoted principally to an account of the nautical achievements of the Egyptians, and to a further explanation of Hartmann's zoological figures, taken from the monuments. He traces back the history of Egyptian commerce to the period of the Fourth Dynasty, about 2,500 B. C., and thereby furnishes additional evidence of the great influence of Egypt upon the civilization of the ancient world. The representations of animals, during the period extending from 1,700 to 3,000 B. C. are said to be so correctly given that their zoological classification may be made without any difficulty.

— "English Essays" is the title of a book just published in Hamburg. It is a collection of eleven papers in the English language, chosen, apparently, more from the interest which they possess for German readers, than from their intrinsic literary excellence. Among them are a paper on "Humboldt," by Harriet Martineau; others on "Charlotte Brontë" and "Nuremberg," from the *North American Review*; and Mrs. Stowe's "True (?) Story of Lady Byron."

— The extent of musical culture in Germany may be guessed from the fact that two new encyclopædias, devoted specially to music, are now in the course of publication there. The first, which appears in Berlin, is

entitled "Musical Conversations Lexicon." The editor is Hermann Mendel, assisted by a committee of the Composers' Association of Berlin. The other, a "Hand-lexicon of Music," by Dr. Oscar Paul, is published in Leipzig. The parts which have appeared, extending from *A* to *B*, contain already 2,500 articles!

— Frederick Spielhagen, the author of "Problematic Natures," has appeared as a reader in Berlin. Being a gentleman of refined and agreeable presence, with a full, rich, well-modulated voice, he seems to have made a very favorable impression upon his audiences. His reading is based upon that of Dickens, being selected passages—especially those which possess dramatic effect—from his own novels. The literary journals hail his appearance as "the restoration of a neglected art."

— Brockhaus, in Leipzig, is at present occupied with the publication of four series of German classics, which, when completed, will present an unbroken collection of all the representative works of German literature, from the days of the Niebelungen-Lied to the present time. The eight volumes of the "Classics of the Middle Ages," which have already appeared, include Walther von der Vogelweide, the Gudrun, Niebelungen, Tristan, and Parzival; then follow the "Poets of the Sixteenth Century," of which three volumes of songs and plays have appeared. Other volumes will give us Fischart, Hans Sachs, Marner, &c. The third series, "Poets of the Seventeenth Century," commences with Paul Flemming, after which Opitz and Friedrich von Logau follow; while the "Poets of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" will complete the list. The collection will be completed in the course of a year or two.

ART.

— The Countess of Flanders, sister-in-law to the King of Belgium, is said to possess a remarkable talent for etching. She is now employed in producing a series of designs, illustrating De Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma chambre."

— The first living Italian architect, Luigi Polletti, died recently in Baveno, on Lago Maggiore, whither he had gone to superintend the quarrying of columns of red granite for the portico of the Basilica of San Paolo, in Rome. He was seventy-seven years old, and a native of Modena.

— Madame Jerichau, the famous Danish artist, has, it is said, received a commission from the Sultan to paint some of the beauties of his harem.

— The German journal, *Ueber Land und Meer*, has a portrait of Leutze, with a full and appreciative biography, and an engraving of his picture of the "First Mass of Marie Stuart."

— A cargo of ancient sculpture and architectural fragments, from Ephesus Sardis and other places in Asia Minor, is on its way to London.

— A committee at Bolton, in England, to decide upon a monument to be erected there, have passed a resolution declaring that they will accept the model which can be erected at the least expense!

— Dr. Adolf Stahr, in his recent work, "A Winter in Rome," thus speaks of Mr. Story's sculpture: "Here, in the realm of historic-national art, he appears as an entirely new creative power, and thereby he has opened to the plastic artist a new field, which promises rich results to his hand and the hands of his successful followers. On beholding the Cleopatra, the Libyan Sibyl, the Dalila, whereto a Judith, a Saul, and a Medea brooding revenge must be added, one feels, as a spectator who saw these statues with us expressed it: 'as if one breathed an air of new life and hope for the further development of plastic art.' And it is certainly a significant circumstance that this fresh, vital direction has been given by a son of the youngest civilized race—a son of America."

— A monument of an entirely original character is to be given to the Austrian author, Adalbert Stifter. The scene of one of his most charming stories, *der Hochwald*—is in the mountains of Bohemia. Near the spot there is a rocky rampart some twelve hundred feet in height, visible for a distance of twenty or thirty miles in every direction. It is proposed to chisel the author's name on this rock, in letters of such size that, when gilded, they shall shine far and wide over the land. If our rocks must be lettered, we should much prefer to see "Bryant," "Halleck" and "Irving" on the Palisades, instead of S. T. 1860 X, and other kindred abominations.

— Two new and well-deserved monuments to poets have just been completed. That of Count Platen, in Syracuse, Sicily, was solemnly dedicated on the 25th of October last, in the presence of the Sicilian offi-

cial and an immense crowd of people. The spirits of Hafiz and Theocritus were presented. Three days later, the monument to Rückert was unveiled, in the poet's own garden, in Neussess, near Coburg. Dr. Tempelvey—a young German poet—delivered the oration; and a song of Rückert, for which Beethoven composed the music, closed the ceremony.

The sum of \$16,000 has already been subscribed to the Schiller monument in Vienna, making the fifth city which has thus honored the poet's memory. The *Schiller-stiftung*, founded in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth-day, and now possessing a capital of \$250,000, has just granted a life-pension of 500 thalers a year to the old Silesian poet, Karl von Holtei, one of 300 thalers to Carl Beck, one of 300 to Alexander Jung, and one of 100 thalers to Fräulein von Herder, the last remaining grandchild of the great author.

The European journals state that Pope Pius IX. intends to erect an equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine in Rome. Instead of the sword, he will hold in his hand a parchment scroll, representing the supposed decree upon which the Popes base their temporal power. As the authenticity of such a decree has been doubted by the historians, the question will probably be considered settled by its monumental representation in bronze.

The *German Art-Journal*, in its notices of the International Art-Exposition at Munich, devotes a chapter to "American and Russian Painters." The critic first declares that the Americans have "only very recently been added to the list of those nations which produce works of art," and then complacently remarks: "Indeed, so far as the native Americans are concerned, their artistic faculty appears to be quite feebly developed, probably suppressed by the prevailing tendency of the American mind toward politics and commercial speculations." (!) "Among the American pictures, we only find three or four by real Americans, the other being from the hands of emigrated Germans. The former bear the names of Follingsby and Healy. We will only say of them that the landscapes are mediocre, but still better than the figure-pieces." The "German Americans," whom the critic notices, are Bierstadt and Kauffmann. Of the former he only says that his "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" is almost a reproduction of his "Sierra Nevada"—"the same silver-gray, blurred base of color,

the same specific green in the foreground." Mr. Kauffmann's "Indians tearing up the Rails of the Pacific Road" he pronounces to be a mistaken subject, "belonging to poetry and not to painting, because it deals with the Abstract Terrible." We are bound to say, however, that this is not a fair specimen of either German art-knowledge or art-criticism, although it appears in the journal which professes to represent both.

— There are at present in Düsseldorf, including professors and students, two hundred artists. The value of the pictures which they painted, during the year 1869, is estimated at 860,000 thalers, of which sum upward of 50,000 thalers were paid by American purchasers. Many of the Düsseldorf artists are occupied entirely in supplying the foreign demand for their works, scarcely any of which remain in Germany.

SCIENCE, STATISTICS, EXPLORATIONS, ETC.

— The prize of 20,000 francs, offered by the Marquis d'Orches for the simplest practical method of ascertaining the existence of death in the human body, has been awarded to Dr. Canière, of the south of France. His plan is to place the body in a dark room and hold up one of the hands in front of a lamp. If the edges of the fingers are semi-transparent, with a slight red tinge, there is still life; if they are hard and dark to the edge, like those of a hand of marble, death is certain.

— The general idea that pins are a modern invention proves to be false. M. Mariette has discovered a number of them in the chambers of Memphis, and a box containing twenty-five specimens has recently been added to the Museum of the Louvre.

— The German papers give an account of the efforts of Madame Hirschfeldt, a native of Holstein, to extend the field of female labor. She went to Philadelphia, in 1867, for the purpose of studying dentistry, but found, to her surprise, that the members of the profession opposed her design. After much difficulty, she found a single dentist willing to give her instruction: for two years she studied faithfully, and finally, in February last, graduated successfully and received a diploma. On returning to Berlin, the Prussian Government decided that it had no right to deny her permission to practise her profession, and she has accordingly established herself in that city.

— Baron von Dückg communicates to

the Cologne *Gazette* a very interesting account of his discovery of ante-historic human remains in the caves of the Hönnethal, in Westphalia. Among the bones of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the *ursus spelæus*, he found stone axes and other implements, while the bones themselves gave evidence that they had been split open by force, for the purpose of obtaining the marrow. His researches were crowned by the discovery of a human skeleton of moderate size: the skull, however, was crushed so that its particular form could no longer be recognized. In another cave, he found many antlers of a lost variety of dwarf reindeer, some of which had been cut into different forms by human hand. He considers it established that the human race existed in Europe at a time when the Polar Ocean, covering Western Russia and the Prussian levels, reached to the Mountains of Middle Germany.

— A more remarkable discovery, testifying to the civilization of the human race at a very remote period, is announced by M. Fouqué, in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of: "An Ante-Historic Pompeii in Greece." He gives a description of the buried towns recently discovered in the islands of Santorin and Therasia, lying side by side, in the Grecian Archipelago. Here, under a layer of volcanic tufa, sixty feet deep, human habitations, overwhelmed suddenly by an eruption and

perfectly preserved, have been excavated. The walls are built of stones and the trunks of olive-trees, and the apartments, which have windows as well as doors, surround an open court-yard. Vases, some of which contain barley and other grains, are found entire; and they are of a form and style of ornamentation quite different from any previously discovered. Some of the smaller vessels are of very elegant workmanship. Only one dwelling has, as yet, been completely excavated, and already a skeleton has been found—partly destroyed, however, by the falling of the roof.

M. Fouqué shows conclusively, from the position of the stratum of tufa, that the town belongs to a period when Santorin and Therasia formed but a single island: the absence of metal and the abundance of axes and other stone implements carries us back beyond the civilization of Egypt, and the fact that other remains of the stone age, as well as of Phœnician occupation, are found on the upper surface of the mass of tufa—the present soil—shows that the eruption must have taken place at a very remote period. We may assume, in fact, that this discovery carries a considerable degree of civilization farther into the past than any other records which we possess. Further excavations and a careful geological examination of the islands will, no doubt, furnish us with evidence of a more positive character.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[OUR RECORD CLOSES JANUARY 1.]

I. IN GENERAL.

THE significant events of December were few, and none of them of startling interest.

In Europe, the most prominent occurrence of the month was the meeting of the Œcumenical Council at Rome; a vast body of clergy, ostensibly uttering the voice of the Roman Church in consultation, but in fact most cautiously held under safe restraint and government by the Holy See, which in Italy—in Rome itself—can, better than in any other place on earth, prevent the wrong thing from being said, and cause the utterance of the right thing. The question of enacting into an article of faith the hitherto doubtful dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope, is that which excites most attention outside of the council. Many reports are afloat about it,

though in fact it is not known whether it has so much as been mentioned in the Council. For the rest, the utterance of the Pope during the last year or two, as well as at the opening of the Council, show that its real purpose is to strengthen the Roman Catholic Church against apprehended collisions with the spirit of the age, by preventing any change in doctrine or practice, when such as may intensify the centralization of the Romish hierarchy, and thus increase the power of the Pope.

There is a new ministry in France, which is called a liberal one, and which some believe to mark the end of the irresponsible reign of Napoleon III. Indeed, it may be so, for M. Ollivier, the chief of the new administration, avowedly entertains views which look like a doctrine of advancing freedom

without rushing into revolution. He is for "a liberal Empire." The French Republicans seem to hold off from him, but French Republicans are not practical men; the accomplishment of the utmost practicable good is the ideal of working statesmanship; and apparently the friends of progress should wish him success.

There has been a ministerial crisis in Italy too; but the changes in the Italian government seem to mean nothing more than the battles of politicians; and meanwhile the true life of Italy is reported to prosper—namely, its industrial and social state.

Further to the East, there is little to note. It is said that the Sultan of Turkey, having succeeded in causing his too powerful vassal, the Viceroy of Egypt (they call him the *Khedive* of late, which means in English, we believe, about the same as the Mohegan title of honor "Mugwump"), to stop gathering muskets and arming land forces, has now peremptorily commanded him to give up his fleet of ironclads. At this writing, the Viceroy's answer is not known. But even the demand must be offensive, and must stimulate any desires of the Egyptian ruler for independence.

The Suez Canal is now reported navigable for vessels drawing 24 feet. But Mr. Ashbury, an English yachtsman, having sounded carefully throughout, asserts that not over 19 feet can be carried through it. It is reported that the very first merchant ship that passed through was wrecked in the Red Sea. In England, they are furnishing up all their old blockade-runners to put on the Suez route, and building new light-draught steamers beside ironclads.

The Dalmatian insurrection against Austria has been put down.

In England a measure has been introduced into Parliament which contributes one step more in the advance of civilized international law as advocated by the United States, in opposition to the absolute code hitherto upheld by the monarchies. This is a bill for a law to permit British subjects to divest themselves at will of their nationality. It will be recollected that it was the insolent denial of the possibility of such a thing, which the British alleged in enforcing their "right of search," and in consequence of which the war of 1812 was fought. It is better however, to confess a wrong fifty-eight years late, than not at all.

On the Western Continent, outside of the United States, the feeble half-alive wars of

Latin and African races continue to smoulder. The Count d'Eu is said to have occupied Lopez' remote stronghold of San Estanilao, but Lopez has fled once more. In Hayti the rebellion against Salnave appears to be entirely successful, and General Nissage Saget appears to be the ruler for the time being. In Cuba, matters remain as heretofore, both as to the small facts of the actual campaigning, and the gigantic statements put forth on both sides about them. On one hand, the Spanish authorities circulate a large ingenious lie, that the insurrection is ended, and the Cuban junta in New York have formally resigned their enterprise by a signed paper, which the junta indignantly deny. On the other hand, in the Cuban interest, is circulated a large ingenious "report," that President Grant and Congress are at once to recognize the belligerency of the Cubans, which the Spaniards indignantly deny.

Lastly; the little "Winnipeg war," far up in the Arctic distance of Rupert's Land, is thus far victoriously maintained by the revolvers, who have put forth a declaration of independence. This is remarkable for its disavowing any connection with Canada, for claiming entire local authority, and for not containing any assertion of loyalty to the British crown. And when it is remembered that the British colonists in British Columbia have actually petitioned our Government to procure their annexation, things really look as if there might be an incorporation into our nation, of a slice of the southwestern part of British America. Certainly, that territory is of no real value to England, nor to any nation whatever, unless to us.

Within the United States, the closing month of the year passed off with extreme quietness. Congress met, and although it concluded no important business, yet it penetrated further toward the same than is usual before the holidays. Political phenomena have been few; the chief facts in this department being the deciding of Alcorn's election (Rep.) in Mississippi over Dent (Conserv.), and Davis's (Rep.) in Texas over Hamilton (Conserv.); the former by a considerable, and the latter by a small majority. In sociology, there has been a lull, from a pause in the series of feminine conventions. In business, there has been nothing to notice, except that the failures have been rather uncommonly few, while at the same time business has been dull and money tight.

Thus ends the year 1869; a year, on the whole, remarkable for its many signs of mental, social, and industrial activity and progress, and for victories of peace rather than war; a prosperous and good year.

II. THE UNITED STATES.

Dec. 3. A body of 500 United States troops protects a force of revenue officers in an attack on a stronghold of illegal distilleries, close to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. A considerable number of stills and much liquor were seized, amid the bitterest curses and threats, but the troops were too strong for any demonstrations, except a few stone throwings, etc.

Dec. 4. Treasurer Spinner calculates that, at the present rate, the national debt will be paid off in thirteen years.

Dec. 6. The second session of the 41st Congress begins.

Dec. 10. The thirty gunboats built and armed at New York and Mystic, Ct., for the Spanish Government, to be used against Cuba, are to-day released from legal proceedings by the United States Government, as not violating the laws of neutrality.

Dec. 16. A Mr. Mungen, a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, reads in the House of Representatives a speech arguing in favor of repudiating the public debt. The consequence, however, was the prompt passage (?) by the House, with only one vote to the contrary (Jones, of Kentucky), decisively repudiating repudiation as "unworthy the honor and good name of the nation."

Dec. 23. Frederick S. Cozzens dies, at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., aged fifty-one. Mr. Cozzens was born in New York, and was during most of his life a merchant; but having much talent as a writer and a genuine love of literature, he often wrote for leading magazines. Some of his contributions to the *Knick-erbocker* were printed in 1851, in a volume entitled "Prismatics, by Richard Haywarde." His best known work, however, was "The Sparrowgrass Papers," which ensured him a high place among American humorous writers. These papers were first contributed to this Magazine, and were issued in a volume in 1858. Mr. Cozzens also published a volume of travels in Nova Scotia, called "Acadia;" and a third volume of light essays, entitled "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker." He issued for a time a little periodical called "The Wine Press," chiefly occupied with the affairs of the wine business, in which he was employed. Mr. Cozzens was a gentleman

of much excellence of character, and a genial friend and companion.

Dec. 24. Hon. Edwin M. Stanton dies suddenly at his residence in Washington, a few days after having been nominated and confirmed as a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was born at Steubenville, Ohio, in December, 1815; began to practice law at Cadiz, Ohio, in 1838; removed to Pittsburg soon after; and about twenty years afterward, his practice having become mostly confined to heavy cases before the United States Supreme Court, he removed to Washington. In December, 1860, he became Mr. Buchanan's Attorney General, and his public services as Secretary of War since that time are too prominent a portion of the history of his country to require even a recapitulation here. Those services were, however, apparently essential to the destruction of the Rebellion. Mr. Stanton thoroughly broke down his constitution by his labor during the war, and not having been able to lay up any part of his salary, he died much the poorer for having held office. It is understood that \$100,000 is subscribed by admirers and friends as a testimonial of respect for the dead, and for the support of his family. The manner of his death showed how completely his vital powers were exhausted; it was from "congestion of the heart;" i. e., muscular inability of that organ to exert the force necessary to maintain the circulation.

Dec. 30. A petition is presented to President Grant from a number of influential citizens of British Columbia, requesting the Government of the United States to take any opportunity that may offer to induce Great Britain to consent to the annexation of British Columbia to this country.

III. FOREIGN.

Dec. 9. The Roman Catholic Œcumenical (Universal) Council, so called, meets at Rome. The title should, however, in strictness not be used, as the Greek, Armenian, and other Oriental Churches do not take part in it, not to mention Protestant Christendom. The sessions open with about 500 members; somewhat less than 1,000 in all are to be present.

Dec. 28. The French Ministry resigns, and M. Emile Ollivier is requested by the Emperor to form a new ministry. This occurrence is reckoned by many the end of "personal government" in France, and the beginning of a régime of real freedom.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. V.—MARCH—1870.—No. XXVII.

THE BEAR HUNT: A SKETCH OF LIFE IN SWEDEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MSS. OF OUR SWEDISH CONTRIBUTOR.

"PAPA says a great English lord, next in rank to the king, is coming here," said the *länsman's* wife to her beloved daughters.

"Is the *king* coming?" exclaimed four young ladies with one voice, as they rushed down-stairs and, with a hurrah, burst into their father's office to hear the marvellous news from his own lips.

"No; a lord, girls. Hang it, if I know what '*lord*' means in Swedish! The Governor, that arrant miser, who, with all his high salary and palatial residence, cannot give his high-born guest a hunting party at his own expense, on his own hills, must send this lord of princely blood and kingly wealth to our forests and recommend him and his train to the hospitality of our poor people! Here am I ordered to summon from one to two thousand men to come to a bear hunt which will last several days. And what is it all for? Only the amusement of a foreigner!" So saying, with a kick, he sent the chains and handcuffs that lay under the table, flying into the middle of the room.

"Good heavens, husband!" cried the *länsman's* wife, scared out of her wits by his violent demonstrations. "Do not talk so about your superiors, who have been appointed by the grace of His Maj-

esty the King to take care of his faithful subjects. Consider what advantage you may derive by coming in contact with men who have the power in their hands. Who knows but that you may attract attention on this occasion, and some fine day be promoted to '*Kronofogde*' and even be made Knight of the Vasa order? And," whispering "who knows but what the lord may be unmarried and may have travelled from his distant country to find a fair wife in one of old Sweden's maidens: perhaps he will yet be son-in-law to a poor *länsman*!"

"How women *will* talk," exclaimed the *länsman*, out of patience. "How can such a foolish thought enter your head, my good wife? What nonsense, my girl becoming the wife of a lord, ha, ha, ha!"

This put an end to the mother's "who knows," and she left the room with her daughters, while her bad-tempered, unreasonable husband wrote the orders for the bear hunt.

"Papa is in an ill humor to-day, he is getting old, and the duties of his office grow too heavy for him," said the *länsman's* wife; "so we will go out of his way, my daughters, and when coffee hour arrives, we will pay a visit to our

Entered, in the year 1869, by G. F. PUTNAM & SON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of N. Y.

neighbors and let them have a taste of our great news, by way of sweetening the coffee.

That day was one of those tedious days on which time will not move the hands of the dial. No matter how often the ladies looked at the big clock in the hall, coffee hour was still far distant. But the maid-servant conceived the brilliant idea, for her own sake as well as theirs, of taking time by the forelock, and secretly moved the hands of the dial a little more than once round the circle; this sent them all off in a hurry.

When the länsmän's sleigh with jingling bells dashed up the parish yard and the steaming horses halted in front of the parson's door, both prost and prostinna (minister and minister's wife) started up from their after-dinner nap and looked at each other in amazement. "Who can come at such an hour?" said the prost. "Perhaps some one is dying and wants your assistance," said the prostinna, half asleep and scarcely knowing what she said. But the prost pushed his wig from his left ear over the right, and hurried out to help the ladies from the sleigh and heartily bade them welcome, according to the good old custom.

The moment the länsmän's wife entered the hall, the first thing that met her gaze was the big hand of the great clock pointing to one. She almost fainted away at the discovery that she had come an hour too soon, two o'clock being the earliest possible time for a coffee visit, according to Swedish etiquette. In order to account for this unheard-of breach of good manners, she began at once to tell the wonderful news that a foreign lord was coming to their little rustic village, which astounding information so completely bewildered the prostinna's mind that she sat down on the sofa, *at the right* of her guest; there was a mistake, and a parson's wife too!

The prost broke out into lamentations over the depravity of our times, that required the badly-paid ministers of the gospel to keep open house and entertain travelling foreigners; and he assured his hearers that, if it were not for the good cause, no man in the country would think

of becoming a clergyman. But his wife sat lost in deep thought, remembering she had read a romance in her young days, in which a young and handsome lord, of unbounded wealth, had gone into the forest to hunt the wild boar, and, losing his way, had met a beautiful young maiden, daughter of a poor clergyman, whom he married.

The fresh and rosy daughters of the house, equal in number to the stars in the great dipper, had been well instructed in religion by their father, and they knew the Bible by heart. They, in their turn, thought of the handsome and virtuous Joseph with his wondrous dreams, how the sheaves of his brothers were bowing down before him. Each saw in her innocent soul's eye how the other six sisters were bowing to her, in reverence and admiration, to the lady decked with jewels and pearls, who in such haste had left the sisterly constellation.

At last the coffee was finished and the cups were removed and the prost sent for his colleague* [vicar] and the sexton, that they also might learn the extraordinary news. After they had been offered some refreshments, which consisted of a glass of cold water for the colleague, and a pinch of snuff for the sexton, he carefully broke the great news to them and asked them, whether they did not share their superior's views, that this bear hunt was a sinful undertaking, against which the clergy ought to protest from the pulpit. He concluded by saying, that he had come to the conclusion that he should warn the people in the church on Sunday next, that he would not be responsible for the salvation of the souls of such men from his parish as should risk their lives in such sinful proceedings.

The sexton declared that his reverence was indisputably in the right then as ever. The colleague, however, was of different opinion, and held that hunting beasts of prey, ordered by the authorities, was something with which the clergy had nothing whatever to do, and that "bears" abounded altogether too much in the country, and that they

* A colleague (like the English curate or vicar) receives about one fifth of the pastor's income.

needed the help of foreigners to hunt them down.

"Brother talks like a schoolboy," interrupted the pastor, somewhat excited, "and ought never to have thought of becoming a pastor; free-thinkers like you, are wolves among a flock of dearly-bought sheep."

A colleague's position in Sweden is never enviable, and with such a superior as this prost, it was next to unbearable. The colleague had, at the university, been what is called there a "gay spirit," who, by virtue of his love for merry company and a fine voice, had become an "ofverlig-gane," who stays longer than the usual time at the university. At last he had yielded to the wishes of his old mother, and become a minister, much against his inclination. But what more than any thing else turned the scales against him, in that house with seven daughters, was, that he had committed the misdemeanor of engaging himself to a lady in another family.

The prostinna, as soon as she heard the high words spoken in the adjoining room, assured her friend that the colleague, with his spirit of contradiction, would surely kill his superior. "And, dear friend," she said, "he eats like a raven, he never dips his bread in the coffee; he sends his linen to the city to be washed, *we* can't do it well enough: he keeps the newspaper all to himself." In the same strain she admitted that he was careful about fire, never slept with his candle burning, took care that they had game every Monday, played chess with his superior, and four-handed with the girls; when he preached, the church would be so crowded that many had to stand outside. But, as she had said, the man had his great faults; and then he had engaged himself to marry, when he could not earn bread enough to feed a wife. Before the friends separated, the subjects of baking, brewing and cooking, all important to a Swedish housewife, were thoroughly discussed.

While the merry little daughter of the *länsmän* had driven her mother to the parsonage, Hedda, the eldest daughter, flew over the crisp and sparkling snow to the Baroness.

This was the only family of nobility in the whole neighborhood. Where they came from, or what they intended to do, was the stereotyped question of the village, the first year after their arrival. The cordial, unsophisticated social intercourse of the villagers seemed to be disturbed by the presence of the highborn aristocratic family, which acted like a damper upon their mirthfulness; and every one had an uncomfortable feeling of subordination and suspected the great people of ridiculing their simple country ways. At last they threw off the yoke, and concluded they would not care about their sayings, and the former gay spirit returned, and they had their old-fashioned dinners, suppers, and their land and water parties as before the arrival of these great folks.

While Hedda was divesting herself of her heavy fur cloak in the hall, the sound of high words reached her ears, coming from the boudoir of the Baroness. Like a true Eve's daughter, she could not resist the temptation of peeping through the key-hole, and she quickly understood that the contest was about the all-important question, whose "tree of ancestors" was the older. She saw the Baroness seated upon her gilt sofa, like a queen upon her throne, with the book of heraldry on a divan-table open before her. She had the word and cut his tree right and left. The Baron, with heavy drops of perspiration on his brow, measured the floor with rapid steps, now and then stopping in front of his wife so high up in her ancestral tree, and tried to quiet her by pointing out how clear it was that his family tree was the oldest in Sweden. But the Baroness would not consent to such humiliation, for she knew that the founder of *her* family came direct from Odin himself, and had a deer's head in his escutcheon, and her mother's family had a half-moon in theirs.

At this point Hedda entered. She disburdened herself of her heavy news. "Parole d'honneur!" exclaimed the Baron, when she had finished her story, "I verily believe that the end of the nobility and the world's end has come!

These are extraordinary times we live in! Here am I, one of the country's noblemen, and know nothing, while one of the king's confidential friends writes to a country justice of the peace to ask him to entertain one of my equals!"

Hedda, immensely frightened at the Baron's anger, meekly said that it surely was not her father's intention to keep the lord as a guest in his house, being convinced that so distinguished a man, accustomed to live in a handsome palace, would not be satisfied to stay in a cottage so humble as theirs.

And Hedda departed; but her suggestion that the lord was accustomed to live in a grand palace weighed heavily on the mind of the baronial couple, and they deeply regretted their straitened circumstances and unspacious home.

The Baron's parents had at his birth read in the stars, that this their son should one day come to do great deeds. After the regular course at the military Academy was gone through with, he was enrolled in Svea's Guard as sub-lieutenant. At a court-ball he fell in love with a bright star, the brightest in the palace; through the grace of the king, he received the title of Royal Chamberlain, with the honor and position belonging to that office, and soon afterward he married. The dowry of the lady of his heart consisted only of a handsome face and a row of great forefathers. Not very long after the marriage, jealousy began to torment the young husband, and a duel with his superior ensued. He asked for and received his discharge and went to the continent, lived in great style, and then returned to his fatherland in comparative poverty. When he found that his former friends gave him the cold shoulder, he showed them the same civility. To make sure of the undivided attachment of his better half, who yet was uncommonly handsome, he deemed it more prudent to remove from the capital to this secluded village, where the reader has made his acquaintance. Here he rented an under-officer's homestead. The house, according to law, consisted of two large rooms, with two adjoining

bedrooms. When the Baron took possession, he raised the doors and windows, changed one room into a salon, one of the bedrooms into a library, etc. He now contemplated a greater task: to transform this simple dwelling into a castle, fitted for the reception of a lord. To accomplish this, trees were to be planted all around the house, and a tower constructed with pine-tree branches, on which colored lanterns were to hang, and over the hall-door he intended to fasten a deer's head with far-spreading antlers. Thus he hoped to palm off his dwelling-place for a rural hunting castle.

Leaving the Baron, we will follow the linsman's two other daughters, as they skate over the frozen lake to the iron-works.

"Well, I declare, what will the world hear next?" exclaimed the superintendent's wife, clasping her hands in sheer astonishment, when she had heard from her dear neighbors what great folks were to visit their neighborhood. But before they could talk the matter over more fully, orders were sent to the kitchen to have the coffee-pot put on the fire with the utmost dispatch, at the same time giving the servants their share of the news that an "English lord was coming."

"Ah, dear, good sugar-gold Madame, may we wait upon the table?" cried all the girls.

"May I also be there?" came a voice from the dairy room, where a young student, the superintendent's brother, from Wermland, was helping the dairy-maid to churn butter. "If a lord is coming, there shall be dancing in the Wermland style," cried the youth, taking hold of his sister-in-law and waltzing right into the parlor, and back again to the kitchen, where he gave a lesson to the maids in dancing the Wermland polka.

And before the sun had reached the horizon that short winter day, the news of the great man's arrival had spread over the neighborhood.

Toward evening the old mail-woman, who brought the letters from the city, came, and never was the poor old soul

welcomed so heartily as on that evening.

She had great news to tell, and she told who the great personage was that was coming among them, she had it direct from the city folks: it was an ambassador sent from England expressly to see how the poor people in Sweden were faring; his lackey had already arrived, carrying a big sackful of gold, for the people, which he gave in charge of the Lands-höfding.

"Where there is smoke, there is fire," thought the superintendent, and he sent messengers to the prominent men in the county to hold a meeting at his house the next day, where the following resolutions were adopted:

First—That every man should hold himself in readiness for the great hunt.

Second—Every one that had a home should clean it and put it in order as for a holiday, and have a comfortable spare bed made up, and the table set with the best things in the house, so that the lord, if he so chose, might enter any house and be welcome. The lord might find many poor houses in Dalsland, but none that was not opened wide to offer him hospitality.

The purse puzzled them. Was it the lord's intention to give a great festival after the close of the hunt? They resolved to send the student to the city to see what he could learn from the Lands-höfding about the treasure.

At four o'clock the next morning, this worthy set out on his journey, singing like a skylark, awakening the echo in the surrounding mountains.

Arrived in the city, he repaired at once to the Lands-höfding's palace, where he did not find the expected lackey, but the lord's friend Mr. Lloyd, who was almost choked with laughter when the student related the wild stories that went the rounds in the country about him and Lord Elsbury. They came to an understanding that the student should make the host at the festivity the lord intended to give to the peasants after the hunt, at the lord's expense.

The student came dancing down the great marble stairs, with a well-filled

purse. He was so much elated and excited with the prospect of acting host at the carousal, that he vowed he would embrace the first living being that came in his way after leaving the house, man, woman, or beast. Fortune, who always favors the brave, managed it so that, while he was turning the corner, the handsomest woman in the city ran into his wide-open arms. She uttered a shriek as if stabbed to the heart, and the people thought she would die, or do the next best thing, faint; but she did not give herself time to do either, and ran home as fast as her little feet would carry her. As soon as her breath would allow it, she hastened to tell her beloved husband, how foully she had been assailed, but how bravely she had defended herself, and the happy husband went at once into the store and presented her with a magnificent silk dress.

Of course, the news of this unheard-of scandal, a man embracing a woman in broad sunlight, ran like wild-fire through the city. The women came together in a convention and resolved never hereafter to go out in the streets alone and unprotected, and then hurried *en masse* to the house of the intended victim, to learn all the particulars of this shocking case of ruffianism never dreamed of in their quiet little city, and all along the way they would cast sly glances about them, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the unprincipled rogue.

The injured husband, who was at once one of the highest magistrates of the city and its principal storekeeper, demanded of his brothers in office that the culprit should be tried and executed on the spot by lynch-law.

But who should enter the office at this moment, but the criminal himself.

"Your very obedient servant, gentlemen, your very obedient servant, my dear alderman and merchant, I have come to make a bargain with you." So saying, he took a chair and seated himself quite unconcernedly among his judges.

So much impudence dumbfounded these honest burghers; they looked at each other, clenching their fists, each expecting the other to move.

But without waiting for an answer the student resumed: "It's a bargain in hard cash to buy as much of your oldest and best spirits as it will take to make a thousand men feel happy, not counting the women and children."

This speech had an immense effect; it loosened the clenched fists at once, and the knitted brows grew smooth.

"But before we discuss this important affair any further, let me beg your pardon, Mr. Alderman."

And he explained the affair, how he had made a vow to embrace the first living being that he should meet in the street, man, woman, or beast. "And," exclaimed the young rogue, "I thank my lucky stars for sending such an angel to my arms; I shudder when I think what might have happened. But how my lips came to touch that angel's cheeks, I am at loss to account for."

This the twenty-four summers'-old wife of the alderman of fifty winters had forgotten to mention. "But enough," added the student, "we are good friends now, and I invite you all, gentlemen, to drink a glass of champagne with me to the health of that angel, her husband, and the happy termination of this affair;" whereupon they all shook hands and laughed heartily at the good joke, except the alderman, who did not laugh.

A familiar proverb says: "Youth and wisdom do rarely keep company." While going to the hotel, the student met several teamsters and told them that there was a load to be carried from the storekeeper's to the ironworks, and he wished them to fetch it and deliver it at the works.

When the student had had enough of the party at the hotel and thought that it was time to return to his home, he went first to the alderman's store to see if the spirits had been loaded and were fairly on the way. But what a scene did he behold! The teamsters were engaged in a free fight with fists and whips, about who should carry the whiskey; for as he had named no one especially, each one claimed that he was meant to have it, and earn this extra shilling.

The student knew what people he had

to deal with; and he knew the danger of irritating these half savage teamsters, who form a peculiar class of the population in Sweden. From their early youth their only occupation consisted in driving their teams between the mines, the furnaces, and the shipping-places. The rough climate, the hard life they lead, have made them almost as feelingless as the iron they carry on their wagons. It is an old law among them, never to turn out of the road for any one, except the king of Sweden or the postillion; every one else has to turn for them, which is often a very difficult thing to do, the roads being narrow or filled with drift-snow. They move in caravans of fifty to one hundred horses, and they may be heard a great way off by the peculiar sound the bar-iron makes, in the cold northern winter, with the thermometer far below zero. It is with any thing but a feeling of comfort that the lonely traveller meets these caravans. He is compelled to drive into the deepest snowbank and wait submissively until the whole procession has passed, they moving not one inch to the side. Woe to him who should dare to grumble or oppose them in this their traditional right; should he reach his home with one bone unbroken, he might thank his good fortune.

The student compromised the matter in this way, that each of the teamsters should receive one rix-thaler, and that those that had no cask to carry, should pick up the foot-travellers they might meet on the road, on their way home. This was received with a shout; and in less than no time the spirits were on the wagons, and off drove the caravan, with the merry student at the head, singing a song improvised by himself at the spur of the moment:

"What happy life you're leading,
You boys that plow the snow,
Who carry on your wagons
What cures all human woe.
Arrack, gin, and whiskey,
Make each a merry punch,
And each one has a maiden
A rosebud in a bunch.
And now we're drawing homeward
The great lord's health to drink,
And with the buxom lasses
We steaming glasses clink!"

"I will be d——d if he don't sing like a king, and makes verses like a prince," exclaimed the leader of the caravan, a tall and shaggy-looking teamster, "and here, boys, a hurrah for the poem-maker!" And hurrah was heard all around through the mountains; the drivers throwing it to the echo, and the echo back to the drivers.

"Thank you, boys, thank you friends and comrades upon life's heavy road."

The whole county was moving as if preparing for a great event. Incredible as it may sound, even in the almshouse preparations were made for the festivity; the old women put in order their Sunday frocks that they might appear dressed in their best. "Nobody knows which way the hare may run," said the old woman, and "lay the trap behind the fireplace," is an old Swedish proverb; and thus ran the thoughts of old father Storm, who, besides eight other invalids, had quarters in the almshouse; and out he went to beg some candles, a luxury rarely seen in that house; for the only light they have in the long winter evenings consists of the light from the wood that burns in the fireplace. Storm had made up his mind, that while the lord was hunting in the forest, a candle should burn upon the table in the almshouse.

Storm was an old soldier who had served his king and his country faithfully for forty years. He had lost one leg in the last war, and as a compensation the king and his country gave him a pension of four and a half dollars a year. In the parish to which he belonged he held the office of "churchpoker," whose business it was to wake up such good Christians as went to sleep during the service. He gave them a slight punch with a long pole, and for this service he received a peck of oats a year and at Christmas a loaf of rye-bread and a candle from every farmer. Besides all this, he had free board in the almshouse. And our invalid dressed himself in his best, put on his *ordre pour le mérite* on his breast, and then trotted off to the village, to beg for a candle.

His first visit was to the church-warden, or rather to his wife.

"It looks everywhere as if Christmas

was coming again, and therefore old Storm is out on his feet," said he, stamping his wooden leg to the floor so that the windows shook; this he did to indicate that he wanted to be listened to. He commenced with telling his story, as he was wont to do at Christmas, when he came to receive his rye-bread and his candle. He had helped, he said, to tear the crown off Bonaparte's head, just when he was ready to swallow Leipzig, but before he did so, he had marched on Stockholm, to help Gustavus Adolphus IV. from his throne. These giant deeds had always inspired Mrs. Churchwarden with reverence, and although not very prone to give, she gave to old Storm, and thus it was now he received his candle and a little balsam to warm his old body.

At last came the much talked of day, on which they should see a living "lord."

Paterfamilias was as quick on his feet, as he was on the day when he put the "brideslippers" on his feet. Once more inspecting the cherished gun to see that all was right, he told grandfather to smoke the best tobacco, and recommending the house and yard to God's care, he took leave of his beloved wife, and gently pushed back his boy who clung to his coat-sleeve and wanted to be taken to the bear hunt. Poor boy, how he wished that he could be put upon a stretch-bench and stretched and stretched, until he should become as big as papa, that very minute! All night the people came pouring into the wide yard at the forge, in order to be in time for the call the following morning. Not a man was missing at the roll-call, every one was there to be present at the great bear hunt on their mountains.

Stanygernfars presented a lively appearance on that clear moonlight winter morning; the men, with hoar frost in their beards, roses upon their frost-beaten cheeks, and manly courage in their eyes, were formed in a line, to await the order to move. And then came the lord. He stepped out on the balcony, dressed in a simple hunting-coat suited to the climate. Off went all the hats and caps from the heads of their owners in an instant. The lord put his hand upon his breast,

spoke a few words, which, of course, were not understood by his audience, but which his countryman, Mr. Lloyd, translated for them.

A thundering hurrah rang through the air, and then all the caps had an airing. But was it the words spoken by the lord that had called forth that wonderful enthusiasm? At the same moment a tall figure, clothed in the fur of wild beasts, came sliding down the mountain: this was "Old Olle," Sweden's greatest bear-hunter. Although seventy years old, this old man came a distance of one hundred and eighty miles upon his snowshoes, with all the fire of youth, in order to see face to face the man that came to intrude upon his profession.

When this bear-hunter of seventy years was introduced to the lord, the latter was kind enough to say, that he deemed it a great honor to meet with such a man as he, and Olle replied to his greeting, that as the lord had come such a great distance to hunt in these forests, he had wished to show him the attention of partaking for once in his life in a general bear-hunt. He said he had killed one hundred and seventeen bears since his twelfth year, but always met the beast breast to breast, with no other companion but his faithful dog which he had trained himself.

And now the signal was given, and the procession began to move toward the mountains. When they had penetrated far enough they halted, and each man had his place assigned. "Hållet"—the division of the hunters that stands still—was posted on the right, and "drefact"—the division which moves forward toward the häll—received its position on the left. There was only about one yard's distance between the häll and the "dref."

During the first three or four hours, luck did not seem to favor them, and Olle proposed that they should take a "nep-tagare"* and they all drank the health of Diana.

That helped, and the hounds soon got an old rheumatic "Nalle" (bear) on his legs, who, yet half asleep, stumbled right

* A draught from the bottle.

upon the lord, who, with a well-directed shot, killed him. With hurrahs, the hunters drank the first death—"knaeppen." Old Olle disapproved such loud demonstrations, as he thought it incompatible with a hunter's dignity, besides being very imprudent, as it might wake the sleeping bears. As he knew that there were several lairs among these rocks, he entreated them to keep quiet.

But the experienced old man's warning came too late, for suddenly a huge bear came running forth, loudly growling, followed by his mate; he was evidently very angry at having been disturbed in his dreams. When the female bear saw what was going on, she returned quickly to her lodge, which was in a chasm, covered with rotting tree-trunks. She went for the defence of her young ones in case of an attack, and well she protected them, for they only got them by stepping over her dead body. These young ones, two in number, about a year old, were caught alive and sent to the furnaces on the lord's account, who wished to take them home.

The male, who was a cunning beast, managed to get outside the ring, and several shots were fired at him without doing any harm. But the leaders of the "skallyang" were prepared for his dodges, and soon had the fellow "holmed" (enclosed). The hounds brought him to bay, and a few balls stretched him on the ground. The next day the hunt was more successful, and five dead bears told the tale. A sad accident, however, marred the pleasure of that day. It was toward twilight when Mr. Lloyd caught sight of a bear; he fired and missed, but hit one of the drivers, who, in disobedience to the strictest orders had crossed the line, in order to give a draught from his yet filled bottle to a friend in the opposite line; he fell to the ground a dead man.

The Swedish law sentenced Lloyd to pay a fine of about twenty-five dollars in gold, but he was generous enough to give of his free will fifty dollars annually to the widow of the unfortunate man.

The accident had thrown a damper upon the whole enterprise, and it was

concluded to return the next morning to the forges. The men who had been engaged for the hunt, were discharged with the hearty thanks of the leaders, and invited to come the next day to the iron works, to join in the festival which the lord intended to give them.

The student had remained at home to arrange matters for the festivity. It was to be a brilliant affair, and all the women and children, young and old, rich and poor, were invited to be present. No more beautiful site could have been chosen than the little island lake, with its crystallized surface, enclosed by high hills, covered with evergreen trees.

Lord Ellsbury, who had, from the moment he made his appearance among these warm-hearted people, conquered all hearts, with his simple unostentatious manners, had, however, an overbearing and consequential servant, who went strutting about the place in his silver-gallooned hunting dress, as if he were the lord himself. He looked with haughty contempt upon the preparations made for a ball on the ice; he thought the beef was badly cooked, the air abominably cold, and the people nothing but two-legged donkeys, who did not know how to speak English.

Our student had occasion to find out that his young sister-in-law was a pearl of a woman, as bright as calcium light, who ought to wear a white cap.* She had conceived the brilliant idea to send the silver-gallooned gentleman to the Baron's, as she thought they were all well suited to each other.

The servant was told that he was to go to the house where his master probably would pass the night, and to make sure that the Baron should remain in ignorance of the real position of the newcomer, they ordered the deaf-and-dumb blacksmith to drive him to the hunting-castle. In the superintendent's sleigh, drawn by the finest horses, they dispatched the lackey to the Baron's house. Seeing the elegant sleigh approaching, the Baron and his Baroness thought of course that the Lord had got tired of his low company and sought to find re-

fuge in the refined atmosphere of the house of his equal.

How unfortunate, that he had never thought of studying the English language! This would debar him from very confidential talk with his noble guest. They did not find that polish and the refined manners in their visitor, that they had been led to expect from his position; but they kindly attributed that to the catarrh from which he was suffering. However, they bestowed upon him all the attention that his position demanded and that they were able to give. Yet with all this amiability and desire to entertain their guest, it would have been a very difficult matter, had not the illustrious foreigner fortunately shown such invincible inclination for sleeping. "That comes of such foolish exposure as a bear hunt," said the Baron. "Poor gentleman," said the Baroness, "he is worn out with fatigue."

The next day they had made up their mind to drive to the lake, and see how the people would amuse themselves. The Baroness felt her pride mounting to her head when she had the English lord at her side—the Baron drove in person—and she pictured to herself how every one would stare at them, and envy her good fortune. It would make quite a sensation in that dull neighborhood. And a sensation they did create.

Not one of the many guests that had arrived before them had dared to drive on the ice, for fear of marring the beautifully polished mirror of the lake; they alighted on shore and walked through the triumphal arch built of evergreens. The Baron, however, took no heed of such trifles and drove right through the arch upon the ice with his prancing horses, to the student's great vexation.

"There they come!" shouted the women and children, when the first sound of the bugle announced the arrival of the hunting-party.

Four of the tallest men were posted as guards at the triumphal arch, dressed in green, with high bear-skin caps on their heads. Near them stood a handbarrow covered with red bags, upon which they intended to seat the "bear-

* Worn by the students in Upsala.

king" (best shot). Of course, the lord was declared bear-king, and, with vociferous hurraing, they carried him all around the place of festivity, followed by the hunters in procession.

Scarcely had the pseudo-Lord caught sight of his master, when he precipitately left the honorable seat at the side of the Baroness, following, like a faithful dog, at the heels of his master, to the unspeakable surprise of the baronial couple. But how great was their horror and dismay, when at this moment the arch rogue of a student stepped up to the Baron and, in the name of the superintendent, thanked him for the extraordinary kindness they had shown the lord's lackey, in bringing him here in their own sleigh! Of course, the Baroness could do nothing better than faint, under such circumstances; the Baron, not over alarmed about his better half's critical situation, gave his horses the whip, and they flew with their precious load like a whirlwind over the polished surface on their way homeward, followed by the shouts of the excited multitude. The festival was pronounced a complete success by the connoisseurs, favored as it was by a calm and moonlight sky, and many compliments did the student receive. A hundred tar-barrels were burning on the surrounding hilltops. A stand was erected for a band of musicians from the city, and refreshments were served to the people.

Here and there stood large tubs, orna-

mented with evergreens, which contained punch, wine, or bryla,* in demijohns; the last-named drink, which was in a large bowl, was set fire to the moment the lord arrived at the stand, throwing a pale-blue glimmer on the faces of the curious crowd. Thus the people celebrated a real northern Bacchannal. After the glasses were filled the bear-king's health was proposed, to which the now dethroned king answered in a few words of thanks, proposing in his turn the health of all the ladies. At the close, the lord thanked the Swedish people for their hospitality, and after singing an old Swedish drinking song, the people began to disperse, leaving the field to any bear, that might like to hold a funeral feast over their murdered comrades.

Thou ancient Swedish land,
Whose custom stands unchanged,
That wine and cheer go hand in hand
With strength and fortitude,
And to the lesson gladly bound,
Drink out, drink out!
The warrior hears the merry sound
Pour in! pour in!
For courage gives the sparkling wine
When next he forms in battle-line.

Though Svea's sons to-day
Have changed the horn to glass,
For hut now palace gay,
And fête for good old feast,
Our drinks we have from olden times,
Gutår! gutår!
We shout our father's drinking rhymes,
Gutår! gutår!
And drink as they, in every bowl,
The stranger's welcome, heart and soul!

* A drink prepared of cognac, raisins, sugar, and spices.

SCHOOL DAYS AT THE SACRED HEART.

My ancestry was New England Puritan and Quaker. I became a pupil at the Sacred Heart only toward the close of my school life, spent, for the greater part, in New England public schools and Protestant seminaries. The event followed so closely upon my baptism that I viewed my convent surroundings with very unaccustomed eyes. How forlorn I felt that rainy afternoon in May, so raw and dreary that the blossomed apple-trees looked all out of heart, when I heard the carriage that had brought me to the convent, rattling away down the hill towards the porter's lodge, on its way to the city, and I sat shaking in the parlor awaiting my reception and inspection, by a formidable being of a species utterly strange to me!

The room was comfortably furnished; on the wall were devotional pictures, and various specimens of pupils' handiwork; at the piano a tall, pale, sweet-faced girl with red hair, in a uniform of dark blue, with broad azure ribbon, its ends heavily fringed with gold, passing over one shoulder, and knotted at the waist on the other side, practised vigorously with never the lifting of a curious eyelash toward me, and in the hall outside the portress, a stout florid Irishwoman at whom I was as frightened as if she had been the Superior herself, was bustling about the removal of my trunk and packages, moving softly shod, but with ponderous tread.

I had some little time to wait before any one appeared to take me in charge, and, somewhat recovered from my first flutter, I was staring my intensest at the back of the indefatigable musician's head, determined to force her to look round at me, when a soft voice said: "This is our new pupil, Mrs. —'s god-child! Welcome to the Sacred Heart!" and I turned to find a slender, black-draped figure at my side, two cordial hands stretched out to me, and pleasant black eyes beam-

ing at me from a face fairly dazzling in its whiteness. I rose, gave my hands to the warm light grasp, and said (very proud of the new baptismal part of my name), "Yes, it is Mary Aloysia Elliott, and I left C— yesterday." "Mary Aloysia? Why, that is *Ma Mère's* own name! we must tell her about that," and after a few inquiries as to my journey, my need of refreshment, etc., I was taken to the chapel, to offer a thanksgiving for my safe arrival, and thence to the "Vestry," where I was left to assist at the unpacking of my wardrobe, and to be duly instructed in the routine of toilette arrangements in my new home. "Vestry," has to Protestant ears a wonderfully ecclesiastical significance, but at the Sacred Heart it is only a pupil's translation of the French appellation *Vestiaire*, wardrobe, or dressing room. It was a great room lined with deep shelves partitioned off into squares—a sort of honey-comb pressed flat to the walls. These squares were numbered and filled with clothing, and at a huge table two or three nuns were busy assorting piles of garments from the monstrous baskets just come from the laundry. To one of them my conductress had spoken before leaving me, and after a little she came to me,—a large, brown, fine-looking French woman, yankee *capability* in every motion and feature. Briskly she addressed me: "*Vous venez d'arriver, n'est-ce pas? Voici votre malle. La clef, s'il vous plaît,*" but brief as this was I could only stare and smile helplessly. Yet had I not been reckoned a capital French scholar? Had such thrilling sentences as "No, sir, I have neither the asses' hay, nor the tailor's golden button, but I have the wooden hammer and silver candlesticks of the shoemaker," any terrors for me? Had I not floated lightly down *Corinne* on the ever-swelling torrent of Oswald's tears? Did I ever trip in *s'en aller*, or *s'asseoir*, or hesitate between *de* and *d'*? But this tiny

"flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly,"

confounded me quite. My questioner divining the cause of my embarrassment, with a swift "*Ici, ma sœur,*" summoned an interpreter, and in another moment the key was in its ward in the trunk, the nun on her knees before it carefully lifting out my various belongings and despatching them to two high compartments accessible only by a tall step-ladder—a prospect I contemplated rather ruefully. When this readjustment had been duly effected, and I had been told through the interpreting sister that I should be allowed to make two visits per week to the vestry, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, that on each of these days I should be expected to select such and such garments; that on Sundays and Thursdays a uniform was worn, which I must forthwith procure, for summer a pink skirt with a white body: the two or three lower strata of my trunk were to be considered. These were books, mainly; school-books and a carefully selected treasure of miscellaneous reading. Madame shook her head, rose, locked the trunk, and dropped the key in her pocket. "But I must have my books," I expostulated to the English-speaking sister. "All books brought here are examined," she returned, "but you will have them in a few days; though if there are any that Madame Johns thinks better not read here, they will be put away in your trunk, which you won't see again until you go home."

Here came an interruption; my musical acquaintance of the parlor. "Sister," she said, "Madame Bartol says I am to take the young lady to our dormitory, show her her alcove, and then find a place for her in the refectory. Are you ready now," turning to me. "I am Honor Morgan, if you please."

"And I am Mary Elliott. Yes, quite ready."

"Sister, you'll bring her things, won't you? Kate Gaynor's bed, you know," and Honor took my hand and led me out of the room. Down-stairs and along corridors we went, past several dormitories that Honor named, till, finally, we

reached the one where I was billeted. A long light room, not bright on my dismal first day, but charming when full of sunshine, French windows at either end, opening upon a superb view of a grand river, and on the quieter scene at the convent's back—the hill with a tiny chapel, shrubberies, old trees, winding paths, and a great garden, gay in summer and autumn with a profusion of flowers. A little font for holy water hung beside the door; high up between the windows was a statue of the Blessed Virgin, with flowers and candles before it. Down either side of the room, partitions reaching mid-way to the ceiling, formed alcoves large enough to hold a single bed, chair, and washstand. White curtains were looped in front of the alcoves, the beds were dressed in white, bright velvet mats lay in front of each, and a long strip of carpet covered the space between the rows of alcoves. Elsewhere the floor was bare, painted a soft cream color, shining with varnish, and sweet as a nut with cleanliness. My own little niche was pointed out, and then we sat down upon my bed and asked and answered each other a good many questions. The personal ones over, I inquired concerning the difference in the costume of the nuns; the robe of some consisting of black dress with cape falling to the waist, a silver cross upon the breast, a linen close-fitting cap with very wide fluted tarlatan border enclosing the face ray-wise, and a thin long black veil falling over the shoulders; while the attire of the others was much coarser, the cape was a small shawl, the veil, thick, and much reduced in size, and the cap borderless, with an odd plaited little visor. Honor told me that the Order included two classes of nuns, the teachers, Ladies as they are called, and the lay sisters. The latter perform the menial labor of the convents, and have commonly been servants, or are from the quite uneducated class. The first dress was that worn by the Ladies, and was, said Honor, the dress long ago worn by widows in France. "For you know, I suppose," she went on, "that the Order was established there, in the dark days following the

Reign of Terror, by Madame Baras under the care of the Jesuits, who could not be called Jesuits then, but were Fathers of the Faith, and Fathers of the Sacred Heart. In order not to draw attention to their first little community, the Ladies wore the widow's dress of that period, though I believe then the dress was of heavy silk, and the caps had two or three of the fluted borders; but of course they changed such matters as soon as they could on account of holy poverty. But the Ladies don't all wear crosses, only those who are 'professed,' or have made vows for life. A postulant is here three months before she makes any vow, or changes her dress; then she is a novice, and her veil is white. At the end of two years she takes the black veil, though her vows are not yet final, and after five more, if she still perseveres, and the good Mothers are satisfied as to her vocation, the profession for life is made, and then the cross is assumed, seven to eight years after her entrance."

"And you say 'Madam,' addressing any one of the Ladies?"

"Yes, always."

"And this blue ribbon you wear," I said, touching it, "what does this mean, please?"

"Well, it means that those who wear them have a good many pleasant little duties to do: to take care of new-comers, like yourself, and see that they don't feel neglected and forlorn; to beg favors of the teachers; to be a sort of confidential prime-ministers and general pourers of oil on troubled waters. They are ribbons of honor, are gained by general award, and there are several grades—1st, 2d, 3d, etc. Each class-room has a different color, and we have to look pretty straitly to our ways, I can tell you. It's a dreadful reproach after an offence to hear, 'why, she's a Ribbon.'"

Here a great bell sounded from below.

"That's supper," said Honor, starting up. "Now we'll go down to the foot of the stairs and slip into place as the scholars march by."

We were in time to see them all, the

little ones, almost babies, coming first, their teacher marching backward before them. Then, in perfect silence, class-room after class-room, till the great girls of the first *cours* ended the procession, and among these we had taken places. A great low room was the refectory, with tables running around and across it, backless benches for seats, mid-way of the hall a very high Reader's seat, and in one corner a square buttry-window through which food was passed. Near this window a group of sisters waited to serve, and very spruce they looked in their white linen bib-aprons, and white sleeves drawn over their black ones. One or two Ladies were in the room, one of the scholars repeated the *Benedicite*, we took our seats, were served, and not till then did a little bell tinkle to denote that silence was over; and from two hundred mouths burst a torrent of sound that seemed as if it could never again be stayed.

Perhaps here I had better anticipate somewhat of after-knowledge, and then we shall not need to descend the dark staircase to the refectory again. We always marched to and from meals in silence. At breakfast if we could not speak French, closed lips were our portion; and didn't we hurry to unseal them! Absurd enough were the first attempts, but blunders were so common that nobody laughed. At dinner, silence, and a Reader in the chair; first, *In Nomine Domini Nostri*, devotional reading, generally a brief portion of a Saint's Life; then a sufficiently unexciting continued tale. A bad business I believe some of the youthful critics thought these readings, so broken were they by clatter of table equipage and demands for service, and occasionally so unpleasant by reason of some detailed mortification of flesh or sense, that sundry undisciplined stomachs would rebel in nausea.

At supper we chatted to our hearts' content in English, and what gay suppers they were, to be sure! Now and then, when the whole school had been at fault or when the offenders, in a turbulent march down-stairs, could not be detec-

ted, we were all kept in silence, part or the whole of a meal, and I know no small penance was ever so dreaded. Our breakfasts were plain, no cooking, because every one in the house went to Mass; thick bread and butter, and chocolate, coffee, tea, warm milk and cold milk at pleasure. I suppose the coffee, tea, etc., were put in the pots over night, for one morning a huge cockroach came whirling from the coffee-pot spout into my cup, greatly to the dismay of the good sister who was serving.

At dinner we began with soup; then meat, two vegetables, a wedge of bread, and a nice dessert. No butter, save on Fridays and abstinence days. Our meat was in funny blocks, nearly boneless, and though it was good, we didn't always know whether we had beef or mutton.

It was served from great pans, and once a French girl beside me got a broiled spring chicken as her portion of beef. It had been cooked for a parlor boarder, and was such a fine brown that nobody noticed it among the beef. After dinner the fortunate eater of the prize sent her compliments to *la sœur cuisinière*; this was too much; "*Oh, la coquine!*" cried the justly-irate sister, "*figurez-vous qu'elle a mangée mon poulet sans dire un mot!*"

At four P.M. we had *goûter*—an apple, or any fruit in season, a piece of gingerbread, a slice of bread and syrup.

At supper, two hot dishes, bread and butter, tea, chocolate, and milk.

The food was always abundant and good, but we were never allowed to eat a mouthful save at meal-times, and any box or basket of home-sent "goodies" must be sent to the store-room, whence it appeared beside one's plate at meals so long as the contents lasted; and as these were dispensed with lavish hand as far as they would go, no one was made ill by an over supply. The thoughtfulness of my own home people usually took the form of fruit, and one unlucky great basket of superb bartlett's arrived in the September Ember week. There are three fasting days in which, of course, we would not take dainties, and those over, sister Kelly pitifully took me to the store-room and

displayed a shelf-full of the toothsome beauties, "all mushmolly" as she was pleased to call it. That was a stroke! An uncommonly flavorless breakfast was that at our table that morning, and sister Kelly's doleful, sympathizing looks wouldn't suffer us to forget our woe.

Some of the gourmands among us who were sufficiently well furnished with pocket-money, had always at breakfast or supper a private supply of Bologna sausage, sardines, or guava jelly; but the custom was frowned upon, and has since been abolished, I believe.

Every pupil carried her own table silver—two forks, knives, spoons, napkin-ring, and silver cup. At the close of each meal tiny basins of hot water were handed about, with towels, and we washed our knives, forks, and spoons, then rolled them in our napkins, slipped the ring over, clapped the cup on the end of the roll, and *voilà!* the "cover" was all ready for the next meal. At night we used to see a large clothes-basket piled with these "covers" going up-stairs to the Treasury between two stout-armed sisters, and we often talked of the wonderful courage Madame Conway who slept there must possess.

There were four class-rooms, or *cours*, as they were called,—the first, second, third, and fourth, the fourth being the baby *cours*, little creatures from four to seven years old.

The desks were ranged against the walls so that no one suffered distraction save from an either-hand neighbor; and at those desks great part of our school-life was spent: we studied there; kneeling before them we said our prayers morning and evening, and recited the rosary; sitting at them we assisted at lectures; or standing received reprimands, commands, visitors; indeed, so frequent was the order, "To your desk-places!" that an impetuous Ribbon declared we should take off our aprons and go to Heaven in our "desk-places!"

Perhaps a day's routine will give the clearest idea of our life.

We rise, let us say, at six. At that hour the Lady who has charge of the dormitory and sleeps within it, walks down

between the alcoves ringing a small bell, repeating then a brief prayer to which the awakening scholars respond. The dressing proceeds in silence broken only by low-voiced requests to the sister in waiting to render assistance. The toilettes completed, the beds are made, the bell rings a signal for the looping away the curtains in front of the alcoves, then at the alcove's entrance each pupil stations herself, open dressing-box in hand. Between the lines the teacher passes rapidly inspecting each pupil from head to foot. A frowzy head, a dragging shoe-string, a rent, neglected nails or combs and brushes, are divined, almost, so swift is the whole; but such discipline soon effects its end, and any exception to perfect tidiness after a few weeks' experience of it is very rare.

By this time a great bell rings in the corridor below, leading from school-rooms to chapel, and quietly the dormitories are vacated and the *cours* filled. The fourth *cours*, the babies, sleep on undisturbed for a while, for they do not appear at mass, and have only to be got ready in season for breakfast.

We have prayers, one of the more exemplary pupils being chosen to repeat them each week; then rising we tie on our veils, long scarfs of black or white net (the white for holidays), take our prayer-books and march out by twos, to meet the other divisions in the corridor.

Here the Mistress-General is in waiting, to see that all is in order due—no gaps in the line, no tall girl slipped away from her matched-in-height partner to walk with a beloved but short friend, no eccentrically adjusted veil.

A very pretty sight is that of the pupils' entrance into chapel of a summer morning; the fresh air stirring the curtains in the open windows below; the sunshine pouring through those in the gallery above in long slanting bars filled with tremulous golden dust, down among the dark warm hues of wall, pillar, carving, and pavement; the white caps of the sisters dotted about in the galleries; the kneeling figures of the Ladies in the high stalls encircling the church. The sombre yew-hedge of this "rose-bud garden of

girls" is "pious Barney" the gardener and servitor at mass, so profoundly prostrate in devotion upon the altar steps that his full, stiffly-starched alb is turned over his head like a caricatured ruff; by-and-by he will raise himself slowly to the perpendicular, with many an awkward twitch reduce the rebellious garment to propriety thereby disclosing a face all shining and purple-red from his position and confusion, and two or three giddy-pates will have much ado with twitching mouths, and will glance in any direction rather than toward the *Surveillante* kneeling near; then the double lines of girls, "dark, bright, and fair," coming slowly up the broad aisle through the bars of light and shadow to the sanctuary railing, bending lowly there the veiled heads, then separating to go down the side-aisles to their places.

And, mass over, I can hear at this moment the sweet, faltering voice of the French Mother of Novices, reciting the little prayer the Religious of the Sacred Heart offer for the conversion of all Our Lord's children: "Grâce, grâce, ô mon Dieu, pour tant d'âmes qui se perdent chaque jour autour de nous! Grâce, ô mon Dieu! . Voyez le démon qui s'élançe de l'abîme, courant à d'horribles conquêtes; il excite sa troupe infernale, il s'écrie: 'des âmes! des âmes! Volons à la perte des âmes!' Et les âmes tombent comme les feuilles de l'automne dans le gouffre éternel.

"Et nous aussi, ô mon Dieu, nous crions: des âmes! des âmes! il nous faut des âmes pour payer votre amour! pour acquitter les dettes de reconnaissance. Nous vous les demandons par les plaies de Jésus, notre Sauveur et notre Epoux. Ces plaies adorables crient vers vous comme autant de bouches éloqu岸tes: 'Grâce, grâce, ô mon Père! Grâce pour des coupables qui sont le prix de mon sang! donnez-moi ces âmes qui m'ont couté si cher!' O mon Dieu, les refusez-vous à votre Fils? Nous vous les demandons avec lui, par lui, pour votre plus grande gloire et par l'intercession de Marie. Ainsi soit il."

We return to the class-room, veils and prayer-books are placed in the desks, and

we descend to breakfast. After breakfast, recreation, perhaps a walk, a teacher with us at recreation, as at any and all other times. Then follow study and recitation hours. At recitation, the classes are arranged in parallelograms, or long ovals, the teacher at one end. She comes to class to find every thing arranged, her pupils standing quietly; they kneel, and she repeats an invocation to the Holy Spirit, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, etc., the class responding. Rising, teacher and pupils courtesy profoundly to each other, then, at a little signal from a hand-bell, all seat themselves.

Lessons are concluded by a short prayer to the Blessed Virgin, again the reciprocal salute, and a wordless dispersion. In midmorning, there is a brief conversation interval, then lessons till dinner. At twelve, the Angelus sounds, within the house and without every occupation ceases, and upon the knees prayers and responses are repeated.

Dinner, then a long walk in the beautiful grounds containing many acres. We have one or two teachers with us, and perhaps we encounter the community of nuns who also walk at this time, and who are as gay as we are, and well-nigh as noisy. And before we go in, some of us love to linger a moment at the railing of a little green mound, where under tall evergreens the deceased Religious of the Sacred Heart have laid their hardly-entreated bodies down in a common grave to await the day when, the serge put off, they will follow, in shining raiments, the Lamb, wheresoever he goeth. *De profundis clamavi* we say for the souls that are gone, and not saddened, but helped, we turn to our busy life again.

After the walk, sewing. This includes all kinds of plain and fancy work, and most artistic mending, and this department has a special mistress in the two upper *cours*.

We had a downright and most uncajole-able French lady of the severest possible notions of Art.

Alas for the ravelled-out laborious *chefs-d'œuvre* of the knitting and crocheting!

I call her to mind, and fancy myself

back again, sulkily ripping a nearly-completed chemise whose fells exceeded her ideal by a hair's breadth! Every month we competed for the prize of plain sewing—our work pillow-cases generally, and much of the sewing was dainty enough for a fairy's trousseau.

Then the laborious marking in red cotton. Ink? one dared not mention it!

And mending days—how fast they whisked around. Up from the laundry came the great basket of articles to be repaired. It was placed in the centre of the floor, Madame took her stand beside it, and a "Ribbon" lifted and described the articles, calling the name if it were decipherable, leaving it to our consciences if it were not. And wasn't it heroic to claim a stocking with a hole to put one's head through, or some garment with a most unprincipled zigzag, frayed tear? So I think to this day, and a virtuous glow steals through my breast as I reflect—but no matter!

During sewing we were allowed a half-hour's speech, then silence and reading a French tale.

Gouter and lessons fill up the time until supper. After supper, recreation, our happiest time of the whole day. The great bare class-rooms ring with innocent gayety; if the mistress who presides is a favorite, the pupils cluster around her as bees around their queen; knots of dear friends here and there snatch a few sweet minutes together, feeling just guilt enough (for cliques are discouraged here) to add zest to their happiness; there are promenaders in the corridor; groups of eager musicians in the music rooms; the baby *cours* is marshalled up to bed; and up the stairs after them, if it has been a whole or half-holiday, two sisters carry a basket of flaunting dollies; the whole hive is in a pleasant ferment, yet out of it all veiled pupils are constantly seeking the quiet chapel. How lovely and peaceful it is there at this hour! The lamps of the sanctuary just enlighten the dimness; the flowers on the altars keep themselves in mind though unseen, by their perfume; figures of nuns and pupils are kneeling here and there, or going and coming

with soft movement; this world fades away with all its griefs and distractions, and we have dim glimpses of the Heaven that is our home; and the brief, hushed, prayerful tarry is the crown of the guarded, happy day. Again the great bell rings, the pupils gather in their respective rooms, and in each a half-hour's religious instruction is given, the pupils having liberty to question as they desire.

Prayers follow, and when the time comes for the *Examen*, Madame Johns, who has just given the instruction in the first *course*, and who is mistress of the English studies, steps forward into the centre of the room, and asks the questions in her own wonderfully pathetic voice: "Did I give my heart to God when I awoke? Did I rise promptly? attire myself decently? Did I assist at Mass and say my prayers with attention and devotion? Have I kept silence in the dormitory, at study, in class, going to the chapel? Have I been jealous of the success of others? Have I spoken uncharitably? improperly? against the rules? Have I criticized my neighbor? Have I failed in order, economy? Have I been careful to render to others that which belonged to them? Have I spoken falsely to conceal my faults, or for any other motive?" And other questions relating more especially to a school-girl's duties and temptations. What agonies I have endured in the solemn hush of the *Examen* from the performances of a giddy little Protestant kneeling beside me! She was not in the least malicious or wilfully bad, but never was such a feather-brain! While Madame Johns' voice covered hers, she would accuse herself audibly of the most monstrous crimes, or the most absurd nothings, then in the pauses groan and strike her breast with resounding and most dismal penitence. If Madame Johns' ear caught anything unusual, and she stepped nearer, nothing could be more serious and recollected than this tricky sprite's air, while her unfortunate fellow-pupils within hearing were convulsed with tortures of suppressed laughter.

After prayers, to the dormitories in

unbroken silence. The curtains are dropped before the alcoves, the little white beds are soon tenanted, the Lady in charge repeats "Sacred Heart of Jesus and Immaculate Heart of Mary" and "I give you my heart!" the pupils respond, the lights are extinguished, and by nine o'clock profound stillness reigns.

A Lady and a lay Sister sleep in each dormitory, and neither by night nor day, from entrance within, to departure from, the convent, are the scholars ever left alone. No communication with the day-pupils is permitted, no books or periodicals are read without examination.

As an instance of this watchfulness, I remember that, during a vacation too short to permit some of us to seek our distant homes, a number of the older ones, finding the time hang heavily, devoted two or three hours daily to card-playing. On several occasions, the Superior passing had seen us so engaged, and at last she made a pleasant protest against such absorption. We excused ourselves, alleging that we had read everything, nothing to do, etc., and presently thereafter a great armful of papers arrived with Madam ——'s compliments to the young ladies. Something claiming our attention then, we had only time to glance at our literature, but we noticed a half-dozen or so copies of the *New York Times* with woodcuts of Dr. Burdell and Mrs. Cunningham, and full accounts of the tragedy.

Some hours afterward, the Sister who had brought them returned to say that *Ma Mère* desired to know if the young ladies had read the *New York* papers at all, and would we kindly return them to her at once as Father B. desired to look through them for some reference. No more daily papers were sent us, and we were sure that *Madame la Supérieure* had accidentally heard what was in those papers placed in our hands, and, horrified, had devised a pretext for their instant removal.

With the vigilance that is exercised, I believe it would be utterly impossible for any secretly depraved child who might gain entrance to find an opportunity to corrupt others.

It may be said that the innocence of convent-bred girls is the innocence of ignorance, which cannot endure once that peaceful shelter is left for the world, and that they are thus poorly fitted to encounter temptation.

It is true that they are unfamiliar with many aspects of sin; do not know that under such forms it exists at all; but holy purity in thought, word, and deed, has been so constantly and carefully inculcated that, even when the pupil is non-Catholic, and is without the safeguards of the daily *Examen*, and of frequenting the Sacrament of Penance, I think the whole habit of the life for so many forming years, and the horror of sins against the lily among virtues, are not lightly lost.

There were in my day, as always, many Protestants among the scholars.

Many from families high in place and power; many the children of professional people who, leading public lives, would know their lambs securely folded; many part or whole orphans, and these last with orphans of Catholic parentage, made up that baby *cours* whose presence was so strangely touching and pretty amongst us. One round, dimpled creature I recall, the child of a Protestant missionary in China. She was not more than four years old, and was sent all the long way in company with her Chinese nurse of nine or ten, in the care of strangers. I think the captain's wife brought her to the convent, and a great pet the little thing became. The nurse, too, stayed several months, and a droll figure she was, with turned-up slippers, odd silk tunics and trousers, and long braided tails of hair, with sewing-silk plaited in at the ends to give the requisite fashionable length.

To all the general religious observances of the house the Protestants are required to conform: to attend mass and vespers, general religious instructions, to be present at night and morning prayers, and nothing like disrespect of manner would be suffered. But nothing was more common than to see them mingled with the Catholics in special devotions where their presence was not a duty, or

to see one quietly putting on her veil at recreation to steal off to the chapel for solitary prayer.

If I am asked if they are influenced in favor of Catholicism, I answer, most assuredly, Yes. Not directly, if stipulation to such effect has been made; but indirectly in every way. The tender little customs and practices of every hour, the beliefs of their comrades, the lives of teachers revered and passionately loved, the whole atmosphere of a Religious House—all combine to form an indirect influence as impossible to guard against as difficult afterward to counteract.

Indeed, for the honor of human nature and the youthful heart, one could not wish it otherwise.

One of my own dearest friends at the Sacred Heart was a staunch, belligerent Unitarian, from New England—a girl of fine intellect, of noble, heroic strain, and conscientious to the last degree. We belonged to that reprobated thing, “a set,” “a clique.” There were five: a beautiful, highly-accomplished Spanish girl, from Caraccas; a sensitive, high-spirited Baltimorean, of Irish descent—both these “Ribbons,” and fervent Catholics; a predestined belle from New Orleans, a Catholic, but an indifferent, cold, sarcastic, worldly creature, (she told me that when she went out for the holidays she said her prayers at night because she dared not omit them, but in the morning—oh! well, in the daytime she could take care of herself); the two Yankees—Unitarian and Convert. I don't think we wished to be rebellious; but how to help loving each other, contriving little plots to walk together, or finding ourselves in a group the instant recreation-bell struck? We never could help it. But I was hopeless of my Yankee girl—a Unitarian she would stay I was very sure. So pugnacious and thorny she was! The things she said to me about underhand, managing Catholic ways, Catholic mendacity, dirty saints, childish customs, and what she was pleased to term the greasy devotion of the scapular! But before my school life was ended, I had the joy of seeing her baptized, make her First Communion,

and she wears now the habit and black veil of a Religious of the Sacred Heart, and a fervent and happy nun these clothe.

Most of the pupils make their First Communion at the convent. For months in advance, they strive to conquer all their little naughtinesses that they may be judged worthy to be of the number chosen for that year. Several weeks before the festival chosen for their communion, they receive special religious instruction as a class, and have special devotional exercises. The last three days are spent in Retreat—a time wholly given up to spiritual exercises. They are sequestered from the other pupils, and every hour has its appointed exercise—meditation, spiritual reading, prayers, and preparation for a general confession. Silence is kept; and if the attention be not otherwise required, some charitable work busies the hands. The great day itself is made as festal and beautiful as possible to them. All beg their prayers, nuns and pupils; everybody embraces them when they come from the chapel; any possible favors they ask are granted. There is a grand breakfast, and toward its close they go floating about in their white, soft draperies and veils, distributing slices of the great cakes sent or brought by happy home-friends—for the day they are queens regnant.

Most of the pupil communicants approached the holy table monthly, and at the great festivals, others fortnightly; a few weekly. The priest who said mass each morning never heard confessions in the house. Our confessors were priests; one came for us, another for the nuns. Amusing things occurred sometimes. I remember with what horror I saw a list of things I wished to recall in confession drop from my prayer-book, where I was kneeling in the gallery, and float down into the Ladies' stalls, where we never went. Another was in similar tribulation: "Oh, I've lost my sins, and somebody'll find them! What *shall* I do?" One little thing, of tender years, was secretly much troubled in conscience because she had said, after emerging

from the confessional, that the Father smelt badly. This crime was so enormous that she felt it her terrible duty to confess it. Accordingly, she began: "Father, I accuse myself of having said, after I went to confession the last time, that you—smelt bad." "What did the Father say?" inquired the person to whom this was afterward detailed. "Why, he didn't say any thing. I think he laughed; and then, 'Go on! Go on!'"

There are several religious societies among the scholars—Children of the Infant Jesus; of St. Aloysius; the Congregation of the Holy Angels; and the Children of Mary. Each society has for badge a silver medal, worn on ribbon of a distinctive color. The president is a Religious; and the two societies of older pupils—those of the Holy Angels, and Children of Mary—have their nicely-appointed chapels. Wonderful agents for good are these societies. The devotion of the little children for their patron, the Infant Jesus, was very great; and almost always it was quite enough to say to any refractory, "Do you think the Holy Child Jesus will own such a naughty little sister?" for instant submission to follow. In the weekly meetings, the president points out faults of individual members, and encourages to new struggle—always a definite end, and the way mapped out.

The Children of Mary may be called the nuns' staff. They lead in devotional exercises; set on foot good works; must be without reproach; devote themselves to new-comers, to the neglected; deny self for any unpleasant duty, from delivering a speech to the archbishop, to sitting an hour in the infirmary with the most uncongenial of sick scholars.

Simplicity, simplicity from first to last, is the quality insisted upon by the good nuns; simplicity in the sense of perfect candor and ingenuousness.

Never in any other school have I seen simple goodness take the rank or possess the influence it does here. There is great admiration of genius and talents, but either gift unallied with piety seems characterless and powerless—is outside of the school life and world.

The system of instructions differs somewhat from that pursued in Protestant schools. Less prominence is given to mathematics; I never heard there of a Greek lesson, and the class in Latin was exceedingly small, and not always maintained. History was a strong point; the critical study of the English language another; some of the natural sciences, the modern languages, and music were most carefully taught.

Much of our teaching was oral, and great use was made of abstracts, reviews, dictations.

Withal our life was not all devotion or work; we played heartily, and as much as we needed. And one has to spend much time in silence to know how enjoyable simple speech is. We had picnics in the grounds, games of all sorts, half-days and whole days of *cong *, which we commonly celebrated by an uproarious hide-and-seek, or *cache-cache*, as we called it, through the whole convent from cellar to cupola. Teachers joined, we stopped the sisters in their work, the fracas was terrific. In these at-will rampages no trap-doors, or dungeons, or tortured creatures, or skeletons, or dark secrets of whatever sort came to light, nothing more terrific than a skull, which, together with a crown of thorns, some enterprising spirit beheld upon a bed in one of the Ladies' cells. An incredible statement this, I know, but I must report after my own knowledge. And, in another convent, doubtless—

On great occasions, and in winter, when we could be less out of doors, we amused ourselves with dramatic performances. We played little French comedies usually, though now and then, when the time or events demanded extraordinary magnificence, two or three clever wielders of the pen would be set at work to concoct something fresh, suitable and English. A ruthless tragedy was the ordinary result, full of persecuted Christians, martyrdoms, traditions in action. The scene lay in Greece or Rome, that we mightn't have too much trouble with our male costumes, the parts all grandiose leading ones, and written straight at the sundry prominent *artistes*.

And what immense favor it found, to be sure, when the author read it to the assembled troupe locked up in a dormitory!

The writer hereof well remembers having the key turned upon the Spanish member of her clique and herself in one of the community rooms by our idolized Madame Johns who desired that an oration and a song should be produced in a given time. Solitary confinement would have been better, for we chattered like magpies, good-gracious-ed each other over our hard fortune till Madame coming back was disgusted to find only a very lame opening of an address, and the first two lines of two verses of the song; the miserable author stranded hopelessly high and dry thereon.

But the devising costume and scenery, that was the delightful business! Our leader here was invariably the Italian choir-mistress. She arranged music, drilled musicians, knew exactly what was to be done in the way of dress, and possessed the greatest fertility of resource and audacity of device. But obeying her behest cost me once a most miserable afternoon. Curtains, lace curtains, were wanted for some stage arrangements.

"Madame Laynez has them," said Madame Rolando; "Mary, go and ask for them, please."

"But she is at work in the Sanctuary," I objected.

"Very well. You go up-stairs and ring her bell, wait there, and she will come."

In the excitement of the work I started, but before I got up-stairs I wished to creep through a knot-hole. Madame Laynez was a Spaniard, of very imposing presence, and fabulous her ante-conventual wealth and state, according to the romantic ones. She was Sacristine, consequently her work isolated her entirely from communication with the pupils. No one ever rang that bell save the nuns; each had her number of strokes. I knew Madame Laynez was busy in the church, and what *would* she say to me? Falteringly, I rang four strokes, I think it was, and then how I longed to run away! Presently she came, hurriedly, and looking in a surprised way on every side for the Religious who had summoned her.

When she comprehended that it was verily I who had rung, she looked amazed, and, my errand stated, indignant. "Mais que pense Madame Rolando? Je ne garde pas les rideaux, moi!" and without another word she turned and left me wilted utterly. I believe I sneaked away into the chapel gallery and cried, and when, on my descent, Madam Rolando ironically inquired if I had been travelling, my woes burst forth in very vivid language. Never did I meddle again with the nuns' bell.

Of course, in a paper like this I refer to the community of nuns only as the religious life touched our youthful, secular one; but how dearly we loved them, and what a flavor of story, mystery, and romance there was in our surroundings, and in the legends of the house! What picturesque figures, too! There was Madam Rolando, brilliant and gay—intensely plain, but with great flashing eyes and eloquent lips that made you forget all other features. She was one of the exiles of '48—was it not? Their convent was in Turin, and they escaped in disguise.

Herself and one other were sent to America. "Droll frights we were," said she, "with our short hair, clothes not made for us, rolled up on deck in gay shawls, two sea-sick bundles of misery."

An old gentleman on board labored earnestly to win them from the error of their Catholic ways, making them long harangues ending grandly, each time, with "Fiat lux!" They did not know his name, but, "Here comes Mr. Fiat lux!" they said to each other as he daily hove in sight and bore down upon them.

Once I heard Madame R. relate her experience of the Armenian forms in offering the sacrifice of the Mass. Madame was *surveillante* one morning that two Armenian monks were to celebrate Mass at the convent. It was her duty to keep the pupils in order, and to signal them to rise, kneel, etc., at the proper places, differing as they do from the Latin ceremonies. Madame herself did not know them at all, but trusted to divine them quickly enough. But things went very strangely, and then there was a long

period in which the two Fathers went groping almost on their hands and knees round the sanctuary, up and down the altar steps, behind the altar, behaving altogether so grotesquely that there began to be ebullition among the scholars. "I frowned at them my savagest," went on Madame, "then buried my face quickly in my hands, to hide how nearly set off I was myself. I kept them getting up and getting down, and was terribly exercised with it all, and then was told afterward by the Fathers that it was nearly all wrong; that we stood up when we should have knelt, and knelt when we should have sat down, and that the queer gropings which nearly made us disgrace ourselves, but through which we had humbly staid on our knees, were not at all part of the service, but a search for a dropped knife which they use in separating the wafer!"

Then there was the librarian of the French library—a middle-aged French lady, with manners courtly *à toute épreuve*. She had been a nun many years, and had quite old-world ideas even for that conservative place, a convent. But how thoroughly good she was, with a real French, gentle, sentimental piety. Her life was more sedentary than the others', and I suppose her habit lasted a long time, and though the serge had been an unworthy purchase, and was turned quite green, still she wore it for holy poverty's sake, and when she came down to preside at an out-door recreation in the strong sunshine, she was absurdly like a dull old fly, so rusty wore the hues, and yet with glancing prismatic lights.

Another French nun there was very beautiful, quite young, yet already wearing her silver cross. It was her misfortune to be too charming; everywhere the pupils raved over her, so that her life was almost a constant journey, with short sojourn in one House after another of the Order.

It was curious that almost none of the French nuns ever learned to speak English. Some of them had been in America many years, yet knew but a few commonest words.

Among the Sisters there was she whom

we called the Garden Sister; a Canadian, I believe, and worked constantly in the garden. What a robust figure it was! the skin like leather, and brown as nuts, her white visor in effective contrast to her tint, and her coal-black eyes.

Another little Canadian was my favorite, one brimming over with mischief.

The privilege was accorded me of taking every morning my accustomed cold bath. The bath-rooms, six or seven in number, were partitioned off from small rooms in which were pianos for practising, the partitions not reaching to the ceiling. The piano-rooms it was Sister Gardou's duty to sweep every morning, and she was generally about this work when I took my bath. One morning I heard her come in, place her broom against my bath-door and go out again. Instantly I opened the door, took in the broom, locked the door, and went on with my bath. Presently she came back, looked about, "*Où est-ce que je l'ai mis?*" I heard her mutter, and then there was silence. A little rustle at the top of my partition attracted me, and there appeared a ruddy hand and arm, and in-

stantly in the water beside me descended, plump, a little kitten hissing and clawing vigorously. Then and there a screaming, dripping exodus was made. I gathered up the hideous little victim, and opening the door to push it out and deliver Sister a philippic upon her inhumanity, I found her doubled up in silent laughter on the piano, and was quite disarmed. I laughed, we were friends, "forever after," and many an enviable crusty end of the loaf did I owe to her in succeeding breakfasts!

Dear old days! beguiling me on and on till all patience should end, but not my reminiscences.

'Tis true we were controlled; were hedged about by many rules; were children, and not Girls of the Period; obedience, humility, suavity, patience, St. Francis of Sales's "little virtues" were impressed upon us; we were profoundly reverential toward our teachers; the whole atmosphere we breathed had a strong unworldly, supernatural element, but it did not seem foreign to us, and in it we throve as perhaps never since in body, heart, and soul.

BROWLER'S DEFALCATION.

We always used to pity Browler on account of his three sisters; though I do not suppose he would have cared much what we thought, even if he knew.

But it was really comical to us fellows to see the way he toted those three old girls around. He was great for lectures; and because he scribbled a little for the papers, plenty of tickets came to him with compliments. You might see them almost any night, at about eight, marching in a solid phalanx, the two oldest arm-in-arm in front, with Browler and the youngest bringing up the rear. All four of them wore spectacles, and kept a perfect step; and little Browler, being rather short, was obliged to stretch a great deal to keep up the stride.

It was fun, too, to see the way he

glowered around at the men who went past; and he would make nothing of stopping the whole cavalcade and giving some poor fellow a lecture on civility, if he fancied he paid too warm attention to the ladies. And such a rigmarole it was, too. Baxter said he got it from one of Canning's speeches, and learned it by heart; but I never could find it.

Suddenly we found out, one day, that none of us ever visited Browler, or knew where he lived. We could tell pretty near the quarter he came from mornings, but he used to slip away from us at night, in a way that seemed mysterious, now that we noticed it. Baxter, who is our policy-clerk, said he believed he lived in a sewer somewhere, on account of the musty smell he used

to have about his clothes, and his shriveled-up skin, which Baxter said, came from being in the water so much. But, of course, we did not think this was a fact.

However, we commenced to have an eye on Browler's movements, as there would be a reward coming to us, if we found him out in any rascality; and we vowed that no pity for his three sisters should prevent us from exposing him to the world, if we unearthed him. He had a mean way of eating his lunch behind his ledgers, though we found out it was nothing but a cracker and an apple; but some day he might be pretending to take his lunch and really be altering some figures, and so we determined to keep a strict watch.

About this time, a young fellow was brought into the office by the president, and introduced to us lower clerks by the name of O'Neil. He was a handsome one, and looked so much the gentleman, that all of us were afraid to speak with him at first, though he presently turned out to be quite social and civil.

He told us right off, as though he meant we should understand it, that he didn't know any thing about work, and that he had been used to slaves in the South, but that the war had made him poor; but he said he could whistle and box beautifully, and we might take it out in that if we liked. We all laughed, and we struck up a friendship directly.

That day, at about ten, when we were all busy and still as death, we heard O'Neil sing out,

"Hallo! I say, Van Coit, is that you?"

We all looked around, and there was O'Neil, looking at Browler, quite pale in the face.

"Yes," said Browler, keeping his red face down and writing away like mad, "Here I am."

We fellows stared like owls to hear the old gentleman called Van Coit, and to see how it affected him. Baxter eyed the two like a hawk, but managed to give us a look that said, "How are the innocent apples and bread now, eh?" O'Neil stood for a minute, looking as

evil as a thunder-cloud, and then walked slowly over to old Browler's desk and stood beside him, fiddling with his watch-chain all the while. We did not let a move or sign escape us. Browler pretended to be trying his pen on his thumb-nail, and tried hard to appear unconcerned; but he could not get rid of the flush in his face and his hanging head. O'Neil leaned his shoulder against the desk, and looked down very cool but very fierce at Browler, who was a little below him, and said something to him in a very low voice, so low that we could not catch a syllable. Browler answered him in the same mean, underhanded style that was a piece of the rest of his actions lately. They talked some minutes this way, then suddenly Browler broke out:

"It will only make a heap of mischief, sir."

"That's exactly what I want to make," said O'Neil, turning away. "'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth' say I." He made a few steps, as if he were going back to the private offices, when Browler scrambled off his stool and touched his coat-sleeve very hurriedly, but very gently.

"Don't, for God's sake," says he, trembling like an aspen.

"For who's sake?"

"For my sisters' sake," stammered Browler, much cut up.

"You mean your income's sake," retorted O'Neil. "You mean your comfort, your miserable salary."

Browler said nothing, but held his bald head down farther than ever. They were both silent for a moment. O'Neil, scowling, and drumming his foot on the floor, and Browler very meek and quiet. Then O'Neil walked him off to the window, and leaned down and spoke in his ear very quickly and in a sharp, decided tone; but was very careful not to let us hear. Then he turned about and came back to his desk, with his hands deep in his pockets, and fell to staring at his inkstand without a word to any of us.

Here was mystery for us! We were not at all surprised that Browler had

committed some act of treachery or blood-thirsty violence, for we had long been certain that a man of his peculiar skull and features would hesitate at nothing when once fully aroused; but that O'Neil did not brain him with a ruler, at once, completely puzzled us. Baxter said he expected every instant that O'Neil would use the bowie-knife which he had concealed between his shoulders, and the reason that he did not, was, probably, because it was not sharp enough for Browler's tough skin. Baxter pointed out the bowie-knife to us, it making some irregular bunches in O'Neil's coat behind; and when somebody hinted it might be only a patent-suspender, Baxter told him, with a horrid sneer, that he had better go and ask, and then come back alive, if he thought he could.

Many were the theories we hatched regarding this mystification. One fellow went directly over to Browler's side, all on account of the old man's downcast looks, and the furtive, meek way he had of watching O'Neil's slightest movement. O'Neil himself did not say a word to us, but stalked off home two hours before he had a right to go, leaving us four in an agony of curiosity and suspicion. We worked ourselves to such a pitch, that had Baxter but given us the word, we would have denounced Browler to the police and had him in the station-house in twenty minutes; but Baxter advised us, in a whisper, to let the plot ripen, and then crush it at one fell swoop; to which we slowly assented, grasping hands over our lunch-baskets to demonstrate our unity.

On going gloomily and sternly back to my policy-book, I found a bit of paper between the leaves addressed to me, and marked "confidential," and ran thus: "Dear Smythe—would you do me the great kindness to call on me at No. 100 Cockloft street, at eight this evening? Yours, in trouble, David Browler."

I looked over at him, and he was watching me anxiously over his pen-rack. I was indignant that he should try to drag me into his rascality, and I

nothing but a boy; and so I tore the bit of paper to flinders, and flung them on the floor with as much contempt as I could get into my motions. His lip trembled just like a crying baby's; and his eye drooped under mine, and he went to work again.

Ten minutes after, I was conscious of being a cruel brute. People are always very civil and kind to a man who is to be hung, and why should not I try to be obliging to a man who certainly deserved it? I determined to accommodate Browler. To get him to understand this, I was obliged to wait until the other fellows had gone, and I then slipped around and whispered over the top of his desk as if Baxter was only a yard off—and it surprised me to see how very kind I could speak to the hoary old villain after all.

"I'll come, Browler," said I.

He lifted his head up quickly, and appeared very much pleased.

"You'll do me a great kindness, if you will, Smythe."

"Shall I fetch any thing?"

"No, thank you—eight, sharp."

With that I went away. Although I knew Baxter and the others would be awfully enraged if they got an inkling of what I was about, and although I was positive that old Browler was endeavoring to get me into some hangman's scrape, yet when I found out that I could do a great favor for him I thought of the many holidays and advance salaries I had wheedled him out of. Besides that, he was not so much sly and deceitful in getting me to visit him as he was begging and asking, and I began rather to fancy the idea of a little diplomacy; especially as I should find out what this was all about.

Although I had never been there before, I had but little trouble in finding Cockloft street. It might have been a quiet sunny place in the day-time, at any rate it was sober and dark enough in the night. The houses were like men's stocks, eminently old-fashioned and highly respectable. I also found Browler easily, and he shook my hand cordially and dragged me into his sitting-room,

with a joviality that I never supposed he was capable of. It looked very strange to me to see his glasses and bald head any where but in the office, and that coupled with wondering how a man could be so pleasant and affable and a deeply-dyed villain at the same time, made me feel a little ill at ease. Nor was this at all banished by the solemn entrance in single file of Browler's three thin spectacled relatives.

"Mr. Smythe," said Browler, bowing, "allow me to introduce my sisters, Miss Amabel, Miss Belinda, and Miss Cora. Alphabetical order you observe, A. B. C., while I close up with D—David; a pretty idea of my honored father's who set out to finish the alphabet, but my mother interfered by dying and my father quenched all hope by following suit two months after." I bowed three times successively, and the three thin sisters smiled reprovingly at Browler, who set chairs for us.

After some trifling interruptions, including a dish of pippins, a jug of cider, and a general overhauling of the common enemy, an open-fire, Browler proceeded to business, placing himself in front of the semicircle we formed, with his ten fingers spread out in a fan-like and explanatory manner. The three sisters turned their close attention to their brother's boots, and prepared to listen closely.

"Mr. Smythe," said Browler, deliberately, "what I say shall be very concise and is in a measure an autobiography." He paused an instant, and pressed his lips together. I simply bowed, while the three sisters gave an adjusting rustle of their skirts.

"Some years ago, in the far South, there was an exceedingly wealthy firm doing business in cotton and rice, by the name of O'Neil & Co., the head of the firm being the parent of the young man who entered our place to-day. Our head office was not a very large one, and I was the only book-keeper. I had been brought up in their employ, and one of the results of my twenty years' steady labor was a deep attachment for the principal, Mr. O'Neil. In spite of

this, and my ordinary sense of honor and duty, I became what people called an unmitigated scoundrel." Here another rustle occurred, and to my disgust, an undoubted smile gathered upon the lips of the Mephistophiles-Browler. "This wickedness extended through a period of several years, and was known to two persons, though they were not in collusion. Business was carried on, on an unsound basis but without contraction, until the 10th of December nine years ago. On that day, finding concealment no longer possible, I drew a forged check for twelve hundred dollars and fled North."

"We instigated the last act, I mean the forgery," said Miss Amabel to me.

"You? you three gi—ladies?" said I.

"I confess that they did," said Browler, quietly, as if he were mentioning their subscription to a race-cup.

I stared rather blankly at the four pairs of spectacles which were trained on my devoted face, and at the four sin-hardened visages, which were as calm as if the only crime they knew of was an excessive amiability. "The hue and cry after me was something frightful," continued Browler, "but it was unsuccessful. I came to this city, obtained my present situation, and under the name of Browler have been a happy man, but still a robber—an undoubted and confessed robber."

The three ladies were still as quiet and demure as possible, while Browler made the last reiteration with an elasticity that nearly approached a tone of triumph.

"The papers credited me with a defalcation amounting to a quarter of a million, though it was really not so large. The misappropriation was effected by surreptitious advances obtained on products under storage, and the replacement by forged notes of checks intended for the liquidation of claims. All was skilfully and neatly done, and the springing of the trap found me in possession of sufficient funds for my expenses, hey, girls?"

"Quite a plenty," said Miss Amabel.

"Yes indeed, quite enough," rejoined Miss Belinda.

"Certainly," added Miss Cora.

What sort of people I had fallen among I did not know, but a sensation of fear crept over me as I realized that they would not consider the cutting of my throat in any more serious light than the cutting of a dress. Those cold-blooded staring glasses, the prim slate-colored dresses, the thin cheeks, were to my mind exemplars of a systematic cruelty and villainy, that to fly from was no cowardice.

"Mr. Browler," said I, hastily springing up.

"One moment, Mr. Smythe, I beg of you;" he touched me on the shoulder with his odious white hand, and I sat down again.

"My irregularity was the final act which disclosed the position of affairs, and the total failure of the house instantly followed. The crash was felt far and wide. They rushed through the Bankruptcy court and paid forty-two cents. The war broke out, Mr. O'Neil became separated from his beloved family, and finding himself without power to reach them, hit upon the idea of making money out of the war. This was done, I have reason to believe, on an article called burlaps, which the Government made extensive use of. You know that I have been discovered by a singular accident, and I wish to place myself in communication with Mr. O'Neil, who is now two hundred miles off, and who by the way is still totally lost to his family, wishing to get arrangements for settlement with his creditors completed, before making the happy disclosure to his family."

"But where is the money you stole—ah—hum—"

"Stole, that's it."

"Gone mostly for kickshaws,"—this from Miss Amabel.

"Wines and horses," said Miss Belinda.

"Ormolu clocks, Turkey carpets, articles of vertu," rejoined Miss Cora, allowing her glasses to roam about the room.

"General debauchery, my dears," said Browler, coughing behind his hand.

"Yes," they answered in concert,

turning their glasses full upon me, "general debauchery."

"Mr. Browler," said I, getting up, being unwilling if not afraid to trust myself with people whose only merit was their possible lunacy, "I understand that you wish me to take a message to Mr. O'Neil."

"Yes, Mr. Smythe, I am not at liberty to go into explanations, but merely assure you that if you will kindly do so, you will be serving the interests of honesty and not rascality."

"Yes," said the chorus, "our obligation will be very great."

"I will go on condition that your brother will give his word of honor as a gentleman and a book-keeper, that he will not run off before I can return." I said this with the dignity of a fellow of principle who was holding a scourge over iniquity. The promise was given with acclamation, and Browler wrung my hand, which liberty I tolerated loftily. He gave me my directions and a parting bumper of cider, which, coming from the iniquitous hands of Belinda, and being mullied by a thief's hot poker, nearly strangled me to death.

Assured of my absence being satisfactorily accounted for at the office, I left in the midst of thanks and blessings, for my two days' trip. What would Baxter have called me? How miserable would I have felt, had he turned up on that wretched ride. The vision of his contempt made me very uncomfortable, and I reproached myself that I had fallen so low as to be the emissary of a black-leg.

This was Thursday night; I could arrive at my destination, complete my object, and be again at the office on Saturday noon. I was sorry at not being able to be on the ground to watch the progress of affairs, but consoled myself at being admitted above Baxter to the secret of the matter, unhallowed though it was. Of the three women I had the meanest opinion; that Browler could cheat was an evident thing, but that his three sisters should tolerate his knavery and reap the advantage so coolly, was not punishable on earth. I found Mr. O'Neil, who was conducting his opera-

tions under the name of Townsend, behind a sugar-refinery, and he turned out to be a tall, gentlemanly gray-haired man, but who received me with a trifle of coolness and suspicion. But I had no sooner mentioned the name of Van Coit in a whisper, than he seized my hand and burst into tears, instead of flying off into a paroxysm of fury as I fully expected he would.

"Bless my soul! and so you know the gentleman? you know where he lives? how to direct me to him?"

"I do know him, sir, but I also know Sardanapalus, Jonathan Wild, Warren Hastings, Jack Sheppard, and Ross," said I, tartly. He looked at me curiously for a moment, while I, ruffled with indignation, gazed back at him.

"And so you don't know—,"

"But I *do* know that he is a defaulter, an infamous vulture, a stupendous Uriali Heep."

"Bless him!" said he, half thoughtfully.

"His three sisters are also well, and ready to try their hands again at similar business," I added, by way of sarcasm.

"Upon my soul, sir, I hope they may never have the requirement, but long live their pluck, ingenuity, and sympathy." There was no understanding all this, and I gave it up in disgust.

I yawned, and wished myself back at the office again, with Baxter and the rest, instead of being a go-between of a set of fools and knaves.

He asked some other foolish questions, and I answered them in a like manner. He seemed very much agitated all through our conversation, a fact I could have accounted for, had he exulted at the prospect of the capture of old Browler, but which in view of his apparent liking for that man was to me inexplicable, and so I gave it up.

He was very civil, though, and gave me a crushing dinner, with claret, and a box at a theatre afterward, which put me on good terms with all but his brains.

He said he would follow me to town and hunt up Van Coit instantly, and all would be right. I therefore posted back to the city at twelve P. M., on Friday,

and entered the office at ten A. M., Saturday.

There was an awful row directly. Baxter gave me credit for more wickedness than I ever knew of, and it was not until I threatened to whip off my jacket that he became bearable.

Where was Browler?

"Arrested! Put in the station-house Thursday night."

"Good gracious, who did that?"

"I did," said O'Neil, swinging himself around on his stool. "Do you object, hey?"

"No, he deserved it, and his sisters too."

"You're a fellow of sense; all the rest set me down for a stupid. If a man is not to be punished for robbing you of house, home, father, property, and making you go to work in such a confounded stable as this is, I should like to know it!"

Although I appeared very just and stern, I must say, I was a little sorry for the old fellow after all. It would come hard on him in his old age to be put to breaking stones, and all that. Baxter said that he heard that they had to put five bullets into him before he gave in to the officers. He and his sisters barricaded the dining-room doors and windows, and laid in a stock of Coit's revolvers, and they only brought them to terms by squirting chloroform through the key-hole.

O'Neil was very savage against him, and vowed he would push him to the wall, and would put on every screw the law would allow him to. He was very rough on Browler's sisters, too. He said they doubtless instigated the whole plot, and harped on their brother so that they finally badgered him into gratifying their selfishness. He said he always hated their way of sneaking about town at home, with their drab dresses and the pots of two-penny jelly and gruel for the poor folks. They pretended to talk well, and know a great deal, and used to be so confoundedly philanthropic, always up to libraries, and cooperative wash-houses and that sort of thing. He managed to get up quite a feeling among us in spite of the sympathy we felt for his prisoner,

and when he described the poverty his family was brought to through the rascality of Browler, we swore to stand by him to prevent any rescue that might be attempted by roughs who might be hired by Browler's sisters.

When we got out of O'Neil's hearing, though, we could not help slipping back again. Even Baxter was not quite so hard on him. And when we looked at his vacant desk, and closed inkstand, and remembered how gentle he always was with us and our blunders, and how he would oftentimes stand between us and the officers for any blame that rightly belonged to us, and how blind he used to be to our cuttings-up, we could not help thinking that we had no cause of spite against him, for he never was any thing but kind and obliging to us. If his shining old bald head ever bobbed up at any thing we did, it would only be to wag once or twice, but never a harsh word came from him. He never used to make us pay for postage stamps, and if his monthly balance came out within twenty-four hours (as it did about once in ten), he used to stand us a bottle of claret, which we used to drink standing, out of paper cornucopias.

After we got pretty blue by talking it over, Browler's friend boldly proposed we should visit him at the station-house. This was pretty emphatic, and we were all silent, but Baxter said we had better do it, as it would be our only chance of telling him what we thought of him and his villainy. Then something was said about carrying some chicken and Rhine wine, and Baxter assented on the ground that it would be an additional punishment, as it would remind him what his knavery had deprived him of.

I had not told O'Neil that I knew the whereabouts of his father, or in fact any thing about him whatever, as I did not know how Browler might like it, and as it could not affect O'Neil to wait a little. We did not ask him to go with us to see Browler, of course, as it would only make it more disagreeable all around.

We provided ourselves with a permit from the deputy sheriff, and with trembling legs and thumping hearts sat down

in a row on the edge of the waiting-room sofa, to have ourselves announced to Browler, who they said was in No. 10.

"The worst one in the whole house," said Baxter, under his breath. "It's where they put the violent ones. They probably have got him shackled to the wall, with his arms and legs stretched out spread-eagle, they call it."

I never knew a fellow of seventeen to know as much as Baxter did.

"If I were an officer here, I think I would try the water punishment. Two quarts would make Browler tell where the money is,—he's got such a fine bald head."

To this we made no rejoinder, we were all too busy staring at the long rows of clubs and pistols hung up against the wall, and wondering if Browler would be kind to us.

"He'll be very much emaciated," whispered Baxter, "and you must not be frightened at his eyes nor his thin hands, for he's probably well into the prison fever by this time."

Poor Browler. The vision of his suffering was vividly before us, and the memory of our hard words about him came strong upon us as we gazed through the open door, at the long white-washed corridor with its row of black iron-grated doors. We four trembling little wretches, or at least three of us, would have given worlds to have known that we had fought O'Neil instead of backing him up.

Suddenly, in the midst of a dead silence, a laugh came from somewhere down that long dismal passage. It was Browler, for we recognised his voice in spite of the hollow, ringing reverberations. We looked at one another in terror, and more than half inclined to put off out the door into the street and leave the prisoner to his own reflections.

"I told you so," muttered Baxter, as soon as his teeth stopped chattering. "He probably imagines himself in the office, and that they've raised his salary."

Before we had time to muster enough courage to run, a turnkey entered and beckoned to us to follow him. Half choked and half scared we did so, and

skipped along over the stone pavement with a tread anything but firm and even.

"Don't you feel a little spooney, Smythe?" whispered Baxter.

"Yes," said I, "have you got a pocket-handkerchief?"

"No, I want it myself."

"Now, then, youngsters," said the officer, who looked rather pleasant, "hurry up and get through." He pushed open the solid iron door and we filed in, I being the last.

"Where's Smythe?" I heard a voice ask, and I pushed forward, and we all stood stupefied with amazement at what we saw. Instead of being chained, half-starved, and bleeding from bullet-holes, to the wall, and being sick and raving crazy, there was old Browler sitting smiling and hearty behind a dinner-table, surrounded by his three spectacled sisters all staring at us good-humoredly. We all went sheepishly forward and gave a limp hand shaking, hiding our chicken and Rhine wine behind us.

"Well, young Smythe," cried the old fellow, "is it all right?"

"Yes, sir, he'll be here to-day." Then there was great confusion, Browler giving his three sisters a hug all around, while Baxter and the fellows glared at me like wild beasts, for I had given them to understand my absence had been on my own business, and it had really transpired that I was a traitor after all.

"I should like to know, Mr. Browler," said Baxter defiantly, stepping forward and eyeing him, "whether you ran off with O'Neil's father's money or not? If you really did, why, we won't stay, and we only came because we thought you might be miserable. But it seems to me that if you can carry on this style with such a thing on your conscience, you can get along well enough without our sympathy or grub."

It was just like Baxter to say that.

All the four spectacles broke out into a scream of laughter, while we all looked black as thunder. Presently Browler sobered a little, and leaned forward on his knuckles on the table.

"Boys, you are very kind to me indeed. Indeed, I cannot tell you exactly

how I stand just now, but I and my sisters thank you from the bottom of our hearts, and we assure you that your sympathy is NOT misplaced."

At this instant the turnkey entered, and whispered to Browler, who nodded quickly, and then whispered to his sisters, who immediately began to fidget with their hats and gloves and to look very much cut up.

Presently somebody came along the corridor, and pushed open the door.

"Dear old Van!"

Then came such a tempest of embraces, exclamations, hand-shakings, tears and all that stuff, which Baxter declared afterwards made him sick, but I know it made him cry with the rest of us. It was a long while before any thing like sense was restored, and then Browler discovered us sitting all huddled up in the corner, with the confounded jugs of Rhine wine between our legs. He whispered to Mr. O'Neil, who looked at us and then shut the door.

"Boys," said he, very kindly and pleasantly, "Mr. Van Coit or Mr. Browler, has long been known to you, but much longer to me. Latterly he has been in the character of a defaulter and robber to a few people in this city, but is known as such all through the South, where he made his extensive theft." Here he bowed to Browler, who bowed back again.

"I have been known in the South as an upright but sadly unfortunate merchant, who was ruined by the machinations of his principal clerk. Now I briefly say, that I am the criminal and Mr. Van Coit the innocent man. I was the forger, the wrong-doer, and I thought my operations were unknown to any but myself, but was mistaken. Van Coit knew me; Van Coit imagined I had all to lose if I was discovered, and by the earnest entreaties of his brave sisters he did steal a comparatively small sum and fled, leaving a letter for me explaining his conduct, and solemnly assuring me that all hopes of discovering him would be useless. The storm broke. I remained passive and let it ferment and settle as it would. The odium was heaped on Van Coit, and

I escaped. I settled according to law, and have since been able to re-make my broken fortunes, just as the savior of my name is discovered and thrown into jail for a crime he never committed. He sends for me, having kept track of me, and here I am, beginning to rectify the infamous yet generous error of his reputation, by setting him right with those who will be the happiest to know the truth."

We all made a dash for old Browler and his sisters, vowing as loud as our thick voices would let us that we knew all along that he was shamming, and begging he would forgive us. He was

guilty of a little dampness and his three sisters of a great deal.

Young O'Neil was very penitent, but Browler told him he did just right, and was pretty smart at it too, and they were great chums after they got settled again. Mr. O'Neil settled up dollar for dollar, and took Browler in as even partner.

They said Van Coit got a perfect ovation when he went South, and his sisters married off with a vengeance. Baxter says he believes it was a regular put-up job all around, but he only stands by that as a bluff, as Baxter's stock is awfully low with us fellows since the bullets and shackles.

BABEL IN OUR MIDST.

Nor merely do men express their thoughts in different languages and dialects, and in different styles of using the same words, but every class of society and every occupation, profession, and study has, to some extent, its peculiar phraseology. An intelligent person, unfamiliar with the dictionaries of the doctors, might attend a meeting of the Academy of Medicine and receive but little more idea of what was intended to be conveyed by the speakers, than if they had been talking in unmeaning jargon. Professor Agassiz, in his popular lectures before intelligent audiences, is obliged to stop at almost every other sentence, to explain the meaning of some of the most simple and general terms of science, and is even then very imperfectly understood, except by the small number who are familiar with the subjects of which he treats. Yet I presume that professors to whom Agassiz is as easy as the primer book, would find themselves troubled to understand the language employed by a professional sporting-reporter in describing a horse-race, or, at all events, a prize-fight.

I propose here to illustrate, as briefly and entertainingly as possible, some of these class-dialects. The hard words of science, of course, become more fa-

miliar after the study of Latin and Greek. In an essay on the "Classics in Education," Prof. B. N. Martin, of the University of New York, says:

"It is truly one of the marvels of Divine Providence that, amid the wide diversities of speech in modern Christendom, these two noble languages of antiquity should have come down to us as the common heritage of the nations; if not to serve for the personal intercourse of scientific men, yet to supply to science the descriptive terms of its elegant nomenclature."

Without partaking of the enthusiasm of this writer, we must undoubtedly admit that the classical languages have served the good purpose of relieving science of the curse of Babel, and the knowledge of them, aside from its primary importance in the study of modern tongues, has become necessary to the scientific student. This use of Greek and Latin, however, carries with it one disadvantage which we cannot overlook. It renders scientific discussions and dissertations unintelligible to almost every person who has not received a college education. The popular reader is excessively disgusted with these hard names. He sees nothing "elegant" in them, and would not share the admiration with which it is related how Agas-

siz, being requested, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, to name a strange organism discovered by Hugh Miller in the Old Red Sandstone, and finding that it was a fish, and that its two fins projected at right angles from its body, like the pinions of a bird, gave it the name of *Pterichthys*, from the Greek words signifying wing and fish. The name *Pterichthys* would suggest to the uncultivated mind a much more formidable creature than a winged fish. The ordinary reader would not peruse with the most pleasing emotions the following description of the *vertebra* from Owen, which is quoted by Professor Martin as a model of elegant, precise, and lucid expression :

"It consists, in its typical completeness, of the following parts or elements : a body, or *centrum* ; two *neurapophyses*, two *parapophyses*, two *pleurapophyses*, two *hamapophyses*, a *neural spine*, and a *hamal spine*. These, being usually developed from distinct and independent centres, I have termed *autogenous* elements. Other parts, more properly called 'processes,' which shoot out as continuations from some of the preceding elements, are termed *exogenous* ; e. g., the *diapophyses* or 'upper transverse processes,' and the *zygapophyses* or the 'oblique' or 'articular' processes of human anatomy."

The ordinary, unclassical reader is surprised to know that *infusum carnis bubuli*, is beef-tea, *jusculum pullinum*, chicken broth, *gelatina ribesias*, currant jelly ; and to see after hops, in parenthesis, *humulus lupulus*, and after cabbage, *brassica oleracea*. Reading the lucubrations of the entomologist in his agricultural book, he is edified to learn that "*Cryptus inquisitor*, a small yellow-banded ichneumon fly, destroys the *Thyridopteryx ephemeraformis*, or basket-worm, which is so destructive to cedar and shade-trees in the middle States ;" and that "the *Calandra (Sitophilus) oryza*, or rice-weevil, is destroyed by *Meroporus graminicola*."

He can hardly credit the assertion that an oyster is an acephalous molluscous bivalve of the genus *Ostrea* ; that

meerschau is a hydrated magnesian silicate found in serpentine veins in various parts of Europe ; and that a boil is actually a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, suppurating with a central core—a furunculus. He would not appreciate the verbal felicity of the doctor of divinity, who, in ringing the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," said, "He that is accessible to auricular vibration, let him not close the gates of his tympani."

He would not obtain a very vivid idea, perhaps, from the following sentence of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who, telling how the photographer brings out the features on the plate by washing it with sulphate of iron and hyposulphate of soda, thus prettily mingles mythology and science :

"Then we replace the slide in the shield, draw this out of the camera, and carry it back into the shadowy realm where Cocytus flows in black nitrate of silver and Acheron stagnates in the pool of hyposulphate, and invisible ghosts, trooping down from the world of day, cross a Styx of dissolved sulphate of iron, and appear before the Rhadamanthus of that lurid Hades !"

A fish-woman was silenced by the word hypotenuse applied as an epithet, and many persons who would have no objection to bleeding would receive a proposition to phlebotomize them with much alarm.

The language of the men of medicine is a fearful concoction of sesquipedalian words, numbered by thousands. He was a mere novice who spoke of "a severe contusion of the integuments under the left orbit, with great extravasation of blood and ecchymosis in the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a 'tumefied state ;'" meaning a black eye ; and an anatomical work for children, teaching after the manner of Mother Goose's Melodies, tells that,

"The tibia and fibula,
Above, unite, near rotula,
At knee, with long os femoris,
Whose analogue is humerus."

"Now," says a critic, "for the tarsal, metatarsal, and phalangeal bones of the feet. The os sacrum, the ilium, and the

pubic arch ought to rhyme nicely. We would suggest the Alexandrine metre for the ribs, sternum, and the vertebræ. Anapestic would do for the *os hyoides*, maxillary, malar, temporal, occipital, parietal, and frontal. A few iambs might do for the sphenoid, ethmoid, vomer, and nasal; but the pisiform and the acutiform and the carpal bones generally, with the metacarpal and the phalangeal of the upper extremities, had better be given in prose."

A young girl looking over her book of Botany for the first time, expecting, mayhap, to find there a poetical language suitable to treat of flowers and foliage, is a little bewildered in reading of plants as dichotomous, pentagynous, papilionaceous, foliaceous, leguminous, endogenous, acryptogamous, &c., as well as of acotyledonous, monocotyledonous, dicotyledonous, and polycotyledonous plants.

She wonderingly reads in detail a description, for instance, of the striped violet:

"Smooth stem, oblique, branching, angular leaves, roundish, ovate, sub-acuminate, cornate-dentate, sometimes sub-pubescent; petioles long; stipules large, oblong lanceolate, dentate-ciliate; peduncles quadrangular; bracts linear, rather large; segments of the calyx lanceolate, acuminate, ciliate, emarginate behind, petals entire, upper one marked with a few blue lines, naked, smooth, sometimes a little villose, lateral ones bearded, lower one occasionally a little villose; spur sub-corrected; stigma pubescent behind."

Having glanced over so much, she has only gathered a few verbal pebbles on the shores of Botany. She gets over this in time, and masters all the abstruse studies. When she has eaten enough at table, she remarks that gastronomical satiety admonishes her that she has arrived at the ultimate of deglutition consistent with the code of Æsculapius; and she calls her thimble a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations.

The medical authorities describe plants after a somewhat similar form, but in different language. For instance:

"Blood root (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*) is acrid, emetic, with narcotic and stimulant properties, expectorant, sudorific, alterative, emmenagogue, escharotic, and errhine, according to the way in which it is used. Its escharotic action renders it beneficial when applied in hypochondriasis.

"Prickly ash (*Xanthoxylum Fraxineum*) is stimulant, tonic, alterative, and sialogogue, producing heat in the stomach, arterial excitement, and a tendency to diaphoresis."

The use of unfamiliar words sometimes leads to unexpected misunderstandings, as when a physician, prescribing syrup of buckthorn, wrote his prescription according to the usual abbreviation of *Rhamnus Catharticus*, "*Syr. Rham. Cat.*" The lady patient reading this with astonishment and anger, declared that she would not take a syrup of ram cats for any body under heaven.

It has been a humorous fancy of various writers to indite burlesque poems or essays in the peculiar language of some profession or occupation. Thus the chemist writes his valentine as follows:

"I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me.
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies.
I am Potassium to thy oxygen;
'Tis little that the holy marr age vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an acid—
A living acid; thou an alkali
Endowed with human sense; that, brought
together,

We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh, that thou
Wert carbon, and myself were hydrogen!
We would unite to form olefiant gas,
Of common coal, or naphtha. Would to heaven
That I were phosphorus, and thou wert lime
And we of lime composed a phosphuret!
I'd be content to be sulphuric acid
So that thou mightest be soda. In that case,
We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou
magnesia

Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from
Epsom.

Couldst thou potassia be, I aquafortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potaash—otherwise Saltpetra.
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose this fleshy Tertium Quid,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated! Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?"

The following also is interesting :

"Here lieth to digest, macerate, and amalgamate with clay, in balneo arenæ, stratum superstratum, the residuum, terra damnata, and caput mortuum of a CHEMIST. A man who in his earthly laboratory pursued various processes to obtain the *Arcanum Vitæ*, or the Secret to Live; also the *Aurum Vitæ*, or the art of getting, not making, gold. All chemist-like, he saw all his labor and projection, as mercury in the fire, evaporated in fume. When he dissolved to his first principles, he departed as poor as the last drops of an alembic. Though fond of novelty, he carefully avoided the fermentation, effervescence, and de-crepitation of this life. Full seventy years his exalted essence was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass; but the radical moisture being exhausted, the Elixir Vitæ spent, and exsiccated to a cuticle, he could not suspend longer in his vehicle; but precipitated gradatim per campanam, to his original dust. May the light above, more resplendent than Bolognian phosphorus, preserve him from the athanor, empyreuma, and reverberatory furnace of the other world, deplete him from the faces and scoria of this; highly rectify and volatilize his ethereal spirit; bring it safely out of the crucible of earthly trial, and place it in a proper recipient among the elect of the Flowers of Benjamin; never to be saturated till the general resuscitation, deflagration, calcination, and sublimation of all things."

The anatomist is represented as writing at considerable length to his Dulcinea, describing the charms visible to his educated eye, as

"Oh, sweet is thy voice, as it sighingly swells
From the daintily quivering chords vocales,
Or rings in clear tones through the echoing cells,
Of the antrum, the ethmoid, and sinus frontals!"

I have sometimes wondered what proportion of a daily newspaper is completely understood by the average reader. A young man from New England, of whom his parents boast that he has a "first-rate eddication," and who may have kept district school, on finding himself transferred to the city, and looking over the columns of a first-class journal, is surprised to find how much in it, written apparently in the English language, is unintelligible to him.

VOL. V.—20

I have shown that it would not be surprising if he did not fully comprehend the reports of scientific lectures, or the testimony of medical men in a post-mortem examination. But he would find that the theatrical critic, the art critic, the writers on military tactics, mechanics, agriculture, fashions, real-estate, stocks, and on the weather, had each a curious slang of his own. He would find hard words and idiomatic expressions in the reports of church ceremonies, masonic rites, college commencements, and legislative proceedings. Queer words and signs would often puzzle him even among the advertisements.

Under the heading of the turf, I think it probable that our friend would be greatly mystified. He reads of a "hurdle-race, handicap for all ages for \$500, of which \$100 to second horse, two miles over four flight of hurdles, weights to be accepted by ten o'clock, A. M." For this race "Jackson enters ch. f. Shrimp, aged, 164, straw and black cap. Jones enters blk. m. Eel, aged, 140, scarlet."

He is surprised at an apparently profane description of an animal in a gentleman's stud:

"Consolation, br. m. foaled 1859, got by imp. Consternation, dam by dam of the famous Lady Thorn by Gano son of American Eclipse, grandam by Potomac; a rangy blood-like mare. Has a colt foal by her side."

The following graphic description of a race is a dead letter to him:

"*Sweepstakes for two-year-olds.* This was a mile heat \$100 each, half forfeit \$400 added; usual penalty for winner. The starters were Inverness, by Maccaroni out of Elfrida by Faugh-a-Ballagh. The Nun, by Lexington out of Novice, Rapture by Lapidist out of Parachute, and Tasmania by Australian out of Mattie Gros by Lexington. Rapture and Tasmania were greatly fancied, the others sold low. Closing prices at the pools, Tasmania, \$300, Rapture, \$280, Inverness, \$100, and The Nun, \$90.

"*The Race.* Maccaroni filly made the running at a good steady pace, the Favorite second, Rapture third, and The Nun pulled away behind. At the bluff

bend the first three were nose and tail. The Maccaroni filly went raking away and on the sweep of the lower turn led Tasmania three lengths, Rapture three more behind her, and The Nun three more in the rear. Before they reached the head of the stretch, Tasmania died away to nothing. In the straight, "Jim" (the jockey) let The Nun out, and she passed Tasmania and Rapture, but could not close with Inverness, who won easily by four lengths. Time, 1.49½."

An "American gentleman," addicted to the noble sports of the Turf, has been reported as describing a young lady dancing at a ball, dressed in corn-colored silk with roses in her hair, and accompanied by a young man with auburn locks, in the following terms:

"That's a thoroughbred filly there, yellow harness and red gearing above. A good stepper and plenty of style and action. Well-groomed, shows well in the shoulder; picks up her hoofs prettily. I'd back her against the field, even weights and no sheenanigan for money. The old folks jockey her a little, they say, but they have to keep a tight rein on her or she'd bolt. Prances well, but plunges and kicks over the traces a little. They say she's matched to go double with that sorrel-top. They'd make a powerful team."

Max Müller in one of his lectures refers to class dialects as illustrated in the difference between the language used by shepherds, sportsmen, soldiers, and farmers, and adds:

"I suppose there are few persons here present who could tell the exact meaning of a horse's poll, crest, withers, dock, hamstring, cannon, pastern, coronet, arms, jowl, and muzzle."

In a description by a midshipman of his experiences on a boat, which was terribly tossed by the sea during the South American earthquake, he reads such sentences as:

"I descended from the poop to the spar-deck on the starboard, but a wave sweeping the ship, took me first against the ship-bulwarks, barely escaping a port, then against the cabin bulkhead. . . . Soon after, the foremast went by the board, and the maintopmast followed. Fearing that the mizzen would

go also, the boat's crew and I huddled on the poop deck, holding on to the backstays. I fortunately found a small piece of rope, what is called rattling stuff, with which I lashed myself to the royal backstay. The ship was canted to starboard, so we all kept to port."

While this is remarkably interesting to some, it is scarcely so to a country schoolmaster, not familiar with Marryatt's works. Every man for his own idiom. A lawyer asked an old salt on the witness-stand whether he was acquainted with the plaintiff and defendant. "I don't know the drift of them words," said Jack. "A pretty fellow for a witness, not to know what plaintiff and defendant mean," said the lawyer. By-and-by, to a question as to where the occurrence the Court was considering happened, the sailor answered: "Abaft the binnacle." "Where is that?" asked the counsel. "A pretty fellow for a lawyer!" replied the sailor; "not to know what abaft the binnacle means!"

At another time, two recently-married couples were on board a train of cars. One of the men said: "My love, I am about to step out for a few moments for refreshments. Do not be alarmed while I am gone." The other, who was a sailor, expressed the same idea as follows: "I say, wifey, I'm going ashore to wet my whistle. Don't tumble overboard!"

An account of the figures of the cottillion, described in nautical terms, were found among the papers of the facetious Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke. The following is the third figure:

"Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard-arm and yard-arm; regain your berth on the other tack in the same order; take your station with your partner in line; back and fill, fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner. She then manœuvres, heaves all aback, shoots ahead again, and pays off alongside you. Then make sail in company with her till nearly astern of the other line; make a stern-board, and cast her off to shift for herself; regain your place by the beat means in your power, and let go your anchor."

In the *Ship News* he reads much similar to the following:

"Steamer Sherman, Henry, New Orleans, August 22d, and Southwest Pass 23d, at 4 P. M., with mdse and passengers to Samuel Stevens; 27th, latitude 32° 52', longitude 77° 08', signalized a Dutch bark showing Nos. 7349, third distinguishing pendant, bound North."

Not being engaged in speculations, he is profoundly indifferent to the money column and the operations of bulls and bears. He cares nothing about longs, or shorts, or corners, or cliques, or cliqued stocks, or watered stocks, or balances at the Clearing House, or bank contraction, or subsidy loans, or subventions, or net earnings, or how 67's were in sharp demand to cover shorts; nor how Northwestern preferred is oversold, nor how Erie certificates issued at a certain time were pronounced a good delivery; nor how heavy operators were carrying stocks, or outside holders realizing, nor how loans were made flat at three to five per cent. for carrying, nor how Sterling Exchange was active at quotations, London, sixty days, 109½; London, sight, 110; Paris, long, 5.15, Paris short, 5.12½. But if it should ever happen to him to go into the Stock Exchange during an exciting day, and witness the wild gestures and hear the unintelligible and inarticulate cries of its members, he would suppose himself in a community not only speaking a barbarous language, but either mad or savage besides.

I do not know a department of the newspaper in which more extraordinary snags are drawn from the "well of English undefiled," and the meaning of words is left more exclusively to the depraved imagination of the reader than in the article on the markets. In looking over this column, one is struck with the great discrimination which is required not to speak of cheese as exhibiting more life, of butter as strong, of dead hogs as lively, of hay as heavy, of pig-lead as brisk, of feathers as unsettled, of bristles as stiff, of hops as on the rise, of tea as weak, of dry cod as fairly active, of rat-traps as closing firm, of old fowls as going off slow, of molasses as having a disposition to re-

main on the hands of holders, and of whiskey as having a downward tendency. Even in less noticeable combinations it sounds curiously to read that beeswax is active, that sole-leather is drooping, that smoked beef is dull, that mess beef is quiet, that shingles are variable, that twine is casier, and that ashes are quoted nominal.

The lawyers have a rigmarole of their own which crops out more or less in the law reports. It is a slang utterly different from the common language of conversation or of books, having its own peculiar terms, its own pet Latin phrases, and its own extraordinary transpositions and repetitions of common words. Into the intricacies of this dialect it is not necessary that we should enter. How funnily it appears applied to other than its own legitimate subjects may be seen from the lawyer's Ode to Spring, commencing:

"Whereas on sundry boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
Now therefore hail, thou coming Spring!
The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love 'midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns."

In reading the architectural criticisms, while possibly, though not probably, our friend may know the difference between the Doric and the renaissance, he is very uncertain as to the general appearance and effect of flying buttresses, of oblique truncated cones, of architraves and friezes, of fascias and pilasters, of corbelling, mouldings and volutes, of trefoils, quaterfoils, and rosaces, of glyphs, interglyphs, semi-glyphs, triglyphs and metopes, of the parabolus and the propyleum, the stylobate and the entablature, of caryatic figures, horizontal consoles, and the hypotrachelium; and he is not much edified when he is informed that in the Acropolis of Athens the caryatides stand on a stereobatic dado placed on the stylobate.

He is even troubled to understand a dissertation on so simple and excellent a science as Phrenology, or a catalogue of the developments and propensities

which protrude from the cranium of some distinguished gentleman. He would scarcely be able to point out the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, though informed that when that organ and Inhabitiveness are small, Philoprogenitiveness assumes a sharpened appearance running horizontally between the two lobes of Adhesiveness; and he cannot understand why a man with large Alimentiveness and large Approbativeness and Ideality will be formal and ceremonious when eating his Christmas dinner, though solemnly assured by competent phrenological authority that such is the case.

The following, to the best of my knowledge and belief, is the phrenological character, furnished by a "reliable contraband," of the distinguished Cuffy Bumpus, of Hilton Head:

"Berry 'markble hed, dis nigger. His ognyzashun indket great sublimity and pumposity. Temp'ment sanguine-lymfatic wid a sprinklin' ob nerbus-billus. Mazin devellup ob de heel, diktif ob running away. Great power for good or evil, speshelly de last. Hard head, diktif ob pocklyptic tendency. Berry heaby on spirituality. Berry comprehensive nigger, speshelly fizzikul, diktif passion for corn-cakes. Ambitious and enterprizin' nigger. Thoo-siastik devellup ob benevylunce, diktif ob deep feelin' fur all God's creeturs as is fit to eat—chickens in 'ticular. Constitution like his natrully farms out his life into fixed condishuns; he hab mazin determination and will-power, wateber he steal he hold on to him. Markable fact 'bout dis nigger he don't like to be 'posed on, berry much given to habin' his own way. Great destructiveness and executiveness—execute his breffus and dinner berry quick.

Dis nigger is natrully so cons'tuted dat ef he had chilern he'd tink good deal ob 'em, providin' de atomic flow ob de particles ob his system was reg'lar in a spiral d'rection from his heels to his hed. Oderwise it would be diktif ob some centricities. His hed ob de swayin' kind, berry bombastikul—dat is to say—mebby you know what I mean—I dono—neb mind. Plenty 'lectricity, stand up 'gainst opposition if 'taint too heaby, be berry 'seasful in any t'ing he work berry hard at. More powerful dan strong, owin' to devellop ob digestive vigor.

Speakin' ob dis nigger prismatically, he de best type ob de true nigger I eber see. Ef his brane was big as a dimyjon dar'd be berry few sich niggers."

An article of gossip or review may find its way into the daily paper on the recondite theme of Heraldry. The jargon of this art requires a dictionary to itself. They who invented it must have been very much in want of something of practical utility to do. Our reader does not receive much instruction from descriptions of coats-of-arms, such as:

"Argent, a cheveron gules, fretty or between three delves or billets, sable."

"Party per pale indented, ermine and sable, a cheveron gules, fretty or."

"Ermine, a fesse, gules, fretty or between two hawks."

He may master the words "or" and "argent" and some of the names of color. He may have a glimmer of pleasure in learning that some ancient enthusiast in armorial bearings endowed all the prominent characters of Old Testament history with shields and emblazoned devices, giving Jubal, the inventor of tents, "Vert, a tent argent" (a white tent in a green field). Jubal, the primeval musician, "Azure, a harp, or, on a chief argent three rests gules;" Tubal Cain, "Sable, a hammer argent, crowned, or;" Naamah, the inventress of weaving, "In a lozenge gules, a carding-comb argent;" and Samson, "Gules a lion couchant or, within an orle argent, semée of bees sable." He may be amused to know that Michael Drayton, the poet, bore these singular arms: "Azure gutté d'eau (the drops of Helicon!) a Pegasus current in bend argent. *Crest.* Mercury's winged cap amidst sunbeams proper."

But the deeper intricacies of Heraldry forever remain mysteries to the general reader.

The sporting column is a terrible ordeal to an "unprofessional" person. A simple report of a sportive encounter with fists in which some "game" individual anxious for the Belt mounted the ladder of fame from the area of the prize ring by a certain number of "rounds," tells us that the combatants

struck each other with mawleys and bunches of fives upon the head, the nut, the cone, the conk, the canister, the noddle, the mug, the knowledge-box; the nose, the sneezer, the snorer, the snuffer, the snuff-tray, the nozzle, the mazzard; the eyes, the ogles, the optics, the peepers; the mouth, the kisser, the whistler, the oration-trap; drawing the blood, the claret, the ruby, the crimson, the home-brewed, the gravy; and in several instances knocking the unfortunate knocker off his pins, his pegs, his stumps and his foundation, to say nothing of boring, fibbing and sending him to grass.

A young gentleman, who, in the time of the excitement over the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers, temporarily relinquished his theological studies, it is said, and crossed the Atlantic to witness it, wrote the following letter to the young lady of his affections in New York:

BEN GAUNT'S, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, {
LONDON, April 20, 1860. }

DEAREST EMMA: Your last reached me on the day after the mill [1]—blessings on the darling bunch of fives [2] that scribbled it. I kissed the signature again and again, for the sake of the dear little daddle [2] that will one day make me the happiest buffer [3] going. How shall I describe my feelings on reading it? If our glorious Benicia had administered an auctioneer [4] on my knowledge-box [5] I couldn't have been more completely grassed [6]. Tears came into my peepers [7] as I devoured those lines of love and tenderness, as eagerly as ever milling-cove [8] in training walked into [9] his raw beef-steak. A boy might have floored me by a tap over the snuffer-tray [10] with his little finger. And the sight of the photograph of your lovely mug [11] almost overpowered me! How well I recall each feature!—those ogles [12], blue as the midsummer sky—that conk [13], with its delicate aquiline curve—that rosy-lipped tater-trap [14]—those ivories [15], whiter than the whitest pearl—that fair skin, where the claret [16] mantles and blushes. Again and again did I press the counterfeit presentment to my kisser [17], wishing that the dear original were present, her nut [18] reclining lovingly on my bread-

basket [19]—her oration-trap [20] murmuring words of endearment in my lugs [21], her mawley [22] clasped in the flipper [23] of her adorer.

Ah, Emma! Love has got my pimply [24] in chancery [25], and is fibbing [26] away mercilessly, giving me no end of nasty 'uns [27]; the pepper [28] I endure from him is past telling—he may go in and finish me any day. He has it all his own way; I can't counter [29] on his nob [30], or do any thing but take my punishment. And I don't care how soon the sponge is thrown up in token of victory.

Yours eternally,

—*.

The reader will see that it was found necessary to append a small glossary to render this letter intelligible.

In a report of a Base-Ball match our country cousin learns that on the previous day the following occurred:

Pearce opened the ball for the Atlantics, sending it hotly on to Wolters' leg, whence it bounded to Flanley, who threw it to first, cutting off Pearce. Smith suffered from Devyr's fielding to first. Start hit a fair ball inside the left foul line, and made his run by stealing in. Chapman struck out. Wolters opened for the Mutuals and sent his ball to Pearce, nearly taking Devyr's legs off as he was going to third. The ball being a hot one, Pearce failed to hold it; Swandell's hit to centre field cleared the bases; but, as the next three strikers were fielded out in a hurry, he was left. Zettlein was fouled out on next pitched ball. . . . On the second innings, Hunt opened play and sent a shooter to right field. Wolters sent Hunt home, and he in turn was carried around by McMahon. The latter was left, as the following strikers went out. The New Yorkers were blanked for their share, Jewett alone reaching base. . . . Devyr sent a good one to Ferguson, who took it well, but threw it too high for Start to hold. Up to this time there had not been a fly-catch in the game, the hitting being swift-grounders. In the sixth inning there was bad fielding, Chapman and McDonald both drop-

* [1] Fight. [2] Hand. [3] Man, individual. [4] Knock down blow. [5] Head. [6] Prostrated. [7] Eyes. [8] Fighting man. [9] Ate. [10] Nose. [11] Face. [12] Eyes. [13] Nose. [14] Mouth. [15] Teeth. [16] Blood. [17] Mouth. [18] Head. [19] Breast. [20] Mouth. [21] Ear. [22] Hand. [23] Hand. [24] Head. [25] Head under left arm. [26] Administering blows. [27] Severe blows. [28] Do. [29] Reciprocation of a blow. [30] Head.

ping fly balls, and Smith and Start each muffing."

All this is as clear as mud to the intelligent reader who never played baseball. An account of a billiard-match would also be senseless to one unacquainted with the game. Then there is the mild slang of the poker player, who talks about "seeing it" and "going it better," and "calling" and "straddling" and "covering" and "winning the pot;" and the policy-player, who sees something very pleasing in "a straight gig" and "4-11-44;" and the faro-player, who knows how to "copper an ace," and to whom "chips" are articles of vast significance.

"And so ye gambler plays his way
Unto Grim Death his gates,
And lying down a little while
For ye final 'trump' he waits."

The distinction between the language of sentiment and of card-playing is shown in the song of a person on ship-board, with love and poker on the brain, commencing:

"Sad was our parting, and my sad heart
Still sadly sighs for thee,
(I'll take three cards, Mr. Dealer),
As I glide o'er the moonlit sea,
And the moon's sweet rays sets the sea ablaze
With a blaze that points to thee
(I straddle—it takes ten to come in)
As I fly o'er the deep blue sea
Sweet zephyrs play o'er our foamy way,
And they waft my sighs to thee
(I see that and go fifteen better)
As I float o'er the deep blue sea.
Then weep not, dearest, this fond heart
Still wildly worships thee,
(I've got an ace full—the pot's mine!)
As I ride this glorious sea."

Here is John and Julia's chess problem. John to move and mate in two moves:

"John moved his arm round Julia's neck,
She moves one square, and whispers—check;
He nothing daunted, moves right straight
His lips to hers, and calls out—'mate!'"

The young schoolmaster from New England should not attempt to master any metaphysical article unless he has been through a regular course of reading. His first step should be to thoroughly familiarize himself with the words *objective* and *subjective* and their derivatives. An English religious journal in a criticism of a theological work, said:

"Glancing at the table of contents of the volume before us, we feel no elevation of our expectations when we read chapters first, second, and third: 'Grace Objectively Considered;' chapters fourth and fifth: 'Grace Subjectively Considered.'" We remark interjectively that, viewed objectively, such terms are adjectively to be described as the offspring of a theology which is treated most rejectively by all sound divines, and is only received by those whose minds are comparatively bewildered, and are therefore trajectoryly impelled into admiration of a jargon which, speaking conjectively, was invented projectively to propagate injectively a philosophy which would act disjectively to the Gospel of Christ. Resubjectively we remark that we are often dejectively impressed with the mischief which, subjectively, such barbarisms work to the simplicity of our faith; we counter-projectively exhort all men to treat 'objectively,' 'subjectively,' and all such rubbish, in the style known as 'ejectively.'"

Without wishing to give the impression that the words objective and subjective are necessarily wicked, as is hinted by the writer quoted, I may say that I think they are sometimes used a little too frequently. I once counted over one hundred repetitions of them in a single newspaper article.

Our student will next learn about the vital principle, totality, solidarity, equilibration, relativity, external unity, differentiation, integration, organism, retroaction, panogenesis, universology, the unknowable, sociological laws, physiological units, the gospel of osmosis, &c., will conceive a great contempt for the anthorpomorphists, and will distinctly understand that we are all "the dynamical children of correlation." "Yes," says the Hartford lady in "The Case of George Dedlow:

"Yes, I comprehend. The fractional entities are embraced in the unity of the solitary Ego. Life," she added, "is the garnered condensation of objective impressions; and, as the objective is the remote father of the subjective, so must individuality, which is but focused subjectivity, suffer and fade when the sensation lenses, by which the rays of impression are condensed, become destroyed."

Our schoolmaster may then pass to the transcendental and spiritual, and having posted himself as to progression, affinities, trance-states, cycles, spheres, missions, symbols, intelligences, and kindred spirits, may enter into the eternal harmonies of Andrew Jackson Davis, and learn from his "Stellar Key to the Summer Land." Here, as it were, amid "the magnificent simplicities of nature" and "the central unities of truth," he may perceive with delight that "the odylie light of amorphous bodies is a kind of feeble external and internal glow, somewhat similar to phosphorescence;" that the atmosphere is "the purifying laboratory through which flow the effects of Ideas, Principles, Laws, Essences, and Ethics," that the measureless systems of stars and suns "which roll, and swim, and eddy, and waltz about in their harmonial circles, shine upon landscapes more beautiful and into eyes more divine than ours;" and that "it is now conceded even by the anthropomorphists and other unprogressive religionists, that instead of the earth being at the centre of God's universe and instead of the doings and omissions of its denizens being the chief concern and perpetual misery of the entire Trinity, our sun and its planets belong to the Milky Way not only, but that the Milky Way itself is merely one community of suns and planets of an infinitude of similar systems and communities that float and sing the songs of Harmony in the celestial atmosphere of the Univercoelum!" Here, even "in the very vortex of the Univercoelum" and amid "the solemn depths of the infinitudes," he may witness the "revolutions of the cosmical ether," and "hold communication with the Lythylli." Happy indeed is he to know that "the cosmogonies of illimitable space are fast coming into popular education!" Says Byron:

"Oh, ye immortal gods, what is theogony?
Oh, thou too mortal man, what is philanthropy?
Oh, world that was and is, what is cosmogony?
Some people have accused me of misanthropy,
And yet I know no more than the mahogany

That forms this desk, of what they mean—lycan-
thropy
I comprehend, for without transformation
Men become wolves on any slight occasion."

Yet every study, from cosmology down to cookery, has its own peculiar methods of expression.

All this our friend may find in his newspaper. But even in the composing-room, where the paper is printed, there prevails another dialect which scarcely ever gets into its columns, and of which I may give an example in a humorous form. The following instructions from the foreman of the printers would be quite intelligible. Of course, double meanings would not generally occur, though it would be quite possible for them to do so.

"John," says the foreman, as he is looking over the copy and proofs for the morning paper, "have 'The Chinese Wall' set up first, and then finish the 'Robbery' you began this morning. Then you can run 'The Opera Bouffe.' Kill 'Forrest' and let 'Booth' lie over. You'll find 'Forrest' on the first galley. Give out 'Our Army Rations,' double-leaded. See the copy of Powers' 'Greek Slave,' and put a Nonpareil full-face lower-case head to it, with sub-heads in small caps. Distribute 'The Cholera;' get that pi out of the way, and give the devil directions how to dispose of the dead matter. I guess you can use 'Soothing Syrup' in the morning's paper, but 'The Taxes' will have to be cut down. Give me a proof of 'Darwin's Development Theory.' We want about three sticks to fill out the inside form."

Every reader will remember the epitaph which Franklin wrote for himself while a journeyman printer, or we would quote it.

The following was written as an epitaph on Mr. John Childs, former President of the Philadelphia Typographical Society:

"His last form is locked-up in Eternity's chase,
His composition's corrosted above,
His proof was not foul nor imperfect his case,
Say the angels of Omniscient Love."

SKETCHES IN COLOR.

FOURTH.

THERE came into our Sunday-school, one bright spring morning, a party of strangers; nothing very uncommon, for we had many visitors. But these interested us more than usual; for one wore a general's star upon his shoulder, and the sleeve that should have held the strong right arm hung empty by his side. Ah! those empty sleeves. What volumes of pathetic meaning speak from their mute helplessness. How they recall the days of darkness, the long struggle, the fears, the agonies, the bleeding hearts, the desolated homes, the final triumph, — purchased, how? By the pride and vigor of our country's manhood, offered up in blood and fire, for the cause of truth and freedom, on the altar of their country. Bow reverently before that empty sleeve. It belongs to a hero, and a martyr.

The school closed, and the visitors departed, our superintendent asked:

"Do you know who that was?"

"No. Who?"

"General Howard. He is on his way to Richmond, to organize the Freedmen's Bureau. He is going to address the colored people to-night at Old Billy's church; don't you want to go?"

Of course we did. So the evening found us struggling in the crowd around the door of the house where Old Billy dispensed instruction and exhortation to his flock. He was possessed of great natural abilities, and considerable shrewdness and originality, though totally uneducated, and was held in great honor among his people; so there was "gathering from near and from far," to the Sunday evening services, when he administered reproof, instruction, warning or encouragement, according to his judgment of the needs of his hearers, and in his own peculiar style.

We were too late for the opening services; General Howard was beginning

his address as we entered. He spoke to the people for half an hour, as, I believe, they had never been spoken to before; of the privileges, the duties, and the possibilities of their new life. Simply, so that the youngest might understand; kindly, as friend to friend; frankly, as man to man; earnestly, as "one having authority" to those who so greatly needed counsel and instruction. Many of them, as yet, realized nothing of their freedom, save the right to go hither and thither as they would, and to wear the "same kind of clothes that white folks wear;" but I think the words of truth and soberness they heard that night, must have brought some, at least, to a truer understanding of the solemnity of life, and the dignity of self-help.

The address over, the congregation rose and sang the doxology, and General Howard and his party left the church. Then the exercises proceeded as usual. Billy announced his text. I have forgotten chapter and verse, but almost any thing would answer the purpose, being sure to fit some one of the numerous subjects embraced in that discourse, which went entirely through the Bible, from the Creation to the last chapter of Revelation. In the course of his remarks, he stated some facts concerning the transgression, and consequent punishment, of Adam and Eve, which have not, I think, been brought to light by the researches of any commentator.

"Eve was jes' like all de women; dey's sich hard-headed creeturs, dat when dey gits dar minds sot, you can't nebber 'suade dem outen it. So when Eve done made up her mind to eat dat ar apple, she'd ha' ate it, ef de angel Gabr'el had ben a stan'in' right dar. But Adam wouldn't nebber ha' ate it 'tall ef Eve hadn't 'suaded him; an' jes' as he was swallerin' de fus' piece, he felt mighty sorry, an' he tried to spit it out; but it

done gone too far down; an' Eve, she tole him not to make a fool ob hisself, but jes' eat de res'. So he done eat it up, an' yer knows, my bruddren, what come ter him den; how he got druv outen de garden, an' 'bleeged ter work for a libin'. De women oughter work; dat's so; fer ef it hadn't a ben for Eve, we wouldn't none on us ha' ben 'bleeged to work 'tall."

The sisters sat in "solemn silence all," under this portion of the discourse; but the brethren manifested their appreciation audibly.

The sermon was divided and subdivided, and extended to such a length that Old Billy's warmest admirers began to show signs of weariness before the close. There was considerable restlessness, and going out, among the young men near the door; and annoyed by it, Billy at last paused in his discourse, and addressed them:

"You folks in de back ob de church, stop dat ar goin' out an' comin' in. It's jes' ondecient, 'sturbin' de meetin' dat ar way; ef yer wants ter go out, go out—an' stay out, too; but ef yer wants ter stay in, stay in, an' 'have yerselves. 'Spose yer tinks dis yer 'scourse 's too long, too many heads ter it; but ef I'm a mind ter make forty chaws ob a grain ob rice, 'tain't none ob your business—an' some ob yer ain't got teeth 'nuff ter eat it den."

At last, with an exhortation to his hearers to join the multitude that were coming from "de Norf pole, an' from de Souf pole, an' from de Eas' pole, an' from de Wes' pole, an' shovin' right 'long inter de kingdom," the sermon closed. Then followed a prayer; the congregation kneeling, and repeating, as is their frequent custom, each sentence after the minister—a somewhat noisy exercise, and not calculated to promote devotional feelings. The colored people never generalize in their petitions; each person or class of persons for whom a blessing is desired, is mentioned by name. So now the prayer proceeded:

"God bress de President."

And the congregation chanted in chorus:

"God bress de President."

"God bress de Congress."

Chorus—"God bress de Congress."

"God bress de Army."

Chorus—"God bress de Army."

"God bress de Major-Gen'als."

Chorus—"God bress de Major-Gen'als."

"God bress de Brig'dier-Gen'als."

Chorus—"God bress de Brig'dier-Gen'als."

And so on, through every grade of the service; first and second lieutenants being mentioned separately, down to corporals. Then,

"God bress Gen'al Howard."

Chorus—"God bress Gen'al Howard."

"An' do' he loss an arm,"

Chorus—"An' do' he loss an arm,"

"May he fin' it in Heaben."

Chorus—"May he fin' it in Heaben."

The prayer threatened to be as long as the sermon, for Billy remembered everybody, calling them by name, until it seemed as if he must need a Directory to help him through. But it was finished at last, and he came down from the pulpit, and stood within the railing. Then began one of those scenes, which, when read of, seem the exaggerations of a disordered imagination; and when witnessed, leave an impression like the memory of some horrid nightmare—so wild is the torrent of excitement, that, sweeping away reason and sense, tosses men and women upon its waves, mingling the words of religion with the howlings of wild beasts, and the ravings of madmen.

The leader, on these occasions, usually starts a hymn, in which the congregation join. Sometimes all sing together; sometimes the leader and the congregation sing alternate lines; and again, he sings the verse throughout, the congregation only giving the chorus. In the pauses between the hymns, some brother or sister give their "experience," always talking in a scream, and as if crying; a natural tone of voice not being considered suitable for such occasions; while the others clap their hands, stamp, and shout, "yes, yes;" "dat's so;" "praise de Lord;" and the moment the speaker pauses, some voice starts a hymn, the leading sentiment of which harmonizes with what has just been said. Their quickness in finding hymns appropriate to the different phases of expe-

rience, and expressions of feeling is something wonderful.

Two or three hymns are usually sung, before they get warmed up to the talking. The first one was, as is almost invariably the case in negro meetings, "When I can read my title clear." This seems to be their chief favorite; I have heard it sung six times in the course of an evening, to different tunes. Simultaneously with the first note of the hymn, began a tapping of feet by the whole congregation, gradually increasing to a stamp as the exercises proceeded, until the noise was deafening; and as the excitement increased, one and another would spring from their seats, and jump up and down, uttering shriek after shriek; while from all parts of the house came cries of, "Hallelujah;" "Glory to God;" "Jes' now Lord, come jes' now;" "Amen;" and occasionally a prolonged, shrill whoop, like nothing earthly, unless it be some savage war-cry. At the close of the first hymn, without a moment's pause, they struck into another; a strange, wild tune, the words of which we could not distinguish, except in the chorus:

"Oh! I wants you to tote de young lambs in your bosom,
And carry de ole sheep along."

Then in strange contrast to this, came the most beautiful melody the negroes have—one of the most beautiful, I think, in the world—a chant, carried by full, deep bass voices; the liquid soprano of the melody wandering through and above it, now rising in triumphant swell, now falling in softened cadence, with the words,

"John saw, John saw,
John saw de holy angels,
Sittin' by de golden altar.
Sittin' by de golden altar, chillens,
Sittin' by de golden altar, chillens.
John saw, John saw,
John saw de holy angels,
Sittin' by de golden altar."

At the close of this hymn there was a pause, and a woman rose and begun, "My dear bruddren and sisters, I feel, I feel, I feel,"—then, apparently unable to find words, she burst into a hymn, in which the others joined.

"I'll tell you what de Lord done fer me;
Lord come an' water Zion;
He tuk my feet from de miry clay;
Lord come down.
Come down Lord an' water Zion,
Come along down."
"He sot my feet upon de rock;
Lord come an' water Zion;
An' gib me David's golden harp;
Lord come down.
Come down Lord an' water Zion,
Come along down."

Another sister followed, who after a lengthy expression of her feelings, closed by saying:

"I goes ter some churches, an' I sees all de folks settin' quiet an' still, like dey dunno what de Holy Sperit am. But I fin's in my Bible, that when a man or a 'ooman gets full ob de Holy Sperit, ef dey should hol' dar peace, de stones would cry out; an' ef de power ob God can make de stones cry out, how can it help makin' us poor creeturs cry out, who feels ter praise Him fer His mercy. Not make a noise! Why we makes a noise 'bout ebery ting else; but dey tells us we mustn't make no noise ter praise de Lord. I don't want no sich 'ligion as dat ar. I wants ter go ter Heaben in de good ole way. An' my bruddren an' sisters, I wants yer all ter pray fer me, dat when I gits ter Heaben I wont nebber come back 'gain."

As she took her seat, the congregation, as by one impulse sang:

"Oh! de way ter Heaben is a good ole way;
Oh! de way ter Heaben is a right ole way;
Oh! de good ole way is de right ole way;
Oh! I wants ter go ter Heaben in de good ole way."

Several of the sisters spoke, all closing with the same words: "I hopes yer'll all pray fer me, dat when I gits to Heaben, I wont nebber come back." The women, by the way, go upon the principle of "early and often," in speaking, and frequently in these meetings, monopolize the greater part of the time. It was some time before any of the brethren had a chance; at last, one, seizing an opportunity, exhorted every one to

"Git on board de ship ob Zion, an' take yer anchor wid yor. Dar's two kin's ob anchors, my fren's, dar's a kedgin' anchor, an' dar's a bower anchor." (A voice from the crowd, "Yes, Lord,

sen' down bofe on 'em.") Take yer anchor, an' git on board de ship ob Zion. Git on board dat ole black steamer, fer she's a sailin' on, an' she'll git safe froo de swellin's ob Jerdan, an' run jam up agin de walls ob Heaben, an' lan' us all safe; an' we'll march up de golden streets to de tree ob life, singin' Hallelujah, Jeru-salem."

Then from the hundreds of voices, rose the full, rich swell of, "Roll, Jordan roll," or as they pronounce it,—“Jer-dan."

"King Jesus sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
Gabr'el sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll.
Moses sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
Lijah sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll."

So on through Bible history, till prophets and apostles, in successive verses, are gathered on the "tree of Life." To this company, they join their own friends, living or dead, it matters not:

"My fader sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
My mudder sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll.
My sister sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll,
My brudder sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll."

Then any others for whom they entertain special respect or affection, this part varying according to feelings and circumstances. Now they sang:

"Abe Lincoln sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jerdan, roll;
Gen'l Howard sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jerdan, roll."

They went through with most of the generals, and prominent men known as their friends; finally, having deposited Gen. Butler on the "tree of Life," to "Watch Jordan roll,"—a somewhat novel position, I thought, for that versatile gentleman,—they came to a pause. Some one in the audience seized the opportunity to start a hymn. Apparently, this was out of order, for he had not got through a line, when old Billy interrupted him:

"What yer start datar fer? Dat ain't no way t'all. Don't yer start nuffin' on'y what I tells yer."

Then he proceeded to "reform de brudren an' sistern, dat sis Sally Tolliver done 'ceased" (they never say a person is dead, alway she "done 'ceased"), "dis ebenin at fo' 'clock, an' her funeral will be preach' in our place of wussshup on Chuseday (Tuesday) ebenin. Sis Sally, as you all know, war a good 'ooman, an' she hab gone whar sickness an' sorer am no mo', an' whar dey don't die no mo'. Sing now, all sing, 'Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

Then we heard that hymn, the strangest, wildest, most meaningless of all that the negroes sing, and at the same time, the one which seems to excite them the most powerfully, not so much I imagine, by the words, as the music, which is utterly indescribable, almost unearthly with its sudden changes, each one uskered in, by a long quavering shriek.

"Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
So my dear chillens don' yer fear,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"De Lord tole Moses what ter do,
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
Lead de chillen ob Ier'el froo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"Come 'long Moses, don' git los',
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
I'll keep yer from de heat an' fros',
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"Git 'long Moses, don' fear ter go,
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
De Lord 'll guide yer heel an' toe,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"What shoes are dose dat yer do wear?
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
So I can walk upon de air,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'."

"My shoes are washed in Jesus' blood,
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
An' I am trabbellin' home ter God,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'.
Chorus—Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo',
Said He wouldn't die no mo',
So my dear chillens don' yer fear,
Said He wouldn't die no mo'."

During the singing of this hymn, the excitement, which had been gradually increasing with each change in the exercises, reached its height. Men stamped, groaned, shouted, clapped their hands;

women shrieked and sobbed, two or three tore off their bonnets and threw them across the church, trampled their shawls under foot, and sprang into the air, it seemed almost to their own height, again and again, until they fell exhausted, and were carried to one side, where they lay stiff and rigid like the dead. No one paid them any farther attention, but wilder grew the excitement, louder the shrieks, more violent the stamping; while through and above it all,—over and over again,—each time faster and louder,—rose the refrain, "Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo'!"

A fog seemed to fill the church; the lights burned dimly, the air was close, almost to suffocation; an invisible power seemed to hold us in its iron grasp; the excitement was working upon us also, and sent the blood surging in wild torrents to the brain, that reeled in darkened terror under the shock. A few moments more, and I think we should have shrieked in unison with the crowd.

We worked our way through the struggling mass, sometimes pushed and beaten back, by those who, with set eyeballs and rigid faces,—dead, for the time, to things external,—were not conscious what they did. With the first breath of cool night air upon our faces, the excitement vanished; but the strain upon the nervous system had been too great, for it to recover at once its usual tone. More than one of the party leaned against the wall, and burst into hysterical tears; even strong men were shaken, and stood trembling and exhausted.

It has been much the custom to look upon the excitement of these meetings, and its effects, as an amusing, serio-comic exhibition; but there is more than comic or amusing, there is something of the terrible, in a power that makes itself felt, alike by impressionable ignorance, and,—though not so quickly, as surely,—by the self-control and poise of character, the natural outgrowth of enlightenment, education, and knowledge of the truth. It is a humiliating admission, that the physical in great measure dominates the mental, but it is true. Nerves

of steel, and an iron will, might pass through such scenes unmoved; I cannot believe it possible of any nature cast in the common mould of our humanity.

The distinctive features of negro hymnology, are gradually disappearing, and with another generation will probably be obliterated entirely. The cause for this, lies in the education of the younger people. With increasing knowledge, comes growing appreciation of fitness and propriety, in this, as in everything else; and already they have learned to ridicule the extravagant preaching, the meaningless hymns, and the noisy singing of their elders. Not perhaps, as yet, to any great extent in the country; changes come always more slowly there, but in the cities, the young people have, in many cases, taken the matter into their own hands, formed choirs, adopted the hymns and tunes in use in the white churches, and strangers who go with the expectation of something novel and curious, are disappointed at having only ordinary church music.

A collection of negro hymns, will, a few years hence, be one of the "Curiosities of Literature." A fruitful question for the antiquarian will be, where and how did they originate? Were they composed as a whole, with deliberate arrangement and definite meaning, or are they fragments, caught here and there, and pieced into mosaic, hap-hazard as they come? Take, for instance, this:

"I looked inside ob Heaben,
An' dar I saw King Jesus a comin',
Wid a white a cater nappen tied 'roun' he wals,
Moses an' chillen wid de Lamb."

Was this the original wording and arrangement? If so, what visions or ideas could they have been, that thus fitly phrased themselves. We questioned several of the colored people as to the meaning of "cater nappen," but received no further explanation than, "Why, dat's jes' in de hymn."

Some of our old familiar hymns, they alter in most ludicrous fashion. The lines

"Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my moments roll,"

they render,

"Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
And see my eyeballs roll."

Watts and Newton would never recognize their productions through the transformations they have undergone at the hands of their colored admirers.

A hymn that is a particular favorite, they will sing several times in the course of a service, each time to a different tune; and the same with tunes; they will sometimes sing three or four hymns in succession, to a tune that especially pleases them. It frequently happens in such cases, that the hymn and the tune will be in different metres; a long metre hymn will go stumbling over a short metre tune, or a hymn in short metre will be swallowed up by a tune twice as long as itself. In the latter case the words are stretched, and "drag their slow length along" over half a dozen notes, while in the former they rush along with a hop, skip and jump, that fairly takes one's breath away, and that constitutes one of the wonders of vocalism.

The colored people scarcely ever sing a hymn without a chorus, their favorite being, "Shall we know each other there?" This they sing with almost everything, sometimes in rather startling association, as,

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,—
Chorus—Shall we know each other,
Shall we know each other there?"

Or,

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,—
Chorus—Shall we know each other there?"

Or this, which is one of the most popular:

"Hell is a dark an' a drefful affair,
An' ef I war a sinner I wouldn't go dar,—
Chorus—Shall we know each other there?"

And they make almost all their hymns into this kind of patchwork, without apparently, the slightest perception of any incongruity in the sentiments thus joined together.

The question is frequently asked of teachers of freedmen,—that is, it is so far a question that it terminates in a mark of interrogation, but is really an affirmation with an upward inflexion, to which an assent is expected as a matter

of course;—"You find them a universally religious people, do you not?" I know that the answer, according with the honest belief, is generally—"Yes," and I know that I shall place myself in a small and unpopular minority by answering, "No;" yet, in reviewing my observations and experience, that is the only answer I can truthfully give.

Before going among the freedmen, I held in common with others, the idea that they were naturally religious, and that there was both reality and depth in their religious life. "Perfect through suffering," "purified in the fires," were in our minds; and we judged that they who had so greatly suffered must needs be thereby greatly purified, and raised to a higher plane of religious life, than we had attained. It seemed that those over whose heads "all the waves and the billows" of sorrow had closed in overwhelming flood, must have laid firm hold upon the only anchor that could sustain them; that those whose very souls were scorched by the "fiery trial" that tried them, must have drank deep draughts of the "Water of Life," to soothe their agony; that they, who could call nothing on earth their own, must have laid up for themselves abundant treasures in Heaven. And so thinking, we forgot that faith is born of knowledge, and that this was withheld from them; we forgot that their inability to read made the truths and teachings of the Bible a dead letter to most of them; that the only instruction they received was from men, ignorant as themselves, who jumbled together words and phrases only half caught and not at all understood, in one mass of senseless jargon; and that all their ideas of religion were gathered in noisy meetings, where those who shouted the loudest and jumped the highest, were the best Christians.

Our sympathy overruled our judgment, and led us into a great mistake in our work. In everything else we strove to teach and elevate the freedmen; in this, most important of all, we sat humbly down to be learners instead of teachers. The managers of the societies had the same idea, and frequently, when

teachers lamented the loss of church privileges, would say, "Why, you can go to the colored churches can you not?" never, apparently, suspecting that there might be any lack of food, mental or spiritual. It was a mistake born of reverence and humility, but nevertheless a mistake, and one that cannot now be remedied; for the moulding stage of freedom, when these people were as wax in our hands, has passed. By our presence and silence we sanctioned their extravagances; and they stand now self-confident, proof against remonstrance and instruction.

The question, "Are the colored people truly and deeply religious?" resolves itself into several other questions, which, considered separately, answer this, I think, conclusively.

Can an ignorant religion ever be a high type of religion? Many of these people are undoubtedly sincere; but the majority of them were ignorant as heathens of the objects and foundation of our faith. As one proof of this, I never met one of the freedmen, no matter what their life and character, who did not claim to be a Christian, hoping to "meet de face ob Heaben in peace." Other teachers, who have been much among them, have found it the same, and one of the most discouraging features in attempting to make any impression upon them. Opposition may in time be overcome; smiling acquiescence is almost hopeless. Easy assurance is the perfect fruit of utter ignorance, and one of its surest proofs.

"Is noisy excitement a proof of religious feeling?" Yet this is almost the only way in which the religion of the colored people manifests itself. It is very easy to stamp and groan, and shout glory; not so easy to learn understandingly what glory means, and the way to obtain a "good hope" of it. It is easy to call, "jes' now, Lord, come jes' now," without the slightest idea of how the Lord they call upon, does really come, and dwell in the believing heart. It is easy to do and say almost any thing in the excitement of a crowd, and what is so said and done, cannot be taken as

the genuine feeling of the heart, nor as any proof of the life. The children in our schools would tell us sometimes: "Betty, or Milly, or Tom, done got 'ligion las' night;"—that is, they were so worked upon by the excitement around them, that they screamed and stamped (having the power they call it), until worn out, they were carried home exhausted and fainting. But that was religion as they understood it, and these children had got it.

Is the habitual use of religious expressions, a proof of real religion? The colored people constantly use such expressions, and this, I think, more than any thing else, misled those who were unaccustomed to them. But it will be asked, Are not such expressions prompted by religious feeling? Generally, I think not. Why do they use them, then? From habit. A person may not be the least a hypocrite, and yet use such expressions without thought or meaning. I have heard children on their way to school say, "I ain't late dis mornin', bress de Lord;" or boys at play, "I didn't loss dat ar marble, tank de Lord fer dat." What prompts these expressions? They repeat what they hear their elders say, and these again, speak after the fashion of their people.

Is regular attendance at church, proof of religious feeling? Not generally among the colored people. It must be remembered that religious meetings were the only change their life in slavery afforded; in fact, their one amusement. What wonder that they flocked to them; and that the pent-up feelings and emotions, found here, the expression that was denied elsewhere. But they go to the evening meetings, stamp, shout, have the "power" and "get religion," and the next day fight, and swear and steal, as they did before, without apparently the slightest recollection of last night's excitement; and at the next evening meeting, they will go through the same exercise, with precisely the same results.

But, it is asked, are there no Christians among them? Undoubtedly. There are many who seem to have been directly

taught of God, and who show the fruits of that teaching in their lives; but I have invariably found them among the quieter ones. Said an old woman, one of the "poor of this world, rich in faith:"

"Honey, I don't say dat ar ain't all right, but I can't feel ter do it. I used ter do it, an' I ra'ally b'liebed it was de Holy Sperit movin' me; but one day I war in a heap o' trouble, 'peared like nuffin' didn't gib me no comfort, an' I prayed to de Lord to comfort me hisself; an' 'peared like suffin' spoke right in my heart, soft an' quiet like, an' I 'membered how de Lord war not in de whirlwind, nor in de storm, but in de 'still, small voice;' an' I knowed dat ef He spoke ter us wid a still voice, He want us ter speak ter Him de same way. So, honey, sence dat ar time I nebber feeled one bit like hollerin' or stampin'."

And so I have almost invariably found it with those who were Christians in heart and life, as well as in profession.

One strong argument against the idea of natural religious feeling in the colored people, is the fact, that as they become educated, it generally decreases. The reaction from excitement to indifference, is natural and sure, and as the circumstances of their lives change this feeling is weakened. Those who have been always or for many years free, manifest

little of such disposition. It is a fact, painful but undeniable, that among the best educated of the colored people, there is a strong tendency to infidelity, which is, in a measure, forced on them by circumstances. A highly educated colored woman said, not long since, in answer to one who remonstrated with her on her neglect of religious services:

"I don't know whether I believe in anything or not. So far as I hear anything about religion, I don't see much to believe in. If I went to church, I might; but I am shut out from that. I won't go to the colored churches, for I'm only disgusted with bad grammar and worse pronunciation, and their horrible absurdities; I can't go to your churches, for if I am admitted at all, I am put away off in a dark corner, out of reach of everybody, as if I were some unclean thing, and I will not voluntarily place myself in such a position."

There are many in the same case, with the same bitter feelings, standing on the verge of infidelity.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Perhaps not. Nevertheless, the question may be asked one day, when shades of distinction are invisible in the light of eternity—by what right we shut out any human being, from participation in the knowledge of that truth, that was to be preached to "all men, everywhere."

IS DEATH PAINFUL?

THE moment of dying—that point of time when the spirit leaves the body—has almost universally been regarded as one of intense horror. Even those who have the brightest anticipations with reference to a future existence, consider death a fiery trial first to be experienced. The most encouraging of spiritual advisers have words of cheer after the river is crossed, but none to support in the act of crossing. So even Virgil tells of the delightful Elysian fields for the spirits of the blest, but does not palliate the horrors of the Stygian river, the leaky boat, the ill-man-

nered Charon, and the snarling Cerberus, which must first be met. Bunyan, after permitting his pilgrims to take their ease in the land of Beulah, allows even the most favored of them to experience some difficulty in fording the stream to the mansions of happiness. What a sea of trouble he would expect some renegade pilgrim from Vanity Fair to flounder through, he has left us to conjecture. The agony of death, the horrors of dying, are regarded as orthodox comparisons when we wish to illustrate something superlatively horrible. We sometimes hear a person, and one

who, possibly, has received a medical education, in descanting upon some instance of intense suffering, as if exhaling the aroma of the concentrated essence of all wisdom, gravely compare the torture experienced with the pain of death, supposing nothing more could be asked to cap the climax of severity.

Such has been the popular conviction. If, now, there is no just ground for it—if, on the contrary, there is reason to believe that the opposite is true—that dying usually is as painless and physically as pleasant as sinking into a sleep, let us, for the sake of nervous and affrighted humanity, seek for the evidence of it, and derive from it whatever consolation we can. As we all must make the experiment, let us, if we can, so fortify our minds by investigation, that we shall not “go, like the cowed slave, scourged to his dungeon,” but so that, unscourged, and satisfied that there is really no dungeon, we shall truly “lie down to pleasant dreams.”

The question arises, How did the popular impression, that death is physically painful, originate? Perhaps, as one of the constituents producing that instinctive dread of death which exists with animals of a lower as well as a higher order, it was intended by nature to preserve the species, by preventing a reckless exposure to destruction. If this is the case, the object of nature is accomplished when suffering prevents the commission of those injuries which lead to death. Nothing is gained in any individual case by keeping up the pain after death is certain, and the act of dying actually has commenced; and as nature does nothing more than is absolutely necessary to accomplish her ends, we may infer that pain ceases when it becomes useless. We deter others from the commission of similar crimes; a *mistaken* belief that there is physical suffering at the moment of death, is just as effectual as a well-grounded one. But it is more probable that the belief we speak of is produced by witnessing the phenomena that occur in the act of dying, and giving them an incorrect interpretation. In order to

point out popular mistakes, we must notice what these phenomena are, what they have been supposed to indicate, and what is their true signification.

The modes of dying are various; but there are classical cases, one of which may be taken as a type of all. For convenience, the period from complete health to the moment of death can be divided into different stages. The first is that in which the disease, or whatever wastes the vital powers, is actively at work. This stage varies in length. In chronic disease, it is a period perhaps of years; in acute, of days or weeks; but, in both, it is the period of entire consciousness, and a morbidly acute perception of the sensation of pain. In this stage, suffering is often such a prominent characteristic as almost to render the disease itself of a secondary importance. It is the period of struggle between nature and her antagonist, and continues until it is decided which is to win. It is not a dying stage, but is preliminary and essential to death, unless in those cases of sudden death, where the different stages are condensed in the single crash which annihilates at the instant. In the second stage, nature is yielding up the struggle with her enemy, who is now sure of success. The patient lies thoroughly exhausted with struggling, with consciousness and sensation perhaps yet present, perhaps gone—but, at least, going; if conscious at all, unwilling to be disturbed or aroused. The countenance now loses the expression it has worn through life, or that of suffering which it has assumed during the disease, and that ominous, indescribable look of vacuity appears, once seen never to be forgotten, which assures spectators that death is at hand, and leads to the significant and forcible, if not graceful expression, that “he has been struck with death.” Bathed with perspiration, with pinched features, relaxed jaw, frequent and gasping breath, rapid and weak pulse, the victim lies, if conscious and strong enough to answer a question, complaining no longer of *pain*, but of being “tired.” Conscious-

ness gradually disappears, and it may be that breathing ceases so imperceptibly that no one can tell the precise moment.

"We thought her dying while she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

Or it may be that, just before the last breath, there are other phenomena which we will suppose to constitute a third stage, when, with a violent, convulsive movement of the frame, contortions of the countenance, and apparently a desperate struggle for breath, the scene closes.

Such are, most frequently, the phenomena of dying. We must interpret them ourselves, for the victim never returns to assist us. It is true, we have heard of a certain executioner in France, in accordance with a previous arrangement made with his victim, calling loudly in the ear of the head just severed from the body to give some sign if any suffering were experienced; but the head, perhaps from modesty as to answering for the trunk in its new relation, made no reply. Another rudely struck the face of a lady of rank just beheaded by the guillotine. It is said that a blush of indignation overspread the features; but inasmuch as a blush would probably be produced by an accelerated action of the heart, and as the heart at that time had no connection with the head or face, unfortunately for the romance of the story, it can hardly be true.

Now, in those cases where the breathing ends so imperceptibly that we can hardly be certain that it has ended at all, there certainly can be nothing to furnish ground for the popular impression that the moment of dying is one of physical suffering. But it is not strange that one unacquainted with the nature and cause of convulsions, and their effects under different circumstances, after witnessing the quiet and ease of the dying person just before death, and then, at the moment of death, noticing the truly unnatural and horrifying contortions of the countenance and convulsions of the body, should immediately suppose that they

were an evidence of extreme suffering. He could hardly be made to believe that the patient knew nothing of them, and suffered no pain.

But we must remember that

"It is as natural to die, as to be born;"

that there must be phenomena of some kind at death, as there are even when one falls asleep; that there is *à priori* no more reason to expect pain in one case than in the other; that the convulsions that occur at death are no evidence of suffering then, unless they are at other times such an evidence. But they are not. In epilepsy, we often see the most horrible convulsions persisting for hours, and the patient, recovering, invariably professes unconsciousness of all that has occurred. In some other cases, where there is consciousness, there is no pain, excepting the feeling of exhaustion from the violence of the exertion. Convulsions are simply the loss of control, from any cause whatever, which the will possesses over the numerous nerves—the telegraph wires running to all parts of the body to call the muscles into action. When, from any cause, the mind—the telegraphic operator, seated at the great central battery, the brain—loses its control, then at once the most absurd messages are sent with the greatest rapidity to all parts of the body; the most grotesque muscular movements occur in response; convulsions and contortions ensue, which bear the same relation to movements under control of the will that the vagaries of a maniac bear to the thoughts of a well-balanced mind. If, as is generally the case, consciousness has been absent during these convulsions, when it returns, and the will recovers its accustomed control, never is the mind aware of the commotion that has occurred during its absence, and never has there been experienced the slightest sensation of pain. What is more natural, in view of these facts, than to suppose that the convulsions and contortions which sometimes occur at the moment of death are not the result or an evidence of suffering, but simply the announcement of the fact that the mind

has finally deserted its seat of control at the nervous centre, and that with it have gone, as always before, sensation and consciousness; and that, as a consequence, the nerves are acting with their wonted disorder for the last time? If never before in such commotion has there been any suffering, is it natural to suppose that, in the convulsion of death, there is any evidence of it?

Still another ground for the belief that these convulsions are not an evidence of pain, is the fact that similar muscular movements can be reproduced after the patient is absolutely and unmistakably dead. The agent to be used is that invisible force, galvanism, between which and the nervous power there are many striking points of similarity. The late Professor Gilman, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, used to relate to his medical class that, when experiments with this agent were first attempted, he, with some of his medical brethren, having met with the good fortune of obtaining a subject fresh from the gallows, proceeded to experiment. They succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. Such vigorous and surprising movements of the limbs and the muscles of the face occurred, that, for a time, the resurrection was considered an accomplished fact, and the interest in the experiment, in a scientific point of view, was giving way before the question, requiring more immediate consideration, as to what methods might be taken to enable so lively a subject to escape the process of rendering satisfaction to the demands of justice a second time. It was soon discovered, however, that the majesty of the law had been fully vindicated. Professor D—, of the same school, would occasionally edify his class by experiments upon animals, illustrating the same principle. A decapitated frog would be presented, sitting firm and erect, with all the dignity that could be presented by a frog without a head. A slight shock from the conducting wire, and the animal would leap with as much agility and graceful precision as he ever could have exhibited in his native pud-

dle in his season of most buoyant health; and he would descend in position appropriate for the renewal of his efforts. Certainly, reflex movements of this character, which can be made to occur after death, ought not to be regarded as an evidence either of consciousness or sensation when they occur at the moment of death.

Another occasion for the belief that the dying moment is a painful one, is the fact that pain is the prominent characteristic of the first stage, and is almost always preliminary to death. As, in disease, the pain is acute, and as death is regarded simply as the culmination of disease, so the moment of death is considered the period of the climax of pain.

But if we find that pain has a useful object to serve, and that that object is accomplished *before* death occurs, is not the inference a proper one that suffering then ceases? The object of pain is purely benevolent—to warn us of danger, and to force us to take measures to avert it. If there is any exception to the rule, it is comprehended in the curse pronounced upon woman. Without pain to direct attention to the fact, half of our diseases would be undetected; and without it to force us to take rest, which is the great antidote, many more of them would go on to a fatal termination. It is the burglar-alarm to warn us when our premises are invaded. It is not an essential of disease, nor one of the elements of danger, as is so often thought; but its duty is, to give the signal so long as danger exists. It disappears simultaneously with the termination of the disease. It sometimes disappears while the disease continues, but then its departure is ominous of evil. It has gone, not because it has accomplished its object, but because it has failed to do so. The disease has triumphed in some particular part, and death of that portion is occurring, and suffering ceases because it can no longer be of use. Have we not a right to reason that, as it is in a part, so it will be in the whole? Is it not likely, reasoning from analogy, that all suffering

should cease when it is certain that death of the whole must take place ? Perhaps this cessation of suffering takes place only a few moments before death, too late for any signal to that effect from the patient ; but that it often does occur, we know from the grateful confession of many a sufferer ; and is it not contrary to all reason to suppose that, after it once has ceased, it will make a useless onset again at the very last moment ?

Reasons such as these are certainly a sufficient reply to merely a popular prejudice, of long standing though it may have been. But facts also tend to confirm the position that has been taken.

An instance coming under the personal observation of the writer is to the point. B——, a clerk in a store in New Haven, informed one of his brethren behind the counter that he intended to go in the cellar and hang himself, and accordingly started. His friend, after a short time, had occasion also to descend, as B—— well knew would be the case ; and, to his surprise, found the unfortunate clerk suspended by the neck, and apparently dead. To cut the rope and convey him to the counter above, was the work of only a few moments. There, after the vigorous manipulations of physicians for about twenty minutes, he revived, but was informed by his medical attendants that three minutes longer in the peculiar position in which he had been found, would have terminated his period of service with his employers. After he had sufficiently recovered, he told his tale, and with enough of the fear of death, just escaped, before his eyes, to ensure its veracity. He had no intention of committing suicide, but, with the noose about the chin, while standing upon an almost invisible support, he intended, as a grim joke, to present the appearance of hanging to the clerk who was shortly to descend to the cellar. Unfortunately for his plan, the support on which he was standing fell from beneath his feet, the noose slipped below the chin, and he actually was suspended by the neck. Now comes that which

may be of interest by way of argument. At first he experienced decided discomfort from the pressure of the rope, and a difficulty of breathing ; but soon all pain either ceased, or was unnoticed in his efforts to escape. He first attempted to lift himself by grasping the rope above his head, but failed. Thinking of a pair of scissors in his vest-pocket, he next attempted to cut the rope ; but, while working vigorously in this way, his vision failed, his grasp upon the cutting instrument relaxed, and he heard it drop to the floor, and consciousness was gone, until it returned as he was lying upon the counter. Here we have the unvarnished tale of one who, to all practical purposes, had experienced the delights of hanging. It can be assumed that he never would have experienced more pain if he had remained hanging until dead ; for sensation and consciousness had gone, and, as their disappearance depended on a certain condition produced by the pressure of the rope, it is fair to presume that they would have remained absent so long as that pressure continued. His pain was not great, and by no means the imagined pain of the dying moment, for that moment did not occur ; and it actually decreased and disappeared as death was approaching. The contortions and convulsions which are supposed to indicate such horrible suffering, and which he may have been the subject of before he was discovered, took place, if at all, only after his loss of consciousness ; for he controlled the movements of the muscles of the arm up to that time. That which, to the spectator, would have appeared to be a time of greatest torture, was to him a period of complete oblivion.

In many instances, persons have been recovered from drowning who have remained in the water after all consciousness was gone, and so long that hours may have elapsed before any sign of life could be discovered. They invariably tell the same tale. They say that the sense of danger, the instinctive dread of death, the first feelings of suffocation, are not pleasant ; but they do not expatiate at all upon the great pain even

of these preliminary phenomena. This stage passes by, and then comes another period, when, instead of the horrors they are expected to relate of the approach of death, they only tell of the scenes of their bygone life passing in rapid review, with vivid distinctness, before their mental vision—of the experience of years crowded, as it were, in a few moments, so as completely to absorb their attention. They speak of delightful visions, beautiful phantasms, and musical murmuring sounds; and these fascinations are the last of their recollections, until the rough methods of restoring consciousness remind them of the fact that they are still in a world of trouble. Now, who can pretend that they have not experienced all that is to be met with in the act of dying? It is not only improbable, but impossible, that it should be otherwise. That stage of semi-consciousness, of loss of sensation, of dreamy review, of beautiful visions, results from a certain condition of the brain—a congestion, perhaps—which always occurs, and must occur, in cases in which oxygen is not supplied to the lungs; and therefore, in every case of death by suffocation, in whatever form. As the cause continues and increases in intensity, so must the effect. As the air is more and more entirely excluded from the lungs, so must the loss of sensation and consciousness become more and more complete, until both are gone; and they can never return so long as the cause of their removal remains at work.

Such, then, are not the pains, but the pleasures, of dying. The pain, we assume to be preliminary to death, and mostly the constituent of what has been called the first stage. It may be produced by the tedious wasting of the chronic, or the fierce onset of the acute disease, by the bullet, the knife, or the rope.

“Many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to the sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.”

But when nature begins to yield the struggle with her antagonist, then we assume that pain begins to subside.

This period we call the second stage, and, short though it may be, we assume that it exists, and, in it, little or no pain. Now the brain, either deprived of its wonted supply of blood, or furnished with blood poisonous for want of air, allows sensation to become blunted, and, not equal to the task of connected thought, originates those delirious fancies which furnish the delight of opium-eating and intoxication. This may be said with truth, for the physical effects of opium, alcohol, and chloroform, upon the brain, are the same as those produced by suffocation. In all these cases, oxygen is deficient in the blood. In this stage of semi-delirium occur occasionally those bright visions of angels and of spirits of departed friends, and those sounds of sweet music from which surrounding friends are wont to solace themselves with brighter hopes for the departed. In certain temperaments the visions are of an opposite character, as is also sometimes the case in intoxication from other causes. In this stage, the dying person appears to be rapidly sinking, for the most part unconscious of his surroundings, unwilling to be aroused from his delightful trance, but exhibiting by his countenance but little of what is passing in his mind. In the third stage, if it occurs, we assume that consciousness and sensation are entirely gone; that the convulsions are only the automatic movements of an animal organization after its spiritual occupant has left, and that, therefore, the act of dying is not painful.

A story is told of a certain criminal who had experienced all the legal formalities of a death upon the gallows. He had been suspended by the neck, and was pronounced dead in due form by the physicians. His apparently inanimate body found its way, as is sometimes the case, to a neighboring dissecting-room. There, in the midst of incipient anatomists and future surgeons, stimulated by the first few pricks of the scalpel, to their utter surprise and indignation, he returned to life. His subsequent conduct might be regarded

as peculiar under the circumstances. Instead of expressing delight at his resurrection, as might have been expected, he poured a shower of imprecations on the heads of those surrounding him for arousing him from such a pleasant trance as he had experienced. This anecdote may serve as an illustration of some things that have been said, though its truth is not vouched for. In respect to credibility, it may be classified with another, which relates how Peter the Great sailed across the Dead Sea in a lead coffin, carrying his head under his arm. The man evidently had never been dead; for, judging from his profanity, and what we knew of his antecedents, the temperature of his post-mortem abode would have been such as to have made the cooler atmosphere of a dissecting-room highly desirable.

Leaving the anecdote just related out of consideration, we infer, from all that has been said, that the convulsive efforts of the criminal undergoing execution on the gallows, upon which newspaper reporters dilate as an evidence of extreme suffering and as an argument against capital punishment, and from which the spectators estimate the precise amount of torture the victim is undergoing, take place either when the poor wretch is in a complete oblivion of all his surroundings, or in that state of delirious dreaming and freedom from sensation which would make the idea of "dancing upon a tight rope" not entirely incompatible with his mental condition. The shock of the sudden drop, in ordinary cases of death upon the gallows, is probably severe enough to stupefy the victim; and insensibility from this cause occupies the first stage, otherwise one of sensation and consciousness. Before sensibility has had time to return, he is in the second stage, the period of visions and hallucination, and this is all he experiences, whatever convulsions his frame may be undergoing. These convulsions do not occur, if a certain portion of the spinal cord near the base of the brain is injured—if that, which is popularly supposed to be fracture of the neck, takes

place. When this occurs, all motion is prevented, and the man not only dies, but the muscles are deprived of the power of giving any indication of what is going on, or any evidence of suffering, if we suppose convulsive movements indicate suffering. The class of a certain professor already mentioned have often witnessed the surprising precision and celerity with which he thrusts his sharp steel point to the vital portion of the spinal cord, in physiological experiments upon some of the canine tribe. The animal would hardly have time for a squeak, but would be motionless and dead, apparently, without dying. Mr. Bergh would have been delighted to discover that so sudden a death was possible; as would perhaps also be any unfortunate dog who, chained to the leg of the professorial table, was awaiting his turn to become the victim to science.

It is likely that that process, not of dying, but of approaching death, is most painful which most prolongs the first stage, in which nature is struggling to maintain her foothold. Therefore that which has long been regarded as a fact, is indeed true, that crucifixion is one of the most painful modes by which death can be produced; for the first stage, which, in this method, is one of excruciating pain, is very much prolonged.

A favorite mode of committing suicide in France, is to go to sleep in a small room having no means of ventilation, in which there is a fire of slowly-burning charcoal. The air gradually becomes so impure that it cannot furnish the lungs with the amount of oxygen requisite to support life, and death occurs as from suffocation; but so gradual is the process, that any discomfort the victim may experience is not sufficient to waken him, and the dreams of death become commingled with those of a sleep which never terminates.

It is when nature is struggling to resist the approach of death that there is pain. In death from old age there is no such struggle. Nature yields, because the time to do so has come. The

machine has been actually worn out, and it is not necessary to rudely break it by violence. There is, then, no first stage, unless the whole period of life may be so called; but the dreamy, quiet, second stage creeps over the aged person, and, without any appearance of pain, he sinks to his rest. As affording some countenance to what we have attempted to prove, we are glad to quote the words of an eminent medical author and teacher of Edinburgh, Dr. W. Aitken: "Death by extreme old age may be considered, in many instances, as the desirable end of a long-continued, and, perhaps, a dreary journey. The sufferer appears to fall asleep, as he might do after severe fatigue. The long and weary journey of life is thus often brought to a close with little apparent derangement of the ordinary mental powers; the final scene is often brief, and the phenomena of dying are almost imperceptible. The senses fail as if sleep were about to supervene; the perceptions become gradually more and more obtuse, and, by degrees, the aged man seems to pass into his final slumber. We scarce can tell the precise instant at which the solemn change from life to death has been completed. Sensation fails first, then voluntary motion; but the powers of involuntary muscular contraction, under the excitement of some external stimulus, may continue for some time longer to be freely expressed. The blood generally ceases first to be propelled to the extremities. The pulsations of the heart become less and less efficient. The blood fails to complete its circuit, so that the feet and hands become cold as the blood leaves them, and the decline of temperature gradually advances to the central parts.

Thus far the act of dying seems to be as painless as falling asleep; and those who have recovered after apparent death from drowning, and after sensation has been totally lost, assert that they have experienced no pain. What is called significantly the *agony of death*, may therefore be presumed to be purely automatic, and therefore unfelt. The mind, doubtless, at that solemn moment, may be absorbed with that instantaneous review of impressions made upon the brain in bygone times, and which are said to present themselves with such overwhelming power, vividness, and force, that, in the words of Montaigne, 'we appear to lose, with little anxiety, the consciousness of light and of ourselves.' At such a time, the vivid impressions of a life well spent must constitute that *euthanasia*—that happy death—to be desired by all."

" 'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my uncle Toby, 'to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.' * * *

"The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

"Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on? No."

CONCERNING CHARLOTTE.

[CONTINUED.]

ETHELBERT AND CHARLOTTE.

AFTER the visit to the school, Ethelbert came frequently to see Charlotte, sometimes with the Lauderdales, sometimes with Margaret, sometimes alone. They talked endlessly together, anywhere, everywhere, in the house or the garden, on the piazza, on the lawn, in any place that their floating fancies rooted, and which these soon covered with pleasant blooms. One day Charlotte led Ethelbert to her beech grove.

"The beech is my favorite tree," she said, "it reminds me of a man at once strong and flexible, polished and naïve."

"The beech is too refined for a man," returned Ethelbert; "only in women ever occurs that rare union of free, unconscious strength, and exquisite delicacy of texture."

"The union is certainly rare. Women are always either too strong or too feeble."

"How is it possible to be too strong?"

"Nothing easier," persisted Charlotte, with a touch of the perversity that always eminently distinguished her. "Women's strength should be as well covered as their bones. The appearance of either on the surface is extremely ungraceful and unbecoming."

"Women always malign their own sex," observed Ethelbert, with a puzzled air. "I cannot imagine why."

Charlotte looked at him sideways for a second, and then changed the conversation.

"I have been advised many times to fell some of my beeches, but I cannot do it. It cuts me to the heart to kill a tree."

"Oh, you are right," exclaimed Ethelbert, "you cannot tell how much they may suffer."

"Ah! now you go too far. I have no idea that the trees feel anything."

"Certainly they do. They are living

beings, and who lives, feels, enjoys, and suffers. They do not speak to us, they are too dignified to complain aloud, but they look at us reproachfully as they fall, like the eyes of dumb deer, stricken by the hunter."

"You have learned to understand the trees, then?"

"I dare not say that, but I recognize a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these dumb creatures, whose thoughts we must first divine, and afterward defend. Brazen lungs and fluent lips can take care of themselves, and are therefore much less interesting."

"Oh, Mr. Allston," exclaimed Charlotte, laughing, "you talk too much yourself to have a right to despise talkative people."

"Despise them! No, indeed,—only I do not attempt to take care of them. We must devote our tongues to the service of delicate natures, who hesitate to speak for themselves."

"You wish to do that, therefore you think you like it the best. Are your tastes always in such convenient accord with your duties?"

"I confess I cannot imagine myself seeing that one thing is right and best, and seriously wishing another."

"Do your ideas convert your sentiments, or your sentiments sophisticate your ideas?"

"Neither," returned Ethelbert, a little impatiently, "I do not understand such anarchic divisions in the nature of the same person. I, like every one else, am attracted toward one thing or another, the whole of me,—not one part this way and another that. What I believe, I like; what I like I believe, I desire, I work for. Why, it is self-evident, it is impossible to do otherwise."

"You are as single-natured as a diamond," thought Charlotte. But, aloud, she rallied Ethelbert on the facility of

his virtue, until he forcibly changed the subject of conversation.

Gerald, who also came frequently to see Charlotte, did not fail to notice Ethelbert's visits.

"You seem to see a good deal of Allston," he observed, one day, with an air of extreme nonchalance.

Charlotte yawned before replying, then answered in a lifeless tone, "Yes, he comes here a good deal. He prefers my green-house to Mrs. Lauderdale's."

"I wish you would make him a present of your green-house, and let him carry it away with him. I will give you another."

"Mr. Allston does not expect to leave at present. He is quite domiciled at the Lauderales',—even Madame is charmed with him. I believe he will stay there and finish his book."

"But the green-house might be an inducement to him to go away."

"Gerald," said Charlotte icily, "I will thank you not to dispose of my green-house, or of any thing else belonging to me. I believe you said you expected to ride down the Crofton road this afternoon; I will trouble you to leave a letter for me on the way, and if you will excuse me, I will write it now."

Gerald disposed of, Charlotte bent her steps toward her neighbor's hospitable mansion. On the avenue she met Grace Lauderdale, carrying a remarkably ugly doll in her arms. The imp that generally possessed the child, seemed to-day to be chained, or rather softened; she lavished on the doll many tender caresses.

"I thought you meant to throw that doll away?" said Charlotte.

"So I did. But Mr. Allston told me that if I had a little girl who was ugly and broken-nosed like this one, I should want to love her all the more because other people might neglect her. He said I should comfort my doll for her ugliness, and not throw her away. I do love her now,—better than the crying baby."

Charlotte found Mrs. Lauderdale seated with her guest in the summer parlor, near the open French window. She paused on the piazza.

"It has been said," she observed, "that the human race is not yet sufficiently advanced to carry on a conversation between three persons."

"But we always flatter ourselves that we are exceptions to such general rules," said Ethelbert, rising to let Charlotte pass and receive Mrs. Lauderdale's greeting.

"Charlotte," cried the good lady, in her usual audible tones; "you always come just in time. You will help me scold Mr. Allston; and as you have more gift of the gab than I have, perhaps you may convince him."

"What is the matter? Has Mr. Allston been robbing the hen-roost?"

"I wish he had. But that is just the trouble. I cannot get him to eat enough, and I know it annoys Mr. Lauderdale. If he does not have enough to eat at home, that is no reason why he should starve in the midst of abundance."

Charlotte colored furiously at this speech, and looked at the floor, to avoid meeting Ethelbert's eyes. But he seemed to be not in the least disconcerted.

"Mrs. Lauderdale overwhelms me with her kindness," said Ethelbert, in his sincere, cordial voice. "My appetite would be prodigious indeed, if it could respond to all the appeals of her bountiful table. There is a great difference in the amount of food required by different constitutions."

Mrs. Lauderdale opened her mouth for an energetic reply, when a servant summoned her away on some domestic business.

"Are you under a vow?" asked Charlotte, when she and Ethelbert were left alone.

He looked at her askance, with that naive shyness so often seen in horses, and so seldom in men. Charlotte, emboldened, persisted further,

"I begin to believe that you are. I wish you would tell me what it is. I will not betray you."

"Vow is too dignified; too absolute a term. But I acknowledge that, some time ago, I made a certain resolution, which I have kept until it has grown rather difficult to break."

"What is it?"

He hesitated again a moment, then answered: "Mrs. Lauderdale's surmise, though wide of the truth at present, is correct as regards a certain period in the past. At one time I did not have enough to eat, and the circumstances made such an impression upon me, that I resolved henceforth never to eat a meal without furnishing its equivalent to another person. Owing to the narrowness of my means, this resolution obliged me for some time to live with considerable frugality; and even now, though I have all that is necessary, I could not afford to be an Apicius for two. Besides, habit has rendered an abundance of rich food really disagreeable to me, a fact that my kind hostess cannot understand. That is all."

"All!" repeated Charlotte. She considered Ethelbert's stoicism scarcely less absurd than his theory about trees; but, at a certain stage of our relations with other people, nothing is so delicious to us as their absurdities.

Ethelbert, apparently relieved that Charlotte did not extend her inquiries, now proposed a walk, to which she readily assented, and allowed herself to be drifted away to impersonal topics. As they emerged from the park, she observed,

"What you said just now, reminds me of a sentence I read the other day in your book."

"Ah!" said Ethelbert, in a tone of such unaffected indifference as would have effectually repelled most people from going further. But nothing ever stopped Charlotte when she was once launched in the pursuit of an idea. She continued to talk about the book, and with feminine tact to insinuate praise and appreciation so skilfully, that the shy author was pleased and warmed in spite of himself. When he had begun to talk freely, Charlotte said,

"One of the chapters that interested me the most, is that where you describe the sensations of a starving man. Is your analysis based upon a personal experience?"

"Yes."

"When was that?"

"During the first months of my exile, I remember that I once passed three days without food."

"Horrible! What did you do?"

"I was very hungry."

"Of course; but what did you do? People don't sit still and starve."

"That depends. I believe, I came very near doing so. I know I passed the first day in cudgelling my brains to hit upon a scheme for getting work and food. The second, I began to suffer from the abstinence, and it occurred to me I could best employ my time by recording the sensations experienced in so novel a situation. The third day, I suppose my head must have been affected; for I became perfectly apathetic to my fate, and even loathed the thought of food. I remember my astonishment when I discovered how quickly the habit of eating, and even of living, could be broken up."

"What saved you?"

"A tract missionary, making his rounds in the house, knocked at my door. He must have been accustomed to deal with people in extremities, for, as he handed me one of his little pamphlets, he asked me if I had been out of work for a long time. I explained to him the position, though with some difficulty, for my head swam, and I had an absurd idea all the time I talked, that I was discussing the merits of the sermon he had given me. The missionary was a kind man, and expressed a concern that greatly surprised me, who had forgotten all concern for myself. He proposed that I should accept a position just left vacant, as assistant tract visitor, and which commanded a small monthly stipend. I declined this friendly offer.

"I fully appreciate your kindness," I said, "and sympathize with your efforts to enlighten people according to your belief. But I must frankly confess that it is not mine, and I cannot consent to earn my bread by working for ideas in which I do not believe."

"I know, you foreigners never believe anything," he answered, "and that is one reason I want you to take this place. By engaging in the work, you will be-

come gently converted before you are aware of it.'

"I naturally insisted, however, that conversion must take place first.

"'But you will starve!' exclaimed the missionary.

"To this I had nothing to say, and so said nothing. The good man stood looking at me for several minutes in great perplexity, while I was impolite enough to sit down myself, for I was really too faint to stand. At last he said,

"'This is outrageous! A man must eat his dinner, whatever happens. Come home with me.'

"I went; my friend had a wife and four children, to be fed and clothed out of a colporteur's salary. We ate herrings and dry bread for dinner, which I should have enjoyed supremely, had it not seemed to me that my host and his wife ate less than they needed, so as to leave more for the children and myself."

"Where did you dine the next day?"

"At the same table, but this time I paid my board. For the colporteur, finding that I was still obstinate on the missionary question, contrived to procure me a place as porter in a bookstore."

Charlotte glanced at Ethelbert's hands.

"You did not stay long in that position?"

"No; I was soon engaged as foreign correspondent, and from that time every thing went smoothly enough. I continued to board in the family of my preserver, and we became most excellent friends. I know he secretly counted upon my conversion, up to the day I left, and I always feel an odd sort of remorse, that I was unable to requite the great kindness of the good man with the single reward he desired so fervently."

They had reached a cross-road in their walk, and just as Ethelbert ceased speaking, a boy rushed down the hill and ran up to them, crying, and volubly entreating assistance. Ethelbert laid his hand on the shaggy head,

"What is the matter? Do not be frightened, we will help you."

"The wagon—the horses—the driver—drunk," sobbed the child, jerking out his information with heaving breast.

"I will go back with you," said Ethelbert, "you will excuse me?" he added to Charlotte.

Now, Charlotte's instincts all tended to hurry her also to the scene of disaster. But on this occasion she was conscious that the pleasure of helping Ethelbert would decidedly predominate over the pleasure of helping the people in distress, and of this consciousness she was much ashamed. The ostrich-like impulse which teaches women to conceal whatever is nearest to them, from the belief that it is on that account most apparent to others, intervened therefore, and imposed passivity.

"I will wait for you here," answered Charlotte, and as Ethelbert walked away, tormented herself to decide whether or no he had seemed surprised at her indifference.

Seated on a well-shaded stone by the roadside, Charlotte had plenty of time to reflect over the story she had just heard, and upon which all her thoughts concentrated themselves, in complete oblivion of the neighboring catastrophe.

There is a monotonous theory extremely current in modern novels, according to which love in women depends exclusively upon the recognition of superior force, by which they delight to acknowledge themselves mastered. This theory is a sort of refined sublimation of the history of William the Conqueror, who is said to have succeeded in his wooing by dint of vigorous fisticuffs, administered to his coy beloved. Like many other theories, it chiefly errs in being too exclusive. A person's loving constitutes the most powerful expression of the predominant bias of his character. It is determined, not only by his ruling taste, but by the opportunity offered to exercise his ruling energies and capacities. People who like to be taken care of, love those whom they instinctively feel to be the best suited for the purpose. But strength craves, as its first necessity, the opportunity to afford protection, and strong people, whether men or women, may be irresistibly attracted to loving a person whom they feel themselves particularly able to protect.

There is a certain matrimonial combination, not unfrequently observed, and which occasions perhaps the happiest of all average marriages. In this the wife, conscious of great intellectual inferiority to her husband, is equally conscious of superior ability in practical affairs, of which, therefore, she wisely assumes the control. She has the greatest faith in the value of her husband's eloquence, but not the least in that of his theories, and carefully prevents their application to common life. She listens to his poems or his sermons, with contented lack of comprehension, but her solid reliance is placed on the glass of mulled wine to be taken after the preaching, or the well-warmed blankets that shall receive the exhausted scholar, fallen from soaring midnight meditations. Repeated experience has convinced her that the material, which constitutes her province, is the real base and substance of the ideal in which her husband's intellect is absorbed. By a curious double contradiction, she nevertheless continues to idealize the material that she manages in the interests of love, and to despise the unpractical faculties which fills her heart with glory whenever she thinks of her husband. Him, it is the business of her life, to save, to look after, to protect. Not she, "a vine the oak has shaken off," but rather a sturdy barn, over which, by a happy chance, has grown a dark-green ivy.

This simple conception of things may be enlarged by successive scales of character, but it will often be found where least expected, the snug nucleus of the most exalted wifely affection. The weaknesses or caprices of women may lead them in a hundred directions; but their strength, as soon as developed, almost always tends toward the primitive maternal instinct, the most profound element of their natures. To them, therefore, protection means cherishing, fostering, with brooding individual care, such as the deep-bosomed Ceres bestowed on the children she met during her long wanderings after Proserpine.

This was the nucleus of Charlotte's thoughts, repeated many times in exactly these words:

"What a pleasure it would be, to provide such a man with plenty to eat for all the rest of his life!"

Around this nucleus presently clustered a host of ideas, wishes, whims, fancies, dreaming over which Charlotte beguiled an hour agreeably enough. But then she began to grow impatient for Ethelbert's return. She waited yet a while longer, and finally walked off in a fit of indignation.

"He might at least have sent me word that he should not come back this side of midnight," she grumbled.

It had been agreed that Charlotte should take tea that evening with Mrs. Lauderdale. But when she reached the house, she found that the hostess and her husband had gone out to drive, and had left a message begging her to make herself at home as usual. The intimacy of the relations between the neighbors quite justified such easy arrangements, and Charlotte, in her present disturbed mood, was glad enough to be alone. She settled herself in the drawing-room, at the window that looked down the avenue, and professed to read, but the leaves of the book remained unturned, uncut.

It was nearly sunset when Ethelbert made his appearance. Charlotte espied him far down the avenue, and noticed that he had taken off his coat, and that his head was bound up in a handkerchief. At some distance from the house, he stopped, took off the handkerchief, and wiped his forehead carefully, as if to remove traces of blood, then crossed the lawn to avoid the drawing-room window, and entered the house by a side door.

The dusk had begun to fall when Ethelbert finally came into the parlor, where Charlotte still sat alone. He bowed when he saw her, but instead of speaking, carried a book to the opposite window, and began to read by the fading light. Charlotte, much piqued at this behavior, waited to hear some account of the accident, or explanation of Ethelbert's lengthened absence; but as neither were volunteered, she asked the question:

"Did you succeed in helping the people out of their difficulties?"

"Yes; I believe it is all right now."
Another silence.

"You stayed a long time."

"I know it. But it was absolutely necessary."

"If Gerald had been in your place, Mr. Allston," said Charlotte, pettishly, "he would have been overwhelmed with remorse that he had left me to walk home alone."

"Oh, I think not. You know you were perfectly able to do so; while that poor woman was quite helpless."

Charlotte made no further attempt to continue this conversation, but presently left the room and hunted for Margaret. To tell the truth, she felt rather lonely, and the twilight had become hateful to her.

"Well, your Mr. Allston is at least insufferably rude," she exclaimed. "He leaves me in the middle of the road in the most cavalier fashion, and then never vouchsafes an explanation, not to speak of an apology."

"Why," said Margaret, surprised, "don't you know what detained him?"

"He has not condescended to tell me a word. For all I know, he has been piping to Mr. Fenton's lame shepherdess. He said the woman was helpless."

"It is because he has done so much that he says nothing about it. It seems that a man was bringing his sick wife from Reading, to consult a physician here. The driver drank at all the taverns on the road, until he became completely intoxicated, and frightened his horses, who ran away and upset the wagon in a ditch. The woman fainted, her husband trying to extricate her from the wagon, was attacked by the driver in a drunken fury, and the two men were fighting desperately when Mr. Allston came up. He succeeded in drawing off the aggressor—though not before he himself had received a wound in the forehead from the fellow's knife. He then assisted to right the wagon, and to carry the woman to the nearest farmhouse. The poor husband, relieved from his first alarm, was then in despair, because his new coat, in which he expected to call upon the doctor, was torn and

covered with mud. Mr. Allston took off his own, and gave it to him to keep as long as he had need of it. He might return it, he said, when he was ready to go home."

"How did you hear all this?"

"One of the men-servants here happened to pass the spot just as the fight was over, and took charge of the drunken bully. This was fortunate; for Mr. Allston is not very strong, and might have been vanquished in a prolonged encounter."

"I think he might have told me," said Charlotte. "He might have known that I should have been interested."

"I can, however, well understand why he did not. Are you not going down-stairs?"

"Yes; if you will come with me."

Charlotte stole into the drawing-room behind Margaret, half afraid to encounter Ethelbert again. But the dusk had vanished, the Lauderdale had returned, the room was blazing with light,—and Ethelbert engaged in hot discussion with his host concerning the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and the new expedition to the North Pole.

AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

The ripe July days received each his bounty at the hands of generous Time, and departed, laden with unspeakable riches; August succeeded in the wealthy summer, and skies, slumberous with piled illumined clouds and golden hazes, that hushed the world in a warm trance, replaced the unshadowed brightness of July.

Human beings move and grow with the summer. Happy would it be at times, if they could be placed side by side, with the certainty of remaining in the same indifferent tranquillity at the end of months and years. But they are too active, too living, these troublesome human natures—they push forth roots, like seeds cast into a nourishing soil,—and in a week, in a day, may become identified for life or death with the spot of ground upon which they have been thrown by accident or ill fortune or caprice.

I have no intention of describing in greater detail the life led by Charlotte and Gerald, and Ethelbert and Margaret. I hasten by these weeks of ripening summer, as through a fragrant lawn, toward the goal to which it leads directly. Goal, however, entirely ignored by the unwary travellers at the moment that they were first allured into its winding pleasantnesses.

Late one afternoon, Gerald and Ethelbert took tea with Charlotte; and afterward the three sat together in the twilight, watching the slow arrival of the stars as they climbed, one by one, into the deep heavens. Gerald, as was often his habit in the twilight, amused himself at the piano, touching the keys so lightly that the strain, but half evoked, faded away at the moment. Charlotte and Ethelbert, in the bay window, talked of many things, of books, and finally of that strange book, Richter's Titan.

"In reading Richter," said Charlotte, "I believe it is necessary to forget all considerations of ordinary morality. The ease with which the hero of Titan passes from one of those unfortunate women to another, would be perfectly shocking but for the unconsciousness of the author. It never occurs to him that there is any thing reprehensible in such philosophic indifference, or such facile adaptability to circumstances."

"Richter states facts, and does not concern himself about their moral. All experience teaches that the complete absorption of one person's life in that of another is, fortunately, very exceptional. That the most profound griefs may be healed, and even forgotten, and that a person who continues to live after the ruin of an old love, may be quite capable and quite worthy of a new. It is only boys and girls who imagine that an entire life can be expended at a single throw."

"I am glad when you say that," said Charlotte, rather shyly; "because I have often been ashamed of a secret consciousness that I myself could never be so concentrated as poetical theories deem necessary. Do you know, much as I blame the hero of Titan, I am not sure

that, in his place I should not have acted in precisely the same manner? But I am much ashamed to feel so."

"Ashamed to know that you never would die of a broken heart? That you have sufficient force and vitality to renew your life after any disaster? Really I should consider that a great cause for congratulation."

"Only that such a nature secures its happiness somewhat at the expense of its dignity and depth. I often compare myself to a river that has acquired breadth by overflowing the meadows on either side, but is extremely shallow to the line and plummet."

"O Charlotte," cried Gerald, abandoning the piano, and running to the window; "do not say that you are shallow! That pains me too much! I cannot believe that it is true."

"Shalowness and depth," said Ethelbert, "are relative terms. On the meadow, the river is indeed shallower than itself in its own place; but there it may be infinitely deeper than many narrow streams, shut up immovably between adamant walls that prevent expanse."

Charlotte felt grateful toward Ethelbert, and proportionately cold to Gerald, who had not been ingenious enough to give this turn to her metaphor. He, however, was also relieved by the explanation.

"That is exactly true," he exclaimed. "And the streams between adamant walls represent such people as Margaret Burnham."

"She seems indeed to have been repressed all her life," observed Ethelbert.

"Yes, indeed," said Charlotte, "and perhaps never more than now. The Lauderdales don't understand her, the children hate her,—nobody in the house loves her,—and she freezes in an atmosphere at once averse and chilly."

Ethelbert sprang to his feet, and walked back and forth a few steps, as was his fashion when excited. A new idea seemed to sway him, body and soul.

"Now, how can any one look at Margaret Burnham and not love her," he exclaimed, vehemently.

A keen pain shot through Charlotte's

heart. She looked at Ethelbert's face, animated with indignation, but open and cool. No secret struggled for concealment or expression, no passion cloaked itself in friendly words.

"He does not love her," said Charlotte to herself, after a moment's jealous scrutiny. "But that would not prevent him from marrying her."

"But that would not prevent him from marrying her."

These words rang through Charlotte's brain after her visitors were gone, and deafened her as by some harsh metallic clanging. She went down into the garden, and paced restlessly in the dusk. But the words, instead of being deadened by the physical exercise, acquired fresh vitality every moment, and writhed viciously, like snakes warmed at the fire. Presently they had gnawed away innumerable coverlids in which a secret lay concealed even from Charlotte's own consciousness,—and which, bare and bold, now looked straight up into her eyes, and forcibly claimed recognition.

Charlotte knew then, fully and irrecoverably, that she loved Ethelbert.

The first moment of this new knowledge, she was thoroughly frightened. She put her fingers in her ears, as if to shut out the intruding assertion, and ran so violently along the garden path, as to arrest all thinking. But as soon as she stopped, out of breath, the assertion reappeared, like the face of a drowned man, when the troubled waters have calmed themselves.

Charlotte did not in the least doubt that it would be a good thing for Ethelbert to marry Margaret. She pictured to herself—as she imagined that Ethelbert might be doing at that very moment—how Margaret's pale life would brighten with rosy color, embraced by his delicate tenderness, how all the tedious years of her youth would be forgotten in the safe happiness that for the first time would be her portion. Neither would Ethelbert be sacrificed. Instead of the factory-girl predicted by Mr. Lauderdale, he would be matched with a refined, delicate, intelligent woman, capable of appreciating him, of second-

ing him in all his labors, of calling into play some of the noblest faculties of his nature. Charlotte felt that the very affluence of her own life subtly repelled Ethelbert from herself. He had so few things to give, that he was careful not to waste his love where it would not be needed. He reserved himself for the solitary, the dumb creatures, whose thoughts he must first divine and afterward defend. With him, love was an opportunity for exercising his predominant energies, it was less love than loving. He resembled Charlotte in his fashion of reasoning in this matter, in the fact of reasoning, and in the manner in which he had hitherto conformed his life to his theory. And both these reasonable people, at this moment, still further acted in subtle unison, inasmuch as both unconsciously left Margaret's personality out of their calculations.

Charlotte did not envy Margaret because Ethelbert would marry her. She pitied, almost despised her for accepting—as she never doubted that Margaret would do—an even portion from Ethelbert's universal bounty.

"It is himself that I want," said Charlotte, distinctly facing the thought that had at first terrified her. "Not his kindness, nor his esteem, nor even his loving. I would want him to love me in spite of himself, as Gerald does. He spends his powers for the world as liberally, and with as little effort, as a king's almoner dispenses the treasury of the king. But I would not stand in the crowd and be blessed, though he should rain gold pieces upon me. It is just because his nature is so large and overflows on every side, that I have this strong desire to concentrate it, like the rays of the sun in a burning-glass. Margaret will never do that."

And she exulted over the conviction, exulted over a sudden consciousness of power that, for a moment, drowned out of sight the conclusions at which her reason had correctly arrived. A red-red rose leaned over the garden walk, and glowed through the dusk. Charlotte clasped its thorny stem, and pressed her lips to its passionate heart.

"Rose, dear rose," she whispered; "tell me your secret, and I will tell you mine."

But the rose said never a word.

Only the strong can afford to be generous. Only the successful can resign the victory. In the sudden upleaping of that inward exultation, Charlotte felt as if she had conquered the object of her desire, and was, for the moment, completely satisfied. It mattered little whether or no Ethelbert loved her, he *could* love her; and the certainty that he would strenuously exert himself to avoid doing so, only increased the secret sense of triumph. And she felt quite willing to sacrifice the lesser good to Margaret, she resolved even to further Ethelbert's purpose, which, in truth, she had correctly divined.

Impetuous natures are often capable of self-sacrifice, provided that the occasion is urgent, and that the circumstances remain red-hot up to the very moment of consummation. But patience, delay, are intolerable to them. Could Charlotte have married Ethelbert and Margaret on the spot, she would have done so without hesitation. But it was necessary to await the slow evolution of events, dependent upon other wills than her own. By an illusion common to imaginative people, she already felt the full force of the suspense that she foresaw she should be obliged to feel. This she could not consent to bear. The matter must be decided, abruptly, at once; she must know exactly Ethelbert's intentions in regard to Margaret, and to obtain this knowledge she presently devised a scheme.

Charlotte possessed an odd, rudimentary taste for intrigue, that had remained undeveloped simply because she had always had her own way so completely, that she had never been obliged to resort to artifice in the attainment of her ends. On this occasion, however, when open force was unavailable, manœuvre immediately suggested itself; and the most romantic and far-fetched was pre-

cisely that best suited to Charlotte's present restless mood.

She resolved to give a masquerade party, and to assume a disguise in which Ethelbert should mistake her for Margaret, and talk to her under that impression. She and Margaret were just the same height, and Ethelbert had acknowledged himself always unable to distinguish people apart by their voices. And Charlotte, remembering Ethelbert's shyness in all personal expression of himself, believed that he would be whimsically encouraged, by the supposed Margaret's disguise, to speak to her with more freedom and intimacy than he had done hitherto. Margaret should lose nothing, for all would be faithfully repeated to her afterward. But, as a compensation for the happiness that she was hereafter to enjoy at Charlotte's expense, the latter determined to intercept the one pleasure of Ethelbert's first words, and drain their sweetness, even though nothing but husks should be left for the person for whom they were intended.

That there was any thing dishonorable in such a proceeding, any indelicacy in listening to the speech sacred to one woman alone, any danger of compromising Margaret by such unwarranted proxy—such ideas never entered Charlotte's head. She was so absolute and wilful in her resolutions, so much accustomed to carry out plans over all external obstacles, that, in their absence, internal scruples never suggested themselves—at least during the first flush of a newly-imagined project. Besides, it is possible that, under all the esteem and affection she really entertained for Margaret, lay that little grain of contempt we are so apt to feel for people to whom we mean to be very kind. Margaret—Ethelbert himself, so far as his independent personality was concerned—were both swept down the current of the dominant will, that always embodied any passion once sprung to life in Charlotte's nature.

OUR TRIP TO EGYPT

AS GUESTS OF THE VICEROY.*

WHEN we weighed anchor at Marseilles, we counted one hundred and fifty individuals, collected from all parts of the civilized world, bound to Egypt as guests of its hospitable Khédive. Every one was in the best spirits, as jolly as it is possible to be on a holiday excursion, with all the expenses paid, fed upon game and truffles, on old wines and pale ale at discretion, without the necessity of spending a centime from one's private purse. A gentle animation warmed each group of the society; each showed himself to his greatest advantage, morally and physically, wearing his newest clothes, and indulging his most genial humor. Besides the one hundred and fifty men of all ages that formed the bulk of the passengers, were five ladies, among them one quite young, who even at Paris would have been called charming. Blond and Protestant, wearing in her head-dress two immense feathers that floated on the wind, she discussed, with more piquancy than logic, doctrines on the immortality of the soul, explaining that, after death, some of us would journey to the moon, some to the stars, some to the planets, as Jupiter and Venus. The only other dame whose beauty could vie with that of the fair Protestant, remained in seclusion, veiled and buried in the depths of a sea-chair. The doctor, however, had no reason for uneasiness in regard to her health.

It happened that, at table, I found myself placed next to this important personage—the ship's doctor—who conversed with the utmost affability on a variety of subjects, Hindoos, Chinese, and, above all, Japanese women, whom

he admired almost as much as the Parisians. He became sufficiently confidential to initiate me at length into his system of medicine, which may be resumed in this axiom: "Above all, no constipation!"

Many of the young men among the passengers were superb, dressed from head to foot in ruby-colored velvet or scarlet flannel, with brilliant feathers in their Tyrolese hats. But during the first general conversation among the fellow-travellers, every one else was thrown into the shade by the discovery amongst us of the Ex-Minister Duruy, who had chosen a moment of enforced idleness to run down to Egypt and look up the question of the canal. He became the lion of the steamer, and at table the captain placed him at his right hand, and the beautiful Protestant at his left. A poor little humpbacked dame,—Dutch, and painfully dressed in red satin,—had dared to install herself in this place of honor, but was speedily bidden to a lower seat by the lackey in waiting. Poor little humpback! How willingly would I have rendered her some service!

The brilliant and joyous day yielded place to a night of inexpressible loveliness, and I remained for hours in the stern of the vessel, gazing into the depths of sea and sky. Above a vast hemicycle of clouds shone a little crescent moon, fading into her last quarter, and like a luminous summit to an immense pyramid of shade. Over the waves she traced a path of trembling light, in which the foam glistened like the million spider-webs that cover a field in autumn and are illumined by

* The Editor of *Putnam's Magazine* had the honor of receiving the Khédive's polite invitation to "assist" him in opening the Suez Canal. Unable to attend personally, we sent one of our contributors as a representative of the Magazine; and his picturesque narrative of his adventures is now presented to our readers.

the setting sun. A young man who had travelled with me in the train to Marseilles, discovered me in my musing solitude, and we talked together of serious things, as befitted the solemn beauty of the night. I felt a keen pleasure in perceiving that this youth seemed really to enjoy life. This generation is worth more than ours: when we were young we were suffering profoundly over the "suffering of the world;" we expended ourselves in admiration of suicide, consumption, and Gothic cathedrals!

The next morning we coasted Sardinia, and as we neared Caprera all the world rushed on deck, looking with all its eyes for the home of Garibaldi. Even the solemn ceremony of breakfast was delayed half an hour, until the last glimpse of the hero's white dwelling should have disappeared behind the rocks.

This same day was the beginning of troubles for us holiday travellers. As we passed Messina the breeze freshened, and, in proportion, our faces lengthened, and much grumbling arose against our host, the Khédive, who had omitted to insert seasickness in the programme of emotions we were expected to experience. Talking, flirting, meditating, dancing, all occupation was suspended, and all energies concentrated upon the effort to preserve one's equilibrium on the rolling deck,—and the alimentary bolus in one's rolling stomach. A pale old sun floated languidly through a gray sky, letting fall here and there a few steely rays upon the waves of indigo. Three mortal days and nights, tasting the vicissitude of earthly things, did we do heavy penance for the delights of the first part of our voyage. But finally, when human patience was wearing threadbare, the waves slackened, the wind fell, the horizon line deepened into the level coast of Egypt, and our woe-begone pleasure-bark halted to recruit its forces in the port of Alexandria. Yes, the East had risen up before us out of the Mediterranean,—palm-trees, mosques, palaces, Pompey's Pillar, and, most unexpected

to our eyes, a multitude of windmills. At some distance from the city we descried a residence of the Khédive, with high architectural pretensions, borrowed at once from Hindoo and Moorish art; a gloomy pleasure house, however, built on the naked rock, in the midst of sand, without a figment of tree or shade or green thing in the neighborhood. A cabin under a palm-tree would have been infinitely more cheerful.

The captain gave us two hours and a half to visit the city. Hardly had we come to anchor, than our steamer was surrounded by a swarm of boats and yawls of every description to carry off the passengers—the Lilliputian fleet, managed by a swarm of natives, struggling, shoving, screaming, swearing, in a dozen incomprehensible jargons. I resigned myself a prey to three Arabs who carried me off in their boat and, in a few minutes, had landed me in another world. Had I disembarked in Jupiter or Saturn I should not have been more astonished. I had expected something new, but nothing half as fantastic as the confusion of types, faces, and costumes into the midst of which I had been suddenly thrown. Greeks in abundance, Malays, Lascars, Italians, English, French, and negroes of every shade and variety, from Nubia, from Abyssinia, from Soudan—what do I say? there were faces of monkeys, camels, tigers, cats; heads woolly and heads shaved; long thin legs perched like stilts upon great flat feet; figures half-naked, and figures veiled, all ages, colors, and sexes. At first sight the women appeared like the strange and mysterious incarnation of the East, wrapped in their black mantles, with two black veils, one on the forehead, the other over the mouth, and fastened around the head by a copper spring. Between the veils gleamed two black eyes, surrounded by their circle of paint. These veiled figures passed, enveloped in night, like an incarnation of Sin. They were not, however, more beautiful for being veiled; on this point the one hundred and fifty passengers of the *Guienne* were unani-

mous, and *avec connaissance de cause*, since there do not exist veils or mantles thick enough to deceive the intuition of the masculine sex in regard to what it deems necessary to know.

As we had landed at Alexandria during the hours of its midday siesta, we found its streets comparatively deserted. Gradually, however, the shopkeepers emerged from their several retirements and opened their stalls, then sat down on some footstool, with crossed legs, their pipe in their mouth, and the most indifferent air in the world, as if entirely disengaged from all earthly concerns. Every line of their composed faces and immovable figures seemed to say, "I am, however, willing to disturb myself to render you any service, but I trust you will be discreet in demanding it." These are the Turks; as to the Greek merchants, it is another matter. They are wonderfully polite, urging and flattering, and seemed to have entirely the upper hand in Alexandria. The shop signs are written principally in Greek, a few in French, and hardly any in Arabic, either because the Arabs cannot read, or because they have no money to make purchases in the Frank quarter. This same Frank quarter, the finest in Alexandria, is sufficiently miserable: the houses are small and low, and look as if they were built out of the "*matériaux de démolition*," so familiar to Parisians since the reign of Baron Haussmann. Each door is ornamented with a porcelain plate, bearing the number of the house—a civilized innovation, generally reckoned as another whim of the Viceroy, who has introduced the fashion into the smallest villages. But civilization stops short with the door plates, for Alexandria possesses neither sidewalk nor pavement, still less a macadam—nothing but stenching heaps of mud and dust. The narrow streets are thronged with beggars, porters, idlers, women, children, carriages, pedestrians, and cavaliers mounted on mules, horses, and donkeys. In all the crowd the faces of the donkeys were the most intelligent and sympathetic, and my eyes, saturated with the motley

spectacle of human ugliness, refreshed themselves with the countenances of these honest asses. It was delicious also to observe the proud satisfaction of the mules, whose patient backs were bestridden by some important personage, magnificently armed, splurging with yellow and scarlet and gold and silver. Happy animals! They fulfilled the measure of their ambition and their destiny, and escaped the ills of the human flesh around them, the hideous ophthalmias that rendered hundreds of eyes one open sore, upon which precipitated themselves swarms of flies. Many of the children's faces were literally black with these small vampires.

But our studies of Alexandria were obliged to limit themselves to these flying impressions of veiled women, impassive Turks, chattering Greeks, honest donkeys, ophthalmic beggars, muddy streets, and porcelain door-plates; for the two hours' leave had expired, and we reassembled our forces on the quay, to regain the steamer. Not without difficulty, for we immediately fell into the hands of worse than thieves,—the innumerable porters, boatmen, and wherry-men who were bound to capture us and secure the control of our transit from the wharf. Innumerable the conflicts, innumerable the confusions, among the most tragic of which I noticed the complete separation of one unfortunate from the bandbox containing his best hat, destined to shine in the hall at Ismaila. In vain he gesticulated, threatened, and swore, the hat floated off in one direction, destiny forced its owner in another; whether their separate currents ever united in the stream of time, I cannot tell and dare not speculate.

So we bid farewell to Alexandria, this city unique in the world, and set sail for Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez Canal. We arrived the next morning, under a brilliant sun, whose radiance dazzled our eyes so recently emerged from the fogs of a Northern November. While still a long distance from the Port, we heard salvos of artillery, and descried great puffs of smoke

on the horizon. The Port was saluting the arrival of *L'Aigle*, steamer of the Empress Eugénie. The *Peluze*, a great steam-packet belonging to the Express Company, and which carried the Administrative Council of the Canal, was also noisily received, and finally our *Guisanne*, with the guests of the Viceroy. The salutes were given by the fleet assembled in the harbor, composed of ships-of-war from all parts of Europe, each well-furnished with gunpowder, and contributing its part to the horrible tumult. How many commercial and peaceful citizens were enchanted with these noisy and warlike demonstrations of joy—inconsistency sufficiently conformable to the nature of human beings, this race of great children! To me, however, the presence of these men-of-war, built for destruction and extermination, was disagreeable and importunate. I was humiliated by the salutation of these brute beasts, obliged at last to render homage to a great work of peace, which, nevertheless, they seemed to satirize with their yelpings.

When the firing had ceased, and our racked brains were left in peace to receive the impressions of the new scene upon which we were entered, we found it extremely animated. The whole fleet was decorated with festal flags, and many vessels, in addition, with long lines of colored handkerchiefs, exposed on the rigging for the homely purpose of drying, but transfigured in the Oriental sunlight to brilliant embroidery. Hither and thither flitted boats, whose twelve pairs of oars rose and fell with marvellous precision, and who skimmed over the water like gigantic spiders, transporting now some tall Prussian officer, now some Hussar of the Empress, with long floating plume. And mingled with the splashing of oars and rippling of waves around the vessel's prow came to the ear vague melodies played by the bands of German musicians, and the chanting of the sailors as they busied themselves with the manœuvres incident to coming into port. The monotonous cadence of the chanting suggested the whistling of wind in

the rigging. One man conducted the theme, the rest joined in the chorus. I listened religiously, trying to understand their words, which I finally deciphered as follows:

SOLO—The captain will give the sailors something to drink.

TERTI—Hali! hali! halo!

Port Said is a city like those in the Far West, that rise out of the prairie in a night. Only it had arisen, not in the restless West, habituated to such sudden developments, but in the immovable East, in the desert, or rather in the sea; for at Port Said even the soil upon which the city is built has been made new for the occasion. The immense lagoons of Manzalch that communicate with the Mediterranean had been chosen as the beginning of the canal, and at this extremity it was necessary to hollow out a port in the sea. The mud and sand excavated by the dredges were thrown back into the lake, an island thus formed and gradually enlarged, piles driven down, planks built upon the piles, gradually the wood replaced by brick, and now the brick by stone. Stone houses, however, belong exclusively to the European quarter; the Arab inhabitants simply cross green boughs upon sticks, and over the brushwood spread, or do not spread, a layer of mortar. Some habitations, yet more simple, consist of mats stretched upon four cords, forming walls, floor, and roof. The European quarter is laid out in blocks of blackened houses, quite destitute of either style or ornament, whose architecture has but a single aim, to observe the strictest economy of materials. The streets are broad, laid out at right angles, made of gray sand, burning in the sun, blinding at midday, and in which the pedestrian sinks ankle-deep at each step. Light carts are constructed especially for circulation in these streets, with wheels consisting of broad cylinders of sheet iron, that glide over the sand like snowshoes over snow. The signs over the shops betrayed the struggle between the Greek and French element. Every thing official at Port Said is French, as well as all

productive trades, whether material or intellectual. But the prettiest stores are Greek; Greek are the taverns, Greek the houses of prostitution, and the little colporteurs who busy themselves in circulating obscene photographs. Land is very dear; a simple store in a good situation rents for 1,200 francs a-year. The Company that owns the land sells it at higher and higher prices, and at best the sale is only negotiated for a term of ten years, the expense of building being, moreover, chargeable to the purchaser. It is doubtful whether the profits of business will justify the enormous outlay now demanded, and the storekeepers are already looking forward to several years of great financial difficulties, now that the canal is finished, the laborers are leaving, and the transit is not yet commenced. Times are sadly changed since the days when certain workmen in metals were receiving fifty francs a-day, and disbursing in proportion; and during the transition period, from small investments and extraordinary profits to the ordinary level of honest business, every one suffers: the customer from the high prices, the merchant from the slack trade.

Between the European and Arab quarter stands a Catholic chapel, containing a confessional reduced to its most simple expression: an armchair for the priest, a chair for the penitent, and between the two a simple plank pierced by a hole.

Close by is the hospital, directed by a doctor who is at the same time Consul of England, of Sweden, and of Italy. Behind the chapel and hospital extends a garden, a real curiosity at Port Saïd. It is only three years old; but the carefully watered trees and shrubs are in quite a thriving condition. In their shade, the single cool corner in the Port, flit about numerous birds, too sure of their social position to be in the least frightened by the approach of a stranger.

I noticed, in passing, an Arab school, that serves at the same time as grocery and haberdashery store. The master, who had a handsome, melan-

choly face, was standing at the window, holding a candle for a customer, who came to negotiate for his material and not his intellectual wares. The candle was not tallow, but of the best quality; for to this country, recently opened to our civilization, nothing will be accepted less perfect than paraffine.

Farther on, a military camp, the image of all other military camps. And farther still, on the limits between civilization and the desert were erected some barracks, rather gayly ornamented. These were the habitations of the *vivandières* of the regiment, who lounged before the open doors, outrageously painted, with crowns of artificial flowers on their heads, frightfully ugly, but enchanted to be stared at like curious wild beasts by these fine Western gentlemen from London and Paris and Berlin and Vienna. Whoso replies to any observation of these dames, is obliged, by the code of Egyptian politeness, to offer them *baksheesh*. Circulating among these fantastic groups, and planting himself, with an air naïve and determined, to regard each beauty through his enormous spectacles, came a Professor, who hailed from Zurich or Upsala, and who was evidently in utter consternation at the company in which he found himself. "Can it be possible," exclaimed every gesture of his uplifted hands, "that His Highness the Khédive permits this exhibition of immoral females!" The good man was the most grotesque figure imaginable, with an enormous black hat sheltered by a parasol, and covering a long head, dressed in frock-coat and black waist-coat, with his thin legs thrust into great yellow hunting boots. "But Monsieur," observed some bystander in reply to his shocked remonstrances, "the Khédive has nothing to do with these wives of the soldiers; and if there is any thing out of place here, it is the presence of a man like yourself." "Quite true," replied the good Professor with amiable candor, and stretching his yellow boots, he speedily escaped from the vicious circle, and disappeared on the horizon.

I followed the worthy Professor's example, and, passing by half a dozen tombs on the extreme suburbs of the town, I advanced in the sand upon the narrow tongue of land which separates the great lake Menzaleh from the Mediterranean. On and still further on I wandered, happy to escape for a moment far from emperors and empresses, from uniforms and Tyrolese hats. I hunted on the shore for sea-shells, disturbing innumerable crabs and other creatures of the sand of whose natural history I was still more ignorant. I mused, now upon the fate of the Pharaohs, now upon the little ones that I had left beyond the sea, and so musing, I reached a sheltered corner far removed from the odious cannon booming, and plunging into the yellow waves, enjoyed the most delicious bath I had had that year. Afterward, sauntering on the beach, I espied an object that I took at first for an immense carcass; as it was in effect, but that of a shark, more than six feet long, thrown up by the waves, and apparently having just yielded its uncouth soul to Hades. I looked at the monster: I measured the width of its jaws, the length of its teeth, the thickness of my thigh; and I felt that henceforward I could never, with peace of mind, take a bath on the menaced coast of Egypt.

During this time, while I was engaged in solitary reverie over ancient dynasties, and over the sharks, holothuries, and mollusks that had survived their ruin, the entire population of Port Said was turning out to feast their eyes on the Procession of Sovereigns. One might say with Isaiah, "The depths from beneath thee are moved out to meet thee at thy coming!" For how could the procession fail to justify the popular excitement? At the head marched a splendid drum-major, brandishing a large scimitar, with a mien as ferocious as if he meant to cut off all the heads at Port Said with a single blow. After him, the Khédive and the Empress, Madame Eugénie Bonaparte. This gracious Sovereign could boast a success greater than that of Madame

Récamier, for not only the little boys in the street turned round to look at her, but the butchers, eager to see, pressed close to her chariot-wheels, their heads surmounted by baskets of raw meat. Next in order came the Emperor of Austria, then the Prince of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Holland; finally, a little princeling of Hesse, who was deemed decidedly presumptuous to have intruded himself upon such noble company. Bringing up the rear, a mass of uniforms embroidered with gold and silver,—plumes, crests, decorations, the entire turn-out of official parade and flourish.

On the sandy beach, between the sea, the city, and two stagnant marshes, as far as possible from the canal that was to receive the benediction, had been erected raised platforms. The largest was for the Highnesses and their official households, admirals, generals, chamberlains, valets, commanders and colonels innumerable. On the left a crowd of uniforms from all the navies of the world, on the right a crowd of monks, Copts, Lazarists, Jesuits of all kinds thronged around the Empress, while behind her rose a growing hedge of court-dames in blue and young girls in pink. Opposite the official dais had been built two scaffoldings, one for the Mussulman clergy and one for the Catholic—significant toleration, which, like that of the Roman Pantheon for the gods it honored, seemed to presage the near dissolution of both. The tribunes of the two religions were exactly the same from an architectural point of view, the same height, same disposition, same exterior decoration; but that on the left, the Mussulman, was only provided with a kind of sentry-box made of green trellis-work, while the Catholic platform was crowded with its great altar, its great candlesticks of gold or of Ruolz metal, its long wax tapers, and swinging incense vessels. By the Mohammedan prayer-tower stood only five priests, whose robes in unison formed prismatic colors,—red, green, black, violet, light blue. But the Catholics were in masses before their altar, abbés,

priests, monks, choir-boys. The Patriarch of Alexandria officiated, having been slyly delegated by the entire *corps ecclésiastique*, in the place of his fortunate rival the Pope of Rome. The religions of the East and the West, Mohammedanism and Catholicism, had met face to face, as if to measure each other's strength, at least in parade; and witnesses assembled from the two worlds had come together to judge the performance.

The Mussulman opened the ceremonies, in virtue of the courtesy accorded to the religion actually in possession of the locality. The youngest priest or Fokké mounted the narrow green sentry-box, raised his eyes and arms to heaven, and pronounced his prayer in a strong slow voice, and with monotonous cadence:

"Allah! Bestow Thy benediction upon Europe, who, as Thou seest, has come among us to-day. Bestow Thy benediction upon the enterprise which promises to enrich our poor nation. Bestow Thy benediction upon our master and father Ismail, who has presided over these great labors. Bestow Thy benediction upon all peoples. And we prostrate ourselves at Thy feet, O Allah!"

This was all. The Fokké quitted his tower, and regained his seat. His prayer was translated for me by a banker from Damascus.

It was now the turn of the Catholics. Protected by a grenadier leaning on his gun, the chaplain of the Empress advanced, robed in violet, and with a violet cap on his head. This chaplain is the famous Bauer, an Abbé who now exacts the title of Monsigneur, although originally an Hungarian Jew. In 1848 he was Revolutionist, and with a troop of students pronounced the proclamation against Metternich, and bivouacked under arms in the University of Vienna. But for other times, other principles. Driven from the country by the reaction, the little Bauer took refuge in France, where it was speedily evident on which side lay the chances of success, renown, influence, and profit. Con-

versions from Judaism to Catholicism are extremely rare; it is therefore possible to make them extremely profitable, and to turn to the best account the baptism, the godfathers, and above all the godmothers. The interesting convert was presented at Court, charmed the Empress, and became the abbé of dames, the confessor of belles, and author of a volume advertised all over Paris under the title, "Art by which a fashionable Lady may continue to live in the Christian Religion."

This was the personage upon whom devolved the honor of representing the Christian religion in the face of assembled Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The chaplain treated us to a long discourse, liberal, extremely liberal, commonplace, and flowery. With all the grace of a hairdresser, with all the elegance of a perfumer, he poured out a few drops of Eau de Cologne upon the sacred confluence of the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean. And the sonorous harangue that ensued seemed modelled upon the Album Prospectus, *A Picturesque Voyage across the Isthmus of Suez*, by Marino Pontane.

"At last is completed the great achievement of the nineteenth century, the eternal honor of Ferdinand de Lesseps. The barrier which separated the East from the West has been overthrown; and ships from all nations float gracefully upon the canal which has united two seas, and which constitutes the grand preface to a new historic epoch all of peace. The historian's pen will recount what immense obstacles Ferdinand de Lesseps has vanquished to attain his end; by what vicissitudes his energetic soul has been tried; by what incessant labor he has succeeded in accomplishing his mission.

"Ferdinand de Lesseps is a great man, at least as great as Christopher Columbus, . . . and the Khédive is the greatest of Khédives, . . . and the Empress is the incarnation of the genius of France; she has all the graces, all the beauties, all the virtues." And the Empress, robed in a dress of silver gray, with violet lustras,

lowered her eyes modestly upon a bosom that a diamond cross only imperfectly concealed from view. "And the Emperor of Austria is the most noble and generous of princes." And his Apostolic Majesty, robed in white, red, and gold, with intensely green feathers, like a bald, melancholy parrot, bowed modestly, but seemed somewhat ill at ease, flanked as he was on each side by the representatives of the two Powers who at Solferino and Sadowa had given him such an energetic dressing. And Bauer continuing: "The Khédive is the greatest of all Khédives." But the Khédive was already sleeping the sleep of the just, being completely worn out with the fatigue of preparations that had occupied him night and day; organization of *fêtes*, superintendence of his harem, interior administration of his kingdom, negotiation of foreign politics. The exhausted Khédive snored with decorum and dignity, and the fluent orator was obliged to pass on to eulogies upon the Prince of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Holland, and even the little Princeling of Hesse. Followed the eulogies *en masse* for the laborers and employés engaged in the construction of the canal—eulogies that extended in widening circles of diminished force until they threatened to embrace the entire world, except perhaps the St. Simonieux. I am not sure that even they were excluded from this outburst of universal charity and admiration; for the mass of verbiage, flatteries, and adulations began to give me a vertigo; my head grew confused, my ears sang as in a fit of seasickness. My eyes wandered from the gesticulator in violet satin, past the glittering bayonets assembled to give authority to the preacher of Jesus Christ, along the slender columns supporting the chapel, and a great shield on which was emblazoned the Christian cross, and on high, probably by some negligence of the decorators, terminating in a golden crescent, emblem of the victory of Islam. I was startled at the conjunction, and, turning toward the Mussulman prayer-stand, perceived the priests, majestic and dig-

nified, with eyes fixed upon Monsigneur, and listening to him with an air of tranquil contempt which did one good to see. Leaving far behind the murmur of the orator's voice and the murmuring presence of the human crowd that received his words, I plunged my own eyes and soul into the deep skies, to breathe a clearer and more serene atmosphere. A thousand floating colors, rose, violet, blue, topaz, emerald, seen by transference against the immense azure, illumined by the setting sun, swayed to and fro by the gentlest breeze, shifted into multitudinous undulations, like the play of tints on a prism dispersing a ray of white light. Never had I seen any thing so beautiful. In this moment the Orient was revealed to me, the Mystery unveiled. I felt the emotion that is aroused by the most tender and intimate strains in the music of Mozart and Beethoven, by all that is sweetest in the human soul, or most mysterious in Nature. Ah! such rare moments are well worth a lifetime of ordinary days!

How long lasted my reverie I know not. I was aroused from it by the noisy applause which honored the conclusion of Monsigneur's oration, and by the *Te Deum* chanted by the Bishop of Alexandria to the accompaniment of music and the firing of cannon. The crowd, giving way, pushed me from my place, and I fell out of fantastic dreams into the very arms of Science, as represented by the great Egyptologist Brugsch, whom I fortunately encountered. He immediately began to discourse to me with enthusiasm upon the religious and philosophic doctrines of the people of Fellahs, as they were held three or four thousand years ago. He left me with the conviction that human history needs to be entirely rewritten, and that sooner or later we shall arrive at results that will rival the discoveries of geology.

The next performance on the programme was the voyage up the newly-opened canal, that should at once demonstrate its capacities, and consecrate all future voyages of traffic or pleasure by this initial Procession of Sovereigns.

The embarkation at Port Saïd took place the morning after the Fête of the Benediction. Grave difficulties immediately arose, engendered by the conflict between sentiment (of propriety) and expediency. This latter suggested that on these untried waters, the road should be opened by an advance guard of small vessels, who should clear the way, and bear the first brunt of any unforeseen obstacles that might be encountered. But, on the other hand, sentiment had decided that the van, as place of honor, should be accorded to the great personages. But for great personages are needed great ships, and for the celebration of an enterprise eminently pacific, great cannon are indispensable. Consequently *L'Aigle*, with its precious freight of the Empress and her suite, must absolutely lead the way.

"He who would thrive," says the proverb, "must rise at five; but he who has thriven, may lie till seven."

The Empress, feeling possibly that her most prosperous days had been accomplished, if not passed, permitted herself to sleep late into the morning, to recruit energies exhausted by Monsigneur's oration and compliments. The Imperial *femmes de chambre* waited for the Empress, and the entire squadron awaited orders from the Imperial *femmes de chambre*. Profiting by this lull in the movements of the Powers above me, I sauntered about, following a vagrant fancy, until its leisure caprices were put to flight by a precipitate movement that arose among the ships scattered in the harbor and among their passengers scattered on land. I myself was politely captured and ordered to make ready for transportation on the *Peluze*, in an hour at furthest. The *Guienne* was to be left behind, as unwieldy from its great breadth, forty feet from one paddle-box to the other.

"Now was saddling in hot haste," barring the saddles, as our Irish brethren would say. Now could the light-hearted proprietor of a single portable valise look down, from heights of serene tranquillity, upon the opulent possessors of many trunks, who with distracted

minds sought here their watches, there the best dresses of Madame la Marquise, now a medallion of honor forgotten on a uniform, now perchance a locket, left behind with a forgotten vest. This moment of confusion, intercalated in the orderly programme, did not displease me; on the contrary, I am convinced that a touch of the Unforeseen and the Incalculable is absolutely necessary to give the sparkle to the richest wine of enjoyment.

At eleven o'clock we entered the canal, the newly-developed artery that should presently complete the circulation of the world, and approach to each other, by thousands of miles, India and Germany, China and England, Japan and France. I was surprised to find the canal so broad—three hundred feet everywhere. The regulation depth is twenty-four, but unfortunately it has not yet been possible to attain this throughout, at least up to the date of the Inauguration, which really should have been deferred till January, to have all things ready. The evening before our departure, the dredges were still at work with feverish activity, and from time to time we encountered one of these formidable machines that had been engaged in piling high upon the banks of the canal the sand scooped up from its deepening bed. Our immense steamer, three hundred and fifteen feet long, made its way easily through the water; its screw threw up no sand, and the banks of the canal, cleared without a brush, remained undisturbed by the paddle-wheels; all, circumstances gladdening to the hearts of the shareholders on board our steamer.

We traversed the Lake Menzaleh, which, as noticed above, constitutes the beginning of the canal. On each side the excavated sand has been beaten into canal-walks, and on the right has been laid a subterranean pipe of fresh water (O Herodotus, thy skepticism is put to shame, and Cambyses outrivalled!) and a telegraph line erected. On the left the outline of the lake is extremely irregular, and beyond appears the desert, with its monotony of reddish-yellow sand.

Between the horizon and the canal, the lake and the sand dispute each other's place, and here and there we descried phantoms of swamps and islands, effects of image, according to one skilful engineer; real existences, according to another not less skilful. Real or not, we studied the long-expected desert with lively interest; many among us, perhaps, mindful of the grim punishments incurred in childhood, when we forgot the exact route taken by the children of Israel in their journey across this very region. If they could only have waited for the Opening of the Canal!

Gliding by the level desert, the shallow lake peopled with great flocks of rosy-white flamingoes, the sacred Ibis of Egypt, we reached El Kantara, stopping-place for caravans half way between Port Said and Ismaila. The hamlet was in grand *fête* for the passing of the Inaugural Fleet, and our arrival was saluted with hurrahs and firing. On the hill stood an inscription of letters nine feet high, built of boughs covered with palm-leaves, and reading, "To Ismail, the City of El Kantara." It suggested the placards at the Palais Royal Theatre, brought upon the stage to indicate a change of locality, without the trouble of change of scene. Observe that the city of El Kantara is nothing at present but a handful of crumbling hills; but like some other individuals in the prime of youth, it has expectations.

Toward set of sun we passed El Guirc, a rocky ledge impossible to avoid, and which has cost the Company some millions of francs. We dined joyously; no accident had occurred so far, and we foresaw none. The satisfaction reached its height when we heard the firing of cannon at Ismaila, which announced the arrival of the first great vessels with their cargo of great personages. The *Peluze*, however, was only ninth in rank, and each vessel was separated from the preceding by an interval of ten minutes.

The moon rose; we glided between the high walls of El Guirc at the rate

of ten knots an hour. The air was balmy, the night magnificent; the vessel seemed to float between two floods of light, pouring from lake and sky. Before us, hardly two miles off, the white line of Ismaila interrupted the horizon; stationed along the banks, the illuminated vessels were brilliant as groups of stars; and high in the heavens rose the glowing rockets to fall away in a rain of gold and many-colored fire. Only a few months, a few days, and we had landed in a desert, or at least a swamp, the habitation of jackals and howling hyenas. To-day, the fleets of Europe cast anchor before a town sprung up in a night, destined to be the Venice of the Orient, one of the greatest bazars of the world. The imagination, dazzled, sought refuge in the Arabian Nights' tales, there only finding a precedent for such magic transformation.

Was it credible? At this very moment, at this culmination of our enthusiasm, of our expansive faith in the possibilities of human genius, an ignoble catastrophe arrested our flights and reduced to impotence our Icarian wings. We ran aground! Not in the canal, not at the dangerous bend by El Guirc, not at the entrance of the port, but in the harbor itself, at the very gates of Ismaila thrown open to receive us. O shameful chance! O capricious fortune! In vain the officers of the steamer denied the fact, in vain they shifted passengers from stem to stern and stern to stem again, in vain the great engine snorted with rage, and struggled manfully to get free. We were planted, and suffered the humiliation of being overtaken by the steamer in the rear, tired of awaiting our march. "Can I pass you?" demanded one after another. "No!" was the frank reply; and thereupon the little wretches slipped by coolly at our right and left, just as if we had given them permission. We were left to pass the night at anchor, to extend ourselves upon deck, or wherever we could find sleeping room; and some among us to console our wounded feelings by swearing at the

Company. One unhappy wight ventured to thrust himself into the discussions of a group of engineers, and to affirm that the curves of the canal were made with too short a radius. "Monsieur, are you an engineer?" inquired one of the men of science. "I have not that honor." "Then, sir, you had better not talk of things that you know nothing about." The intruder was silent for a moment, but presently drew out his card and threw it upon the table. "I will maintain," he repeated, wherever any one may please, that the Company of the canal has traced at least one curve of much too short radius." The challenge was not taken up.

That same evening a passenger came aboard, in a boat, to find a trunk that he had left in the morning.

"Monsieur," cried the cook, encountering him, "I have orders to tell you that henceforward we furnish meals to no one but our own passengers."

"Who has given you this order?"

"I," said the captain, coming forward like a personage in the History of Cock Robin. "We can furnish no more meals to the passengers of the *Guienne*."

"Monsieur, you are an honor to French hospitality," replied the other, turning on his heel.

I mention these trifling incidents, because, like the insignificant details in a portrait, they are necessary to make the picture lifelike. To speak only of great events, and the emotions appropriately experienced in connection with them, is to paint ourselves finer than nature. Let us rather avow, since it is the truth, that, even on the most imposing occasions, our souls are very easily ruffled by the merest trifles. We have perpetual need to remember the antique warning of Pythagoras, "Don't pare your nails at a sacrifice."

Ismaila, situated at the angle of the canal, halfway between Port Said on the Mediterranean and Suez on the Red Sea, and connected with Cairo by a railroad, was to be honored that night with a ball, as Port Said had been by the ceremony of the Benediction, and Suez would be later, by still other *fêtes*.

These latter, our malicious destiny—but we will not anticipate. Passengers of the *Guienne*, passengers proper of the *Peluzs*, we all scrambled ashore early in the morning, to survey the premises and prepare for the evening festivities. On shore, my bile was greatly roused by coming across a Frenchman engaged in vigorously laying about him with a whip upon the naked shoulders of Arabs in his vicinity. A little further on, a German, in a perfect fury of rage, and with a volley of oaths, was stamping on the backs of some half a dozen natives, on account of some difficulty about his luggage. Little as I care about sentiments of nationality, I experienced a peculiar indignation at this spectacle—of men beaten on the soil of their own fatherland, by intruders come from over the sea. I recollected the analogous history of Exodus, "Then Moses smote the Egyptian." Poor Fella! Thy wrongs began to render thee sacred in my eyes. I thought of all thou hadst endured for so many centuries—thou and thy camel, companion of thy misfortunes, both so sober, patient, melancholy, resigned!—and it was not without a feeling of shame and uneasiness that I reflected upon all thou hast had to suffer, in order to fill the glass of champagne of which I had been drinking—or those which would be poured out in profusion at the ball which thy master this evening was about to offer to us in the desert!

The ball was to take place in a palace that the Viceroy had built in the space of six months, and which was to be finished that day, at noon precisely. Its rooms had been fitted up for the guests, with beds and other furniture, imported from Europe for the occasion. It was impossible to calculate what had been the expense of this palace; built of carved stone, filled with mirrors and gilded sofas—the whole improvised for the royal picnic in the midst of the desert. But it is known that the bill of the upholsterer for furnishing the Empress' apartment alone amounted to 1,200,000 franca. In the palace, of

course, were only received the guests of high distinction; we lesser fry were accommodated at the few hotels of the place, though still at the expense of the Khédive—most fortunately for us, for the outsiders were fleeced at a fearful rate, paying ten francs for a simple bath, or thirty for the privilege of resting a couple of hours at a hotel to dress, but without eating any thing. As to myself, I was installed with a couple of companions in a tent, furnished with a mat, washstand, mattress, sheet, and blanket; all clean and fresh, used for the first time. Near our tent was another immense one, arranged as a dining-hall, and capable of seating and feeding a thousand persons at once. The waste was enormous. My own repasts cost the Khédive fifty francs, and were worth about fifty sous; but I felt grateful and contented. Getting possession of some bread, cheese, dates, and a bottle of wine, I provisioned my interior, and awaited events with tranquillity.

At noon, under a sun that was raising every thing to a temperature of white heat, I sought the Park of Ismaila, consisting of a few shrubs surrounding a fountain. The water was yellow and dirty, but it was real water—and in this torrid zone a pool under the shadow of a few leaves is an inexhaustible refreshment to the eye. Every one admired the vigor of the vegetation; these shrubs, planted in the sand only three years ago, had already grown six feet, and were still growing.

On a sudden, the crowd precipitates itself in a new direction. I follow, and find all eyes gazing on a cavalcade that comes dashing round the corner. The Empress of France, in a yellow riding-habit, and mounted on a dromedary, was riding by at full gallop, followed by a long train of horsemen and waving plumes. The impression produced upon our grave Arabian hosts by this spectacle was somewhat similar to that which we might have at Paris on seeing the Queen of Sweden and Princess of Wales dressed like circus-riders, mounted on fiery velocipedes, and dashing

headlong into the barracks of the Cent-Gardes. All Arabian ideas concerning the decorum and virtue of European women, and the good sense of the French Empress, were utterly put to flight.

Young ladies in blue, rose, and violet, cantered gayly along the "Rotten Row" of Ismaila; and at their side, cavaliers in the most fantastic costumes. From the heads of some floated veils of all colors; some wore frock-coats, and thrust their pantaloons into top-boots; others were dressed in breeches and crimson stockings. One dandy sported a tuft of scarlet feathers sprinkled with drops of dew that flashed in the sunlight; nankeen riding-coats jostled costumes of garnet-colored velvet. The pleasers were on foot or in carriages, mounted on asses, horses, dromedaries—what not. In the midst of this harlequin turn-out of cockneys, fools, and Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons, in a delirium for the picturesque, ran the donkey-drivers, half-naked, with their black legs, and others, stalwart fellows in shirt-sleeves or blue blowses; and, intersecting all, in sharp, repelling lines, an irregular squadron from the desert, assembled Fellahs—warriors of neighboring tribes, some mounted on small horses which they guided with the left hand, while in the right they held a slender gun; others perched high on yellow dromedaries, obedient to reins of red wool.

It was said that, to behold this spectacle, had come together Arabs from Nedjid, Bedouins from the Libyan desert, Syrians from Liban and from Damascus. The East and the West had met at a rendezvous; each paraded itself before the other, and certainly were sufficiently mystified with the other's appearance. "What a curious wretch!" cried the West, aloud. "And what a ridiculous madman!" observed the East, in an audible aside.

At nine o'clock, in duty bound as guest of the Khédive, I presented myself at the door of the palace ball-room, which was already full of a brilliant company. Never in my life had I seen

so many uniforms bespattered with gold, silver, braid, and embroidery; with plumes, ribbons, stars, and crosses. Every one, like the sitters to Miss La Crevy in Nicholas Nickleby, had managed to thrust his head through a military gilt collar, from which dangled some kind of decoration. I was not accustomed to such society, and was far from feeling at my ease. I held myself in profile rather than full face, and willingly yielded my place when any acquaintance appeared to draw me on one side. The *coup d'œil* was, however, fine; the rooms were entirely gilded—too much so, in fact; but the gilding was probably necessary to hide many imperfections in the hasty carpentry. It was marvellous, when one remembered that, a hundred days ago, in the place occupied by these dames, liberally *décolletées*, and adorned by their finest diamonds—in the room of these divans, sofas, lustres, chandeliers—the solitary traveller would have plunged his foot into barren sand. Cost, thirty millions.

I would notice, in passing, that the prettiest thing in the exhibition was a parterre of tropical flowers—so beautifully made, that it was necessary to touch and smell them to recognize that they were artificial. This bagatelle contributed 40,000 francs to the expenses of the entertainment.

The heat became stifling. I was much hustled about in the crowd, and much tried in spirit by the efforts to avoid treading upon the long trains that undulated around me. At the end of an hour, my conscience assured me that I had done justice to the Khédive's invitation, and that I might withdraw. I stemmed the rising torrent of new arrivals; I heeded not the illuminations that paled the moon; like a swimmer panting for breath, I struck out vigorously for shore, and, in a few bold strokes, regained the desert and freedom.

It is, therefore, impossible for me to relate the splendors of the supper, nor how the Khédive, and the Empress and the Emperor of Austria, and the Prince

and Princess of Prussia, kept themselves apart all the evening in a private drawing-room in the garden, and only showed themselves to the embroidered crowd for a few moments. Instinctively foreseeing this disappointment, I evaded it by my own timely withdrawal from the precincts of exclusive royalty, and walked over to the Arab encampment. I was attracted thither by the noise and the music, and by the—*to me*—fantastic novelty of this new phase of my Oriental Night. Around charcoal braziers crouched strange figures, chattering in incomprehensible dialects, screaming and gesticulating as if they hardly understood themselves. White and black forms glided from time to time across the bands of light radiating from the fires, and lost themselves in the surrounding darkness. I pleased myself with watching them, with losing myself in a Babel of people and tongues; now lighting, in my wanderings, upon a group of Bedouin musicians; anon, some Spanish gypsies, chanting airs familiar to me in Cadiz; further, a troop of female native singers, richly dressed, under a tent, enclosed in a sort of cage of pink gauze, like so many parrots; now smoking, now singing indolently to the accompaniment of a drum. Not far from the road which led to the port, I came upon a yet more singular scene. A numerous crowd surrounded a building, closed, and apparently inaccessible. Toward the roof a few boards had been knocked away, and the space had been covered over with muslin, from behind which floated women's voices in lazy modulations, far above the heads of the ecstatic crowd.

From this crowd presently separated himself a European of some kind, tall, fair-haired, with bold, blue eyes. To the keeper of a neighboring restaurant he addressed the question that evidently burned on the lips of all the assembly besieging the prison-house:

"Monsieur, could you inform me where are to be found the dancing-girls? I have been told that two hundred almas should be somewhere in this neighborhood."

"There is not so much as half a one. They were, in fact, to have been here, but, at the last moment, the Viceroy changed his mind, and shut them up for fear of accidents."

"And what is the reason that these singing-girls are shut up in this species of donjon?"

"The reason is simple enough. The European sailors, who are here in numbers, are so brutal that no Bedouin woman is safe in their vicinity."

I was about to continue my walk when two personages, evidently Sheikhs from their bearing and dignity, came forward and invited the blue-eyed stranger and myself to drink coffee with them in the restaurant. I accepted with pleasure, but my companion sulkily declined, as if he considered *his* dignity insulted by the proposition. In fact, we had hardly entered, than he began to grumble, then scold, finally storm. I had followed my host's example, and sat down cross-legged; but my companion immediately called for chairs, and swore furiously at their absence, replying in a voice of thunder to the mild apologies of the Sheikhs, "Silence! you set of rascals, or I will break your jaws with my cane!" which he flourished in their faces. "I have been in Mexico. I know how to deal with savages," and he raged and swore in expressions that I would not sully my pen to transcribe. In the mean time coffee was served; the barbarian grabbed his cup, and at first swallowed without tasting; then, gradually mollified, fell into silence. I drank my own coffee, rose, made a profound reverence to my Arab hosts, accorded the least possible recognition to the European, and bent my steps homeward, vexed and mortified. The night was far advanced, but its beauty seemed suddenly overcast. I felt ashamed to encounter any more hospitable Arabs, and, curiously chilled, crept under the folds of my tent, and courted the sleep which for a long time refused to come to my bidding.

Thus ended, for me, the strange and splendid *fête* of Ismaila.

The departure from Ismaila for Suez was even more difficult to effect than had been that from Port Said to Ismaila. I hardly know whether my unassisted energies would have sufficed to find means of transportation amidst the general scramble for this same necessary luxury. But my good fortune led me to my friend and fellow-traveller, S—, who, laying hold of some high Egyptian functionary, explained to him that we were not insignificant penny-a-liners, but journalists of much influence and importance, and that he must absolutely find us berths somewhere. The functionary, much impressed by this statement, and the energy with which it was made, gave us an order for transport on the man-of-war *Senaar*. It devolved upon us to hire a boat and hunt up the *Senaar* among the vessels of the harbor, to board her boldly, and to send in our order to the Admiral. The latter took time to consider; then, unable to do any thing else under the circumstances, agreed to take us as passengers only, without giving us any thing to eat during the voyage. This crafty reply was perhaps intended to settle the question against us, as decisively as Portia's permission to take the pound of flesh without the blood. If so, our wily Admiral was disappointed, for we instantly closed the bargain on his own terms.

The *Senaar*, as an Egyptian vessel, was compelled by etiquette to yield place to the European steamers, and we were consequently left far behind in the convoy. The *Pluze*, "bark-rigged with curses dark," led the way, as before.

While awaiting our departure, hunger began to gnaw at our vitals. Quite a number of others had been received on the same terms as S— and myself, and the prospect of famine among so many became alarming. The prospective misfortune multiplied in importance with each possible victim. In this strait, my energetic Yankee friend, who had not even breakfasted, and who had been lashed up to excitement by seeing a passenger dining off beans, S—, I

say, was penetrated by a bright idea. Anchored near us in the harbor lay a vessel from Marseilles, the *Touarez*, that a company of twenty-four gentlemen, with their wives, had hired for a pleasure excursion, which should include the inaugural *fête* at Ismaila, and visits to Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and the principal cities of Italy. Such a scheme could only have occurred to people of education and ideas. To this vessel S—, accompanied by the President of the Chamber of Commerce at Birmingham, had himself rowed; and, introduced to the tourists, drew up a moving account of our situation. He depicted the prospect of a fast for forty-eight hours, and, to avert such unpleasant calamity, entreated the gentlemen to cede to us some provisions. This they most graciously consented to do, observing that, although they had only brought with them the provisions required by their own party, no hesitation was possible in the presence of such urgent necessities as ours. They furnished us liberally with biscuits, anchovies, tongue, cheese, and a whole box of Bordeaux wine, and then utterly refused payment in exchange for their courtesy. May their good action meet elsewhere the reward that we were unable to offer them!

I must add that, the next day, although entirely contrary to the stipulations, the Admiral ordered our party to be served with a capital little dinner. To him that hath, shall always be given more abundantly.

We sojourned forty-five hours on board the *Senaar*, which performed the voyage tranquilly, comfortably, without hurrying itself, quite in the Oriental fashion. Possibly on this account no accident happened to us, but over and over again we were obliged to stop in obedience to a signal from the steamer that preceded us. And each time, in answer to our inquiries as to the cause of the obstruction, came back the same answer, "It is the *Peluze*! it is the *Peluze*!" Decidedly the great vessel was overweighted with the greatness it carried on board. And it seemed all the

more probable that its unwieldiness was owing to its moral, rather than physical, tonnage, from the fact that the *E? Badredh*, belonging to the company Azizeh, a vessel at least as large as the *Peluze*, went through without the least accident.

The voyage, until we reached the Bitter Lakes, was not very interesting. The canal passes between high hills, which shut out even the view of the desert; and it was with eyes fatigued by long monotony that we greeted these lakes, bordered with verdure—lately pestiferous marshes, but in which the Red Sea has just been compelled to pour 1900 millions of cubic metres of water. The shores are low; and beyond lie the yellow sands diversified with violet shadows of the flying clouds. Above the near, low hills, those of Geneffe, rises a second range, the mountains of Attakka, in long lines, calm, solemn, majestic, like an immense temple, overhanging the Red Sea.

With frequently-renewed apprehensions, that, happily, each time the result failed to justify, we passed the various critical junctures on our route, like the travellers in Pilgrim's Progress, or the Prince making his way to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty—past Serapeum, past Chalauf, we entered triumphantly into the great lagoon at the termination of the canal, and came to anchor three or four miles above Suez. There we heard the booming of cannon that announced the conclusion of the *fête*, which we had just missed, as before we had missed the first *fête* at Ismaila. To console ourselves, we left the steamer's deck, and climbed the veritable hills formed by the sand excavated from the canal, and piled high upon its banks—constituting an exact mould of the excavation, and well calculated to stupefy the imagination with the measure thus afforded of the work accomplished. Had I not thus taken its measure, I should have had no adequate idea of the immensity of this work.

Sunday morning, in the blaze of a magnificent sun, we enter—the last of the fleet—into the harbor of Suez. The

scene was simple and grand. On the right, the Atakka range—a formidable mass, red streaked with white—a sort of immense citadel, with great pyramids of bastions and buttresses. At its feet, Suez, one of the future capitals of the world perhaps; to-day, a huddle of insignificant little houses. Opposite, in a vaporous distance, stands out Mt. Sinai. On the left, the Desert. Under the deep blue azure skies we float upon a vast extent of green sea. We are at one of the centres of the world, between Europe, Asia, and Africa. A great work has just been accomplished; it honors our generation, and will make

an era in the history of the world. No importunate noise of cannon, as at Port Said, only a solemn silence and a flood of dazzling light. It was grand and appropriate. The eye roamed freely through the vast space; vast regions opened themselves to thought; the soul pierced far into the future.

* * * *

Thus I mused in gorgeous dreams of the future, while the locomotive that carried me from Suez tore through the yellow sand, flying toward the rich valley of the Nile, toward Cairo, planted with minarets and surrounded by palm-trees.

A WOMAN'S WILES.

Like a tiny flower she bloomed in the pleasant eventide,
 With a dewdrop on her petals lightly prest,
 Till her sweetness and her fragrance his wandering senses spied,
 And he plucked the flower and wore it on his breast.

Like a babbling brook she ran with her laughter and her mirth,
 Full of happy talk of far-off sunny lands;
 Bringing rest and sweet content to the dried and panting earth,
 Till he stooped and in her laved his weary hands.

Like a tender song she swept through the chambers of his brain,
 Dimly haunting him with beauty as she fled,
 With a ravishing sweet sound and a melancholy strain,
 Till he learned the song and bore it in his head.

'Neath the glowing noonday suns, like rose-leaves soft and sweet
 Floating gently through the heavy summer air,
 Lifted she each golden curl, scattered blossoms at his feet,
 Till he bound the sunny chaplet in his hair.

'Mid the glories of the dark, 'mid cloud-glooms rare and strange,
 Like a star she gleamed athwart the deepest night;
 His soul reached forth and placed her on his forehead's haughty range,
 And he stood retrieved, transfigured by her light.

Yet, when day by day had gone, and had brought to her no rest,
 When each dear device had vainly sought to win,
 Like a little dove she beat 'gainst the portals of his breast,
 Till he opened his great heart and took her in.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

III.

GOING HOME.

EVERY thing was bright for Thanksgiving. The white curtains were newly hung, branches of laurel and holly, bright with scarlet berries, garnished mantel and pictures; little Sir Don, the canary, was trilling a throat-breaking welcome amid a bower of greenery, while his wife, as she could not sing, went plunging into her glass bath-tub for joy. Out from the pantry issued a compound of savory odors, in which an epicure could have detected the aroma of roast fowls, of mince and pumpkin pies, and spice-cakes.

"What have you brought for me? Have you brought me the new frock? I've waited and waited!" cried the excited Pansy, her nervous little fingers already trying to open Eirene's satchel.

"Is that all you've wanted? How selfish you are," said Win, in a stern tone of reproof; "I should think that you'd want to see Rene."

"I do want to see her as much as you do, Mister Win. But she promised me a frock. You want to see what she has brought *you*; I know you do."

"No, I don't want Rene to spend a cent for me. It's bad enough that she has had to go away and work, without spending her earnings for us, Pansy."

"But I must spend something for you, —see what I have brought you!" said Eirene, her face all flushed with happiness, as she took a little key from her pocket and unlocked the satchel, taking out first a red, rotund volume. "See, Win, this is the book you wanted so much, 'Washington and his Generals.'"

Win's dark eyes kindled. He *did* want this book so very much! Could he find fault if his sister had spent her money to gratify this desire of his heart? "O Eirene! some time!" He did not finish the sentence, but he thought—

"Some time I will repay her, she always remembers me."

Pansy had commenced to pout. Why should any body be remembered before this little princess?

Win had a book! Where was her blue dress? "She didn't believe she had any, there!"

"You promised, you did!" cried the child with a passionate sob.

"Yes, and here it is," said Eirene. "See, haven't I brought you a pretty frock?"

Like a rainbow through a shower looked forth the glittering eyes of the child. Pansy had never had such a dress, had never seen one even half so lovely; it was merino, blue as the sky.

"Azure and amber. See, mother," said the happy Eirene, as she laid a soft fold of the fabric against the gold of the child's hair. "What a lovely contrast! Oh, I must stay at home long enough to make it for you, Pansy;" and with an impulse of love, she threw her arms around her sister and kissed her.

The mother's impulse had been to set the teakettle in the polished stove, to draw out the table and cover it with her whitest cloth; and when Eirene looked around, she was already setting some of the viands which her loving hands had compounded for her absent child, while she thought of the coming of the most joyful of all Thanksgiving days.

Just then, Lowell Vale having paid his last necessary attention to Muggins, came in to behold his happy household group.

"See, father! see my new dress! Rene brought it to me," cried the exultant Pansy, as, wrapped in the blue merino, she stood perched on tip-toe upon a chair, surveying herself in the looking-glass.

The father's eyes grew misty as he took

the gifts into his hands one by one—the blue dress, the red book—and then looked from one child to the other. “Rene earned these for you,” he said; “will Pansy ever earn any thing for Rene?”

Pansy had not thought of that. “I can’t work; Rene *can*,” was the little beauty’s conclusive reply.

It seemed a rich compensation for separation and absence—the dear home-supper that came after. To hear her mother say, as she set some delicate dish before her, “I made this for you;” to be the object of so much tender solicitude, of so many loving looks and words, brought tears into Eirene’s eyes. It made her remember the last four weeks of her life, in which she had sat a scarcely tolerated presence at the dismal table of strangers.

She knew that she had felt strangely lonely at that table. But the neglect and unkindness which she had received, came to her now as a positive thought for the first time, forced into her mind by contrast to all this home-love. The beloved child, the unloved stranger—she knew, now, what it was to be both.

“Oh, it is so pleasant to be at home once more!” she said with overflowing eyes. “Not but what I have had every thing necessary at Mr. Mallane’s, but it is not like being with you all at home, you know.”

She forbore to complain; she did not say once that she had been lonesome, or homesick. In answer to all her mother’s anxious inquiries, she said that she had had every thing that she had needed. She had a comfortable room. The Mallanes were good people. It was better for her to be with the family, because out of the shop, she had no one to disturb her in her studies. It would be quite different at the boarding-house, the girls were very gay and noisy. She did not find her work hard; indeed, she was perfectly satisfied.

Thus she silenced every misgiving of her mother’s heart, and no shadow fell on the happy supper of Thanksgiving eve.

“Tell me about the children,” said Pansy, with her pretty lisp. “Is Grace Mallane so pretty? Has she very fine

frocks? Any finer than mine?” And the dimpled hand smoothed fondly the blue merino, which she had laid within arm’s reach, before sitting down to her supper.

Then Eirene told her sister every pleasant thing that she could remember about Grace Mallane, and all the “children,”—save one. She scarcely mentioned Paul. She did not know why, but it did not seem easy to talk of him; perhaps because he was not at all a child.

How long they lingered around the little table! At last Eirene, with wondrously smiling eyes, took from her pocket her little purse, and poured its contents upon the table.

“It is not much, but there will be more another month. I could not come home for the first time, without bringing Win and Pansy something. But I intend to be very saving; and if you are prospered, father, the old place will be saved.”

“But what have you bought for yourself, child?” asked the mother, with the suggestion of tears in her voice.

“Nothing,” said Eirene. “I have not needed any thing.”

“We thank God for our child,” said Lowell Vale, as soon as he could command his voice; “but we cannot take all your earnings, Eirene. What you do not need, put in the bank at Busyville. Another year’s crops such as this year has brought us, and Hillside will be saved. If not,—for your mother’s sake, and your’s and the children’s—that we may not lose our home, we must take what you have saved; but not unless we *must*. If not, it will pay for you at the academy at Busyville. You can go to school a long time, Eirene.”

Eirene seeing that it was hard for either father or mother to talk about money, slipped out of the room to look for Win. She proceeded to the old barn, within which she had seen him vanish a few moments before.

It was chilly without, but as she opened the door, the air within seemed warm and sweet with the smothered fragrance floating out from piles of clovery hay. As she entered, old Bloss-

som and young Daisy, who stood quietly waiting to be milked, rubbed their noses against her hand, and Muggins, in her stall, looked up and whinnied a welcome over her half-caten oats. Eirene climbed up above the great mounds of hay into the loft! She knew Win's haunts; knew that after the November rain and damp had fallen on the beloved woods, his chosen sanctuary was this little chamber in the loft. It had one window looking out upon the west; upon the great hills of amethyst, behind which the sun went down. Against the rough boards hung Win's rifle and all the accoutrements of hunting. On the other side, some hanging shelves, neatly covered with paper, were filled with Win's books—more relics of the Vale library. And here, with the pale late rays of the November sun falling on his dark hair, with Hero by his side, stretched upon some fresh hay, lay Win, devouring with his eyes "Washington and his Generals." He started half abashed, half delighted, as he saw his sister Eirene's face, her loving wistful eyes. But Win was not demonstrative; he was strangely shy and reticent, even with those whom he knew and loved the best. The love which he felt for his sister, Eirene, was nearly blended with worship. She was finer and lovelier to him than any other being in the world. He would sit and gaze on her with a strange mixed feeling of awe, admiration, and love, which could not be expressed in language. It was the involuntary reverence for womanhood, born of the unconscious manhood stirring in the boy's heart.

"Hero, will you take up all the room when you see who has come?" he said to his dog, as he jumped up and made room for Eirene on the hay by his side. When she was seated he opened his new book, then looking up, said abruptly,

"Rene, do you think that there will ever be another war in this country?"

"Why, Win, how can there be? Why do you think of such a thing?"

"Because I would rather be a soldier than any thing else in the world."

"Oh, Win, how could I live and think of you suffering all that a soldier must!

I was reading the other day what the soldiers suffered in the Crimea, and I thanked God when I thought that there never could be war in this country. England will never trouble us again. France likes us. Who else could fight this country?"

"We may fight each other, some time, Eirene. I never should have thought of such a thing, but the other day I found among the old books, a pamphlet with the great speeches which Webster and Hayne made in the Senate, in 1830—before we were born. I read them through, and learned an extract from each for a declamation in school. There are sentences in them which keep ringing through my mind. Do you want to hear them, Rene?"

"Yes," said his sister, with a deep interest kindling through her eyes.

The boy arose, and with all a boy's unction of feeling—and less than most boys' stiffness of declamation—with a rich voice that made the old barn ring, he exclaimed:

"Good God! Mr. President, has it come to this? Do gentlemen estimate the value of the Union at so low a price, that they will not even make one effort to bind the States together with the cords of affection? And has it come to this? Is this the spirit in which this government is to be administered? If so, let me tell you, gentlemen, the seeds of dissolution are already sown, and our children will reap the bitter fruits."

"Now shall I recite Webster's answer?" asked the excited boy. And Eirene answered "yes," gazing on him as if she saw him in a dream, when he once more exclaimed:

"I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might be hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether with my short sight I can fathom the depth of the abyss below.

"While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread

out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant my vision never may be opened on what lies behind.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be with fraternal blood!

"Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth—still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly—Liberty first, and Union afterwards; but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, true to every American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

"How you feel all this," said Eirene, as Win sat down, with the perspiration on his face and a scarlet spot on his cheeks. "I have never thought of any of these things. All that I have thought of our country is, that it is beautiful, and great, and free, and must always remain as it is now—only growing greater.

"But I have thought a great deal about you, Win, and about your future life; I want you to go to college. I want you to study a profession, and be happy and successful. I am going to help you: I am older than you, you know."

"Eirene, I don't want you to help me. I am a boy, and ought to be able to help myself. But I have heard father say that no Yale has been successful for generations. I don't know whether I could get on in the world any better than father or not; but I know that I could be a soldier, and fight for my country."

"But, Win, if the great words which you have just spoken should come true, you would have to fight against your own countrymen. *That* would be dreadful."

"My own countrymen? They would not be my own countrymen if they had broken the Union. I think it would be splendid to fight for *that*."

"I hope it will never need your life, Win. You have been reading 'Washington and his Generals' till you want to be a hero. You can be heroic without a war."

"Rene, you think that the Union will never come to an end," said Win, still pervaded by Webster and Hayne. "Don't you remember, in the histories that we read last winter, each one of the old republics had something in it which destroyed it?"

"Yes; but they were heathen republics. This is a Christian nation, Win."

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Win, dubiously. "But it don't seem to me very Christian. Its great men are fighting all the time, I should think by the newspapers. The South has grown rich and saucy living on negroes; and the North has grown rich and greedy on manufactures and trade. We are down on the South for its Slavery; and the South is down on us for our Tariff. We pity the ignorant Southerners, and they despise us peddling Yankees; and we'll come to a fight some day, or I don't understand what I read."

"Don't you think that we are too young to understand these great questions, or to tell what is going to happen? If this country is ever to be torn by war, I don't want to think of it till I must. Let us talk of something cheerful, Win."

"I don't want to make you feel bad, Rene, and I'm sure I don't know what will happen to the country. But the only thing I feel sure of is, that some day I shall be a soldier."

There was a strange commingling of incredulity and sorrow in Eirene's gaze as Win uttered these words.

The possibility of Win's being a soldier had never entered her mind. She did not believe that he would ever be

one, yet the mere suggestion was enough to fill her eyes with a brooding sadness.

As they sat, gazing upon each other, they looked strangely alike—this boy and girl. Win's forehead was brown, his cheeks bronzed by exposure; while Eirene's low brow was white, and on her cheek trembled the delicate bloom of the blush-rose. But both had the same wavy hair of nutty-brown, touched with gold, and the same mouth, in whose exquisite curves trembled all the sensibility, the purity of an entire race. Their eyes, too, were as the eyes of one face—in their oneness of expression consisted the remarkable likeness which each bore to the other. They were the Vale eyes, of a limpid brown, winsome and winning. They were not melancholy eyes, for they overflowed with light—not with the light which exults and triumphs, but rather that which hopes and believes—the light which kindles the eyes of martyrs and of saints. They were not restless, anxious eyes, they were serene in their very wistfulness, yet they had a deep, far gaze, as if looking on toward something distant, for some joy that they had missed, or for some treasure which they had never found; not that these young lives were conscious of any such longing, but their eyes reflected the souls of their ancestors. It was as if Aubrey and Alice, and Lowell and Mary Vale, were all looking out from the eyes of these children. They were sealed with the family soul, they were signs of the family fate. Superlative eyes, suffused with soft sunshine, they still suggested sadness rather than smiles. In their deep lovingness they drew hearts toward them like magnets, yet in their too deep tenderness you read the prophecy of tears, not of triumph.

As they sat, the setting sun sent his last rays above the hills. They poured through the little window of the barn, and covered the children sitting upon the hay with glory. Through the chinks of the loose boards they floated in, and for a moment seemed suspended in the form of a cross over their heads. Was it the augury of destiny?

TWO CHUMS.

That same sunset which made the old barn-loft glitter like the chamber of a palace, lit up the venerable walls and windows of old Harvard just as two young men met in one of the innumerable walks which intersect each other in the grounds of the University.

"Well, old boy, you have come at last," said one, as he switched the sleeve of the other with a rattan cane; he was a small, fashionably-dressed, *blasé* young man. "Just in?"

"Yes, in the last train," answered Paul Mallane, who, from his altitude of six feet, looked down upon his insignificant companion, as handsome and as nonchalant as ever.

"Why didn't you stay up-country all winter, and be done with it? You have stayed so deuced long I have made up my mind that something has been to pay. Come, now! Why haven't you been in more of a d—l of a hurry?"

"I thought I'd stay and help my Governor take inventories and cast accounts."

"A likely story! You've been touched, I know. Nothing but a girl could have kept you so long in a town that you curse. And the term commenced, and all your chums eating nice little suppers, and enjoying all sorts of nice little pleasures. I'll swear that nothing but a girl could have kept you from us a whole month."

"Pshaw, Dick, I am not always chasing a girl's shadow, because you are. You don't believe, then, that I have turned dutiful son, and have been posting my father's books?"

"Not I. Come, my boy, you may just as well own up first as last. You want my advice; you know you do. *Who* is it? Not pretty Tilly? She'd never wake you up. Come, now!" And the wise old-young man slipped his arm into Paul's, and they sauntered on toward the colleges.

"You are a bore, Dick Prescott, yet I suppose that I do need your advice," said Paul, in a half annoyed, half impatient tone. "I want you to suppose a case. Suppose you should meet a young lady,

to you exquisitely lovely, not handsome in just the flesh-and-blood sense, but in figure, in coloring, in expression, and in manners to you perfectly lovely"—here Paul paused as if he were interrupted.

"I have it; 'to you perfectly lovely!' Go on, I am supposing the case," said Dick.

"Well, suppose you should meet her in a place, and in company utterly at variance with her nature, in the midst of a crowd of ignorant, noisy girls. Suppose that you should meet her in—well, in your father's shop: what would you do?"

Dick Prescott broke into a loud laugh. "Prince Mallane," he said, "I did not think that you could be such a spooney."

"I don't know why you should call me a spooney," Paul replied, angrily; "I have only asked you to suppose a case."

"Suppose a case? I can't suppose any such case. I can suppose a perfect lady, and a perfect beauty; but I can't suppose her at work in a shop in the midst of a pack of noisy, ignorant girls. It's all in your eye, Prince. She is just like all the rest, only you are touched."

"Touched! by heaven, I *am* touched," exclaimed Paul, in a passion. "I've never been in love in my life—although I've tried to be, hard enough. I am *not* in love now; but I am haunted by a face. Her eyes follow me wherever I go. If I have a mean thought it seems as if she saw it, and the pure face makes me ashamed and uncomfortable;—but only uncomfortable when I feel that I am mean and unworthy. No woman's face ever made me feel so before. I can't get rid of the look in her eyes. But then I have not tried very hard. I am willing to own up, I have stayed in Busyville a whole month, just to look at it."

"Do you think me verdant enough to believe *that*?" asked Dick. "You have made love, and proposed an elopement, I will bet my head."

"Then you will lose it. I spoke to her the first day I went into the shops, but it was before I saw her face. I wanted to

see what she was like. She turned and looked, and her surprise and her face made me so ashamed of my impertinence that I never more than bowed to her afterwards. You may laugh if you please; I am telling the truth. As we were situated I could not meet her as I did other ladies; and I would not, indeed I could not, talk to her as I did to the rest of the shop-girls."

"Well, Prince, I never expected to see *you* so far gone. That's all I have to say. What do you propose to do?"

"That's just *it*. What am I to do? To me she is a lady; to every body else she is a shop-girl. I don't go with shop-girls, I can't go with her; it would drive my mother mad. Besides, I can't afford it. I am not an only son, like you, Dick. I shall only have an eighth of my Governor's money; and he is not a millionaire, like your parental relative. I am not going to begin life in any shabby way; I must marry either position or a fortune when I do marry. Confound it! I can never propose to this little girl, if I want to. Not that I am at all sure that I shall ever want to, but it maddens me to think that I can't, if I do. One thing I never could bear—that is, to be balked."

"Mallane, you talk like an idiot. I never before suspected you of being such a fool," said Dick. "You can't propose to this belle of the shops, of course you can't. Of course you don't want to; you wouldn't if you could. You are only mad at the fact that you can't, that's all. You cannot perpetrate matrimony, but you can amuse yourself, that's enough better. You can make *her* believe that you are going to marry her; the excitement of such fun will be worth a dozen weddings. When you are tired of it, leave her (she will get over it), and take somebody else. If you married her—think of it! you'd have to stare at her at least three hundred and sixty-five times a-year for the rest of your life, no matter how much she bored you. Take my advice—amuse yourself, my boy. I'd like to know what the d—l is to pay that I have to exhort Prince Mallane to amuse himself. It is the first time."

"Dick Prescott, I feel as if I could knock you down. You show that you know nothing of my case, when you name *her* in such connections. Yet, I suppose I should have talked just the same a month ago. I have amused myself, and perhaps I may again. But it would be easier for me to cut off my hand than to trifle with this girl. She seems so lifted above all evil, that I feel ashamed of myself every time I come into her presence. I feel like an inferior being, I do! You may laugh if you want to, but I *am* inferior, and so are you. When we think of all the disgraceful things that we have done, we ought to stand abashed in the presence of such purity. Yet you dare ask me to amuse myself! Trifle with *her*! No; I never saw a lady at Marlboro Hill, nor anywhere else, that I would treat with more consideration. I used to think that I could talk agreeably to women. I can, can't I? But this innocent girl has taken a little of the vanity out of me. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she even admires me. The flattery which I deal out to other girls of her condition, would serve me no purpose with her. I should stammer and forget all my fine speeches, the moment I looked in her eyes."

"Mallane, I told you you were touched. I knew that; but, by Jupiter! you are clear gone. You are dead in love. You rave like a madman," replied Dick Prescott, as he looked up into his chum's face with a surprised and quizzical expression. "I think you are past my advice, but I'll give it; you may do as you please about taking it."

"I am aware of that," answered Paul haughtily. "You can't give advice where you can't even suppose a case. Every word you say only convinces me the more, that you have no conception of the loveliness and purity of the one that I have tried to describe to you."

"Oh, your loveliness and purity be hanged! Your sentiment don't go down with me, Prince. I know too much of the world and of women. You are sappy. You betray the fact that you are from the rural districts. After all my instructions,

you haven't learned the world, Mallane, nor women. Let me tell you again, they are all alike. There was never one since Eve that could not be reached by flattery. You have let this little plebeian see that you are smitten. She has been using her power, by making you feel that you must get down upon your knees. But don't tell *me* that she can't be flattered! A smaller quantity and finer quality she may demand, I admit. But all you want is tact and insight, to administer to her case and be master of the situation. You need not tell her so outright; there are a thousand ways by which you can make her believe that you think her the loveliest of her sex. Make her feel that you remember her. In short, make yourself necessary to her, and then show her that *you* are perfectly able to live without her. And Paul, my boy, the game is yours."

"I am very much obliged to you for your instructions, although I have heard them all several times before, and they don't apply in this case," said Paul coldly. "I have made all your moves and won my game more than once. They might win all other women, but they won't her. No sham will live in her presence. Any thing short of utter sincerity, would shrink before the truth in those eyes. I sha'n't do a thing that you've told me."

"Very well, then, don't come to me again for advice. You are as unreasonable as a donkey. The trouble is, it is a foregone thing. You are in love already, and won't listen to common sense till you are out of it."

"No, I am not in love, and I don't intend to make love. I have made up my mind not to take any advantage of this girl, never to arouse any hopes in her life, that my position will not allow me to fulfil, even allowing that I could teach her to like me; and I am not sure of that," added Paul, with a strange touch of humility. "I will do her justice, and all the more because she is so poor,—but I am not in love with her; I want you to understand that, Dick."

"Oh, no, you are not at all in love. I understand that. But do you know how

many times you have contradicted yourself since you commenced to talk about this girl?"

"No, and I don't care. I only know that I have told the truth. She—"

"There! don't begin to enumerate her

perfections again, Prince, or we shall never get out of this yard. I am going to Marlboro. Will you go, too?"

"No, thank you," said Paul, "I am going to my room;" and he set his face toward Cambridge.

AMERICANS—AND SOME OF THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

THE physical development of the American is a type quite as distinct as his intellectual development. It forms a highly individualized portrait in the gallery of the world's faces. The traveller does not need to examine the dress of the Scotchman or of the Italian to determine his habitat; and the *physique* of the American is not less indicative of his nationality.

Let me inquire, first, What is the American-Caucasian type? and second, What causes have produced it?

One characteristic of the American physique is the dominance of the bony over the muscular and glandular systems. The American is *thin*, as compared with the European of equal stature. The British are the bulkiest of the European Aryan races, the French the lightest, yet they are heavier, proportionally, as the statistics of armies show, than ourselves. Even the Italians, who owing to poverty are the most underfed of all civilized nations, are obese in contrast with the average American.

2. There is an especial frequency of the *cerebral* or nervous temperament among Americans. The physical features of this temperament—the large and active brain, the diminutive lower jaw and slender neck, the fair or pale complexion and light hair, are especially observable in the United States. In Great Britain the ratio of dark-haired and dark-complexioned persons to those of the light or auburn type is not less than five to one. In America, from what statistics and observations I have been able to gather on this subject, it is not more than three to one. The blonde complexions are noticeably more fre-

quent among us than in the parent country.

3. There is in America an exquisite development, though but for a limited period in the case of each individual, of the beauty of the female face. This has been somewhat exaggerated by partial observers; but the fact is unquestionable. Especial beauty has not been claimed for American men; but the beauty of American women is admitted throughout Europe. It is, however, too often a beauty of the face rather than of the figure; and, based upon a nervous and insucculent physical organization, it seldom survives the period of early youth. Maternity is nearly always fatal to it. Marriage, in our country, more frequently withdraws the wife from society than, as in Europe, introduces her to a larger and more genial enjoyment of the world. Distinctly reversing the normal social relation, we too often rank the maiden, in social consideration, above the wife; and for this reason even marriage too often proves to be a sombre cloud that quenches the morning-beam of the American girl's beauty. Except in our most cultured circles, the married woman, however young, loses a certain degree of social value after the honeymoon is spent. The comparative isolation and the peculiarly harassing cares of American domestic life tell the more speedily upon the delicate beauty which was lately so brilliant; and the evanescent charm that had invested the unmarried girl does not survive her transformation into a sallow and anxious wife. American maidens, not American matrons, have established our national

reputation for beauty. Their blooming reign is brief. A librarian in one of our most popular public libraries, who has long enjoyed the opportunity of observing, from year to year, great numbers of the same faces among the lady-readers, estimates the average duration of this fragile loveliness at less than three years. He assures me that the young woman who appears in the perfect bloom of physical beauty to-day will, especially if she should marry within that period, generally lose, before its close, nearly all that had made her face especially attractive at its beginning, and then appear, not three, but six, eight, or ten years older. The European woman, on the contrary, increases her social consideration by marriage, and expects to lose nothing of her personal charm. It is in Germany, France, or England, not in America, that we look for the queens of society among women of advanced age, for those highly vitalized and magnetic feminine natures that retain their power to please in apparent defiance of the course of years—that grace society and command the sincerest homage at the age of seventy.

4. The American physique, though wiry, alert, and full of nerve-power, is not well lubricated; has an insufficient fund of animal life; is not thoroughly charged with that intrinsic vitality which generally underlies the finest mental and spiritual development. Let us bear to hear the truth in this matter. It is a mistake to regard a lusty physical growth as undesirable. A great mind is connected, much more frequently than is generally supposed, with a great body. A thousand men of character and talent will weigh more and stand higher in feet and inches, than a thousand common men taken at random from the street. The body of the American is, as yet, too slight and arid; it has not a sufficient physical basis of protoplasm and of muscular cells. It is an insucculent physique. It resembles an herb that has lately been transplanted, rather than the lush and luxuriant growths that spring up and bourgeon in their native soil.

I will not here discuss whether certain advantages may not inhere in this type of organization; but, having briefly defined its defects, will pass to the second and main branch of the subject, and inquire into some of the causes which have produced these defects.

1. The first cause of what I have called the American *physical insucculence* is to be found in the circumstance that we are a race of immigrants. The American bears no relation of development to the continent he inhabits. He is not its original, own growth; he is a transplanted germ or cutting. But the process of transplantation is essentially hurtful, for the time, to any growing organization; and this is equally true whether the new soil be better or poorer than the old one; whether it be a plant, an animal, or a colony that suffers deracination. In either case there is the same disturbance of established functions and relations, and the same consequent check to growth by the diversion, for a time, of developmental forces to the lower function of merely sustaining life. Transplanting is equally severe a shock to either human or vegetable growth. A colonizing country—and such is ours to-day, as I am about to show, even in its oldest regions—is, to pursue the figure, the strict analogue of a horticulturist's nursery. The new organisms find themselves unrooted, unshaded, strangers in the soil and climate; and however well adapted the soil and the climate may be to their final development, it must necessarily be long before they can fully avail themselves of the new conditions, and exchange the pallid hues and sickly growth of an imperfect nutrition for the splendid stamina and succulence of a deeply-rooted life.

I have said that Americans *are*, not merely that they or their ancestors *have been*, a migrating nation. Though we define the American citizen, as one born upon American ground, we must remember that the process of colonial assimilation is secular; and that one, two, or three generations may fail to

adapt the immigrant nation completely to the novel conditions of soil, climate, culture or barbarism, which he encounters. What a change from the German *Lande*, or the British meadows, that seem "finished with the pencil rather than with the plough," to the Western prairie! But this is not all. The American-born citizen is still essentially an emigrant. He is hardly less a wanderer, by instinct and by habit, even in our oldest cities, than his ancestors were when the Western wildernesses were first penetrated by the pioneers, who made their little clearings, gathered around them a few of the comforts of civilized life, and then moved onward into the depths of the forest, to repeat the process as long as their restless lives should last.

"The emigration of the Americans from the east constantly westward," says Dr. Francis Lieber, "is a circumstance to which the history of no other nation affords a parallel." Precisely the corresponding process, however, is still going on among us. The same nomadic spirit displays itself in the constant *change of domicile* which is a characteristic feature of American city-life. No other people in the world are so harried as ourselves by the spirit of unrest. No other civilized people remain so short a time, whether in town or country, in a particular home or place of business. "Moving-day" is a characteristic institution of America. The home-keeping Scotch and English look upon our local impermanence as a sign of instability in the national character.

Only in New England, indeed, does our population seem to have stricken its roots at all deeply into the soil. The "Yankee" has really made himself somewhat at home in his country. New England life has a local flavor, has developed a type. Yet emigration from New England is large and constant.

Restless America may be compared, in short, to the "Alkali Flats" of its own great West, and the reactions of its population to a strong acid poured upon the base. The result is a secular

effervescence; and the tossing, boiling, surging solution of humanity will not come to rest until the chemic harmony shall be complete, and the turbid mixture, throwing down its precipitates, shall clarify itself and become the elixir of national life and growth.

But other causes remain to be pointed out for our national characteristics. Transplantation accounts for a part of them; but a nation or an individual soon recovers from the shock of transplantation, provided that the new soil be fitting. How does it happen that the American physique remains fitted less for those long and systematic exertions that insure triumph by persistence, whether in the strife of intellect or of muscle, the competitions of science or of a boat-race, than for the intense but transient efforts which characterize so much of our success? Is there any intrinsic defect in the country or the climate which we inhabit?

Europe has, after the slow evolution of thousands of centuries, produced Europeans and European institutions as its resultant crop: as the vine produces grapes, as the palm-tree dates, so the old-world continents have borne, and still bear, not barbarians or savages, but their wonderful fruit of arts, religions, sciences, and men. The Vatican, the music of Beethoven, the piety of Savonarola, the ineffable cathedrals, Titian, Columbus, Kepler, Dante, Shakespeare, all these are the natural production and outgrowth of Europe. America itself, its discovery and civilization, is an European achievement.

What was the natural production, outgrowth, and achievement of America at the time when Europe had done these things?

It was a red Indian—the North American savage. This was all that the unaided forces of the virgin continent had accomplished. The science, culture, character that have since been developed here are late *exotics*—have been transplanted hither from other fields.

This comparative backwardness in natural development may be partially explained by a vast difference in the

antiquity of the so-called "old" and "new" worlds. The nations that have the start by thousands of years will, other conditions of development being equal, appear first, in any given time, in the human race. But, setting aside the inquiry into the comparative ages of the Eastern and the Western nation, let us ask whether there is not also an immense difference in the conditions of development, whether climatic or other, that respectively inhere in Europe and America. Is there no other present drawback than that of youth to American civilization?

Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," enumerates four agencies by which the development of the human race is most powerfully affected. They are Climate, Food, Soil, and the General Aspect of Nature as determining nations either toward scientific progress or toward superstition. Of these agencies, the first is probably the more important, whether as a developing or a repressing agency. The eastern slopes of all the continents and islands in the northern hemisphere are colder than the western; but the western slopes of North America, which, in their southern regions, are sufficiently warm for the highest fertility, are deficient in irrigation. No part, therefore, of the North American continent presents the most favorable physical conditions for a high spontaneous development of mankind. The causes which produce the severity of the climates of the eastern continental slopes are not fully understood. One of them, however, which is mainly influential in determining the climate of our own Atlantic sea-board, is well known. It is the privative influence of that vast oceanic current which bears the warmth of the equatorial stream past our shores instead of to them, and discharges it upon the coasts of northern Europe. The American may well regard the Gulf-Stream as the most stupendous robbery of the planet. The Gulf-Stream runs away with our climate. It is a telluric larceny. It annually throws the fruits of the West Indies upon the coasts of Norway; and

it bears to those far shores the vast fund of solar heat that, absorbed in the intertropical Atlantic, and poured through the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribbean Sea, we might regard as our own rightful possession. It has robbed America to pay Europe; for while it has postponed the possibilities of our highest civilization, it has hastened, by many thousands of years, the development of European nations. Its influence is a chief cause of the difference between the Parthenon and the Indian wigwam, between "Black Hawk" and Martin Luther, between the "Shakers" and Father Hyacinthe; for its influence, through its effect upon our climate, is still actively unfavorable, though rendered partially inoperative by the counteracting skill of scientific agriculture. But the fact remains, that the climate of the larger part of the United States, with its fierce extremes of cold and of heat, and its temperatures often ranging in a single day over an interval much greater than that which indicates the average difference between summer and winter heat, is in general unfavorable to the best growth of man. The length and severity of the winters unduly shortens the period of agricultural labor, while the severity of the summers is such that men drop dead of sunstroke by scores in a single day, in our larger cities. It need not, however, discourage those who believe that a splendid future is opening to American growth, to know the historic fact that no nation, in any part of the globe, has ever attained, by its own efforts, the highest civilization in a climate so severe as ours. The civilization of Sweden and of Norway, which might at first glance seem an exception to this rule, is mainly exotic. Climate, however, has exerted upon these two nations a most singular influence. "In the two southern countries" (Spain and Portugal), says Buckle, "labor is interrupted by the heat, by the dryness of the weather, and by the consequent state of the soil. In the two northern countries" (Sweden and Norway), "the same effect is produced by the severity

of the winter and the shortness of the days. The consequence is that these four nations, though so different in other respects, are all remarkable for a certain instability and fickleness of character; presenting a striking contrast to the more regular and settled habits which are established in countries whose climate subjects the working-classes to fewer interruptions, and imposes on them the necessity of a more constant and unremitting employment." (Hist. of Civilization, N. Y., i. 32.) In this passage we may see the explanation of the restless instability which I have described as characterizing the American temperament."

The course of human improvement gives us, however, means by which deficiency or excess in the conditions offered by nature may be remedied. Science improves the soil and even the climate; it introduces new methods of cultivation, propagation, and labor; and it carries out to perfection the idea at which Nature herself seems, however feebly and incompletely, to aim in the physical geography of the continents.

The American climate, then, acting at once directly upon the frame of its restless denizen, and indirectly through the qualities of the food which he cultivates and of the industries which he pursues under its influence, is a powerful agent in producing the peculiar type of development which I have called "the American physique." One might fancy the observations of those travellers to be true, who declare that the American is slowly assimilating himself to the type of the aboriginal North American Indian. The high cheek-bones of the Indian, his lank muscular form and long fingers, and his straight hair, are gradually reproducing themselves, they say, among the inheritors of his domain. There is doubtless a germ of truth in this remark. The American and his descendants are exposed to many of the same influences that created the Indian. They eat his maize, they hunt his game, they live in his climate, and draw their nourishment from the same soil. They are fed by the same juices of the planet.

It would not be singular should many of his characteristics appear among us after a few generations had been subjected to these influences. I have occasionally seen American faces which bore an unquestionable resemblance to the Indian type. But influences far stronger and more determinant than any of those which we have inherited from the savage are now acting upon us as a civilized nation. There is no danger of any marked retrogression in the direction of our wild predecessors.

The influence of climate upon the American physique is a subject too extensive for the limits of the present article. But it is to this and to kindred influences, rather than to any original difference, that we are to ascribe our present status, whether physical or mental. J. S. Mill says: "Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and of character to inherent natural differences." (Principles of Political Economy, i. 390.) The law that all things yield to influence, are the product of their environment, are themselves organized and moved by definite forces, is invariable.

The last instance of this law that I am about to present, as bearing upon the subject in hand, is the influence of *diet* upon the American physique.

3. The insucculence of the American physique is largely due to the fact that the American uses so little liquid food. The principal forms in which liquid food is consumed by civilized nations are the following: Soup, malt liquors, wines, tea, coffee, and milk. I have classed malt liquors and wines among aliments, not because they are slightly nutritious, nor yet because they arrest the transformation of tissue, and so supply, to a limited degree, the place of food; but because by their bulk they supply the watery constituents of the body.

Of these six forms of aliment, the first is the most important, whether considered intrinsically as a nutriment,

or with reference to the number of human beings who habitually use it. The characteristic European dish is soup; that is to say, a larger number of Europeans make this a leading article of diet than any other article but bread, the use of which is not peculiar to Europe. A large majority of the French, the Germans, the Italians, and a large proportion of the English, are accustomed to the daily use of some form of nutritious soup; while among the Americans, as a people, it might be said that soup is almost unknown. Only among a small proportion of the residents of our cities is soup a frequent article of diet. In the country, and among the poorer city-population, it is scarcely ever used.

The Englishman of the poorer classes, who comparatively seldom eats soup, makes up his complement of liquid food by the use of ale or porter; the German, similarly circumstanced, drinks beer; the Italian light wines; but the American depends for stimulus upon distilled spirits, which contain a large amount of alcohol in a very small bulk. Waiving the question of the greater or less perniciousness of these more potent stimuli, it remains evident that they do not supply to the system the element which forms nearly ninety-five per cent. of the malt liquors and the mild wines that are so abundantly consumed in Europe. In a word, the American

physique is not well *watered*. The consumption of coffee, tea, and milk is not materially greater in America than in Europe; the consumption of soup, malt liquors, and light wines may be estimated at seventy-five per cent. less than there. If we estimate the dietetic scale of the European to be composed, on the average, of two parts of liquid to one of solid aliment, that of the American will present a nearly equal amount of each form of food. In other words, the European consumes *twice as much liquid food* as the American. In this fact we may find an influence which has tended powerfully to produce our thin and arid physique. Recurring to the figure of vegetable growth, we may regard the American type of development, under the three aspects which I have presented, as an exotic tree that has suffered, and still suffers, 1. from frequent and incessant transplantations; 2. from the rigors of an inclement climate; and 3. from an insufficiency of moisture in its soil.

The remedies for these unfavorable influences are simple. They are, 1. the appreciation and the cultivation, among all classes of our citizens, of the *restful* spirit; 2. the material development of the country by means of the most improved scientific processes; and 3. the popularization, through an improved *cuisine*, of an abundant liquid alimentation.

THE "SUBVENTED" CHURCH AND THE CIRCUMVENTED CHURCHES.

WITH many excellences of the graver and soberer sort, we have sometimes detected in the *Catholic World* traces of an infirmity common to very intense controversialists—an incapacity for understanding the positions of other people. To this we set down the misnomer of a little article in its January number, in review of our account of "The Unestablished Church." The *Catholic World* describes our article as "Putnam's Defence" of the former article entitled "Our Established Church;" whereas it is obvious to any reader not irritated to a morbid sensitiveness by such a wearing life of controversy as the *World* leads, that we made no defence at all against the *World's* criticisms, but surrendered without parley. We accepted its corrections of fact with exemplary humility, and confessed that our first article, though not exactly false, was at least "inopportune," for the good of the Church; and that amounts to about the same thing, as the case of Bishop Dupanloup abundantly shows.

We do not pretend to disguise that it was disagreeable to us, after our calmly historical statement of the progress of the Catholic Church in the affection and confidence of the Government of the State and City of New York, and our mild congratulations on its having arrived at the substantial advantages and honors of an Established Church—to find ourselves so angrily snubbed by the most authoritative organ of the Church, a journal which, ever since the letter from the Holy Father to Mr. Hecker, we had constantly regarded as possessing a sort of delegated infallibility. But what else could a merely secular magazine do, *but* surrender and recant? Our Article on *The Unestablished Church*, first, demonstrated the position of our former Article to be altogether a mistake; then, showed,

with a careful use of figures, *how much* it was unestablished, and how much more it would require in the way of annual subsidies to put it into a position even of equitable toleration; finally, gave an exhibit of how (as the *Catholic World* puts it) the Church is after all a good deal better than established in New York. We fondly hoped that our recantation would have been more than satisfactory; that it would have been commended to Father Hyacinthe for his study and imitation, and that we should have been received again to the bosom of our ecclesiastical neighbor as having "laudably submitted ourselves." Imagine our chagrin and disappointment at finding in the *Catholic World* of January the sour, ungracious, unforgiving little half-dozen of pages which utterly rejects our Act of Submission as "Putnam's Defence" (forsooth) and affects to find it only an aggravation of the first offence!

Happily, we find that the questions of fact between us and the *Catholic World* are now reduced to only one; and we are resolved that this shall not stand between us and reconciliation. It charges that the statement quoted by us in a foot-note on page 702, as from the Report of the Comptroller of the State of New York for 1866, is a forgery.

Now, we cannot have any controversy with the *Catholic World* on this question; positively we cannot. Why should such unseemly wranglings be carried on, under the very eyes of Protestants and Infidels? We would rather recant a hundred times. If there is to be any controversy it must be not with us, but with the *New York Observer*, from which the document was derived. That journal shows sometimes an animosity against the Catholic Church with which we profess no sympathy. But then it is

undoubtedly responsible; and however often it may publish false and injurious statements, it rarely refuses to retract them, when duly pressed with adequate evidence and threats of a libel-suit.

It is of trifling consequence to the subject of the—what shall we say?—the Subsidized Church . . . no; *subsidy* is not the expression of the *Catholic World*, it prefers to speak of the *subventions* that have been granted to the Catholic Church; let us say, then, the Subvented Church, which will happily distinguish it from the various Circumvented Churches. It is of trifling consequence, we say, to the subject of the Subvented Church whether or not we have in this particular case been imposed upon with a forged quotation from the Comptroller's Report. But we venture, at the risk of displeasing our ecclesiastical superiors again, to suggest that it is a pretty grave business for the *Catholic World* to concede that any such little irregularities of origin ought to discredit documents which we have cited to prove that the Catholic Church of New York is entitled by established precedent to large annual subventions from the public treasury. If, in these secular pages, we might speak as Catholics, we should say that we have no right to look so squeamishly into the authenticity of documents relied on to establish such very important points. What, we would like to know, is to become of the temporalities, not only in New York but in the very States of the Holy See itself, if the documents under which they are claimed are going to be looked into in this fashion? We think of *Janus*, and shudder! The *Catholic World* itself will not deny that the extract from the Comptroller's Report is every whit as authentic as the Decretals of Isidore and the Donation of Constantine. With what sort of face can we claim the temporal sovereignty at Rome on the strength of the latter, and yet admit that a like paltry defect in the record of the Donation of the Assembly can weaken the force of our claim of precedent for renewed subventions at Albany?

The fact is (and we do not see why it should not come out) that since Father Hecker and his Grace the Archbishop left for the Œcumenical Council, the *Catholic World* has been getting to be a very unsafe guardian of the great interests of religion and of the Subvented Church of the State of New York. Like the mice in the proverb, it seems to take advantage of its relief from customary *surveillance* to play perilous and fantastic tricks which may result in frustrating plans most dear to the Catholic heart. To what purpose, we ask, are the Archbishop, and the bishops, and Father Hecker at the feet of the Holy Father at Rome, consulting for the complete triumph of "religious liberty" as they understand it, while here the fast young Phaëtons that have taken the reins from Apollo, are endangering the very principles on which the secular sovereignty of the Holy Father is established? We submitted meekly to the rebuke of the *Catholic World* when it was run by a General of an Order with an autograph letter from the Pope. It was "an excellent oil, and it did not break our head." But when we are contradicted and twitted by some of the little Paulists, who are getting into a muddle all the arrangements that were going on so well for the annual subvention of the Catholic Church and the abolition of the Common Schools, *that* is a different matter, and we warn the young gentlemen that it is not safe. Well, well; as things seem to be going, our superiors will not be detained a great while longer from their flock, and when they return we shall soon get things settled down on the infallible principles of the Syllabus, and have some chance of getting the Spanish system of religious liberty and universal education comfortably established in this benighted and infidel country.

Meanwhile, the *Catholic World* may see, as one of the unfortunate consequences which its misguided course has assisted to provoke, the following table, which may be all true, and probably is; but which was prepared in no favorable

spirit toward the Subvented Church, and which contains a sort of facts which *we* have been censured for bringing to the notice of the general public. It is entitled :

Table of Moneys voted from the Public Treasury of the City of New York for Sectarian Institutions in 1869.

Roman Catholic,.....	\$112,062 26
Protestant Episcopal,.....	29,335 00
Hebrew,.....	14,401 49
Reformed (Dutch),.....	12,630 86
Presbyterian,.....	8,363 44
Baptist,.....	2,760 34
Methodist Episcopal,.....	5,073 63
German Evangelical,.....	2,027 24
Miscellaneous.....	44,085 12
Total,.....	\$528,742 47

We have given above only the aggregates. The document undoubtedly is published with the evil intent of rousing the circumvented churches to a vain rage and envy against the Subvented Church. Were it not for the wrong-headed perversity of the *Catholic World*, it might be equally effective as a proud exhibit of the controlling power to which the Church of New York has already attained, and the truly religious and Christian—nay, Catholic—spirit of our State and City Governments.

One thing, however, in the "Report of a Committee of the Union League," to which this table is appended, we feel bound to correct. The Committee, after estimating the value of gifts of real estate from the City Government to Our Subvented Church at \$3,200,000, remark :

"Now if the other religious sects were each treated by our city govern-

ment with like liberality, the city of New York would in a few years become the very paradise of religious corporations: for they would have absorbed into their dead hands (Mortmain), either by donation or taxation, all the estate, real and personal, in this city."

We regard this as perfectly gratuitous, not to say wanton, misconception of the policy of our city government. When, we beg to be informed, has it shown any disposition to "treat other religious sects with like liberality?" The very table appended to the Report shows how groundless the alarm it raises. There are reasons obvious to every mind why other religious sects should not be wholly omitted in such disbursements of public money. But there has never been any needless waste in this direction. As for the claims of Our Subvented Church, there is no such formidable vagueness about them as the Report insinuates. They have been distinctly estimated by the *Catholic World* at about ten times as much as it has already received; that is, that it has a claim, on the old account, for about thirty-two millions of dollars' worth of real estate from the city government; which is very far short of the whole value of all the property in New York. Of course, the exigencies and claims of the Church must be expected to grow with the wealth and ability of the city and State; but that these claims should grow to any thing like the extent of absorbing "all the estate, real and personal, in the city" seems to us extremely improbable, at least for a very long time to come.

TABLE-TALK.

OLD CLAIMS TAKING NEW SHAPE.

SOME of us thought when the Clarendon-Johnson Treaty was exploded by Mr. Sumner, with the vote of the Senate to emphasize his voice, that Brother Jonathan appeared in a rather undignified attitude. England wished to pay actual, proved damage done by her; but we said, No, you hurt our feelings besides, and must pay for that. "He not only shot my dog," says the plaintiff, "but, may it please your honor, he made mouths at my wife." When sentiment creeps into law and courts it runs to drivel, and we just suspected that we might be making ourselves a little ridiculous. But M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, of Ghent, one of the ablest publicists of Europe, now insists that, in the main point, Mr. Sumner was right. It is all very well for the British to say that the proclamation of neutrality was "an act of national sovereignty," but what of that? So would a repeal of the neutrality laws be an act of sovereignty, though done in order to clear the way for privateers and pirates. But none the less would the injured nation be justified in demanding redress for it. In this case we have, not the mere repeal of a law which directly concerns none but citizens, but a proclamation aimed at the relations between our government and its subjects,—as it were striking an attitude toward us. There are other symptoms that the public opinion of Europe is coming nearer to the American view on this question.

—England will adopt the same view sooner or later. She has far more at stake than we, in preventing Alabamas from finding sanction in public law. She has five wars while we have one, and if the revolt of Vancouver's Island, or of a corner of the Punjaub, is to justify our corsairs in plundering her East-Indiamen, who will get the worst of it? Yet such is the law of nations, as she now seems timidly and haltingly to defend it. Let

us wait coolly and patiently, while she grows eager to settle the case on our own terms. The relations of plaintiff and defendant will soon be amusingly reversed, and she will press those she has wronged to accept full reparation. Not that Mr. Sumner's dream of apology and half the cost of the war will be fulfilled—but then it is to be remembered that he has had his rhetorical revenge, and is that not priceless?

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

—Mr. Sumner appeared in a new and useful character in January, when he introduced his bill for reforming the currency and the public debt. He made, in its behalf, one of his best speeches, impressive, compact, and broad. There is statesmanship of a high order in his resolute advocacy of an immediate return to specie payment, of a large reduction of taxation, and of funding the debt at a possible market rate; instead of Mr. Boutwell's plan of offering at once consolidated Utopian four and a half per cents at par in gold, while our six per cents are worth only ninety-three, and of crushing the people, by the present tax laws, to pay off the debt, thus robbing the national industries of their nest-eggs. The Secretary of the Treasury has earned honor and public forbearance by his energy and honesty, but there are limits to the patience people have under an ignorant policy obstinately administered, and there are problems in finance which mere honesty without laborious intelligence cannot solve.

DOWN WITH THE TAXES.

—The Washington conspiracy to keep up taxation to the present standard, in order that the iron, steel, copper, salt and lumber monopolies may not have to give up any of their "protection," is fast breaking down. The people throughout the country cry for relief, and from this

Congress, or from another elected next autumn in its place, they will probably get it. Mr. Dawes has helped this movement, by showing the extravagance of some of the Departments in their demands for appropriations this year. Nearly five times as much money is wanted for public buildings, as was voted in the last year of Mr. Johnson: and every department under General Grant asks for a large increase in its current expenses above even that wasteful and corrupt year, except the Attorney-General's. Mr. Hoar seems to be unfashionable in this, as in everything else; and the extravagant Senate, no wonder, thinks him unfit to be made a judge. The Republican Congressmen from Philadelphia, true to their protectionist habits, want the Government to spend four or five millions of dollars in building a new navy yard on League Island, in order to "protect" the ascendancy of the party in that city. The people at large, however, still think that a triumph even of good principles is dear at any price, if it can be bought at all. Besides, we want the money; it is enough, applied to remitting taxes, to put iron and wool on the free list, and so to cheapen rent, clothing, and travel, to the whole nation.

AMUSEMENTS.

— The culture of a people finds characteristic expression in their amusements, and by amusements do not understand the theatres and the circus chiefly: for all the theatres in the land would not hold one in five hundred of the people nightly, and ninety-five per cent. of the people never saw a play. Yet everybody has some sport, whether chess or baseball, dancing or charades, "coasting" or negro-minstrels. The highest branch of the art of amusement is the quiet, healthful, and profitable entertainment of the family circle. A careful examination of the stock in trade of the inventors and manufacturers of games, for the last holiday season, would convince any one that a good new game is as hard to invent as a good new motive power. Croquet was the last tolerable novelty in its kind, but does not bear condensation into parlor limits.

Billiards are the best of indoor games for the sedentary; bagatelle is an imperfect substitute. Whist and chess are perfect for those who need bodily repose and nervous stimulus; being cheap and compact.

— But these are all imported. The national game of the United States is not yet discovered. Our people are the reading people of the world, and their evening amusement must needs be instructive, literary, as well as defiant of routine, reverent toward sensitive feelings, dignified in tone, infinitely varied in expression. As the art of general conversation has been lost to civilized man, in crossing the Atlantic, every coterie of friends even at a dinner-table, splinters into twos or threes; unless some common purpose is set before all; but when this is kept in view, the inventiveness of the national mind is such that the right entertainment comes up spontaneously. Perhaps the best game for an American circle is to choose a director of amusements for an hour with authority to require obedience, and then to hold him responsible for lively and varied suggestions.

READING CIRCLES.

— The reading propensity is gratified socially in many places by what are called "reading circles." The plan of them, like so many other good things, comes from Brooklyn, where it has worked well for many years. The members of a circle, ten to thirty in number, make up a common purse in lively publishing times, say in October, contributing from five to twenty dollars each, buy a judicious selection of new books, and then meet every week or fortnight to distribute them anew, until each member has had a chance to read every book. When the long winter evenings are gone, the books are distributed by lot; or better, perhaps, sold at a merry auction, over punch or pickled oysters, to the highest bidders among the members; and the purchase money is a good nest-egg for the next year's treasury. In practice, all turns on the management; especially on the taste and judgment used in making the list. Let these be good; and the system will build up the intelligence of a circle of families with surprising success.

Of course, some of the best magazines ought to be included in the selection. If any founders of such a circle wish the help of the Editors of this Magazine in choosing their books, it will be given to them cheerfully, on application by letter.

LITTLENESSES OF CRITICISM.

— Minute verbal criticism is perilous work for those who are not trained well to it. No position is more ludicrous, whether in life or in letters, than his who fulminates fierce censures which fall back upon himself. Dean Alford learned this to his cost, when he, one of the most careless of writers, held himself up as a teacher of the "Queen's English." That fiercest of precisians, Mr. G. W. Moon, showed that many of the Dean's canons are wrong, and that his own book is thickly sprinkled with violations of the rest. This recent and amusing impalement of a great ecclesiastical dignitary on the points he had so diligently sharpened for others ought to have been a warning to all his tribe.

LITERARY SUICIDES.

— But other writers are ambitious, it seems, for a place beside him in the grammatical pillory. Several elaborate essays have lately appeared, devoted to the correction or ridicule of the literary sins of popular writers, or to pointing out the artistic excellence of which language is capable—themselves written in the most surprising of dialects. One such article, indeed, is before us, in a periodical of the very highest pretension, which attempts a formal classification of "the prominent faults" common in the use of language; and makes eight classes, two of which consist of errors committed, and the rest of the persons committing them. It would be a fair logical parallel to its scheme, if we should divide the fine arts into—1. Arts of expression; 2. Painters; 3. Works in stone, stucco, and language; and 4. Persons who live in houses. And for the style of this treatise on style, it is only explicable by supposing that its design is to illustrate all the faults it censures, and so to sacrifice the author to the cause. It deserves, in a sort of inverted sense, the splendid eu-

logy given by the poet Dryden to the Greek critic Longinus:

"Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the great sublime he draws."

— Rats and mice are "small deer," and elaborate nicety in the use of words is not always a mark of high genius and of a noble literature. It was probably by first confounding the wearisome verbosity of such unintelligent critics with the great study of language, that the eloquent blunderer, Ruskin, was led to denounce philology as "without doubt, the most contemptible of the sciences." But the intelligent study even of little points in grammar and the use of words has a humble place in the science of language, as one of its least departments; and another in literature, as one of its barriers against barbarism; and to write down any true part of science or literature "contemptible" is merely to say that the writer's culture is too narrow to appreciate it. Shakespeare violated grammar, indeed; and probably did not steal deer; but deer-stealing and bad grammar are both faults, whether he did or not, and no one will come nearer to Shakespeare by adopting them.

INFALLIBILITY.

— The Pope, or, in Jesuit language, the "vice-God," has not yet proclaimed himself the mouth-piece for the laws of the universe. "Janus" and other learned Catholics know too much of former disputes on matters of faith between Popes and the Church assembled in general Councils. If the Church, in each case, was right, how can it now say that the Pope was infallible? But if the Council was wrong, then what authority has it in "defining" new doctrine now, such as a man's infallibility? The dilemma is awkward. It has been met, in true papal style, by putting "Janus" and similar works in the "Index" of books, to read, own, circulate, or defend which, *ipso facto* cuts off a man from church fellowship in this life, and consigns him to eternal misery hereafter. But this splendid advertisement, given gratis to one of the ablest controversial writings of the age, does not annihilate what the Pope

has done, in claiming to be infallible, and yet calling a council to prop up his claim! What counsellors can add wisdom to omniscience, or authority to infallibility? The claim, by its very nature, stands or falls alone; and the consistent course is for the Pope to assert his own divine attributes—since the assertion, not the exercise of them, seems to be the main point with the Catholic world.

— What a theory of life it is that admits the possibility of a divine oracle, always open for consultation, always ready to utter infallible truth! To us, in these restless days of struggle, when the world is one great conflict for knowledge, wrestling grimly for each morsel it conquers from the unknown, it seems like a glimpse of another world, in which the law of life is rest, not labor; attainment, not pursuit. But that strange world is but the infancy of our own; for it is only to the infant mind that achievements are final, belief absolute, and rest the consummation of happiness. In a manly civilization, everything gained is a "stepping-stone to higher things;" all beliefs are held subject to revision under broader knowledge; and the future is a perpetual warfare, glorified in the prospect of perpetual triumphs. The two conceptions of life are opposites, and the Pope is the representative of the attempt to give the former a new lease of existence, after its natural career is ended. Romanism, at least in the form of ultramontaniam—and the object of the Council is to identify the two—is a prodigious effort to put full-grown Christendom back into swaddling-clothes; nor is it strange that the giant's mighty limbs cannot be forced into the bands of babyhood.

IN A CONVENT.

— A curious illustration of this will be found in the present number, in an interesting article by a Catholic, telling her experience as a pupil in the convent school of the Sacred Heart, on the upper part of this island. She shows, all the more clearly for not designing it, how the Protestant girls in such schools are surrounded with influences which tend, not to convince their minds of the Catholic

creed, but to mould their souls to Catholic obedience. Except in a few rare intellects, trained to close thinking, the arguments which abstractly sustain beliefs are of little consequence, as compared with the mould in which the dispositions are cast by habit and association. It is not reasoning that makes Catholics; it is not often reasoning that unmakes them. But take a tender, impressive heart, while young; surround it with imposing altars and services of devotion, and with associates who worship unthinkingly, and it must be one of rare independence if it ever learns free thought. Most of such pupils would be made slaves of any superstition, however gross; but the grand traditions of the Catholic church and the unquestioned goodness it has often produced, give it peculiar facility in the work. Parents who want their children to be taken out of this century, with its questionings and its intellectual strifes and triumphs, and set down in an age of undoubting submission and narrow, traditional culture, cannot do better than to send them to such schools. All such parents will advocate State grants of money to sectarian schools, or will even smile at the efforts of the Catholics to overthrow our common school system entirely, in order that sectarian and theological education may be general.

But to him who knows what the glory of the human race really is; who "would not give his free thought for a throne;" who sees that skepticism, not authority, is the foundation of all high mental culture, and that an infallible teacher of truth, were such possible, would be the worst enemy of man, and would paralyze his energies and destroy his hopes of progress: to him the Catholic ideal of life is horrible, and, in these days, certain to be rejected of men. He is grateful forever that, if to the angels is given the truth, to him is given the greater search for truth; and that he knows it nobler to die restlessly seeking it, than to live stagnant in its enjoyment. "The oracles are dumb;" ages ago,
"All the false gods, with a cry,
 Rendered up their deity;"
 and the poor parody upon Apollo that

now mutters over beads and relics in the Vatican may as well follow them.

"Drop thy gray chin on thy knee,
O thou palated mystery!
For Pan is dead."

CHURCH AND STATE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

— But "every man has a pope within him," as one of the early Calvinists, striving to express his abhorrence of innate depravity, used to say; and devotion to any set of dogmas seems to drive others than bishops of Rome practically to claim infallibility. Pope Sharswood, of Pennsylvania, has issued a Bull in the form of a legal opinion, from the Supreme Court of that State, that since Christianity is the foundation of its free institutions, therefore a bequest to an infidel charitable institution is void! It would be much nearer to true premises and sound logic to say that, since universal suffrage is the foundation of our institutions, therefore no property shall be held by any one who thinks that it ought to be restricted. But such law would not commend itself even to Judge Sharswood. Who shall define infidelity? Catholics apply the name to Protestantism; Episcopalians to Unitarianism; Unitarians to Spiritualism; followers of Agassiz to Darwinism; and so on—shall the right of each class to hold property be determined by the accident of a Judge's religious creed? If so, each sect will be a political faction: or else Christians will organize themselves into one party, and unbelievers into another, and contest judicial elections. But there never yet was a direct struggle of creeds for political supremacy that did not end in war or anarchy. It is perilous ground that a judiciary or a legislature is on, when it permits the laws to take any cognizance whatever of religious belief; but if Judge Sharswood's decision is law, the established church in Pennsylvania is the religious persuasion of its Supreme Court for the time being.

THE SUEZ CANAL FESTIVAL.

— MARGA went to Suez by proxy, at the Khédive's kind invitation, and had a jolly though varied "time," as will appear at length from the lively record of it in some of the foregoing pages.

Surely there was something very significant in the religious exercises of the opening "benediction," when Mohammedan and Catholic, the religion of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean, flowed into one. Thus Romanism, while at its centre rising into more presumptuous isolation than ever, fuses its skirts more and more with its old antagonists, all around the world. But read the story, and learn there, too, how the sublimest conception of genius is dwarfed and dusted by the contact—not so much with everyday life, as with Kings and Emperors, fêtes and celebrations.

CLIMATES AND CIVILIZATION.

— These are the days in which men undertake to account for every thing; and it is quite the fashion now to assume, if all other explanations fail for any fact, that it is to be referred to Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. Mr. Jevons, the statistician, writes in *Nature* to show that this theory explains why the cream of civilization is always found in temperate zones; but he fails to observe that the centre of culture, which started on or near the Equator, seems to have moved steadily further and further from it, with the advancing centuries. A plausible argument might be made in favor of the proposition, that human progress consists in growing adaptation to colder climates, and that the capital of the Golden Age will be at the North Pole! The westward "course of empire" is still more obvious; and would sustain the theory, for instance, that emigrants towards the setting sun lengthen their days by the movement, and so do more work than stationary nations, and accumulate more power.

HUMAN REPRODUCTION.

— Other Darwinites are at work devising plans for the practical utilization of the "origin of species" doctrine, by applying it to the improvement of the human race. Permit none but the best specimens of man to produce their kind; and wed them by the most perfect rules of scientific adaptation; in-

roducing into the family-relation all the elegant expressions and considerations which adorn the lips and the mind of the dog-fancier or the horse-breeder; and, before many generations, we shall attain a higher development and culture than has yet been dreamed of! Let it be so; but how obvious it is to him who is not Darwin-mad, that, under any such organization of society as this, progress would cease to be an object, because life itself would no longer be worth having! Whatever is beautiful in our civilization or hopeful in its future is bound up, on every side, with the great central fact that personal affection is commonly the basis of marriage; and we cannot imagine that fact done away, without desolating the world.

But perhaps our scientific socialists are not half in earnest; and do not really mean that love shall only be made by leave of Darwin, and that a comparison of "points" in pedigrees shall take the place of courtship. Perhaps it is only as suggesting a new basis for the novel of the future that we must understand them: something different from the worn-out notions of chivalric love, which in our money-seeking days seem gaudy, if not tawdry fancies. Who is to write the first romance of natural or artificial selection; and to give artistic expression to the beauty and necessity of trampling on love and duty together, and seeking "affinities," not by impulse, but according to the great laws by which new and improved varieties of manhood are to be produced? The writer who has so well reconstructed "the stone age" in a novel for the geologists might do as much for the new physiologists, since it ought to be as easy to look forward a million of years as backward. But by the time their hope is fulfilled, and the age arrives in which, not implements, but hearts are made of stone, our descendants will doubtless be as far improved from us as we are from the head of our great family, the "anthropoid ape" who is the father of us all! And they will wonder at our prejudices in favor of love, and how the race got rid of them, as we

wonder what has become of our ancestors' tails.

UNIVERSAL DUPLICITY.

— Science has much more definite information to give on the present nature of man than on his origin or destiny. The physiologist, Lereboullet, was studying recently the embryology of fishes. In watching the development of the eggs he observed that occasionally two germs appeared in one of them, just as sometimes two yolks occur in a hen's egg. Each of these twin-germs usually grew into a fish; but in some instances, he saw the two unite, and merge into a single fish, sometimes with two heads, or with two tails, or with a double spine. But sometimes a germ showed signs of twofold development, and partly formed two embryonic heads; and then these coalesced entirely, the one half of each disappeared, and an ordinary and single fish was the result.

This marvellous observation suggests that what we call individuality may really be a profound duplicity. If some fishes are dual, why not all? If some vertebrates are so, why not all, including man? The parts of the body in all vertebrate animals are in duplicate, the two sides corresponding in wonderful symmetry. Doubtless the human germ, which passes at its origin through a fish-like period, is as capable of division as the fish germ; and many a one is perhaps, at some time, divided, partly or wholly, and strives for development into two beings. There is a living girl with two heads, or rather two girls with one body, on exhibition in this country now; and is not every man in reality a condensed pair of Siamese twins? Electrical experimenters on the muscles make a man laugh on one side of his face, while he is weeping on the other. Surgeons know that when one side only of the brain is injured, the mental powers are often unimpaired. Physicians to the insane, seeing the alternations of sanity and lunacy common in the early stages of mental disease, are almost driven to believe that either half of the head may go crazy without the other. Students of the everlasting controversy about the "possessed

of devils" may easily construct a theory of the two sides of the brain, each partly independent in acting and in receiving impressions, which will account for most of the puzzling facts on record. And then, if any man must have his double, how much better to keep him wrapped in the same skin, merged, as it were, in the proper self, rather than wandering at large

in a world of confusion, halving the rewards of his labor and multiplying the embarrassment of his scrapes! He who made "The Comedy of Errors" should be here to work up this situation; but there is consolation for his absence, if the author of "The Tale of Two Cities" or the author of "My Double and How he Undid Me" will undertake the work.

THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH.

A NOTABLE event in the literary world is the appearance, on the same day with this number of our Magazine, of "The Iliad of Homer, translated into English blank verse by William Cullen Bryant, Volume I.," containing Homer's first twelve books. The time has not yet come to review it critically, nor to determine how far it is to mark, in the literature of this century, such an era as Chapman's translation of Homer, or as Pope's, made each in its own age. Let us even grant that thought is now too diversified and too aggressive to be so profoundly influenced as it once was by the revival of an old-world epic; yet the fact remains that, of all who have ever attempted to reproduce in English the chief poem mankind possesses, our present translator is the most truly poetic in his own endowments, the most elevated above what is artificial in thought and affected in style, the most in sympathy, in his own writings, with the noble simplicity of Homer. We have therefore reason to expect from him better means than the English reader has hitherto possessed, of reading, feeling, and understanding the Iliad.

It is the standing challenge of the critics to the poets, to translate Homer. But they often demand what is impossible; and their victims make them great sport by striving for it. One translator aims to write just the poem which Homer would write, if now with us; as useful a standard as a general's, who should be guided by the

inquiry how Agamemnon would have planned the attack on Fredericksburg. Nor does Professor Blackie mend the matter, by declaring the true question to be what the Iliad would have been, if the ancient Greeks had spoken modern English. It were as wise to ask what it would have been, had they known nitro-glycerine bombs and Darwin's Origin of Species. Modern English could not be the speech of any but the people that has produced it. To rewrite the Iliad, so as to affect readers as the original affected the throngs of Greeks at Olympia, is the modest hope of another translator, who does not seem to see that he must first convert this age to implicit faith in the Greek mythology, and fill us all with panhellenic patriotism. Professor Arnold would teach the translator to "reproduce the effect of Homer," too, but only the effect which the original now produces on scholars; and this is perhaps the very worst advice ever given. For scholars familiar with the original could not endure a version not minutely accurate, and minute accuracy will surely choke epic flow and fire.

But it is in the metres they have adopted that nearly all recent translators have been entangled and tripped up by their theories. The outlines of this subject are seemingly plain enough, but very able and scholarly men have contrived to miss them, so that they deserve a brief statement here. The Greek hexameters run on continuously; they flow freely into one another; the

metre puts no limits upon the sentiment, neither confining nor stretching it; the position of the principal pause varies widely, giving varied expression to the verse; yet each line is under strict metrical laws, which give it a marked form that can never be confounded with prose. Now there is but one metre in English which can be made to resemble the Greek heroic verse tolerably in all these particulars. Rhyming couplets or stanzas break up the great current into eddies. They are always overloaded with mere filling, or else they curdle into epigrams. All our ballad metres are irregular, loose, destitute of dignity, and, in spite of their freedom, they run into a sing-song monotony in a long poem. Our pseudo-hexameters, measured off by accents, resemble Greek heroics just as conversation resembles music; the one sole metrical element of the hexameter, the varied intermixture of long and short syllables, is wanting in them. They are not in harmony with the prevailing movement of our language, which is iambic, and not dactylic, and is barren of spondees. And as written by their strongest defenders, they are merely prose run mad,—except that, printed continuously and without initial capitals, many pages of them would pass readily for sane and solid prose and never be suspected of any disguise. The one metre left to claim kindred with the Greek hexameter is our heroic blank verse; a poor enough representative, in some respects, but by far our best. Prosiness is its danger, but not necessarily its doom.

Since this point is so much controverted, it demands an illustration. Let us take the strongest possible case against our heroic verse, as handled by Mr. Bryant. Here is a passage from the third book of the Iliad, translated by Dr. Hawtrey, and published by him, apart from the context, as a vindication of the powers of hexameter verse. It is not only the best Dr. Hawtrey can do, but Professor Arnold, in advocating the English hexameter, says: "It is the one version of any part of the Iliad which

in some degree reproduces for me the original effect of Homer; it is the best, and it is in hexameters." Helen is on the walls of Troy, with the old King, Priam, and points out one after another the princes of the Greeks upon the field below; she adds:

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achæa;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor fleet in the car,—Polydeukes brave with the ceatus,—
Own dear brethren of mine;—one parent loved us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lacedæmon?
Or, though they came with the rest in ships that bound through the waters,
Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?"
"So said she; they long since in earth's soft arms were reposing,
There in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedæmon."

It would not be fair, perhaps, to lay to the poor hexameter's charge the most unhomeric, or rather, in this case, anti-homeric conceit about "reposing" in "Earth's soft arms," which is inserted into the last line but one. The metre has sins enough of its own, and it must surely be a broad definition of verse which will include that line, or any of the three preceding. Here is Mr. Bryant's version of the same passage:

"I could point out and name the other chiefs
Of the dark-eyed Achæans. Two alone,
Princes among their people, are not seen,—
Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled
In boxing, Pollux,—twins; one mother bore
Both at one birth with me. Did they not come
From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war?
Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships,
Shun they to fight among the vallant ones
Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame?"
"She spake; but they already lay in earth
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land."

There is one obvious error here; Homer's Helen does not say "one mother bore both at one birth with me," but only that the same mother was hers and theirs. The notion that Helen was of the same birth with Castor and Pollux first appears in a late pseudo-Homeric hymn. Yet in spite of this oversight, hardly to be matched else-

where in Mr. Bryant's work, this version is surely far more accurate, as a whole, than the former one; a far more perfect representation of the original. It is not merely better poetry in itself, but incomparably better as a translation from Homer. Yet the *hexametrists* put this passage forward as their picked and champion piece of work; while it would be easy to find a hundred others which Mr. Bryant has rendered more admirably.

Again, let us bring all sides of this metrical controversy to book on a single line. The Grecian commanders anxiously await tidings of Ulysses and Diomedes, who have gone to make a night raid on the tents of Rhesus. Nestor suddenly tells them that he hears horses' feet in the distance, and hopes it may be his friends returning. One beautiful Greek line (x. 535) says:

"A sound of swift-footed horses strikes my ears."

This is exact, but the Greek is poetry, and our English is bald prose. How do the translators give life to the line? Let us look into some of them. Old Chapman has it:

"Methinks about mine ears
The sounds of running horses beat;"

which is not Chapman's worst, but is scarcely better than prose. Pope makes a couplet of the line:

"Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;"

which is in keeping with the general tone of Pope's rhymed poem, but the first line has an awkward inversion foreign to Homer's directness, while the second line is mere filling, put in for the sake of the rhyme. Cowper, so famous for accuracy and dulness, says:

"The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear;"

which is worse still; for it introduces two ideas, of which Homer knows nothing, the echo and the alarm, the first of which is merely impertinent, while the second is false in tone, Nestor's impulse being not apprehension but hope.

Nor do the more recent translators succeed much better. Blackie, for instance, has it:

"There smites my ear the tramp full near of nimble-footed steeds;"

where the jingle is unpleasant, apart from the false addition, "near," said of a sound so remote that only Nestor's sharp hearing could perceive it at all. But this is again a sin of rhyme.

Norgate does as well here as elsewhere with his "dramatic verse":

"There strikes upon my ears
A clatt'ring noise of nimble-footed horses;"

though Homer's Nestor was in too much haste to say whether the noise "clattered" or not. Simcox is neither better nor worse than most of the translators, who try to measure off Greek hexameters by English accents. He makes this one of our line:

"Now to my hearing comes the tramp of swift-footed horses;"

which is merely diluted prose.

Mr. F. W. Newman, however, the best thinker and most accomplished scholar who has given us an Iliad since Pope, makes, as usual, so here the worst work of all translators:

"My ears do quiver with the tramp of nimble-footed horses."

Surely it was Bottom, not Nestor, who was so "translated" as to be entitled to "quivering ears!"

Earl Derby has it thus:

"Methinks
The sound of horses, hurrying, strikes my ear;"
and this, except the superfluous "methinks," is exact and only halts a little.

Mr. Bryant's translation of the line in question is this:

"The trampling of swift steeds is in my ears;"

This is as direct and as idiomatic as the Greek; it is literal enough for a school boy's recitation; and expresses, in a manner worthy of Homer, and not unlike Homer, the very attitude of Nestor's mind while speaking.

We might better have taken for this comparison a longer passage had we room for the citations, but a line is enough to show at least how so many have failed, if not so clearly how well one has succeeded. To show this we must drop the other translators, and look, for a little, to Mr. Bryant alone; assured that, if he fail us, our chance of an English Homer is small. Let us turn to a few passages of high, but varied

excellence in the original, and see how the translator has done his work.

The priest Chryses, whose daughter has been seized by the Greeks, is grimly insulted when he applies to Agamemnon for permission to ransom her. The King orders him to go :

"The aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona's son :—
'Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow
Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos,
O Smintheus ! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed.'

"So spake he supplicating, and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart ; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver ; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow ; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles."

The following seems to us a very happy rendering of a few remarkable lines (Book i. 470-487) :

* Meantime the Argive youths, that whole day long,

Sang to appease the god ; they chanted forth
High anthems to the archer of the skies.
He listened to the strain, and his stern mood
Was softened. When, at length, the sun went
down

And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when
Appeared the rosy-fingered Dawn, the child
Of Morning, they returned to the great host
Of the Achæans. Phœbus deligned to send
A favoring breeze ; at once they reared the mast
And opened the white sails ; the canvas swelled
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel
The dark waves murmured as the ship flew on.
So ran she, cutting through the sea her way.
But when they reached the great Achæan host,
They drew their vessel high upon the shore
Among the sands, and underneath its sides
They laid long beams to prop the keel, and
straight
Dispersed themselves among the tents and ships."

The Greeks have fallen into despondency, even into panic ; Hector advises Agamemnon to gather and encourage them (Book ii.) :

"Waste we no time in prattle, nor delay
The work appointed by the gods, but send

The heralds of the Achæans, brazen-mailed,
To call the people to the fleet, while we
Pass in a body through their vast array
And wake the martial spirit in their breasts."

"He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,
Followed the counsel. Instantly he bade
The loud-voiced herald summon to the war
The long-haired Argives. At the call they came,
Quickly they came together, and the kings,
Nurslings of Jupiter, who stood beside
Atrides, hastened through the crowd to form
The army into ranks. Among them walked
The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm
The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,
And undecaying ; from its edge there hung
A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,
And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.
With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed
Through all the Achæan host, and made their
hearts

Impatient for the march and strong to endure
The combat without pause,—for now the war
Seemed to them dearer than the wished return,
In their good galleys, to the land they loved.

"As when a forest on the mountain-top
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed
On every side and upward to the sky.

"And as when water-fowl of many tribes—
Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans—disport
themselves

In Asia's fields beside Cayster's streams,
And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,
Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ;
Or as when fies in swarming myriads haunt
The herdman's stalls in spring-time, when new
milk

Has filled the pails,—in such vast multitudes
Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,
Impatient to destroy the Trojan race.

"Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled
flocks

Are in the pastures, know and set apart
Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs,
Moving among them, marshal each his men.
There walked King Agamemnon, like to Jove
In eye and forehead, with the joins of Mars,
And ample chest like him who rules the sea.
And as a bull amid the horned herd
Stands eminent and nobler than the rest,
So Jove to Agamemnon on that day
Gave to support the chiefs in port and men."

Homer is never more amazing in his power over the reader than in his descriptions of the rush or rage or terror or flight of huge masses of men. Another passage of the kind, still more impressive than the last, is that in the fourth book, where the two armies meet for the first time on the battle-field. Diomedes has just spoken ; and, as Mr. Bryant has it,

"He spake, and from his chariot leaped to earth
All armed ; the mail upon the monarch's breast
Rang terribly as he marched swiftly on.
The boldest might have heard that sound with
fear.

"As when the ocean-billows, wave on wave,
Are pushed along to the resounding shore
Before the western wind, and first the surge
Uplifts itself, and then against the land
Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks
Tosses on high and spouts its foam afar,
So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece
To battle, file succeeding file, each chief
Giving command to his own troops; the rest
Marched noiselessly: you might have thought no
voice

Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs,
Their showy armor glittering as they moved
In firm array. But, as the numerous flock
Of some rich man, while the white milk is drawn
Within his sheepfold, hear the plaintive call
Of their own lambs, and bleat incessantly,—
Such clamors from the mighty Trojan host
Arose; nor was the war-cry one, nor one
The voice, but words of mingled languages,
For they were called from many different climes.
These Mars encouraged to the fight; but those
The blue-eyed Pallas. Terror too was there,
And Fright, and Strife that rages unappeased,—
Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars,—
Who rises small at first, but grows, and lifts
Her head to heaven and walks upon the earth.
She, striding through the crowd and heightening
The mutual rancor, flung into the midst
Contention, source of bale to all alike.

"And now, when met the armies in the field,
The ox-hide shields encountered, and the spears,
And might of warriors mailed in brass; then
clashed

The bossy bucklers, and the battle din
Was loud; then rose the mingled shouts and
groans

Of those who slew and those who fell; the earth
Ran with their blood. As when the winter streams
Rush down the mountain-sides, and fill, below,
With their swift waters, poured from gushing
springs,
Some hollow vale, the shepherd on the heights
Hears the far roar,—such was the mingled din
That rose from the great armies when they met."

The familiar account of the parting of
Hector and Andromache, in the sixth
book, is translated with a straightfor-
ward fidelity to the manly tenderness of
the original, which could be fairly repre-
sented only by an extract beyond our
limits. But the manner in which the bat-
tle in the eighth book is decided must be
quoted, if only to call attention to the ex-
quisite simple transition from the ac-
tion of Zeus to the effect on the combat-
ants, which is so well preserved in Mr.
Bryant's rendering:

"Now in their tents the long-haired Greeks had
shared

A hasty meal, and girded on their arms.
The Trojans, also, in their city armed
Themselves for war, as eager for the fight,
Though fewer; for a hard necessity
Forced them to combat for their little ones
And wives. They set the city-portals wide,

And forth the people issued, foot and horse
Together, and a mighty din arose.
And now, when host met host, their shields and
spears
Were mingled in disorder; men of might
Encountered, cased in mail, and bucklers clashed
Their bosses; loud the clamor: cries of pain
And boastful shouts arose from those who fell
And those who slew, and earth was drenched with
blood.

"While yet 't was morning, and the holy light
Of day grew bright, the men of both the hosts
Were smitten and were slain; but when the sun
Stood high in middle heaven, the All-Father took
His golden scales, and in them laid the fates
Which bring the sleep of death,—the fate of those
Who tamed the Trojan steeds, and those who war-
red
For Greece in brazen armor. By the midst
He held the balance, and, behold, the fate
Of Greece in that day's fight sank down until
It touched the nourishing earth, while that of
Troy

Rose and flew upward toward the spacious heav-
en.

With that the Godhead thundered terribly
From Ida's height, and sent his lightnings down
Among the Achaian army. They beheld
In mute amazement and grew pale with fear.

"Then neither dared Idomeneus remain,
Nor Agamemnon, on the ground, nor stayed
The chieftains Ajax, ministers of Mars."

The closing lines of the eighth book
are famous for their intrinsic beauty, and
the merits of various versions of them,
as of a test passage, have been discussed
at length by critics. The poet laureate
of England, responded, a few years ago,
to an unfortunate challenge by Professor
Arnold, in his essay "On Translating
Homer," and published a translation
of them, as nearly perfect as any work
of man. With this familiar gem by Mr.
Tennyson, there is certainly no version
in our language that will bear compari-
son, except this of Mr. Bryant:

"So Hector spake, and all the Trojan host
Applauded; from the yoke forthwith they loosed
The sweaty steeds, and bound them to the cars
With halters; to the town they sent in haste
For oxen and the fattings of the flock,
And to their homes for bread and pleasant wine.

"So, high in hope, they sat the whole night
through

In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,
So many fires in sight of Ilion blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus: on the plain there shone
A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—
Champing their oats and their white barley—
stood,
And waited for the golden morn to rise."

We close our citations with one passage descriptive of the achievements of a warrior; one which, besides its great merit as poetry, is curiously illustrative of the spirit of ancient warfare; and in which, while there is room for criticism in details, the tone of the original seems to us to have been caught by Mr. Bryant as by no previous translator.

"Next on Pisander and Hippolochus
Atrides rushed,—brave warriors both, and sons
Of brave Antimachus, the chief who took
Gold and rich gifts from Paris, and refused
To let the Trojans render Helen back
To fair-haired Menelaus. His two sons,
Both in one car, and reigning their fleet steeds,
Atrides intercepted; they let fall
The embroidered reins, dismayed, as lion-like,
Forward he came; and, cowering, thus they pray-
ed:—

"Take us alive, Atrides, and accept
A worthy ransom, for Antimachus
Keeps in his halls large treasures,—brass and gold,
And well-wrought steel; and he will send, from
these,

Uncounted gifts when he shall hear that we
Are spared alive and at the Grecian fleet.

"Since then your father is Antimachus,
The chief who in a Trojan council once
Proposed that Menelaus, whom we sent
A legate with Ulysses the divine,
Should not return to Greece, but suffer death,
Your blood must answer for your father's guilt."

"So spake the king, and, striking with his spear
Pisander's breast, he dashed him from the car.
Prone on the ground he lay. Hippolochus
Leaped down and met the sword. Atrides lopped
His hands and drove the weapon through his neck,
And sent the head to roll among the crowd.

And then he left the dead, and rushed to where
The ranks were in disorder; with him went
His well-armed Greeks: there they who fought
on foot

Slaughtered the flying foot; the horsemen there
Clove horsemen down; the coursers' trampling
feet

Raised the thick dust to shadow all the plain;
While Agamemnon cheered the Achæans on,
And chased and slew the foe. As when a fire
Seizes a thick-grown forest, and the wind
Drives it along in eddies, while the trunks
Fall with the boughs amid devouring flames,
So fell the flying Trojans by the hand
Of Agamemnon. Many high-maned steeds
Dragged noisily their empty cars among
The ranks of battle, never more to bear
Their charioteers, who lay upon the earth
The vulture's feast, a sorrow to their wives.

"But Jove beyond the encountering arms, the
dust,

The carnage, and the bloodshed and the din
Bore Hector, while Atrides in pursuit
Was loudly cheering the Achæans on.
Meantime the Trojans fled across the plain
Toward the wild fig-tree growing near the tomb
Of ancient Ilius, son of Dardanus,—

Eager to reach the town; and still the son
Of Atreus followed, shouting, and with hands
Blood-stained and dust-begrimed. And when they
reached

The Scæan portals and the beechen tree,
They halted, waiting for the rear, like bees
Chased panting by a lion who has come
At midnight on them, and has put the herd
To flight, and one of them to certain death,—
Whose neck he breaks with his strong teeth and
thou

Devours the entrails, lapping up the blood.
Thus did Atrides Agamemnon chase
The Trojans; still he slew the hindmost: still
They fled before him."

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

—NEXT to anecdotes of men of letters, which we consider the most entertaining of all kinds of gossip, are anecdotes of men of kindred professions, as the Law, Physic, and Divinity. Quite a library might be got together, of which these should be the specialty. Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, for instance, an English *littérateur*, who sometimes condescends to novel-writing, has compiled "A Book about Lawyers," and "A Book about Doctors;" and Mr. Edwin Paxton Hood, another English *littérateur*, of no note, has manufactured, *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets; Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher*, of which the second series has lately been pub-

lished by Mr. M. W. Dodd. It is not so readable as Mr. Jeaffreson's books, partly because Mr. Hood, who is a minister, writes from a ministerial point of view, and partly because the materials are not so abundant. It is rather solemn reading, on the whole, as may be inferred from the subjects of the lectures, which are on "The Pulpits of our Age and Times;" "On Arrangement of Texts by Division;" "Concerning Written and Extemporaneous Sermons;" "On Effective Preaching and the Foundations of Legitimate Success;" and "On the Mental Tools and Apparatus Needful for the Pulpit." There are, however, good things scattered through

the grave portions of it, and the best are anecdotes of the clergy. Here is one: A Sunday-school teacher examining his class, asked, "Who was Eutychus?" "A young man who heard Paul preach, and falling down, was taken up dead." "And from the circumstances what do we learn?" "Please, sir, that ministers should not preach long sermons." Another recalls the anecdote of the scholar who refused, on his deathbed, to listen to the priest who was declaiming to him about the bliss of Paradise, because he spoke such execrable Latin! It is to this effect, in the rather inelegant language of Mr. Hood: "When, in a Turkish mosque, one with a very harsh voice was reading the Koran in a loud tone, a good and holy Mollah went to him and said: 'What is your monthly stipend?' And he answered, 'Nothing.' Then said he, 'Why give thyself so much trouble?' And he said, 'I am reading for the sake of God.' The good and holy Mollah replied, 'For God's sake do not read; for if you enumerate after this manner, thou wilt cast a shade over the glory of orthodoxy.'" Among apt texts, of which there are plenty of anecdotes extant, we remember none better than the one which James the First, of England, and Sixth of Scotland, heard on his arrival in London: "James I. and Sixth, a double-minded man, is unstable in all his ways." Concerning Young's *Night Thoughts*, which he considers as fine a piece of declamation as anything in the language, Mr. Hood relates an anecdote of Dr. Beattie: "I used to devour his 'Night Thoughts,' with a satisfaction not unlike that which, in my younger years, I have found in walking alone in a churchyard, or on a wild mountain by the moon at midnight. When I first read Young, my heart was broke to think of the poor man's afflictions. Afterward I took into my head, that where there was so much lamentation, there could not be excessive suffering, and I could not help applying to him, sometimes, those lines of a song:

'Believe me, the Shepherd but feigns
He's wretched, to show he has wit.'

On talking with some of Dr. Young's friends, in England, I have since found that my conjectures were right, for that while he was composing the 'Night Thoughts,' he was really as cheerful as any man." Mr. Hood might have added, on his own account, that there was no reason why Young should not have been cheerful, as he had no heart to speak of, and was successful beyond his deserts. One of the representative preachers, of whom Mr. Hood writes with admiration, is the Rev. F. W. Robertson, of whose funeral, which was attended by Jews, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Churchmen, he says, that it adds something to the pathos of that procession to know, how among the followers was one remarkable lady, wending her way on foot—Lady Byron—who would not go in her carriage; "unworthy," as she said, "to ride after such remains." This action on the part of her ladyship may have been as admirable as Mr. Hood seems to think; but judging from our present view of her character, it was more nearly related to what the poet calls the devil's darling sin,—

"The pride that apes humility."

— It is a pity that a writer who has successfully opened a new vein in letters, should not know when it is worked out; but must needs go on sifting sand, and breaking quartz, for a few grains of the shining ore. Such a one is Miss Manning, who, twenty years ago, delighted the world with "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell;" and has since been delighting herself (we trust so, at least, since other delight is out of the question) with a succession of similar works—at the rate of one or two a-year—each weaker than its predecessor, the last being *The Spanish Barber* (M. W. Dodd), of which we can only say that it may be very nice reading for children of a pious turn of mind; but is not of much consequence to any body else. We are sorry to say this; for we have the pleasantest memories of "Mary Powell" and "The Household of Sir Thomas More," and the belief that a stirring as well

as interesting story might be written about the circulation of the Bible in Spain. We know what Borrow made of the subject in his well-known work; but then there are writers—and writers. Miss Manning should have remained contented with her early laurels, for she is gathering very poor substitutes for them now.

— The success, in this country, of a work like Froude's *History of England* (Scribner & Co.) is indicative of a larger class of cultivated readers than certain other literary facts would lead us to believe, and its reprint in cheaper form than the original issue is a sign that the publishers at least are of the opinion that the class can be readily enlarged. We note the fact with pleasure, which is not diminished because it partakes of the nature of wonder, first that so many Americans should to-day be interested in the history of the England of Henry the Eighth, Mary, and Elizabeth; and, second, that they should be willing to accept a history as lengthy as Mr. Froude's. From the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth was considerably less than a hundred years, and while we admit the period to have been an important one, we cannot but think that justice might have been done to it in less than a dozen volumes. If history is to be written at this rate hereafter, we must either confine ourselves exclusively to reading the history of some one country, or reign, or give up the reading of history altogether; for what with the newspapers we must read, the novels we all skim over, and the poems we ought to look at, there will be no leisure left for it. For this particular "History" of Mr. Froude's, it is ably rather than brilliantly written, and in as fair a spirit as we could expect, when we remember that the object of Mr. Froude, or one of his objects, was to rehabilitate the memory of Henry the Eighth. Whether or no he has succeeded in this, will probably be decided by his readers according to the particular bias with which they take up his work. For ourselves we think that he has succeeded, for the simple reason that

his Henry the Eighth is not a monster, but a man; not a faultless man, by any means, but with all his faults, a man. It is Mr. Froude's belief that "some natural explanation can usually be given of the actions of human beings without supposing them to have been possessed by extraordinary wickedness," and he gives Henry the Eighth the benefit of this belief, fortifying it with a greater array of historical documents than were ever before brought to bear upon his life and career. The substance of his opinion in regard to the King's character is as follows: "It is certain that if, as I said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman Emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him; but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted, whilst unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still perhaps the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England had been set to do it by the conditions of his birth." The reprint of Mr.

Froude's "History of England" is in monthly installments of two volumes, the latest ending with the sixth volume, which closes with the death of Queen Mary. Typographically it is but little inferior to the original edition, and is so cheap, in comparison with the majority of such works, as to have attracted considerable attention in England.

— If Fiction, which was never before so abundant in our literature, and seldom before so worthless, is not destined to extinction, it must, we think, soon have an infusion of fresher and healthier blood from other countries. We have no reason to believe that France will supply it, though it might, if *George Sand* would only write up to the best that is in her; as Germany might, if Auerbach and Spielhagen were only as popular here as they deserve to be; and as Norway certainly might, if Bjornstjerne Björnson could only impart to our novelists some of his sympathetic and profound insight into nature. The translation of his "Arne" ought to have been an event in the history of English and American fiction, as it was in the memory of some of its readers, and as the translation of his *Happy Boy* (Sever, Francis & Co.) is now in ours. It is a trifle, judged by the present standard of plot and elaboration of character, but it is such a trifle as only a man of genius could have produced. What distinguishes Björnson beyond any writer of his class with whom we are familiar, is his intuitive knowledge of youth and its sweetest emotions, his knowledge of the heart in the first flush of virginal love. It was that which made "Arne" so delightful, and it is that which makes "The Happy Boy" so enchanting. It has no plot to speak of, being a few pages from the life-history of a peasant lad, and a maiden of better birth, who grew up together as children, who found themselves loving each other, and who, after a few obstacles, were married. This is all there is of it; but then how exquisite this is, as Björnson has handled it, and how lifelike are his characters, any one of whom, and there are six, would add to

the reputation of any living novelist. "The Happy Boy" is as perfect of its kind as the idyls of Tennyson, being, in fact, a little prose-idyl of peasant life in Norway.

— From Mr. John Neal we have a brisk little volume entitled *Great Mysteries and Little Plagues*, of which Messrs. Roberts Brothers are the publishers. It is mainly about children, concerning whom Mr. Neal rattles away in the highest spirits, which we share with him before we get through. A portion of the book, "Children—what are they good for?" appeared in the *Atlantic Souvenir* about forty years ago, since which time Mr. Neal seems to have been a diligent reader of all sorts of magazines and newspapers, for the purpose of adding to his stock of childish *ana*. And really the number of good things he has collected is surprising. They take up at least two thirds of his book, and are arranged under the head of "Pickings and Stealings," a heading which exactly suits their character. We meet, of course, with stories that we were familiar with, but they are none the less welcome on that account; for when we are in the mood for reading jokes, the old are as good as the new. We commend Mr. Neal's *omnium gatherum* to the lovers of light reading, as the very thing to while away an idle hour.

— *The Sunset Land, or the Great Pacific Slope*, by Rev. John Todd, D.D., should be added to recent works on California. It is not so interesting to us, as an ardent Californian would doubtless find it, but it is a clever little book, covering a good deal of ground. Mr. Todd writes with an enthusiasm we have faith in, since it is fortified with facts, in the first place, and temperately expressed, in the second place. The only exception to this statement is the concluding paragraph of the Appendix, in which Mr. Todd has allowed himself to write rapturously of Pullman's sleeping cars, of which he says: "Nothing can exceed them, unless Pullman should excel himself." He also adds, concerning Pullman: "He is a

public benefactor, notwithstanding he makes it profitable for himself." Fortunate public, and still more fortunate Pullman!

— If writers of a certain sort have of late years disturbed the minds of readers of the Bible, writers of another sort have added largely to their enjoyment. Whether it is wise for the average reader to interest himself in Biblical criticism, admits of a doubt, which does not exist, so far as Biblical knowledge is concerned. As regards Natural History, for example, our fathers read the Bible without thinking much about it. They read the prophecy of Isaiah that Babylon should be made a possession of the bittern, without asking themselves what the bittern was, or what the unicorn, the horn of which was in David's mind when he spoke of the uplifting of his own. They were content to know that Solomon compared his beloved to the roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of spice, and that the conies were but a feeble folk, that made their homes in the rocks. The sacred character of the Bible may have had something to do with their want of curiosity concerning its local allusions, but the lack of any thing like real knowledge at the time accounts for it much better. — Why cultivate a curiosity there was no means of gratifying? We have changed all that within the last fifty or one hundred years, and so thoroughly that if a reader is now ignorant of Biblical History, it is not his misfortune, but his fault. He can correct this fault, at least as regards that Natural History of the Bible, by turning to *Bible Animals*, a handsome octavo, of upward of seven hundred pages, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, an English writer who has made Natural History a speciality, and who writes about it in this instance *con amore*, and with a fulness which leaves nothing to be desired. His work, in his own words, is "a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the ape to the coral," and it is not only this, which is much, but it is also a great gallery filled with portraits of

these creatures, an illustrated Zoological Garden, or *Jardin des Plantes*, or whatever may be the most famous Museum of Natural History. There are one hundred illustrations in the work, drawn on wood by good English artists, who have made the living animals their model, while the accessory details have been either obtained from Egyptian or Assyrian monuments, from actual specimens, or from the photographs and drawings of the latest travellers. Of these illustrations we can honestly say, what we cannot of much of the wood engraving of the day, that they are exceedingly well done; the larger ones, of which there are twenty-four, comparing favorably with the best work of the best kind in the Holiday Books of the past season. If we have not read "Bible Animals" so thoroughly as we could wish, we have read enough to see that it is very carefully written; that it abounds in curious as well as interesting information; and that it fills a place hitherto unoccupied in what may be called Biblical Knowledge.

— From Messrs. Sever, Francis & Co. we have received the following new editions of the *Book of Praise*, by Roundell Palmer, and *The Sunday Book of Poetry*, by C. F. Alexander, two dainty little volumes of sacred verse, which are worthy of the favor with which they have been received. They are of English origin, the editor of the first, Sir Roundell Palmer, being a well-known member of the bar, who was Inspector-General under Lord Palmerston, and Attorney-General under Lord John Russell, while the editor of the last, Miss or Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander, has acquired considerable reputation as a writer of hymns. Both have done their work well; the gentleman most thoroughly, the lady most agreeably. In the matter of scholarship we know of no collection of sacred verses superior to "The Book of Praise;" as regards the taste displayed, opinions may differ. We do not think very highly ourselves of Sir Roundell Palmer's judgment, as shown in his selections, though we admit that the hymnologists whom he has pressed into his

service are quite as much in fault as he. Having a wider range of subjects to choose from than was allowed him, we could have predicted in advance that "The Sunday Book of Poetry," would have been the most enjoyable of the two. It is a very good collection, indeed, and it might have been made better, if the early English poets had been drawn upon more largely. As it is, we find poems here which we do not recall in similar collections, and they add to the permanent value of the work. Such are the "Hymn to the Nativity," and the "Epitaph upon Wasland and Wife," by Richard Grashaw; "Christ's Ascension," by Henry Moore whom we take to be Henry Moore, the Platonist, and Henry Vaughan's "Peace." Vaughan, as a sacred poet, leaves Herbert an unmeasurable distance behind him, and of all that Vaughan wrote, nothing is more exquisite than the opening of this solemn lyric:

"My soul, there is a country,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skillful in the wars.

From Herbert we have, of course, "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," and "The Resurrection," the first stanza of which is perfect:

"I got me flowers to strew Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with
Thee."

Cowley is ill represented by the extract from his noble Ode, "In the Garden," which ought certainly to have been given entire; nor has Wallace had justice done his talents by the poem on Youth and Age, which contains the couplet by which he is best remembered,

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made."

It may be questioned, whether it is ever in good taste for the editors of such collections as this to quote their own productions; but waiving the question of taste, we are glad that the editor of "The Sunday Book of Poetry" has so good a record to show as in the last poem in the collection, which we copy, in the belief

that her poetry is as little known to our readers as to ourselves.

THE CREATION.

All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things rare and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well!

A pretty little volume is *Love Songs and Other Poems*, by Mary Ainge De Vere, which sees the light through the Fifth Avenue Publishing Company. We don't know who Miss De Vere is, but she has a poetical name, and, if we may judge by the talent shown here, she will one day make it better known. Her verses are unpretending, which is a good sign in this age of pretence, and it is womanly throughout, the womanliness being of the good, old-fashioned, lovable sort. It is strongest in the region of the affections, which are not so much cultivated as in past times, and there is a grace about its warmth, which is quite unusual in the first volumes of young poets. Faults there are, of course, but they are not very bad ones, being for the most part the results of womanly carelessness in rhythms. This little lyre, for example, is good for the same reason that Herrick's Trifles are good, because there is not a word too much or too little in them.

AT THE FERRY.

Not a kiss—not a tear—
Not even so much

As an uttered word,
—Not a touch!

Oh, the passion, the pain,
So coldly to part!
But I gave you one look,
—And my heart.

You will pardon me then,
And you understand
That my soul is yours,
—Not my hand.

There are indications of power here
and there, as in the first part of "Requiescat in Pace:"

"God receive his soul!—Amen.
Close and seal the wide, dark eyes,
Where death's awful shadow lies—
Sight will never dawn again:
*No more tears to weep,
No more watch to keep,
Nothing but endless sleep!*"

Quite as good, and more evenly written,
is "Faith Trembling," whose last two
stanzas must close our brief notice of
Miss De Vere's volume:

"If I were only made
Patient, and calm, and pure, as angels are,
I had not been so doubtful—so afraid
Of sin and care;
It would seem sweet and good
To bear the heavy cross that martyrs take,
The passion and the praise of womanhood,
For my Lord's sake.

"But strong, and fair, and young,
I dread my glowing limbs—my heart of fire,
My soul that trembles like a harp full strung
To keen desire!
Oh, wild and idle words!
Will God's large charity and patience be
Given unto butterflies and singing birds,
And not to me!"

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

MONTHLY NOTES PREPARED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

SEÑOR MASPERO contributes to *The Academy* a very interesting account of a drama in the Quichua language—the ancient tongue of Peru—a Spanish translation of which has just been published in Lima. The title is "Ollanta; or the severity of a Father and the Clemency of a King." Markham, Tschudi, and other travellers in Peru have already given us valuable specimens of the Quichua literature, chiefly of a lyrical or pastoral character; but this drama of Ollanta, if it can be proved to be a genuine literary relic of the times of the Incas, possesses a greater interest than any thing which has yet been discovered. Señor Maspero, however, is of the opinion that it was written after the Conquest—possibly, indeed, so late as the last century, by a certain Valdez de Sicuani. He finds the characters shadowy and dimly sketched, and the pictures of Peruvian life such as would be derived from tradition, rather than personal knowledge, in the author. On the other hand, he admits that the Quichua in which it is written is of remarkable purity, showing no evidence of that corruption which came upon the language with the Spanish invasion. We quote the following little song, sung by a chorus of young girls, as a specimen of a work which has a great literary interest, whatever may have been its origin:

"O birds, forbear to pick away—The crops of my
princes;—Eat not thus—The maize which
is her food!—Ay! tuya! tuya!

"The fruit is snow-white—The blade is tender—

And, till now, uncolled;—But I fear your
perching on it.—Ay! tuya! tuya!
"Your wings will I cut,—Your talons will I tear;
—Beware! I will entrap you—And cage you
closely.—Ay! tuya! tuya!
"Thus will I treat you—If you eat but a grain!—
Thus will I treat you—If a grain is lost!—
Ay! tuya! tuya!"

—The 1,041st volume of Tauchnitz' "British Authors," is the "Doubtful Plays of William Shakespeare," with an introduction and notes by Max Moltke. Out of the fifteen plays, which have been partially ascribed to Shakespeare, the following six have been selected: "King Edward III.; Thomas Lord Cromwell; Loocrine; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The London Prodigal and The Birth of Merlin." Moltke's view is that each of these plays bear unmistakable evidence of Shakespeare's hand. The same author has just issued a popular edition of selected plays—eighteen in number—in a cheap form. Of the Gorman version in a single volume, published not long since, 15,000 copies have already been sold.

—There seems to be no possibility of glutting the fiction market. All the acknowledged masters in the field, in England, France and Germany, are still active, and the host of their nameless imitators seems to increase day by day. The advertising columns of the London literary journals are still crowded with announcements of: "Forgotten by the World," "What her Face said," "The Duke's Honor," "Beneath the Wheels," "The Bar-

onet's Sunbeam," "Strong Hands and Steadfast Hearts," &c., &c., each of which, we presume, will run its course in the circulating libraries, and then disappear from the memories of its readers. In France the usual steady supply continues, although very few romances have risen above the general elegant level of performance. About's "*Achmed le Fellah*" (written, apparently, at the instigation of the "Khédive") attracted a little attention, thanks to the Suez Canal; but George Sand's "*Pierre qui Roule*" seems to have produced little or no impression. German fiction, however, is beginning to receive some notice in France. M. René-Taillandier, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, discusses Auerbach, Schücking, Spielhagen, and Hermann Grimm with an appreciative knowledge of their works, and it is possible that the German school, so long in the background, will henceforth take a good comparative rank.

— In Germany, the authors are devoting themselves more and more to public readings and lectures. They find that the effect of a successful public appearance is not only to increase their moderate literary incomes by the direct returns, but also through the increased sale of their works. Wilhelm Jordan has thus already achieved a second edition of his "*Nibelungen*," while Spielhagen's marked success will certainly not injure the prospects of his next work. The last novel of much importance in Germany is Rodenberg's "*By the Grace of God: a Romance of the Days of Cromwell*," which has just appeared, in five volumes. Among the characters are Charles I., the Duke of Buckingham, Cromwell, and Milton. The work is pronounced by a competent German critic to be "one of the most important achievements of our day, in the field of historical romance."

— Eight new volumes of dramatic poetry have appeared in Germany since our last report; but not one of them (so far as we can judge deserves any particular notice.

— Titus Tobler, of St. Gall, Switzerland, who is called "The Nestor of Palestinologists!" has republished the Latin text of three narratives of travel in the Holy Land, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. The first, apparently genuine, was written by a nameless pilgrim; the second, also authentic, by St. Paula of Rome, and the third by a certain Theodore. The narratives, although fragmentary, possess a certain value for theological students. Williams & Norgate issue the work in London.

— Another of Michelet's series of clever, sentimental, fantastic, philosophical volumes has just appeared in Paris. Having exhausted *L'Amour* and *La Femme*, he now turns to "*Nos Fils*" (Our Sons). His work is devoted especially to the methods of education for boys. He gives an account of the various educational systems which have prevailed, from the Middle Ages to the days of Pestalozzi, criticizes them keenly and intelligently, and then promulgates his own personal theory of what education should be. Like his former works, this volume is written from an intensely personal, Parisian stand-point, and to know the exact value of his ideas one must know the kind of boys with whom he is familiar.

— The literary remains of Heinrich Heine, edited by Adolf Strodtmann, have at last appeared in Hamburg. The new poem in unrhymed trochaics, of which mention has already been made, proves to be a narrative of Ponce de Leon and his adventures in Florida. Its title is "Bimini"—the name of a fabulous island, which an Indian woman describes to the Spanish explorer, and which he thenceforth consumes his days in seeking. The volume also contains a number of short lyrics, dating from various periods of the poet's life, some sweet and graceful, others satirical, and not a few almost too coarse for the popular taste. Meyerbeer, Herwegh, and the city of Berlin receive their share of abuse. While these remains will add nothing to Heine's fame as a poet, they have value as further illustrations of his character and life.

— The plan of a more or less complete future union of the English-speaking nations of the world, indirectly hinted at by Sir Charles Dilke in his "Greater Britain," and openly announced by Mr. Lewis (formerly of the *Spectator*) is discussed in some of the German journals as an American idea. Of course, they have at once found an appropriate name for the idea—"Pan-Britonism."

— The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's sermons have appeared in Berlin, in a German translation by the Rev. Henri Tollin. The Rev. Dr. Lisco writes of them: "I had hoped that the depth and spirit, the lofty poetic graces and the moral earnestness, with which Beecher proclaims evangelical truth, might win him friends in Germany as in America, and further the growth of that genuine piety, which, among us, is struggling to give the Church a new form. The reception of these sermons by the public, and many personal

assurances, have given me the certainty that my hope was not vain."

— M. Raspail, the Deputy from Lyons, has published, in the *Paris Reforme*, an article about the last days of Rousseau, and his death, some circumstances connected with which have never been fully explained. M. Raspail endeavors to prove that Therese, Rousseau's wife or mistress, was instigated by the Jesuits to compass his death.

— A second volume of "English Essays" (in the English language) is announced in Hamburg. It will contain papers upon Peel, Brougham, Garrick, and Bismarck, and the following from American sources: "Baron Steuben," "Indian Superstitions," and "Yankee Humor."

— Germany has lost two of her oldest and best-known publishers. Sauerländer, in Frankfurt, the last representative of the period when that city occupied an important place in the book-trade, died in November, at the age of eighty-one. He was for many years the publisher of Rückert, and, more recently, of Otto von Horn. The publisher Vieweg, of Brunswick, who died about the same time, was the son of the founder of the house, which has been in existence eighty-five years. Its specialty is philology and natural science.

— Signor Angelo de Gubernatis, an Italian Sanskrit scholar, has just published, in Turin, a dramatic trilogy, entitled *Il Re Nala* (King Nala). It is the old Indian story of Nal and Damayanti, which has already been used by Rückert and other poets, and the work is chiefly remarkable as almost the first

attempt by an Italian author to naturalize the material of the Sanskrit literature.

— Still another English book about the United States! Smith, Elder & Co., London, announce "Transatlantic Sketches in the West Indies, South America, Canada, and the United States; by Greville John Chester." In Chapman & Hall's list we find: "American Society, by G. M. Towle, U. S. Consul at Bradford," and "Sketches of Life and Sport in Southeastern Africa," by Charles Hamilton." The "Religious Opinions of the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend" are also to appear shortly.

— Madame Olympe Audouard's work on America is called *Le Far West*,—a title which reminds one of Madame Busque's *Specialité de Pumpkin Pie*." She finds the Americans sadly deficient in artistic taste, which, considering that it is the latest result of civilization, she should not have expected to find in *Le Far West*.

— The *Saturday Review* bestows high praise on Count de Gobineau's "History of the Persians," which has recently been published by Plon, in Paris, in two large octavo volumes. The author spent many years at Teheran, and is thoroughly familiar with the Persian language and literature. His history extends from the earliest period to the age of the Sassanides. It is based upon the latest discoveries, and embodies all the leading results obtained by archaeologists, grammarians and critics. One peculiarity of Count de Gobineau's work is, that he makes use of the native Persian no less than the Greek authorities.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[OUR RECORD CLOSURE FEBRUARY 1.]

I. SUMMARY.

THE first month of the new year has been a month of stir, excitement, and repressed troubles; this complexion of affairs being most distinctly visible in Europe, where the surface of affairs heaves and pitches without breaking up, like a theatrical ocean above the vigorous thrusts of its invisible water spirits.

The great Roman Catholic council at Rome is still in session, having veiled its real operations under a curtain of secrecy that might madden an American reporter. It has, moreover, entered into the bonds of a parliamentary code, so complex, stiff, and repres-

sive, as to make its actual progress extremely slow; and it is reported with great show of probability, that this whole extraneous machinery has been so adjusted that the entire operations of the Council are helplessly within the control of the Pope. As the Council seems to have been called mainly for the purpose of decreeing the Pope's individual official infallibility, and as even now there is a visible resolute opposition to this extreme dogma, a sufficient reason can be discerned for all this care. The French and German bishops, notably, are strongly opposed to the new dogma; while, curiously enough, the English and American ones—

i. e., those from the freest, politically, of the nations represented—are reported to be as decided in its favor as any of the Italian prelates. Dr. Döllinger, acknowledged the most learned living Roman Catholic historian, has created a great sensation by taking ground against the new doctrine of infallibility; the opposition of the German and French is also evidently making an impression. Perhaps the most interesting phenomenon of the whole, however, is the powerful working of public opinion, even within Roman Catholic Christendom, straight through all the envelopes of this great secret council, upon bishops, cardinals, and the Pope himself; so that neither can the influence itself be hidden, nor can the Roman court conceal its sense of the same.

Meanwhile it is reported that the Pope has had an epileptic fit. At his age, this attack may be serious; but also it may not; so that it must only be recorded as pointing to the possibility of the death of the aged Pontiff, and of a resulting change in the direction of the deliberations of his council. Polemically, it will be to the advantage of Protestantism to have the extreme doctrine of Papal infallibility affirmed; for it will be a deliberate confession of one of the strongest arguments heretofore used against the Romish Church, but which has thus far been pretty well met by the doctrine of the present opposition, that infallibility must be predicated only of the utterance of the Church speaking through Pope and Universal Council together.

The condition of affairs in Spain shows no change, except that sort of aggravation of several bad symptoms naturally resulting from a continuance of acute inflammation in the body politic. No king is agreed upon. The Italian royal family have decidedly refused to permit the candidacy of the young Duke of Genoa, and as a consequence, the factions of other candidates are stirring actively again. The Republicans on their part are restless and excited; there are bitter quarrels in the Cortes, and all together, there is risk of a period of anarchy and civil war. The actual elevation of the Regent Serrano to the kingship is spoken of. A *real* king would be an instant and effective blessing; no matter who he is now.

In France, there has been a further and tremendous intensification of the bitter enmity between the Empire and the Republicans, consequent upon the killing of Victor Noir by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and the

trial and condemnation of Rochefort. There is some ground for believing that the only reason why there was not a furious republican outbreak in Paris on the day of Noir's funeral, was the presence of an immense army in Paris, and the fact that Prefect Haussmann's improvements of recent years have destroyed the capabilities of Paris for the barricade system, and placed it entirely at the mercy of a judicious military occupation. The situation is one of extreme peril, and as there is no reason for believing that it has been deliberately planned, so it is not safe to expect that either the Emperor or his enemies the Republicans, have any series of solutions ready for their perilous problem. It is a higher power that must infuse the precipitating element, and guide the process. Judging historically, from the nature and the past actions of the French people, a revolution is near at hand.

England remains in quiet. In politics, there is a disposition to wait and see what is to be done on the Irish Land question; in business, there is a fair degree of activity, yet with some troubles and some strikes. The end of the long and laborious task of making a complete trigonometrical survey of Great Britain is announced. This great engineering task, begun eighty-seven years ago, was completed during the first week in January. While executed primarily for military purposes, this work is of the highest value for scientific and industrial purposes also; and its completion is a credit to the British Government. It will be curious, by the way, if the improvements in methods of scientific observation during almost a century do not make it necessary to repeat a good deal of the earlier portions of the work.

Closely connected with these European topics is the great expedition of the Englishman Sir S. W. Baker (known, we suppose, in Egypt, as Baker Pasha), to the interior of Africa at the head of an army, to explore and annex, in the interests of the Viceroy of Egypt. The expedition was heard from about January 1st, at which date it is said to have been "at the head waters of the Nile," and all well. It is curious that no newspaper man appears to have even tried to accompany this intrepid traveller and commander. But Sir S. W. Baker is himself a most entertaining writer, and if he shall himself chronicle his experiences, the result will be the story of a great expedition of conquest and exploration together, told by the commander himself. The capacities of such a theme by such a

writer, will admit a book as interesting to-day as were Cæsar's Commentaries eighteen centuries ago.

In Latin America, the chronic state of war continues. Lopez is reported, first, as having been driven out of Paraguay and into remote interior desert regions, where he wanders impotently about; and second, as strongly posted in the Cordilleras with 8,000 men, where the allies cannot reach him. Apparently the pursuit is maintained, at any rate. Meanwhile the allies have abolished slavery in Paraguay, and with it a number of the monopolies which the dictators have maintained there; and part of the invading forces are withdrawn, which looks as if the conquest was considered established. The Count d'Eu is reported to have been formally proclaimed heir to the imperial throne of Brazil. This is doubtless in consequence of the energy and administrative ability displayed in his operations against Lopez, and is apparently a wise measure. In Mexico, there is an increased number of local revolts, some of them being quite beyond the power of the central government, at least for the present. But perhaps the continuance of this central government may be in consequence of its wise acquiescence in the fact of its being itself really merely local. None of the other local governments can hurt it, any more than it them; and its calling itself central or federal does no harm.

In the West Indies also the wars continue. From Cuba, we have the usual conflicting statements, in none of which is it safe to place full confidence. It is said that an offer has been made to the Cuban leaders of "autonomy" (i. e., right of local self-government), if they will submit to the supremacy of Spain. It is said that Gen. Puello with a Spanish force occupied and destroyed the Cuban "capital" Guimaro; and on the other hand that the place was deserted, and that Puello, if he did destroy an empty town, returned from his expedition having lost nearly all the troops he took with him. All that it is safe to conclude is, that the Cubans are not yet put down; and that the strife is becoming excessively burdensome to both parties.

In Hayti, more decisive occurrences have taken place. The rising against Salnave is successful, that leader having been beaten, captured, tried, and shot, and President Saget ruling in his stead. But already it is reported that Gen. Brice is "more popular" than Saget, and it is safe to conclude that there

will be at least one more "revolution" in Hayti. There seems to have been an actual negotiation for the annexation of part of the island to the United States; although the undesirable secrecy which is the worst feature of diplomacy has hidden the facts. Apparently the United States has leased the Bay of Samana and land adjoining, for use as a naval station. Less distinctly is visible something like a bargain with Bæz, President of the eastern part of the island, for the annexation of his whole republic to the United States. If this has been made, it will not be completed without trouble and expense; for already there are abundant reports of enmities and threats against Bæz on suspicion of these doings; and an intense distrust and dislike of all white influence and authority is deeply seated throughout the mass of the native people of all parts of the island.

To pass from the Southern to the Northern troubles: It is reported from the Winnipeg district that Louis Riel, the insurgent leader, was, about January 18, arrested, his followers having become dissatisfied at his strong tendencies toward annexation. This rendered it safe for the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company (the former rulers) to seize him, and they accordingly did so, and reestablished, for the present at least, the old order of things.

Within our own country, the progress of events during January has been without any occurrences of great note. Perhaps not more than two items require any chronicling here. One of these is, the absolute failure of two considerable strikes; that of the operatives in the workshops of the Erie Railroad, and that of the operators of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The former was in consequence of alleged bad faith about the monthly payments of wages by the Company; the latter, in consequence of alleged cutting down of the compensation of the operators. In both cases there was an entire failure to coerce the employers, the strikers lost their employments, and if taken back, were only received on the conditions chosen by the Companies. The immediate meaning of this is, that the state of business looks rather to a fall in prices and in wages, than to a rise. Another lesson, one remove more distant, is more important too. It is the truth in political economy, that not the retaliatory method of strikes, but the defensive one of coöperative business organization; not a destructive, but a constructive proceed-

ing, is the proper and hopeful remedy for unsatisfactory industrial conditions.

The other sign of the times includes two facts, which tell their own story of movement in public opinion: a colored man, Mr. Revel, has entered the United States Senate as Senator from Mississippi; and a colored man, Mr. J. J. Wright, was on January 1st chosen one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of *South Carolina*.

We proceed to the catalogue of such occurrences as require a chronological place in our monthly record.

II. UNITED STATES.

Jan. 3. Mrs. Dr. Charlotte Lozier dies at her home in New York, aged twenty-five. Mrs. Lozier was one of the pioneer female medical students in New York, was an able and successful physician, and an ardent and efficient friend of all efforts at real reform. She undoubtedly died in part from the results of excessive toil in her various occupations.

Jan. 5. Hon. William L. Goggin dies at Richmond, Va., aged sixty-three. He was a native of Bedford County, Va., a lawyer by profession, a Whig politician, Congressman 1839-47, defeated for Governor of Virginia by John Letcher in 1859, and since that time has been a lawyer and planter.

Jan. 13. A Report to the Union League Club on the use of public money for sectarian purposes, shows that New York City has given to the Roman Catholics within a few years \$3,200,000 worth of valuable real estate, and that the same city is giving to sectarian schools, over \$500,000 a-year, of which the Roman Catholic Schools alone receive over \$400,000.

Jan. 14. Hon. Charles Durkee, Governor of Utah, dies in Omaha. He was born at Royalton, Vt., 1807; was an early settler in Wisconsin, and member of its first Legislature; Congressman in 1850 and 1852, Senator from 1855 to 1860, and was Governor of Utah from 1865 to his death.

Jan. 17. Alexander Anderson, M.D., widely known as the father of wood engraving in America, dies at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. E. Lewis, in Jersey City, in his ninety-fifth year.

Jan. 23. Henry Placide, a veteran and favorite American actor, though some years retired from the stage, dies at his residence at Babylon, L. I., aged seventy.

Jan. 24. Prince Arthur, a son of Queen Victoria, on a trip to the United States, visits Congress and President Grant.

Jan. 25. The British funeral fleet, with the body of Mr. George Peabody, reaches Portland. Great preparations are made for ceremonies at that city, from which the remains are to be taken to South Danvers, Mass., his native place, where he is to be buried.

Feb. 1. The Public Debt of the United States has decreased during January, 1870, by the sum of \$3,933,664.39.

III. FOREIGN.

Jan. 4. The Spanish Government having received a decisive refusal from the royal family of Italy to permit the Duke of Genoa to be a candidate for the Spanish throne, the Spanish Ministers all resign.

Jan. 9. Major-General Sir George De Lacy Evans, a veteran and distinguished officer of the British army, dies in London, aged eighty-three. He had been in fifteen great battles in Asia, Europe, and America; was one of Wellington's officers in Spain and at Waterloo, and served in the Crimea.

Jan. 10. Sylvain Salnave, President of the Haytian Republic, having been driven from Fort National, where he took refuge at the capture of Port-au-Prince, and having been captured with a few troops in the mountains, is to-day court-martialed and shot. He is succeeded by General Nissage Saget, the leader of the rising against him.

Jan. 10. A violent attack having been made on Prince Pierre Bonaparte by Rochefort's paper, the *Marseillaise*, MM. de Fonvielle and Victor Noir, two of the editors, went to the Prince's house to challenge him to fight with another of the editors, M. Grousset, in accordance with a sort of defiance from the Prince. During the interview the Prince shoots Noir, killing him instantly.

Jan. 12. Victor Noir is buried, being attended by a vast and excited concourse of citizens. A strong force of troops is called out, but there is no outbreak. The whole edition of the *Marseillaise* for the day is seized for alleged unlawful articles on the subject.

Jan. 19. Traupmann, who murdered the whole of the Kinck family, is guillotined in Paris.

Jan. 19. A strike of 10,000 workmen takes place at the great works at Creuzot in France, belonging to a firm of which President Schneider of the French Legislative Assembly is the head; and troops are sent to prevent any tumult.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publishers of *Putnam's Magazine* are extremely gratified at being able to announce to its readers, that

MR. PARKE GODWIN,

for many years editor of the *New York Evening Post*, has consented to assume the responsible editorship of this periodical, beginning with the number for April.

It has hitherto, as is well known, been in the hands of the senior publisher, Mr. G. P. Putnam, who finds that the increasing demands of his other engagements do not allow him to devote to it that kind and degree of attention which the nature of the occupation requires. He is therefore happy to relinquish the charge to one who has had such an ample experience in editorial management, who is so generally known as a writer of force and ability, and whose former contributions to the First Series of *Putnam's Monthly* gave it a large part of its reputation and success.

Mr. Godwin will be assisted by the several gentlemen who have hitherto kindly lent us their aid, and will draw around him, besides, other gentlemen of talent and culture, whose coöperation, we are assured, will give a new impulse to the destinies, and a new elevation to the character, of the Magazine.

Having withdrawn from all other active professional labors, in order to complete his History of France, Mr. Godwin will be enabled to devote his almost undivided energy and care to this new enterprise, to which we need hardly tell the public he will be certain to impart additional vigor, concentration, and individuality. At the same time, the Publishers hope, by the larger opportunity that they will now have of attending to its material interests, to render it more universally known, and more and more worthy of popular acceptance. G. P. PUTNAM & SON.

NOTE BY MR. GODWIN.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE has already attained a position so secure, that it remains for the new management to promise merely to carry forward the work so auspiciously begun. The aim of its proprietors from the beginning has been to make it a periodical worthy of our American literature, and particularly worthy of the great metropolitan city in which it is published. Our intention is, to give a "force, concentration, and individuality," as the publishers say above, to that generous and noble purpose.

American literature has reached a maturity in which it tries to speak for itself; and New York, the great central city in all other respects, must be made the central city in this respect. We need no longer go abroad for our inspiration or our writers: the days of provincial vassalage are past; and as in politics we are independent, as in our social bearing we have struck out a new path, so in letters we must give more and more evidence of a fresh, original, spontaneous, characteristic life. The late events of our national history, which evinced so stupendous an energy in the national mind and heart, must be translated into speech, and come forth as genial and peaceful arts. The splendid outbursts of intellect that followed the impulses of the Persian war in Greece, or the crusading zeal of the church in France, or the struggle of the city republics in Italy, ought to be paralleled here, where a grander theatre has given scope for a grander development of the human forces.

New York City, in which the wealth, the trade, the enterprise of the entire continent comes to a head, should also furnish an organ for the best intellectual aspiration and achievement. It should bring together and reflect whatever is most vital and peculiar in the whole country. We admit that, what Paris is to France, what London is to Great Britain, New York can never be to the United States, nor is it desirable that it should be, owing to our more diffusive and democratic methods; but we see no reason why New York, supported by the vast resources of the interior, should not rival any foreign city, not only in the munificence of its provisions for scholarship, but in its literary and artistic activity.

In Politics, while we shall sedulously avoid the small topics of party debate, we shall all the more earnestly strive to give philosophic breadth, dignity, and manliness to political discussion. Holding, with an intensity of conviction that it would not be easy to express, the distinctive American principle that the single and supreme function of all government is Justice, or the equality of rights among men, we shall endeavor to enforce it with all our strength; and, as a necessary consequence, to expose and overwhelm, without mincing words, the many fearful and odious corruptions by which that sacred principle is still defeated. The venality of much of our legislation, and the shameless imbecility and oppressiveness of many of our schemes of taxation, cannot be too vehemently opposed.

So, in regard to religious questions, we shall keep clear of all topics of mere sectarian controversy, of all points of dogma or discipline that may be still in dispute between the different denominations of Christians; but the essential and catholic principles of Christianity,—the highest truths, in our conviction, yet disclosed to mankind,—are susceptible of application to all human relations, to all subjects that concern the welfare and progress of society; and one of our principal aims shall be to apply these principles practically, so as to bring, to the extent of our influence, public and private life into a complete and willing accord with the sublime morality of the gospels. We shall claim for ourselves and exercise the utmost freedom within these limits, without, we trust, giving offence to those who may not always think as we do.

At the same time we shall not forget that the proper function of a Magazine is to amuse as well as to instruct, or, rather, is to instruct by means of amusement; and we hope to gather, therefore, out of the intellectual life and culture of the republic, criticisms, sketches, tales, poems, etc., that shall be an adequate expression of our new conditions and our abounding vitality. This, we are told, is the impossible part of magazine editorship: our best mind, it is said, turns itself toward practical pursuits: Pacific Railroads are our epics, and the ring of hammers and anvils our lyrics: while the finer arts—the arts in which all that is grand and beautiful and subtle in a nation's genius is embodied—are left to certain "delicate nobodies," as one of our cynical friends phrases it, who are without positive personality, and confess to no higher inspiration than that of bread-winning for the moment.

If such were our notions we should despair, not only of our literature, but of the Republic itself; for literature is but the outflowing of the national heart, and since we have given of late such ample evidence that our heart is not dead, we need entertain no fears of the answering capacities of the head. The flowers and fruits of genius will come in their own way and time, if we who set ourselves to watch for them are not too dull to recognize their coming, or too inhospitable to tender them a generous welcome when they arrive.

P. G.

P U T N A M ' S M A G A Z I N E

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. V.—APRIL—1870.—No. XXVIII.

AMERICAN DRESS.

De kleederen maken den man. ("Clothes make the man.")—DUTCH PROVERB.

It is a very common and a very erroneous impression, that railways, steamers, and telegraphs have reduced the world to outward and inward uniformity. Appearances, it is true, seem to favor the assertion. In the salons of the upper ten thousand, one and the same costume is seen from the Ural Mountain to the mouth of the Tajo, and the guests at a rout in the West End might appear at a ball at Macao without requiring a change of dress. The "glass of fashion" at the Champs Elysées passes unobserved at Buyukdere, and the dress made by Mmes. Delphine and Ruelle in the Rue Gaillon is sure to please at Rio, and to be "the correct thing" at Melbourne.

But appearances are deceitful, and the seeming uniformity exists only on the surface. The fact is, that broad differences have vanished, and the distinctions have become nicer, finer, and more individual. The superficial observer could not fail to notice, in former days, the variety of costumes in the Swiss cantons, and at a glance discern the very town from which the pifferario came, who played his abominable bagpipe under the windows of his Roman hotel at Christmas. But since men have be-

come too lazy to go to a tailor, and prefer buying their clothes at a slop-shop—since women have bowed down before that hideous golden calf, the Demi-Monde, and consent to bear its meretricious livery—the national and even the provincial costume has become a thing of the past; but all the greater is now the importance of the individual costume.

The observant traveller will not fail to recall in many a quiet town of the midland counties a number of sturdy Englishmen, with independence enough to wear what their fathers wore before them, and thus to prove themselves men of pluck as well as of a strongly-marked character. It is only the man without character who looks like every body else. A real individuality never fails to show itself in the outward form also, and the Dutch proverb, quoted above, ought more truthfully to be read backward: "Man makes the clothes." England still has not only its orthodox Quaker with his simple garb in spotless tidiness, but also the ruddy farmer in his cutaway and topboots; the former officer with his high stock and close-buttoned frogged coat, and the fine old gentlemen in silk

stockings and a soupçon of powder. The square-cut collar betrays the clergyman even among dissenters, and the habitué at Tattersall's, from the sporting duke to the diminutive jockey, affects his "horsy" dress; the bishop still appears at dinner with his quaint silk apron, so much admired and so faithfully copied by American bishops after the Lambeth Conference, and the University man still adheres to his insignia, from the crimson gown with its gold lace which adorns the doctor-in-law, to the modest black gown worn by the deputy-assistant beadle. Even the fair venture still, and with well-earned success, upon some variety of costume. The chambermaid knows too well how becoming her cap and bright ribbons are to discard them as a "badge of servitude;" the archery field and the croquet ground make a welcome excuse for special cuts and colors; and even the garden costume, with its broad hat, huge overall, and stout gauntlets can be readily made into a bewitching disguise. Quiet cathedral towns and remote nooks and corners in Wales or the Northern Riding furnish the painter with delightful bits of quaint, old-fashioned costumes, and poor old Ireland is absolutely picturesque in the coquettish skill and the absurd fun which appear in the dress of her sons and daughters.

And who has ever been forced to spend a day in a provincial town of France without finding ample food for his mind in the infinite variety of striking contrasts and of delicate shades which he must have noticed there in the dress of the good people? It is only Madame the Prefect's wife, and some great and noble lady of the neighborhood, who dare display the fashions of the capital; every body else economizes too much to change dresses and bonnets and caps of a sudden: they have to be altered and made over again more than once, and in the mean while the town presents the fashions of every year for nearly a generation. There the cue may still be seen to hang down many a yet unbent neck; there bonnets of the coal-scuttle order, mittens of

Maltese lace, and low-heeled shoes are still considered respectable, and a dress of Swiss muslin with a rose in the hair is full-dress for the richest man's daughter.

Or an hour spent at the door of the cathedral of Siena will bring the observer a rich harvest of quaint and beautiful costumes, from the old Conte in his peagreen dress-coat and nankeen trousers, who leads the Contessa by the tips of her fingers across the high stepping-stones, very proud of her black-lace veil, the only covering of her head, her short, balloon-shaped dress of yellow satin adorned with crimson embroidery, and her prayer-book and fan alike inlaid with costly family-jewels, to the crowd of contadine in their beautiful and brilliant national costume.

Or a trip of a few hours on a trim little iron steamer lands you on the wharves of Stockholm, where all the power and charm of a French court have not yet been able to strip the native of his plain but handsome garb; and the man from Dalecarlia still glories in the coat and hat which his fathers wore several centuries ago, when the great Vasa hid in their loyal valleys. A day's journey on the famous railways, which filled the coffers of the Baltimorean contractor with millions and the minds of Russian officials with amazement at a shrewdness superior to their own, will carry you to the very heart of the "Coming Man's" empire and surround you with novel scenery and still more novel costumes. The mujik in his blue blouse, with the leather belt, his trousers stuffed in his boots of "Russia" leather, his broad flat cap, and the immense auburn beard kissing the hem of your coat; and the rich banker's wife in her jewelled head-dress, her oddly cut bodice and her thick layers of rouge—are so utterly different from all you have seen elsewhere, that you no longer think of the uniform mankind is said to wear.

But above all, if you follow in the track of the still fair Empress, who, a few months ago, accomplished her delicate Eastern mission, and take a chair

in the Esbekieh at Cairo, you will see a scene far surpassing any masked ball you ever attended, in variety of costume and richness of coloring. "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray, mingle, mingle, mingle," and every race of the earth, save our new friend, John Chinaman, has its representatives on this amusing stage. The men of the Bible, the Arabian Nights, and the pictured stories of the Pharaohs, appear here in flesh and blood; that young girl, with the two-eared pitcher on her head, is Cleopatra all over with her lascivious, almond-shaped eyes, her low forehead and high nose, and her luscious, swelling lips; that tall, lithe Nubian with the proud carriage and noble features is no other than Aladdin's head-steward; and that veiled figure on the brisk little donkey, with the babe in her arms, resting awhile in the shade of the broad sycamore branches, is the Flight into Egypt, as you read it in Holy Writ.

If the Old World is thus as yet far from being literally uniform in mind or costume, it is different in the New World. Here the most distressing monotony prevails, and even the few national traits of former years have long since disappeared. The time was, when the Georgia gentleman was familiarly represented, and not unfrequently firmly believed by credulous foreigners, to dress in a collar and a pair of spurs; when the American citizen considered it his duty to appear at breakfast in full evening costume, and his travelling apparel consisted of a suit of black broadcloth and a black satin waistcoat. But the typical Yankee with his short, tight trousers, his ill-fitting coat, his slouched hat, and the traditional revolver and bowie-knife, now survives only in the illustrations of Punch and the mind of a Carlyle. If we except the hideous chin-beard still affected by some prominent men—fully deserving its familiar name of goatee—and a fondness for the brightest of colors in women, which steadily increases with every degree southward, there is nothing left in our day to distinguish the well or ill bred American from the well

or ill bred Frenchman or Englishman.

There are many causes to which this distressing monotony in costume may be ascribed. The States never had a national costume of their own, such as the countries of the Old World possessed from time immemorial, but followed the fashions prevailing in England, as they preserved her language and her laws. It is true, several millions of Europeans have since come over, and generally men from the very classes which at home still adhered to a peculiar garb, like the Irish cottier and the German or Norwegian peasant. But the overwhelming power of absorption, which characterizes the ruling race, speedily transformed the newcomers in this aspect also, and the latter laid aside their hereditary costume with their hereditary language, habits, and convictions. They felt naturally disposed to avoid exciting public attention as foreigners; they preferred naturally to comply with the prevailing fashion and—to economize; for under the circumstances it would have been as expensive as troublesome to import tailors of their own, and to have their clothes made of the peculiar cut and the old-fashioned material to which they were accustomed in their native land.

Even more powerfully, perhaps, were they affected by the levelling spirit of the Republic. They soon succumbed to the contagious desire of all citizens to be "as good as any body else," and readily found that this equality was most easily accomplished in dress. In a land where the Prince of Neuwied's stage-driver could tell him: "I am the gentleman that is going to drive you!" and where Bidley, fresh from her hovel in Tipperary, instantly blooms forth as a lady, who may possibly think of helping your wife in the kitchen, all must at least dress as gentlemen and ladies. Even the poor blacks are said to be affected by this malady: the men spend every dollar they earn, instead of putting it into a savings bank to provide for a rainy day, on fine clothes to play the gentleman, and the women suffer

tortures—like their white prototypes—by squeezing their huge feet with the projecting heel of their race into the smallest shoes they can wear, and by forcing their woolly hair to cling, as smoothly as it will lie, to their low foreheads, and to match the gigantic chignons of soft silk or rougher tow, which look exquisitely odd on the crisp curls. When the Sons of Ham, a masonic club of colored men, recently paraded the streets of a Southern city, with a banner on which their emblem, a colossal ham (of bacon), was blazoned forth, there was not one of the members dressed otherwise than in a full suit of broadcloth; and when afterward the floor of their hall gave way under the excessive energy with which the whole company engaged in the noble game of Shoo-Fly—whatever that may mean—the injury done to costly dresses was computed at thousands of dollars.

Unfortunately, here also the tendency of republican institutions to level downward, at least as much as upward, has not failed to show its effects. Men in the so-called higher classes dress with a slovenliness, and an utter disregard to comfort as well as to comeliness, which is astonishing to the foreigner. If questioned on the subject, they reply, *more Americano*, by a question: Why should they do otherwise? Where the warehouse-porter dresses in all points like the millionaire in the counting-room, and where the maid claims the right to wear the best robes of her mistress, whenever she desires it, there is no longer any incentive for dressing really well and with special care. Even the slight peculiarities which mark the gentleman in England and on the Continent, the careful choice of well-matched colors, the plain but becoming cut of the clothes to suit the stout or the thin man, and the cold or the warm season, and above all the fineness and spotless purity of the linen, are rarely noticed in American society. All such special care bestowed upon matters of dress would excite attention and might become an impediment in

courting popularity. The favorites of the people, the rulers of the nation, are all of them more or less self-made men; they have been sitting cross-legged on the tailor's bench or they have been flatboatmen on the Mississippi, or carried loads of wood into town; and however little this may interfere with the development of stern integrity, brilliant genius, and matchless valor, it produces outward results very different from those which are caused by careful training in childhood and hereditary good-breeding. The American citizen must not dress better, even if he have the taste and the leisure to do so, than the idol of a nation or the victorious chieftain.

The "clothing-store" is every man's tailor, and the supply, manufactured by the hundred thousand, is sent from the great trade-centres to every part of the Union. The man who from the Hub of the Universe directs the intellectual life of the nation, dresses exactly like the Nevada miner in his meeting-house costume, and the incorrigible rebel of Georgia cannot be distinguished from the loyal clerk in the Departments at Washington, nor the pious divine from the blatant Mormon in the City of the Saints.

Young men, of course, are capable of the folly of dressing in European style: they have their morning and their dinner costume; they dress for the country and for the opera,—as long as their tailors' bills are paid from the paternal purse or Cupid spurs them on and they move in "the bloom of young desire and purple light of love." But the change is as distressing as it is sudden, when the motive is withdrawn. No sooner has Young Hopeful established himself in business or brought a mistress to his "princely mansion," than all such trifling attention to dress and outward appearance is forgotten, and he sinks without a sigh into the vast army of citizens, who all think and dress and act alike. Henceforth he loses his individuality. The wisp rarely absent from Lord Palmerston's lips, the white cravat of Guizot, and the

famous "three hairs" of Bismarck, are of as little interest to him as the little hat and the gray greatcoat of Napoleon and the scrupulously correct costume of the Iron Duke; and yet these peculiarities are held by some not to be entirely uninteresting and unmeaning.

How the traveller on his weary way through the Union sighs for some change of costume! How he loathes the unfailling black coat and tall hat! The everlasting costume, varied at best only by more or less beard, meets him in the counting-room and at the horse-race, at the political barbecue and in nine pulpits out of ten; the gambler behind his faro-table sits there in dress-coat and "beaver," as national custom has it, and so does the judge on his bench; dresscoat and "beaver" travel on crowded stages in outlying territories, and follow the plough in ancient homesteads. It is said that political feelings did for a time at least hold out some hope that there might arise a variety of costume: the northern Boys in Blue loved to see themselves dressed in blue, and appeared in square-toed boots and regular dresscoats on solemn occasions, while the Men in Gray preferred the Confederate color, abhorred square-toes, and indulged, for the sake of opposition mainly, in vast frockcoats hanging down to the feet. Two such costumes have become almost historical: The leader, who maintained his ground so long against immensely superior numbers and gross imbecility in the councils of his Chief, has become endeared to the Southerner in his gray citizen's dress, which harmonizes so well with the placid, lofty features and the silvery hair and beard. The other is the stereotype bridegroom of the Southwest: patent-leather boots, glossy broadcloth from head to foot, with vast overflowing skirts, white satin vest with a superb diamond pin in the embroidered and frilled bosom, and—a patent paper-collar.

It must be added, however, that if the American shows in his dress neither remarkable taste nor strongly-marked character, he is on the other hand in-

initely superior to the European, *en masse*, in point of cleanliness and abundance of clothing. The foreigner may rarely meet with a really well-dressed gentleman, but he will still more rarely come in contact with that untidiness which instinctively recalls the tiny basins and miniature pitchers of the water-abhorring German or the discolored hands of many a Frenchman, who is evidently not "well off for soap." And, better still, he will see no rags in the States. This is not merely the effect of the facility with which employment is found and good wages are obtained, but also of the self-respect which republican institutions develop in every citizen. Every man feels that he has a voice in the affairs of his country, and that he is therefore sure to be respected in proportion as he commands the respect of others. This consciousness of his own rights and his power, this court which is paid him by every candidate for office, from the aspirant to the White House down to the ambitious town-sergeant, and the certainty that there is no social barrier in his way to the highest place in the land,—all these give him a sense of his own dignity, which instinctively seeks utterance in a becoming dress and a more or less dignified carriage.

Even the poor blacks, who alone in the Union share with the children of newly-arrived immigrants the sad privilege of "waving the tattered ensign of Rag Fair," begin to show that their destitution was only a temporary effect of the sudden withdrawal of all the props by which they had heretofore been supported. Men and women who had grown old in a condition, which, if it brought them servitude, also provided for all their necessities, could not all at once learn to think of their wants, much less to find the means to supply them by steady work and a careful husbanding of their earnings. Far less intoxicated with their newly-won freedom than the boastful French of the last century, they excited the marvel of their former masters as well as of their disinterested deliverers by the

unexpected moderation and self-control which they exhibited. Nevertheless, they wanted naturally to enjoy their new privileges, to "realize," as Americans say, their liberty; and how could they do this more pleasingly than by idling, where they had been forced to labor, and by moving from town to town, where they had been *gleba adscripti*? Idleness and vagrancy brought their unfailing consequences—poverty and sickness, and hence the rags. But let him who would throw the first stone, remember the so-called Dutch of Pennsylvania, German emigrants, who, having at home been compelled to send their children to school and to attend church on Sundays, enjoyed, as the first and sweetest fruit of their new liberty, the right to let their children grow up in utter ignorance, and to abjure the God of their forefathers and the faith of their Luther! Very different indeed has been the conduct of the freedmen, and if the traveller cannot help smiling with grim sympathy at the grotesque appearance of Sambo in his holiday costume and of Dinah in the faded finery of her former mistress, both of them cruelly embarrassed by the unwonted restraint on their limbs, he can still less fail to admire the neatness and even the propriety of their children at the Freedmen's Schools. They are well dressed, in good, substantial clothes; and if both boys and girls show a little more tendency to ape their elders than is common to all children, allowance must be made for the peculiarities of their race.

If it is true that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the reverse also must hold good; and thus it may not be improper to pass from the lowest in the social scale of American society at once to the very highest, the lady *par excellence*. With a Sorosis sitting in solemn council in nearly every large city, with meetings discussing Women's Rights in every State, and the fear of Lord Byron's Nemesis before our eyes, the dangers attending a discussion of ladies' dresses seem almost appalling. But as the most zealous

among the defenders of their sex look with unutterable horror upon the vanities of their weak sisters, who still love such abominable idols as homes and husbands, and prefer the costume of mythical Mrs. Bloomer and bashful Dr. Walker, we shall at all events escape "treading upon their dresses."

The American lady dresses well, but too much. Like a reigning beauty, who has during a slight indisposition ventured to put on a mere soupçon of rouge, and then been led to add more and more, till she rivals the painted damsels of Russia, the fair ladies of the States have increased the richness of their dress, till at times good taste is fairly alarmed. She will occasionally appear at breakfast in heavy silk robes and abundant jewelry; she goes shopping through the ineffably dirty streets of New York in full dinner costume; she appears at a picnic near Saratoga or Niagara Falls in white tulle and diamonds, and at a wedding nothing less than uncut white velvet, pointlace veils, and all the jewels of the Green Vault in Dresden are considered sufficient. The young miss in her first teens, never seen in company in France, and in England appearing, outside of the nursery, only in short frocks and gypsy hats, here assumes the full-dress of the lady, wears Cashmere shawls and diamond rings, and appears at school in a costume which would do honor to Hyde Park. The fresh, rosy girl in the simple white gown with a few flowers from the greenhouse in her hair, and only remarkable because fulfilling the three laws of a good French toilet, to be *bien gantée, bien chaussée* and *bien coiffée*, who charms the traveller not only in humbler homes but alike in many a princely château in France or at the country-house of a British peer, is almost entirely unknown in America. But perhaps sadder still, because of its baneful effect on society, is the absence of the elderly lady in her simple but elegant costume, her well-preserved charms discreetly set off by a judicious choice of rich materials and costly jewelry, in quiet, pleasing harmony with her fair though pale

face and her silver-streaked hair. As society belongs exclusively to Young America, the matron is not expected to intrude; Uncle Sam's daughter requires no escort but the young man of her choice; and his son does not care to be civil to the mother, who has nothing to say to her child's selection of a partner for life. The foreigner looks in vain for the stately British matron in her lavender silk, with the still blooming cheeks and the rich roundness of form, whose kindly smile and eyes beaming with warm sympathy lend such a charm to English society; he misses the French grandmother with her white hair and wrinkled face, whose piercing black eyes and eloquent lips still hold their own by the side of the youngest and fairest; whose presence and active share in the conversation, so far from obstructing only increase the merriment, and, if in no other way, by contrast, enhance the attractions of daughters and granddaughters.

Nature has endowed the American lady with a profusion of rich gifts, far beyond their less favored sisters abroad. If really great beauties are comparatively rare—and even on this point the diversity of taste may lead to a difference of opinion—the majority of women are more than merely fair. They are almost without exception delicately made, and in this respect very different from the robust type of the English girl of the period, with her ruddy color, her full form, and her deep, masculine voice, and still more different from the heavy, angular German girl, who combines so mysteriously an immense amount of sentimentality with an unlimited appetite. The neck and the extremities are uniformly so small, that European establishments have to make collars, gloves, and shoes, especially for the American market, certain sizes of these three articles being utterly unsafe in Europe. Hence, when the American girl reaches her national heaven, Paris, and has been for a few weeks in the hands of French artists, she is simply perfection. She outshines the Parisian on her own privileged ground. Elderly

men will remember a fair New York beauty, who visited Paris when the Emperor was still President, and the *furor* her exquisite toilettes created, whenever she appeared at the opera, at the Elysée, or at the Bois. Younger men need not be reminded of the recent rivalry between one of their beautiful countrywomen and the brilliant Metternich, and the desperate but futile efforts made by the great arbiter of fashion to wrest the crown of victory from her hands. Combining great natural advantages in beauty and grace with admirable taste and an almost instinctive perception of the becoming, American women abroad very easily outstrip all competitors in the art of dressing.

All the more is it to be regretted that their taste at home has been vitiated by fierce competition, so as to make them prefer richness of texture, brightness, of color, and often simple costliness, to what is handsome in itself or becoming in individual cases. From the days of Mlle. Victorine, Parisian *modistes* have had their show-rooms for their country-women, another for English ladies, and still another for transatlantic visitors: in the first are seen things pretty and elegant, but cheap; in the second, marvellous structures, specially designed to please the peculiar taste of *Miladi*; and in the third, the most expensive articles, the most gorgeous costumes. But worse still is behind. When the great New York milliner performs her semi-annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of fashion, she knows full well how happily the interests of her purse agree with the taste of her customers, and she selects only the most striking and most expensive of novelties. These, and these only—often worn by none but the *demi-monde*, but endorsed by the prestige of her name—become the fashion, and the American ladies, to their great injury, forego the immense variety of less showy and less costly articles of dress, which enable the Frenchwoman, in her judicious selection of what is really pretty and becoming to her size, color, and character, to appear always to great

advantage at very little expense. And if this is the penalty paid by the fashionable lady of New York and New Orleans—where alone fashions are directly imported—sad is the fate of the American lady in the remoter inland towns. Never was there known in history such abject slavery to fashion; not even in the saddest days of Germany, when she was Frenchified from the courts of her forty odd princes down to the humblest home of the little green-grocer. If Flora McFlimsey wears crimson gloves, the epidemic spreads like wildfire, and in a few weeks every lady, from Maine to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has bloody hands. If Mme. La Mode proclaims the crinoline defunct, the dresses collapse instantly all over the Union, and present marvellous shapes in the insane desire to obey the edict before the newly-devised substitute can be procured. As every woman is a lady—as Bid- dy, the Irish maid, dresses as nearly as she can like her mistress, and even Dinah, the scullion, now has entered the lists—the trade in fashions is brisk beyond all conception. The example of New York is followed by the great milliners in the large cities of each State; from these centres the smaller towns are supplied, and thanks to the matchless facility of travelling, and of conveying goods to vast distances by means of Express agencies, the last novelty reaches the most remote regions in an incredibly short time. The traveller can hardly overtake them, and is pretty sure to find the farmer's wife in the Far West in a costume he has seen in Broadway, and to meet the last style of a bonnet that came over in the same vessel with him in every shop-window throughout the land. At least he will recognize a faint resemblance; for the exaggeration increases with the distance from New York, the great metropolis of the Union; and the short dress, which nearly touched the mud-defiled pavement of the city, has shrunk up above the boot-tops by the time it has reached the South, while the little rosebud in the coquettish hat has bloomed forth

into a colossal bouquet, glowing in all the colors of the rainbow.

But the sad effects of this universal and almost slavish submission to fashion are not limited to the injury done to taste and propriety; they go much farther and do more fatal damage. As economy is an almost unknown virtue in this land of plenty, so that even a five years' war could not teach it, the good people of the South and their women dress as richly and brilliantly now as ever. No one thinks of wearing last season's finery, or turning a half-worn dress to make it serve a second year. To be suspected of being too poor to buy new articles of dress for every one of the four seasons of the year, would be a misfortune; but to have to wear old-fashioned things—that horror could not possibly be borne! And yet there are hard-hearted fathers and brutal husbands who will not—perhaps cannot—afford the enormous outlay, and the result is that the pouting damsel stays away from church, or marries the first man who offers, merely that she may have the means of dressing well; while the discontented wife finds a pretext to visit another State, where generous laws and a whole-souled judge grant her a divorce, so that she may marry a *richer* husband. What matters it that blood is shed in consequence, that murder is committed, and disgrace covers her and her children? She finds renowned divines willing to sanction the fearful act, she is supported and praised by her sisters "in solemn council assembled," and famous authors use her name to fill religious papers with rapturous eulogies on Free Love!

This extravagant fondness for fashionable and expensive dress has, of course, its happy effects also, according to the same theory which makes the French Emperor order his guests at Versailles or Compiègne to make five "toilettes" a-day, that trade may be benefited, and induces powerful potentates in Germany graciously to patronize gambling-saloons, that the poor of their miniature realm may be supported

by foreign visitors. Millions flow into the treasury of the United States from the high duties imposed upon silks and laces; a Stewart grows rich in almost every large city, and builds marble palaces from the profits he makes on the sale of what here is called dry-goods, and opulent milliners drive their phaetons in the Park or on the shell-road. There is not a village of a few thousand inhabitants that could not at needs supply the means of dressing a lady in a style fit for Piccadilly or the Champs Elysées; and what in Europe is still largely the exclusive property of the high-born and wealthy, is here, in true republican style, within reach of every one who is willing to spend a few dollars—for there seems never to be a question as to the ability. This produces two pleasing results. In the first place, American women, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are infinitely better dressed than their sisters in Europe. Go to the smallest inland town—go to country-seats remote from railway and stage-line—go even to the border States, where civilization in its highest type comes still in immediate contact with savage life, and everywhere you will find persons well dressed and looking unmistakable ladies. The slender figure, no doubt, sets off the simple dress, the small hand instinctively seeks Jugla's gloves, and the pretty foot demands a small, well-fitting boot; but there is always more or less taste to be seen in the choice of the colors and the fit of the dress. The bold mixture of colors so fatal to the attractions of English girls, the pinched look produced by the habitual rigorous economy of German ladies, and the careless slovenliness so often seen in Italian women, are rarely found in America. The facilities and cheap rates of travelling enable almost every girl in the land to visit the larger cities occasionally, and her observant eye and quick wit enable her soon to find out what is the prevailing style, and to acquire a general idea of what is suitable and what is becoming. The thorough-bred provincial air, which is such a constant source

of amusement to the traveller in the Old World, hardly exists in the States; and the inmate of a log-cabin in the territories often looks as well dressed and as aristocratic in bearing as many a high and noble lady abroad.

Hence, also, the almost marvellous facility with which the American lady adapts herself to foreign habits and foreign styles of dress. Many a fair daughter of this favored land was born in a humble cottage, sent to a public school, and compelled to earn her livelihood by the work of her hand or the teaching of children. She may have married, when she was quite young and unused to the ways of the world, an industrious mechanic, a modest school-master, or a youthful barrister. She has risen with her husband from step to step, rarely seeing the world, till one fine day she awakes to find herself the wife of a Foreign Minister. She crosses the ocean, she appears at court, she mingles with the highest in the land, and as there is not a trace of awkwardness in her manner, so her dress is in perfect keeping with her new station in life, and she wears her unwonted splendor with the same simple ease and perfect grace which in Europe are deemed the precious prerogative of the high-born. Nor must the *revers de la médaille* be forgotten. The sudden rise is not more frequent than the sudden fall; the ambassador is recalled by a new President, the millionaire sees his wealth take wings in a day of panic in Wall-street, the owner of thousands of slaves is left penniless by a President's proclamation, and the wife has to lay aside her splendor, and to exchange her velvets and her diamonds for simple calicoes and modest ribbons.

But, with the same innate dignity and outward grace, she remains the lady still in her homely dress, and gives to the cheapest materials and plainest forms a charm which neither poverty nor seclusion from the great world can ever efface. This rare gift of the American lady was most signally exhibited during the late civil war, when the Southern States were for five

years almost hermetically closed to the outer world, and the ladies of the South were compelled, from destitution as well as from sheer ignorance of foreign fashions, to dress as well as they could. And yet English travellers and Continental officers, who saw them during that time, bear uniform witness to the unmistakable *cachet* of good-breeding which they knew to impress upon toilettes, which under all other circumstances would have appeared most odd and extraordinary. There was something indescribably touching, we are told, in the homely, unadorned costume in which ladies reared in luxury, and even splendor, would welcome British lords and French princes in bare rooms; their calicoes were worn with a distinction, and their homespun fitted with an elegance, which made them only the more attractive, and reminded the visitors that the carpets had been transformed into blankets, and the silk curtains into coverlids, while the fair owners spent their days in nursing the wounded and working for the ill-clad soldiers in the field.

Since the war, however, the tendency to extravagance which has taken possession of the American people has not failed to affect the fair sex also, and naturally shows itself most in the injury it has done to their native good taste. Still, there is a very perceptible difference in this respect also, between the dress of the North and the South, the East and the West. As all the levelling power of republicanism has never yet succeeded in totally effacing the differences which climate, soil, and occupation produce in men's speech and manner, so fashion also has to bend, *bon gré mal gré*, to the same influences. The down-eastern girl, strong in her well-trained mind and almost masculine independence, is apt to affect stern simplicity in dress; she eschews bright colors and ornate fashions; she wears stout shoes, thick water-proofs, and loves to cut her hair short. New York

is far more cosmopolitan, representing, in countless varieties of dress, the wonderful mixture of nationalities that make up her population, and bearing, like a true metropolis, no distinctive mark of her own. Very different, indeed, is, in this respect, the southernmost city, New Orleans, where ladies dress in genuine French style, having Paris fashions imported directly, and copying them with matchless taste and brilliant success. As the traveller makes his way from New York southward, he notices, not without an occasional smile of amusement, how the sober colors of the North gradually give way to brighter shades; how flounces grow in number and bows in size; how flowers begin to abound in the hair and on hat and bonnet, and a slight tendency to exaggeration becomes more and more visible, tempered and restrained from running into extremes only by admirable good taste. If he travels westward, a similar change will attract his attention; but here it is a growing fondness for the richest stuffs and the most expensive jewelry, till he meets the western belle, still in her teens, but fairly bending under the weight of the heavy silk of her dress and the number and size of her diamonds.

Take it all in all, the Americans dress remarkably well—far better, as a people, than any other nation on earth. It is true, the number of men and women who can be said to dress really very well, is but small; but, what is of far greater importance, when we endeavor to read the character of a people in its outward appearance, the number of downright ill-dressed persons is still smaller; and the immense majority show, by the happy *juste milieu* which they observe in all matters concerning dress, that the Americans prove here also that good taste, sound judgment, and legitimate self-respect, which, applied to subjects of higher importance, have made them the leading nation of the world.

A QUEEN OF SOCIETY.

SPRING of 1865; parlor of a "palatial mansion" in Fifth Avenue, New York; present, Mr. Jonas Talmadge, the famous broker, and his daughter Gertrude; on the wall, full-length portrait of the deceased Mrs. Talmadge.

A youthful poet, violently and hopelessly in love with Gertrude, had celebrated her in the *Horn Journal* as the "Queen of the Lilies." The title was justified by her marvellously fair and clear complexion, and by the grace and flexibility of a figure which seemed as if it caught its movements from the breezes. Her expression, moreover, although vitrified and clouded by the life of a girl of fashionable society, still revealed traces of an original tenderness and candor such as might please the eye of the Heavenly Gardener, watching for the perfect purity of his lilies.

Had any poetess fallen in love with Mr. Talmadge, she might have sonneted him as the King of the Bullfrogs. Short, broad-backed, and clumsy, his protuberant eyes set in yellowish rings, his jaundiced complexion inclining to greenish bronze, his action torpid, and his voice a croak, it seemed as if nothing were necessary to his happiness but a puddle. A Frenchman might have been excused who should have hunted him for his short legs. A Brobdinag urchin would have stoned him at sight.

This frog had his puddle; it was the gold exchange. All through the war he had been diving into it with grandiose splashings, and coming out of it slimy with treasure. But since the peace it had in a measure dried up under the sun of public prosperity, and Jonas Talmadge was no longer a successful and festive bullfrog. We must cease to consider him from a comic point of view; we must drape him in the sublime habiliments of misfortune; we must hail him as a figure of tragedy.

"Has Mr. Widdleton been here lately?" he inquired of his daughter.

There was a curious contrast between his look and his tone, for while he managed to swell himself into a port of fierce determination, his croak bolted forth with a decrepit stammer. He knew that he was entering upon a subject unpleasant to his daughter; he was proud of her, excessively proud of her, and so far fond of her as to be a little afraid of her; yet he felt that it was his duty to bring her to her senses as to this Widdleton business.

"Mr. Widdleton was here last evening," responded the Queen of the Lilies with a calmness which showed that she cared little for her father's bloatings of anger.

"And how comes on that arrangement between you and him?" added the King of the Bullfrogs, after clearing his puffy and tremulous throat.

"How dreadfully you speak of such things, papa! As if they were speculations! Well, I gave Mr. Widdleton an answer. I told him to go."

"I thought so," responded the broker in a croak which was like a groan. "I'd 'a risked five thousand on it. That's the way you go on. That makes the tenth—or the twentieth. And this one is worth half a million—and a devilish good feller, too—a business-like feller. I don't see why he ain't up to par—and a big premium."

"I dare say he may be with people who want him," yawned Gertrude. "But I can't bring myself to want him."

Mr. Talmadge took several short-legged jumps about the room, and then resumed with a solemnity which was almost impressive: "Look here, Gerty! I must give you a serious talk. You've been living for yourself. You've had a good time. Now I want you to consider *me*. I want help—yes, by thunder

—help! If I don't get help from somewhere, I'm gone. If you won't marry a rich feller, who could give me a haul over this rough spot, by thunder I don't know how I'm to get over it. We spent forty thousand dollars last year. We two. And all for you. All to get among the Westervelts and Van Leers, and to try to get among the Effingstones and Knickerbockers. I don't care for those people. I don't want to know the Westervelts. But you do, and we spent forty thousand for it, and we know 'em. And now you won't help me when I need it."

He had meant to storm, but he had only been able to implore. He was so fond and proud of her that she had the upper hand of him, and he could not say an angry word to her, at least not yet. He now watched her eagerly, hoping that she would agree to marry some rich fellow (no matter what one) and so save her father from ruin.

Women of society know so little of business that they cannot even imagine its difficulties and impossibilities. It is useless to threaten them with bankruptcy; they will not understand the word until they have felt the fact; they always believe that the man of the family can somehow raise what money is needed for luxury. A being of this superhuman caste once said to her husband, when he complained of a lack of funds: "Why, New York is full of banks!"

"Papa," replied the Queen of the Lilies, after giving her father a glance of celestial surprise and sympathy, "I am sorry that you are troubled. But don't look so gloomy over it. Things always come right again."

"You can make them come right again," pleaded the desperate parent.

"Oh no!" she smiled. "I can't marry Mr. Widdleton. That is quite out of the question."

Of course it was; she had never done the slightest thing that she did not want to do; how then could she sacrifice herself for life to avert a danger which she could not conceive? It was natural that she should put aside such

a proposition with a bland and graceful scorn.

"Then, by ——! I may as well break and be done with it," roared Jonas Talmadge, driven to loud rage by his despair and by the indifference with which his daughter treated it.

And break he did, with the expedition and vigor which were his business characteristics, riling the whole gold-exchange puddle with his bankruptcy. Within a week of this interview, Gertrude Talmadge sat in a house which had been sold, amid furniture which was shortly to be dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer, that great scatterer of fashionable glories.

She does not look crushed by misfortune, she has not had time to realize what bankruptcy means; moreover her father has stormed a great deal, and so kept her mind occupied. But she has woeful forebodings; no more dazzling toilettes, and no more party triumphs; perhaps no more flattering courtships and acceptable offers. The sphere of the Westervelts is probably lost, and the sphere of the Effingstones forever unattainable. The promise that bloomed in her past only renders more intolerable the arid failure of her future. A Girl of the Period, without money, without aristocracy of birth, and without any kind of talent which can assure her of a career; a girl dowried only with extravagant tastes, with passionate aspirations and with uncultured cleverness, what can she look forward to in life but disappointment and misery?

It was under these circumstances that she received the extraordinary offer of that strange, that inscrutable, that almost incredible being, Mr. Heller. In the sinister and decisive moment of which we speak he is with her alone, awaiting her answer. With his usual sardonic smile on his indescribable face he paces the room from end to end, from corner to corner, first hither and then thither, the most restless and mobile of creatures, a type of the uncertain, the unaccountable, the fearfully mysterious.

She has had many offers—her white

fingers would not serve to count them—rich elderly men and handsome young men, all sent away as unworthy. But here is an offer unlike those: such an offer as no girl of her acquaintance had ever received, such an offer as she had never hoped, nor feared. To decide upon it she must think this world over, and the next; must weigh the one against the other; must choose between them.

Fabulous, yes supernatural, as this offer seemed, she had at once believed in its sincerity and actuality. When Mr. Heller had said to her, "I will assure you of complete worldly success, on the usual conditions," she had not doubted his ability to fulfil his stupendous promise, nor his right to demand the monstrous payment. Yes, vague as were his words, she had apprehended the infinity and eternity of his meaning. The veiled gloom of his gaze, the suppressed bitterness of his smile, the sepulchral profundity of his voice, were all-comprehensive and convincing. No human being, however frivolous or however skeptical, to whom Mr. Heller should make this proposition, could for an instant question his meaning or his power.

Leaning forward in her seat, her dimpled chin resting upon her trembling hand, her anxious eyes wandering from figure to figure of the carpet, Gertrude pondered long and in silence.

"Mr. Heller," she at last said, "I wonder if you think it strange that I hesitate."

"I do," responded that rolling bass voice, which no one, having once heard it, ever forgot. "The advantages are as obvious and immediate as life; the disadvantages are as uncertain and distant as eternity. You have but to balance what you know against what you do not know."

"What I wonder at is that I should hesitate to refuse," she sighed.

"And yet it is an immense temptation," she resumed, as if arguing with herself in favor of acceptance. "My life, compared with what I have wished it to be, has been a failure. I have had

money, but too little. I have had a career, but not brilliant enough. I have had offers, but too few. I never have been able to know the highest society of New York. If I had gone to Paris, I could not have got an invitation to Compiègne. And now I must lose even mediocrity. I must, I suppose, live in a boarding-house, and cut over old dresses."

Mr. Heller smiled. He was accustomed to hear human beings excuse and justify themselves for dallying with his temptations. It was such an old comedy with him that he no longer laughed barbarically and obstreperously over it, and his smile was the gentlest, the most courteous expression of amusement conceivable, seemingly a mere flicker of sympathetic good-nature.

After a short silence Gertrude added: "It is singular! I have heard of this offer being made to men, but never before of its being made to women."

"This is the era of your sex," he bowed. "Formerly woman came with the man. Now that she is independent, I must deal directly with her."

Let us pause for an instant to note the contrast—a contrast as of day and night—between these two. Gertrude, exquisitely delicate, a lily just tinged with rose, her eyes of heavenly blue, her hair of sunlit gold, seems like a child of the dawn. She has been in society several years, and still she looks innocent, looks almost child-like. One thing is old, and that is her expression: it is glittering, hard, and cold with too much experience; she is obviously a Girl of the Period. Yet, compared with Mr. Heller, she seems one of Fra Angelico's seraphs.

Those who during the war frequented the society of the Gildersleeves and Westervelts must have met this mysterious personage. Tall, full-chested, and broad-shouldered, yet as lithe in his movements as a cat and as noiseless as a ghost, he appeared to be an incredible union of force and of subtlety, reminding you at once of the world of matter in its most vigorous projection, and of the spiritual world in its most impon-

derable mystery. His face was strangely dark in this respect, that you did not think of it as being naturally so, nor yet as being bronzed by sunburn, but that you were tempted to call it smoky.

It was an amazing countenance both in feature and in expression; it was remarkable and yet it was indescribable; it roused scrutiny and yet it might not be remembered; an hour after you had wondered at it you could not recall it. It was young and it was old; it had the freshness of stalwart life, and it had the mystery of antiquity; it changed in a moment from a face of today to a face which might have watched the centuries before the deluge.

Of this strange being's history Gertrude knew little more than that he had been the intimate of the famous Senator Gildersleeve, that he had been engaged in no one knew what dark and wicked intrigues of the civil war, and that vain efforts had been made to arrest him, or at least to drive him from the country. That noted belle, Miss Genevieve Westervelt, a woman of high moral feeling and superior intelligence, had warned her against him as a person whom it was not wholesome to know. But Gertrude, finding life flat and unsatisfactory, craved the pleasures of novelty and danger, and secured the acquaintance of Mr. Heller.

When the girl again spoke, it was with a pallid cheek and a gasp for breath.

"Mr. Heller, I accept your offer," she said. "I take all that you can give, and I will pay the price."

"Thank you," he bowed and smiled. No antics of unearthly joy; he was too well bred for such demonstrations; every body admitted that Mr. Heller was a "perfect gentleman."

"Before night you shall hear of my action in your behalf," he added. "My charming benefactor and ally, good-morning."

The good news predicted by this tremendous auxiliary reached Gertrude while she was still in a state of stupor over her terrible bargain. Her father came home to dinner an hour earlier

than usual, and in a flurry of joyous excitement. This clown of a tragedy, this gross materialist unconscious of the spiritualities of life, coarsely jested and clumsily disported himself in an unexpected shower of gold, without guessing the woeful sacrifice by which it had been secured.

"Hurray!" shouted the dull worldling. "Your stock is up. Going at a premium! Two hundred per cent.! A thousand per cent.!"

"What is it?" asked Gertrude, with the cheerless triumph of a criminal who counts his gold while he listens for the footsteps of the sheriff.

"Your mother's estate! bowing to something at last! The Pennsylvania land is oil—solid oil. Offer of two hundred thousand for it. I'm going on there. They don't get Jonas Talmadge to sell with his eyes shut. May be worth millions."

Gertrude's lips curled with the ironical smile of hardening despair as she answered, "Then I need not marry Mr. Widdleton."

"Widdleton be hanged!" cried the King of the Bullfrogs, leaping gayly about the room.

"Nor sell the furniture," continued the girl, with a satire which cut her own soul.

"Let it go," responded the uncomprehending father. "We'll have a fresh lot—from Paris. A new house, too, by thunder! I hope you'll let me live in it. Ho ho!"

"I have lived in your houses. Besides, I shall need you."

"Seems to me you're mighty cool in your good fortune," he said, staring at her. "It sent me almost mad. I tell you, when I first read this letter, I thought I should have a stroke. I had to sit down on a step and catch my breath."

Even now his face was of a greenish purple, while his flabby throat fluttered tremulously, as if he must croak or burst. We all remember how certain petroleum fortunes blazed up suddenly into splendor. Before long Gertrude had sold lands for a million, besides

retaining what shortly gave her an income of a quarter of a million. During the same period another million came into view as the harvest of multitudinous desert acres which lay upon the line of the projected Pacific railroad. Finally, a patent in which her father had invested her moneyed property, and which had thus far produced nothing but expenses, abruptly poured into her lap unexpected treasures. Meantime this clever and indefatigable girl, well fitted by her talent and her tireless energy to become a queen of fashion, has been fully equal to her good fortune. Bringing all her powers to bear on her circumstances, she has ascended to a luxury which almost rivals the lavish elegance of aristocratic Europe, and hints at the gigantic sumptuousness of Augustan Rome. Let us look at her new home, one of the grandest in New York, the stories twenty feet in height, the front a precipice of stone.

The parlor, sixty feet in length and thirty in breadth, would be held to merit, even in Italy, that land of architectural largeness, the grandiose title of *salone*. The carpet is a tapestry of artistic figures, glossy with silk and sparkling with gold thread. The frescoes of the walls and ceiling are copies from the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. Marbles and bronzes, from the size of life down to mantel figures, but all of exquisite design and workmanship, and nearly all from antique models, glisten in profusion. The tables and stands are of malachite, or agate, or jasper, or of Florentine mosaic, or of ebony and ivory inlaid with metal. The gas-fixture is an enormous candelabrum, the masterpiece of an eminent Parisian artist, a Bellini of the nineteenth century. All these gems of art are well combined; nothing is out of place, nothing ill-chosen, nothing startling; the result is a well-proportioned and finished unity of impression.

In the midst of the creation sits the creator, triumphant in spirit, but jaded and pale. She has devoted herself to the composition of her parlor, as a poet

devotes himself to his poem, or a sculptor to his group. The anxiety, the mental effort, of selecting, of arranging, of uniting, has worn upon her body and made her spirit predominant. You may denounce her as a slave of fashion, but you are obliged to admit that she is an artist; you can see it in her work, and you can see it in her face. The people who earn money are apt to accuse those who merely lavish it of never using their brains. But it requires some intellect and even some imagination to be a mighty spendthrift. What could a "poor white" do with a million, after he had used a few hundreds of it in buying whiskey, tobacco, dogs, and a rifle? Gertrude Talmadge has collected objects of art and of *vertu*, such as she lately knew nothing of, except by reading! It was in "*Le Cousin Pons*" of Balzac that she found the hint which led her to write to Paris and obtain at an enormous price the only Watteau ever brought to the United States.

And more: Gertrude has imagined what she did not know existed; she has been obliged to seek her ideal before she could purchase it; she has been tempted by false similitudes and has resisted the temptation; she has persevered in her search until she deserved discovery. The drawing of the check which paid for the prize was a mere triviality at the close of the real labor.

The same in dress. That combination of lines and colors which drapes her—that combination which is the fashion, but which is also higher than the fashion—she herself devised it, overlooked its fabrication, brought it to perfection. In the fashionable sphere she is already recognized as a leading intellect. The dressmakers of New York take notes from her, as lawyers take notes from an accomplished jurist. The ladies of New York look upon her as a rival from whom it is necessary to learn how to conquer.

We, the grave ones and utilitarians of the earth, call this species of intellectual activity trivial; but it is trivial only in that its ends are slight compared with its means,—in that the result does not

justify the cost. We charge it with inanity because, after the expenditure of many thousands, society is morally no whit higher than before; because the only object clearly attained is the satisfaction of a single individual's moderate æsthetic capacities and immoderate vanity. But there accusation ends; we find in superb expenditure something more than folly; mental action there certainly is, and in no trivial amount.

And then the pleasure! Observe that extravagance is a putting forth of force. It is probable that all the greater joys of life consist in using the potencies which exist within us, or which fortune has placed under our hands. Loving, creating, destroying, hoarding, dissipating, the satisfactions of the good man and the bad, of the artist and the conqueror, of the miser and the spendthrift, all or nearly all derive from the display of power. To some natures, the mere lavishing of money, without ulterior object, is an activity which brings unquestionable and keen enjoyment.

"You make wealth fascinating," said Mr. Heller to Gertrude, during one of his frequent visits. "You increase its power of temptation. You are worthy of possessing it."

"Stay with us to dinner," she replied. "You shall see the best that I can do."

Presently guests began to arrive, and soon a party of fifteen had assembled. Among them Mr. Heller noticed two of the young Effingstones and the eldest son of the Knickerbockers of the North River. After his silent, sardonic fashion he amused himself with the not quite concealed glances of satisfaction which Gertrude cast at these stars of a galaxy which had until lately seemed beyond her furthest cycle of revolution.

The repast was sumptuous. The service dazzled with gold and silver, crystals and porcelain. The viands, if they would not have contented Brillât Savarin, were at least admirable in a country whose *cuisine* is no more perfected than its art and literature. The wines were Champagne, Hockheimer, Hermi-

tage, Tokai, the richest of Sherries and the most delicate of Bordeaux. The scent of the meats was drowned in the perfume of the rarest flowers.

The conversation was suited to this luxury. Not a word was breathed which hinted of labor, whether physical or mental. There was a long discussion among the ladies regarding opera cloaks, and another among the gentlemen as to the tying of cravats. This *jeunesse dorée* of a democracy seemed to know nothing of democratic industries and responsibilities. A person who should have mentioned trade, or public affairs, or science, would have been stared at as an eccentric.

Mr. Heller, that apostle of decadence, that enemy of whatever elevates the human race, was entirely content with his company. His sardonic smile beamed until it seemed to illumine with an infernal radiance the flushed faces and sparkling eyes of those youths and maidens as they drank deeper and deeper of the luscious wines and made a bird-like babble of the conversation. He surveyed with almost enthusiastic sympathy a slender and beardless dandy, who in his eagerness to propose a toast sprang into his chair, and could hardly be restrained from mounting the table.

"Good!" murmured Mr. Heller, in that hollow bass which seemed to come from under earth, as if it were the voice of caverns or of graves. "*Vive la bagatelle!* When all mankind reaches this point, we shall have *our* millennium."

After the party had separated he congratulated the youthful hostess on the success of her entertainment.

"You have entered the Effingstone circle," he added with a flattering bow. "I take it for granted that you find it a paradise."

"I am getting tired of cheap conquests," she answered, with something like a sigh.

Mr. Heller turned away to smile; for, although the look and tone of satiety were nothing new to him; although he had heard and seen them in all the many people whom he had aided, neverthe-

less they did not cease to afford him amusement.

"Do you want more wealth?" he inquired. "What is it that you want?"

"I want just what I haven't got," she replied in the language and with the manner of a spoiled child.

"Go and seek it," said Mr. Heller. "It is what all men and all women are doing. It is the business of the human race."

"I think I shall visit Paris," she observed, after running over New York in her mind and pronouncing it a sucked orange.

"The very place!" responded Heller, with such enthusiasm as he was capable of. "I look upon Paris with almost unlimited satisfaction, especially since the advent of the present Emperor and Empress. You will see me there. *Au revoir.*"

On his way out of the house he sought for and found Jonas Talmadge. The father of Gertrude had not been present at Gertrude's dinner-party. A diver in puddles of gold certificates, a biped whose whole moral and intellectual conformation smelled of the fens of brokerage, must of course be unsuitable to an assemblage which knew no industry but fashion. He had been relegated to his smoking-room in the basement, and there he still was at midnight, puffing over the day-books and ledgers which were all that remained of his own fortune.

"Hullo, Heller!" he grunted. "Come in and be cosy. Take one of these Havanas—sixty cents a-piece, my dear feller—what I call premium smoking. Been up-stairs, hey? How was the dinner? Don't see the beat of it often, I reckon. And the company. Some Effingstones and Knickerbockers, I understand. Well, my daughter likes that sort. She invites 'em, and they come. I don't care for 'em. Heavy to dine with. I prefer my little hole here, a chop or two, a glass of porter, and a cigar."

Notwithstanding his gratulation over his daughter's wealth and social success, he reddened a little as he thought that

he had not been considered fine enough for her company, and had received a gentle hint that he would find it more agreeable to dine alone. Presently, however, soothed by Heller's compliments and felicitations, he resumed his brag-gadocio.

"After all, the main pleasure in such things is to know that you can pay for 'em," he said. "And I *can* pay, Heller. If I can't do any thing else, I can make money. There ain't many men of my age who've piled up such a fortune. All that you see in this house springs out of this head, sir, and not a bald spot on it yet. Any time that you want assistance, Heller, I'll put my name to your paper."

The unspeakable creator looked at his bragging creature with an inscrutable smile.

"You have recovered from your late embarrassment with surprising rapidity," was his cruel comment.

"Oh—hang it! yes," growled Talmadge, not pleased to be reminded of his bankruptcy. "That was a mere accident. Not my fault. Some confounded swindlers fetched me on my knees for once. I was up again in a minute."

Heller merely glanced with scornful indifference over a mental and moral interior similar to many which he had studied before. We will venture to state in several tiresome sentences a small part of what he saw in an instant. Talmadge was wretched over the fact that he had failed, and that he was now rich only in his daughter's wealth. A business man prides himself on making money; it is his vanity, his point of honor, his supreme success. When he fails to show a handsome balance-sheet at the end of the year, or even to win the best side of a single bargain, he is cruelly mortified. He is as much humbled as an author whose book will not sell, or a painter whose canvas at the academy attracts no gazers, or a soldier whose services obtain no promotion. His overreachings spring quite as much from his desire to appear an able operator as from his avidity after the ma-

terial results of fortunate operations. Vanity is as strong a motive of action with him as greed. Of course, however, the two sentiments, by long working together, have produced a habit of life, which is, after all, his most persistent force.

From the point of view established by these facts we can see the whole sordid interior of Jonas Talmadge's wretchedness, as he sits in the lap of his daughter's luxury and studies the ledger of his own bankruptcy. We can understand too the sarcasm of the words with which Mr. Heller took his departure.

"Mr. Talmadge, may you always be as fortunate as you have been," bowed this master tormentor.

Gertrude, taking her father with her, went to Paris. The parent, who had always spoiled his child, was now her humble worshipper, her steward, butler, and courier. Her wealth supported him, and her brilliance dazzled him. For Gertrude had become clever; her easy domination of society had made her at ease in it; she could put forth in it all the native power of her intellect; she was famed as one of the wittiest girls in New York.

It was a life of the Thousand-and-One Nights which she led at Paris. Out of the showers of gold which continually descended upon her from unexpected clouds she fashioned sceneries and dramas of luxury which dazzled even the modern Sybaris. At a court reception the Emperor pointed her out to the Empress, and whispered (as the words were reported by a newspaper correspondent), "There is a new grace for our Olympus."

"You must not leave us," said Eugénie, when Gertrude was presented. "It would impoverish Paris."

This goddess of the extravagant could appreciate the reckless expenditure implied by the girl's dress, and could suit her flattery to the character of its object.

"Your Majesty may consider me a subject," replied Gertrude, without hesitation, and stranger still, without

emotion. Even the compliment of an Empress, of that regal milliner who dictates fashions for all civilized lands, could not shake the unhappy self-possession of this satiated and jaded spirit.

When the Emperor in his turn spoke to her, she actually failed to notice what he said, and responded at random. Her attention was seized and absorbed by the apparition of one who to her was greater than Napoleon,—one before whom her spirit quailed as the spirit of a murderer quails before the remembrance of his crime,—one who was her autocrat in this life, and, as she feared, in another. Among the courtiers stood Mr. Heller, his dusky and gloomy eyes fixed with an air of dissatisfaction upon her face, as if he were peering into her soul and finding there no content.

Presently he approached her and murmured, "How is it that you are not happy? How is it that I can never fulfil the desires of a human being? What more do you want?"

She gave him a glance which seemed to say, "Why do you torment me before my time? Then she answered, with a pettish frivolity which indicated desperation, "I want to go to Compiègne. I want to be the favored guest there."

"You will be invited," he promised. "You shall be the Empress' pet. Will that do?"

"I will see," she answered.

At Compiègne, surrounded by imperial splendors and flatteries, she met him again.

"Still unsatisfied?" he muttered as soon as he had looked into her eyes. "Is there any thing else? Why not marry one of these titles?"

"I cannot love any one," she replied bitterly. "I think that I would gladly resign my wealth, if I could only love any one, even a barber."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Heller, in something like anger. "I cannot give you the treasures of the soul. Ask what I have."

"Let me alone, then," she said, turning sullenly away from him.

Instead of leaving her, after his usual considerate fashion, Mr. Heller followed her and continued the dialogue.

"I should be glad to have you tell me precisely what you want," he insisted. "Aspirations after the infinite are absurd. You cannot conceive the unknown, and therefore you cannot ask for it. Make a plain demand, in words which you yourself can comprehend, and I will see whether it can be granted."

"Leave me entirely to myself. That is my demand. Leave me."

"I cannot," responded this incarnate Remorse. "I am your guardian. It is my duty to supervise your fate. I am as much bound by our bargain as you."

"Then release me from it," she implored.

"I will not. And if I would, I could not. By the laws of my being it is impossible."

As Mr. Heller left Gertrude, the girl's father met him with a chuckle of, "How d'e do? How does my daughter seem to you?"

"Superb. The type of success."

"Just so," grinned Jonas. "Well, she has all that there is in money. I tell you, Heller, that money is the great motive power of this life. But, allowing for all that, there's lots left of her. Such a mind! Should like to see the creature that could be too much for her."

"So should I," smiled Mr. Heller as he bowed and glided away.

Gertrude could not escape her horrible guardian's oversight. At Compiègne, and after she had left it in disgust, whithersoever she wandered in her vain search after happiness, she was fated to meet him from time to time, always anxious that she should be satisfied, always asking, "What more?"

Her life became simply a continuous flight from Mr. Heller. Her father, entirely devoted to her, finally divined her wretchedness, and in part the cause of it.

"You are tormented by that sooty-eyed fellow," said he. "Why don't you give him the sack, and have done with it?"

"Oh, if I could get rid of him!" groaned Gertrude.

"I'll start him," croaked Talmadge, blackening with indignation.

"But——" stammered the girl. "There are reasons. I am under obligations. My best investments were made under his direction."

"Oh!" exclaimed the veteran broker, stricken with sudden respect for Heller. "If that's so, perhaps we'd better put up with him, at least for awhile. We may want him hereafter."

At the word *hereafter* Gertrude shuddered, but she made no other comment, and the scene ended there.

For some time Jonas Talmadge was very civil to Heller. How should an old business man lack in consideration for a person who had both the wisdom and the goodness to indicate first-class investments?

But Gertrude's health failed; her father grew anxious over her pale cheek and listless manner; moreover he felt that Mr. Heller's persistent familiarity was insolent.

"Sir, ain't you following up my daughter pretty close?" he broke out, after a dinner highly seasoned with sherry. "I think you are, and I want you to quit it."

"My responsibilities toward her are greater than yours," replied the sombre Enigma. "Let me advise you, as you value what you have, not to meddle with what I have."

"I'll attend to your case, sir," retorted Jonas, changing from a bullfrog to a toad and looking poisonous.

This scene occurred in Vienna. Among those who frequented the hotel which the Talmadges had rented was a young Austrian nobleman, a man about town, gambler and duellist, Count Von Hoff. At Gertrude's next reception Talmadge took this courtly royster aside and whispered, "Count, you shoot, hey?"

"Very goot," smiled the Count, after a tranquil gaze of interrogation.

"And you're in debt, Count?"

"Very much; ein hundert tounsan francs," admitted the youth with a cheerful laugh.

"I'll pay the debts and give you a check for another hundred thousand," pursued Talmadge. "All I want is one good shoot. Understand?"

"Yah—yes. Who?"

"Heller."

"Sacrament!" exclaimed the Count with a start of dismay.

"Make the whole thing three hundred thousand," urged Talmadge. "Come, you don't make that every day at faro."

"Vell—I'll try," assented Von Hoff, after a struggle with some vague alarm. "Let it regomment me to Mees Dalmig."

"Oh, certainly," affirmed Jonas. "She shall hear of it. You'll find it all right. Go in."

There was a duel. Somehow or other (the circumstances of the provocation remained a secret) Von Hoff contrived to bring Heller upon the field of honor. The contrast of bearing between the two adversaries was extraordinary. The Count, though brave as a lion, though tried in a score or so of duels, was as pale as death. Mr. Heller, as calm as Buddha, had a tranquil smile on his immemorial face, and did not even look at his antagonist.

Three shots were discharged. Each time Von Hoff raised his weapon deliberately, took careful aim, and missed. After each shot Heller bowed courteously, but with an ironical smile, and fired in the air.

"I shoot no more," stammered the Count, walking away trembling and presently falling in a fit.

Heller now turned to Talmadge, a witness of the encounter, and whispered: "You owe this boy three hundred thousand francs. Pay him."

The stupefied broker, shrinking before the fearful dusky eye which was fixed on his, drew from his pocket a check which he had not meant to deliver except in quite another issue of the contest, and placed it in the hand of the Count as he struggled back to consciousness. The next day Von Hoff cancelled all his debts with religious strictness, and, dropping his evil companions, went on a tour to Rome and

the Holy Land. Talmadge drove back to his sumptuous hotel, so horribly afraid of Heller that, when the latter called on him, he not only received the visit, but mumbled some vague excuses.

"Make no apologies," replied the bland Horror. "I am the most charitable creature in the universe. I never expect people to do what is called right, and I therefore am never angry when they do what is called wrong. Your conduct in this matter, and indeed your whole life, my dear friend, has my highest approbation."

From this time forward neither Talmadge nor his daughter tried to avoid Heller. With the automatic calmness of despair the girl received his visits, followed his suggestions as to her course of life, and accepted his fatal favors. In one respect, however, she could not obey him; she could not be happy, nor even look happy. Her wretchedness wrought little by little a singular change in her expression; still beautiful in form, features, and complexion, she had the air of a fallen spirit.

"I am growing so wicked," she once observed with a bitter smile, "that it is beginning to show in my face. I wonder any one wishes to come near me, or can say a flattering thing to me. I hate to look at myself."

Meantime she was living in almost fabulous luxury. No Russian or Hungarian noble had ever amazed the Viennese with a prodigality like that of this family of democratic parvenus. Their extravagance made them celebrities; people were as anxious to see them as if they were the Siamese Twins, or Tom Thumb and his wife; even the staid pride of the Austrian nobility caught the contagion of curiosity; the grandest grandees visited the Talmadges and received the Talmadges. Gertrude, the unhappiest woman in Vienna, was socially the most successful woman in Vienna.

"What do you complain of?" inquired Mr. Heller, after a glance into her hopeless eyes. "No other American girl ever had such triumphs. With Esterhazys and Bourbons in your par-

lor, you ought to be the happiest of your sex. And you glare at me as if I were an enemy."

"Oh, I wish I never had met you," groaned Gertrude. "I wish I were a sewing-girl in New York."

"I see no chance of your being poor," smiled her tormentor. "It is my duty, according to the terms of our bargain, to keep you rich."

It was a horrible mockery. Her wealth had become a burden and torment to her; not indeed in itself, for it was still delightful to lavish money; yet there, always, was this fearful Heller, as a part of her daily and future being; and so the wealth was a horror. Yet she was assured of its continuance, as if it were a blessing.

There is a Chinese proverb which says, "What is the use of gaining the button of a mandarin, unless you can show it in your native village?" After three years of dreary triumph amid the grandeur of European society, it seemed to Gertrude that she might find some pleasure in exhibiting to old acquaintance the trophies which she had won abroad, and in establishing among them an empire which had once been disputed.

Again the great mansion in Fifth Avenue overflowed with splendid gayety. This time success seemed perfect; the Effingstones and Knickerbockers and Van Twillers were conquered; it was difficult not to bow where Esterhazys and Orloffs had set the example. Whatever joy there may be in becoming the first where one has been the last, Gertrude had it.

Rather, she would have had it, but for the price. There is such a thing conceivable as buying the universe too dear. In the presence of every one of her joys, in the midst of every one of her triumphs, the thought occurred to her, "For this Mr. Heller must be paid." At times she was crazy to live in order to escape him; at other times she was ready to die because life was a burden. Could she have been amply assured that death was annihilation, it is probable that she would have hastened

to it by violence, as to a city of refuge.

She was in this state, a miserable queen of society, an empress crowned with thorns, when she was found by Mr. Heller on his return from Paris.

"Still in trouble?" he said, with that terrible smile of his, a suppressed writhing of anxiety, disappointment, cruelty, and scorn. "Your face tells me that things are still going wrong, in your estimation. Is there a peak of ambition which you cannot scale? If so, point it out to me, and you shall be on its summit."

"I have nothing to ask of you," she sighed. "I know that you will not dissolve our horrible agreement. There is nothing else that I desire."

"You are a small creature," he replied. "The splendors of earth are by no means exhausted; and you have not yet begun to demand its powers. Do you never desire to do mischief? It is time that you found satisfaction in victimizing your kind. They are a contemptible race, these human beings. Crush them, trample upon them, make them miserable."

"Ah! that was not in the bond," replied Gertrude, with something like pleasure.

Anxious now to do in every thing, as far as possible, the opposite of what Mr. Heller desired, she resolved to devote herself to the happiness of her race; and, to the intense vexation of her father, she put a sudden end to her gayeties, and passed her time in labors of charity.

"Confounded nonsense!" was the comment which Jonas Talmadge mingled with the blessing of widows and the thanks of orphans. "I can understand investing, and I can understand spending, but I don't see the sense of giving."

Notwithstanding her industry of mercy, Gertrude felt that her fate still claimed her, following her from garret to garret of the wretched, and whispering in every sordid hovel, "You are mine." In vain she invoked the aid of clergymen; in vain she sought the

shelter of sanctuaries. A horrible looking for of judgment was forever in her eyes, discovering no pathway for her feet but one which descended into impenetrable gloom. She was wasted almost to a skeleton, although her form was still exquisitely graceful and her face beautiful.

At last, when she was driven almost mad by this expectation and attendance of horror, there came to her wearied soul a vision which appeared to promise relief. Walking out on one of her rounds of charity, she saw a church-door open, and the thought occurred to her to enter the holy precinct and rest her weary frame. Sinking upon a humble seat in one corner of the building, she fell asleep.

She was awakened, or seemed to be awakened, by a great light; and turning toward it, or seeming to do so, she beheld an angel sitting by a sepulchre. His eyes were fixed upon her in sorrow and pity; he pointed to the door of the tomb, half open, disclosing some shrouded majesty; from his lips came words, a revelation of hope, a direction of safety: "Do like Him. Die for the rescue of others. In such death there is salvation."

As she started to throw herself at his feet, the visionary solemnity vanished.

Leaving the church, she walked slowly homeward in such deep meditation that she hardly perceived that it was dusk, and that the wretched by-street which she had taken was nearly deserted. She was reflecting upon the message which she had received, not doubting its unearthly origin and its authority, and only desiring an opportunity for some salvatory sacrifice, when she heard the curses and trappings of a violent struggle.

Turning a corner, she discovered two city roughs engaged in a deadly contest, one of them pressing the other by

the throat against a wall, and holding a knife raised to strike; the threatened man, bloated with long habits of drunkenness, and his face, terror-stricken as it was, distorted with evil passions; the two forming a group of hideous misery and ferocity and vice. It occurred to Gertrude, with the swiftness and power of a revelation, that it would be Christ-like to die for this bestialized being, the incarnation of degraded wickedness, the type of a fallen race. Uttering a shriek of self-devotion, she threw herself before him and received the knife in her breast.

With a curse of rage and horror the murderer dropped his bloody weapon and fled. The other, cursing also in brutal astonishment, lifted Gertrude with his soiled hands and called loudly for help.

A figure appeared; it was in the likeness of a man, tall, swarthy, and saturnine; there was something in it which seemed to ally it to the sombreness of the hour and the savageness of the scene; there was what reminded one of the title, *A Prince of Darkness*; it was Mr. Heller. He bent over the girl and recoiled from her; he seemed to know at a glance that she was no longer his; his demoniacal face writhed with disappointment. Looking angrily into her dying eyes, as they closed with an expression of ineffable sweetness upon life, he muttered, "Escaped!" and passed onward.

A month later, when Jonas Talmadge had begun to recover from the shock of his daughter's death, he was a bankrupt. That phenomenal fortune, which had arisen so suddenly and to such an overshadowing height, like an Afreet stealing out of his brazen bottle and towering to the sky, returned swiftly into the fantastic mystery which had sent it forth, as a shattered water-spout reënters into ocean.

CONCERNING CHARLOTTE.

[CONTINUED.]

THE MASQUERADE.

INHABITANTS of country towns, satiated with rural blessedness, always welcome enthusiastically such exciting diversions as fancy balls. The neighbors and friends, therefore, eagerly accepted Charlotte's invitations, and instantly plunged into preparations that constituted a rather severe drain both on their cerebral and digital energies.

The occasion was accepted with the greater promptness that Charlotte's hospitality was known to be rather fitful. Sometimes, for weeks or months, she kept open house, with visiting, feasting, gayeties of every description. Then, for another lengthened period, the doors were closed, and the mistress denied even to morning calls. So it behooved the world to make hay while the sun shone; and it addressed itself energetically to this agreeable business, elaborating Indians, shepherds, and Roman peasants, with all the luxuriant imagination characteristic of country towns.

Larger worlds have been overturned for motives akin to that which stirred up this delightful commotion.

The day before the party, Charlotte, who had kept jealous watch over Margaret during the fortnight necessary for its preparation, brought her two peculiar dresses, exactly alike.

"I propose," said she, "that you and I wear these dresses, and, for the greater mystification of people, occasionally pretend to reveal ourselves in each other's personality. I want you to announce to Mr. Allston, for instance, that you are Charlotte, and point me out to him as yourself."

"He will not believe me. People are always defending themselves against practical jokes at a masquerade."

"Not he. Mr. Allston, who is keen

enough to appreciate wit, is too single-natured to understand humor, especially the commonplace fun of masquerades. I am convinced that he will wear no disguise, and will be only too thankful to take refuge from the confusion with some one whom he thinks he knows."

As Charlotte had foreseen, Ethelbert came to the party without either mask or fancy dress. His friends rallied him in vain; he averred his total inability to support an assumed character, and mingled willingly with the few other broadcloths who had dared to proffer a similar plea.

Charlotte, from behind the security of her mask, and relieved of the responsibilities of hostess, watched Ethelbert incessantly. At first he seemed entirely amused, throwing himself into the scene with all the genial abandon with which he always accepted any thing offered for his enjoyment. Then he grew serious; his nature was too essentially sympathetic to enjoy long a mere amusement that he could not share with some one else, and he was necessarily isolated in the midst of the masquerade. Finally this seriousness deepened to an expression of intense weariness—and Charlotte knew that her moment had come. She seized an opportunity to whisper to Margaret:

"Tell Mr. Allston that you have taken pity upon his loneliness, and mean to rescue him from these speechless strangers. Is it not ridiculous how they are all afraid to open their mouths lest they betray themselves? I have found out every person in the room. Tell him that Margaret is in the conservatory—that you think she is lonely also, and that you wish he would go and entertain her."

Margaret assented unsuspectingly, and in a few moments Charlotte, who had

seated herself in a solitary corner of the empty conservatory, saw Ethelbert coming toward her.

Charlotte always possessed a strong magnetic perception of the mental conditions of the people in whose presence she found herself. This faculty, sharpened by her acute personal interest in Ethelbert, now conveyed to her such a clairvoyant impression of his confidence in her identity with Margaret, that her consciousness seemed to double itself, in order to respond truthfully to Ethelbert's supposition. She seemed to herself to be at once Charlotte and Margaret, and even some indifferent third person, looking on and criticizing the minutest detail. This third person now noticed that Ethelbert seated himself by her side too quietly to evince any eager pleasure at meeting her—rather with an air of relief over his escape from the medley crowd. He seemed at ease, at home, as nearly assured as was compatible with the exquisite courtesy ingrained in his nature.

Charlotte remembered—as if it were very long ago—the marked awakened attention with which Ethelbert always greeted her, as if each time he expected to find something new.

"He must have become very intimate with Margaret, to believe that he has already exhausted her possibilities," she thought. Aloud she said:

"Are you already tired of the masquerade, Mr. Allston?"

"A little. Fortunately, Charlotte was so kind as to discover herself to me, and tell me where I could find you. She thought that we might both be feeling rather lonely in this crowd of strangers. Charlotte is always thinking about the wants of other people. I am very glad that you have such a generous, bountiful nature for a friend."

Charlotte colored behind her mask with the naive pleasure of a child who hears itself praised. But the next moment, in her consciousness as Margaret, she felt nettled by this remark.

"He is *too* kind," she thought. "Nothing but the fineness of his nature prevents him from being supercilious."

"Yes, Charlotte is kind," she replied aloud. "But I hope that you did not trouble yourself to find me simply on her recommendation."

"I accepted her suggestion with the more gratitude because I had a special message to deliver to you, and I should never have discovered you by myself."

"A message from whom?"

"From that lady about whom I spoke to you the other day. As far as she is concerned, the affair is settled. The position is yours, if you like to accept it."

"And I shall owe it to your friendly intervention? Can I ever sufficiently thank you?"

"Why should you thank me at all for ministering so effectively to my own selfish enjoyment? You cannot imagine the pleasure I have had in arranging this little matter for you. And I really think you might be most pleasantly situated in this family. The father and mother are admirable people, the children docile and intelligent, and—a subordinate but still legitimate consideration—the salary is very good."

"I am sure I can rely upon your representation. Have you appointed any day for me to meet your friends?"

"Yes; Thursday next, if you are willing. But are you quite decided to accept?"

"It is, of course, impossible to decide finally until after Thursday. But at this moment I know of nothing to prevent me. Do you?"

Ethelbert, usually so alert in his replies, was now silent, and busied himself in breaking off a spray of the honeysuckle that invaded the window. Charlotte waited a minute or two, and then repeated the question.

"Yes," answered Ethelbert. "Or, rather, I was thinking of something by which I wished that you might be prevented."

"From benefiting by the advantages you have taken such pains to secure for me? That is rather illogical."

"But it is I that am about to propose the hindrance; so, of course, I was anxious that you should be in a po-

sition which left you perfectly free to choose."

"You are generous."

"Should you call a man generous simply because he was not brute enough to take an unfair advantage of a woman, and persuade her to become his wife, in order to escape from some temporary inconvenience of position?"

"I should call him extremely proud for insisting upon a love offered to himself alone, and freed from the faintest shade of gratitude or suspicion of worldly interest."

Ethelbert looked up startled.

"Proud!" he repeated. The idea was evidently quite new to him.

"Well," he resumed presently, "we are poor creatures at best, and it is never safe to explore too deeply into the motives of our conduct, especially those of which we are unconscious. The essential is that I have left you free to choose."

"Between what?"

"Between Mrs. Holbein and myself."

"I did not know that you were in need of a governess."

"I am not. But I am in need of a wife."

"Oh!" said Charlotte, coldly, but fully from her consciousness as Margaret.

"I may be presumptuous," continued Ethelbert, recovering his habitual rapidity of diction, "in asking you to share a life as arduous as mine. I can offer you neither riches nor social position; I can only inflict upon you the troubles of an obscure, struggling exile. But I think both of us have learned how much the harshness of all material annoyances may be softened by the love and sincere sympathy of two persons who thoroughly understand and appreciate each other. Dear Margaret, you will make me very happy if you will consent to be my wife."

He leaned toward her with the same swaying gesture that Charlotte had noticed the first evening he talked with Margaret. But his voice was clear and untroubled as usual—his face unchanged; the spray of honeysuckle

swaying at the window in the evening breeze not more passionless than he.

"Dear friend," said Charlotte, "I thank you for your words. They are new to me, and I must think over them before I can reply. You have been so generous in providing me, if necessary, with a way of escape from you, that I am sure you will not now hurry me for an answer."

A secret scorn vibrated under the words, but so far below the surface that Ethelbert did not perceive it. He answered cordially:

"Assuredly not. I trust you completely, as I hope one day you will trust me, Margaret."

He rose, and Charlotte rose also.

"Farewell, then, for the present," he said, and extended his hand. Charlotte gave him her own; he held it for a moment, and looked at her as if to ask permission to kiss it. A mad desire leaped up into Charlotte's heart, and drove Margaret entirely out of her consciousness.

"It is the only time," she said to herself, and remained motionless. Ethelbert bent over the imprisoned hand, and his lips pressed it for a moment—as lightly as a snowflake.

"I wonder if he always kisses like that!" thought Charlotte. Ethelbert was already gone, and she remained alone in the empty conservatory.

Whether minutes or hours passed, as she stood rooted by the window, Charlotte knew not. But at length she was aroused by the hasty entrance of a young man dressed as a harlequin, who walked directly towards her without seeming to see her. He tore off his mask with a gesture of profound impatience, threw it on the floor, and trod on it. Charlotte, who had already dropped her own, recognized Gerald. He started as he met her eyes.

"You here!" she exclaimed, in the rôle of courteous hostess. "You should be yonder amusing yourself."

And she pointed to the folding-door of the conservatory, where, as if set in a frame, appeared the gorgeous tableau of the swimming crowd, bobbing, ges-

ticulating, merry-making at their hardest.

"Pshaw," said Gerald, "it is like the gibbering of things without life."

She saw him absorbed in an inward passion so intense, that all things else became empty and lifeless in comparison. She understood this, because to herself, at the moment, Gerald seemed as faint and far away as did the murmuring maskers to him. She dissimulated, as women do and can and must.

"You are polite, sir, to speak of my grand masquerade so contemptuously. I assure you that it will be recorded in the annals of the town as the most brilliant event of local history."

Gerald dashed aside her words as a man who stems a torrent pushes apart the slight willow branches that oppose his progress.

"Oh, Charlotte, I am sick—sick to death—of this idle mummery. I have been a boy, a child, long enough; it seems to me as if all my life had been just like this masquerade—as empty, unreal, and meaningless. To-night the scales have fallen from my eyes; I know myself to be a man, and cannot trifle any longer. To-day, to-night, this moment, I must finish the suspense that is frittering my soul away. Tell me, once for all, that you love me or hate me; receive me, or cast me off forever."

Unlucky Gerald! Had he come the next day, or week, or month, he might have won his cause. But the moment that accident had chosen for him was fatal. All the passion that trembled in his voice and fired his eyes affected Charlotte as little as the teasing of a fly against a burred window-pane. She answered impatiently:

"If you are tired of waiting, go; I have been frank enough, it seems to me, and it is not my fault that you have chosen to prolong the suspense. Cut it this moment, if it please you, and with a sharp knife."

Gerald drew back, dropping his arms helplessly, as if suddenly paralyzed. Charlotte's heart smote her when she saw him so hurt and grieved, yet always

unresentful. She remembered all his goodness and sweetness to her, his unalterable patience; she cried remorsefully:

"Oh, Gerald, forgive me; I hardly know what I am saying. I am in trouble to-night, and do not see clear."

He forgot himself instantly in anxiety for her.

"You in trouble? I thought that was impossible. Dearest, what is the matter?"

"Is it not enough that I have hurt you—that I must hurt and disappoint you after all?"

"No," said Gerald, sorrowfully; "you do not love me enough to be sorry that you do not love me."

It was true; it is always true. Love rarely knows remorse for the sin of not loving. Yet of what other sin is Love capable?

Charlotte leaned her cheek on her hand and contemplated Gerald wistfully, almost tenderly. The look revived his hope in spite of the certainty of his knowledge. He threw himself at her feet, and poured out his whole soul in one last passionate prayer.

"Oh, darling, dearest life of my life, take back your words before they kill me. It is too terrible to believe that you do not love me, when all that is in me has gone over to you, and become yours so entirely. Why, to me the whole world has been dissolved, and there is nothing left but you. If you told me to walk into a red-hot furnace, I should go, and never feel the flames. You cannot send me away from you, because all that I am is bound up in you. You must die yourself, to get rid of me."

"Then may it please God that I die," said Charlotte. "And God knows at this moment I am so wretched that death alone seems a little sweet."

Gerald rose, and faced her for the last time. His arms were clasped tightly over his breast, as if to force down his violently throbbing heart; his eyes met hers. They looked each other through and through, but across a gulf that yawned blackly between them. For

the first time in their lives their lips uttered a word in concert.

"Farewell!"

Gerald waved his hand, and disappeared in the darkness of the garden. Charlotte replaced her mask, and sought Margaret in the ball-room.

"Mr. Allston has bored me to death," she said, "and the night-flowering cereus under the window has given me a deadly headache. I shall go to bed, and leave you to play the hostess. You know how, a great deal better than I."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Yes, because, if you were in my place at this moment, you would stay here and continue to be agreeable in spite of the most racking pain. I am more self-indulgent, and less used to pain. I do not know how to bear it. Good-night."

CHARLOTTE AND MARGARET.

Margaret's school-hours finished at three o'clock. At ten minutes past three, Charlotte entered the school-room, and found her friend alone.

"How is your headache?" asked Margaret.

"Better. I slept as if I had been drowned under fifty fathom of unconsciousness, and the sleep drugged my brain like opium."

"Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your party."

"I shall allow no such thing. You know very well that is not what I have come to talk about."

"I am waiting to hear you tell me."

"*A la bonne heure!* You are such a consummate little diplomat, I was not sure that you would acknowledge your own penetration. I have come to talk to you about Mr. Allston."

"Who bored you so much last night?"

"Exactly. He supposed me to be you, and asked me to marry him."

Margaret looked straight out of the window, and answered not a word.

"Should you like to hear how he said it?"

"As you please," said Margaret, without turning round.

Charlotte drew a chair into the mid-

dle of the room and sat down in it, with her back to Margaret.

"Do not look at me, and I will tell you all."

And thereupon she repeated, word for word, the conversation of the last evening—only omitting Ethelbert's preliminary remark about herself. When she had finished, she waited to hear what Margaret would say.

"What an excellent memory you have, Charlotte," observed Margaret.

Charlotte jumped up from her chair, and, running to Margaret, laid her hands on her shoulders and shook her violently.

"You abominable little thing! Here have I been occupying myself in the most masterly manner with an affair that intimately concerns you, and you do not even thank me!"

"You know I did not ask you to trouble yourself with it," answered Margaret, quietly.

Charlotte examined the face of her friend, and the more she looked at her, the more she was foiled and baffled. Margaret, by the simple force and dignity of reticence, seemed to have escaped her, and to have reached some inaccessible superiority, before which Charlotte felt herself miserably small and inadequate.

"What are you going to say to Mr. Allston?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"I have not yet made up my mind."

"And how long before you arrive at a decision?"

"I don't know."

"Will you tell me when you do?"

"How can you help knowing?"

"Margaret, are you angry with me?"

"Certainly not," said Margaret, gently smoothing Charlotte's hand. "What have you done, that I should be angry with you?"

Charlotte looked at her again, doubtfully, kissed her forehead, and left the room, much perplexed in her own mind.

She crossed the dining-room and summer parlors, and came to the wide hall that ran through the middle of the house. The August day was intensely

hot, and the hall-door stood wide open. Charlotte looked out upon the sultry valley and the dusty road that climbed the hill in the distance. The air was motionless with the heat, the trees dry and drooping, the grass parched like the lips of a fever-patient, and a white haze thickened the glowing atmosphere.

Certain natures are oppressed or frightened by these tigerish, African days. Others, though not in the least tropical themselves, are fiercely exulted by their tropical intensity. Charlotte paused in the shade, and filled her eyes with the burning landscape, and prayed neither for coolness nor rain.

She had not stood there many minutes, when she perceived Ethelbert coming across the lawn. He entered the hall abruptly, without seeming to notice Charlotte; and she saw that his face was deadly white, and he walked unsteadily, as if in danger of falling.

"Mr. Allston, what is the matter with you?" cried Charlotte, in vague alarm.

"I believe I am sunstruck," answered Ethelbert, quietly. He staggered toward the sofa, sat down, and immediately fainted away.

Charlotte rushed across the hall, reached Mr. Lauderdale's library, knocked, burst open the door without waiting for an answer, and jerked out a summons for assistance, as if she had thrown the words in the face of the startled gentleman.

"Mr. Allston is sunstruck. He has fainted. Go to him directly."

"How! when! where!" exclaimed Lauderdale, rising.

"In the hall," answered Charlotte. And without waiting further, she turned and ran out of the house, across the lawn, through the gate to her own grounds, and never slackened speed until she found herself in her bedroom, where she closed and bolted the door. One would have thought she was pursued by a fiend, of whose temptation she was terribly afraid.

Once safe under lock and key, Charlotte could not pluck up the courage to emerge from her place of refuge. She ordered the servants to deny all visit-

ors; she would have forgotten to eat and drink, had not they, knowing how to deal with the savage moods that at rare intervals possessed their mistress, brought her food of their own accord.

She passed hours in pacing her room, like a wild animal confined in a cage; then, exhausted, she threw herself on the bed, and slept heavily. The sun sank behind the cloudless horizon; the harvest-moon lavished floods of light, and retreated again before a new dawn; another day climbed to high noon, panted, and slept; and so the heavens and earth renewed themselves many times, while Charlotte remained still a prisoner, bound by the tension of body and soul that relaxed not for a moment.

Racked by anxiety for news concerning Ethelbert, it never occurred to her to be astonished that the Lauderdale's sent her no word; still less did she dream of making inquiries herself, or recollect that this negligence might be resented by her neighbors. All passion, be it love or genius—which is another form of love—is so supreme, dominant, sufficient to itself, that it ignores external circumstances simply because they are external, and hence as far away as the circumference of the earth from a man standing at the centre. It is naive, unreasonable, contradictory, from the very essence of its nature.

Indifferent to the divisions of night and day—for often she kept vigils at moonlit midnights, and often slept through burning noons—Charlotte had no idea how much secular time had elapsed since the day of Ethelbert's accident. That one event towered above the level of all past memory, like the hulk of a shipwrecked vessel cast up high and dry upon the land. And Ethelbert's white face, as she had last seen it, remained constantly before her eyes in deadly distinctness, like the face of a man who had escaped the storm and appeared upon the deck of the vessel, isolated from his fellows and from all other men.

One afternoon—it was the seventh day—Charlotte stood at a window that commanded a view of Mrs. Lauderdale's

park. A winding path just emerged into sight, passed under a beautiful horse-chestnut tree, and then disappeared. Mr. Lauderdale had placed a rustic bench against the horse-chestnut, and always brought thither his favorite guests. Now, as Charlotte fixed her eyes absently on this corner, she saw three people emerge from the shrubbery and seat themselves on the bench. It was easy to recognize Margaret, Lauderdale, and Ethelbert, the latter leaning on his host's arm, and walking slowly, like a man just recovered from a severe illness. Lauderdale talked a little while, and then went off, leaving Ethelbert and Margaret alone. Charlotte knelt at the window and watched the pair greedily. Perhaps she alone could have divined whether they were affianced lovers, or friends, or simple acquaintances. They seemed at their ease, at home, at rest in one another's society, and talked in low, quiet tones, but continuously, as if the words and thoughts flamed from a full, untroubled river, fed by springs that would not soon run dry.

It was Margaret, rather than Ethelbert, that Charlotte devoured with her eyes. She had been under the same roof with him during all his illness; she knew whether he had suffered, and what; she knew if he had been in danger—if he had touched upon death. She remembered how she herself had fled from the temptation to press her hands to Ethelbert's unconscious head, and warm him back to life; and she never doubted that Margaret had been very near to him in these latter days. Presently she saw Ethelbert shiver, and Margaret lift a corner of the shawl that hung over the bench and hand it to him, that he might wrap himself more warmly.

"I hate her!" said Charlotte, vehemently.

Oh! Love is cruel—cruel at core! It is like the sun, whose outer atmosphere breathes warmth, geniality, friendship; but whose pierces to the centre, falls, is consumed to cinders by the devouring fires!

All thought of Margaret was swept entirely out of Charlotte's consciousness, possessed as that was by the single desire to see, to be near to Ethelbert, though but for a moment. Blindly following the impulse, Charlotte sprang to her feet, rushed from the room, and sped directly toward the horse-chestnut on her neighbor's lawn. She did not forget, however, to smooth her hurried pace before coming in sight, and to calmly return the greeting with which Ethelbert and Margaret rose at her approach.

"This is a charming little nook," said Ethelbert. "I have not been here before, or, at least, it seems to me as if to-day I appreciated it for the first time." His eyes rested on Margaret for a moment as he spoke.

"I remember, however," said Charlotte, "that I have seen you come here to read the papers containing news from Paraguay. I am not astonished that you are obliged to discuss such exciting interests in solitude."

"I am glad you mentioned Paraguay," returned Ethelbert; "it reminds me of a curious story I have been waiting to tell you."

"You might have told Margaret, if you were in need of a sympathetic auditor."

"Oh," said Margaret, laughing, and frankly at her ease as Charlotte had rarely seen her; "I confess that I am not much interested in the affairs of Paraguay. My curiosity is not nearly so extensive as yours."

"What is the story?" asked Charlotte.

Ethelbert was about to speak, when Mrs. Lauderdale bustled up, flounced and flustered as usual. At seeing Charlotte she exclaimed loudly:

"Bless my heart, Miss Charlotte! I should think it was about time you made your appearance. Here's Mr. Allston been at death's door, and you never so much as sent a servant to inquire after him. I shouldn't wonder, now, if you had forgotten all ordinary civilities, and had not even asked him how he did."

"Miss Charlotte is never obliged to have recourse to ordinary civilities," said Ethelbert, smiling brightly.

"So it appears," continued Mrs. Lauderdale, who was suffering from the heat, and consequently well disposed to boil over a little steam upon her neighbors. "My dear Charlotte, do you know that it is five o'clock in the afternoon, and you have come out of doors in your dressing-gown? And just look at your hair! It is as tumbled as though you had slept in it. Margaret, what have you been thinking about, not to tell Charlotte what a guy she was? Pretty treacherous friendship, that!"

Poor Charlotte! Hitherto left in blissful ignorance of her blunder by the refined tact of her friends, she was recalled to its consciousness rudely enough by Mrs. Lauderdale's words. In a woman, nothing more surely indicates profound inward trouble than forgetfulness of her toilette and personal appearance. She is revealed dismantled, disarmed, like a city whose sentinels have been recalled from the outer walls in the confusion of a popular revolt. Charlotte looked down at her dress, and mechanically carried her hand to her tangled hair. Feeling keenly the real significance of her disarray, she believed that it must be equally patent to all eyes. She saw herself disgraced before the world, before Margaret, before Ethelbert; her nerves, strained by long tension, could not bear the sharp blow of mortification; she colored furiously, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Nobody had ever seen Charlotte cry, and every one was struck with consternation. Margaret went up to her immediately, and encircled her with a friendly, protecting arm.

"Charlotte is not well," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Allston would be kind enough to fetch a glass of water from the house." And as he rose she added, in a low voice, "Do not return."

Ethelbert understood, and walked Mrs. Lauderdale away, much to that good lady's astonishment.

Charlotte, finding herself alone with

Margaret, clung to her, sobbing like a child—or, rather, as children never sob, ignorant of the strange woes that await them outside of Paradise. And sweet Margaret soothed her friend, less by words than by those inarticulate caresses of which the soul in trouble is more greedy than of profoundest wisdom.

"Oh, Margaret," whispered Charlotte, "what have I done! What do you and Mr. Allston think of me?"

"And Mrs. Lauderdale?" said Margaret, playfully.

"What do I care about her? What do you think?"

"I think that Charlotte forgot to brush her hair this morning when she got up out of bed."

"I have not been to bed for a week," said Charlotte, abruptly.

Margaret showed no surprise. Only vulgar people ever do.

"Why not?" she asked, quietly.

"I do not know. It seems to me as if I had been insane, and now was dying."

"You are so unused to tears that they tire you out."

Charlotte was lying with her head on Margaret's bosom, and her eyes closed. She spoke now dreamily, without opening them.

"How do people feel who cry all the time?"

"I doubt if there be any such person."

"Those in whose hearts the tears stand all the time?"

"While the tears are there, the heart is kept cool and fresh. Sometimes, however, the tears dry, and then there is a terrible desert."

"Then it is best that the tears stand all the time in my heart," said Charlotte, with a curious, wistful persistence.

"No, indeed; you are made for sunshine, and it will follow you."

"Margaret, if I told you that I hated you, what would you say?"

"That you misunderstood me."

"Dear friend, I love you. Kiss me, Margaret. I will go home and sleep. Tell Mrs. Lauderdale I will put on a

new sprigged muslin to receive—her footman, the next time he brings me peaches.”

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LYSSON.

The next morning Charlotte dressed herself rationally, and went down-stairs to breakfast. She was, for the moment, in possession of such peace as often comes after a violent storm. Peace that sometimes signalizes the permanent return of sunshine, quite as often is but a deceitful *lueur*, surrounded by clouds in the future as in the past, like the moments of half-light which gleam in the midst of long, drenching rains. Why not, however, enjoy such instants of treacherous repose? The longest day of fair weather is preceded and followed by storms—and neither do they outlast their appointed limits.

Toward the middle of the forenoon, Charlotte was summoned to the parlor to meet a guest. Recognizing Mr. Allston, she paused on the threshold of the door, with her hands behind her, like a naughty child that expects to be scolded. Ethelbert came forward eagerly to greet her.

“This time Mrs. Lauderdale has been kind enough to entrust me with the peaches;” and he handed her a magnificent basket filled with the lovely fruit.

Nature is provided with an infinitude of resources for our benefit, which we commonly ignore. Among the prettiest is the cheery influence she so often is able to exert through the medium of ripe fruit. The color, the fragrance, the luscious suggestion of mellowing sunshine—all these act on the senses like wine on the blood. Charlotte was subtle, sensitive to such impressions, and, absurd as it may seem, her embarrassment at meeting Ethelbert after the scene of yesterday melted entirely away in the warm glow of the peaches. She ran for plates and knives; she drew a little table between herself and Ethelbert, and presently the two were safely established on a little islet of coziness, beyond which Charlotte refused to look.

“Are you well, now?” she asked,

after some rambling discussion on peaches and Paraguay.

“Oh, I think so,—thanks to Mrs. Lauderdale’s kindness.”

“How did you get sunstruck?”

“You knew it, then?” said Ethelbert, with an air of curious astonishment.

“I was in the hall when you returned from your walk. You told me what had happened, and immediately fainted away.”

“I knew it!” exclaimed Ethelbert.

“I was sure that I had seen you at that moment. In the delirium which followed, you were continually before me—sometimes as in life, sometimes magnified to gigantic proportions. But it was always you—no one but you. My mind must have become saturated with you before it went to sleep.”

Charlotte trembled inwardly.

“What visions did you have about me?”

A curious smile floated to the surface of Ethelbert’s eyes, like the embodiment of a pleasant recollection. He shaded his forehead with his hand, as if he would prevent the recollection from escaping.

“You always dispelled the visions which tormented me. Sometimes there were masses of cloudy fiends, twisting, squirming, shrieking in a horrible pandemonium. Presently a space cleared in the blackest cloud, and I saw you, and immediately the fiends disappeared. Sometimes it was an ocean of waves, black, and violet, and cruel green, that stormed upon one another. Then one, more vast than the rest, swept upward and did not fall; its flank was glassy and clear, and under the water appeared your face. Again, the whole world seemed to be dissolved in liquid fire; the floods writhed like serpents, and I heard the hissing of hot streams, until a red flame paled to amber, clear like the sky at sunset, and you were in the midst of the clearness. I think you must have a remarkably harmonious organization, to have been always associated with the calm that followed confusion.”

"Only with the calm?"

"No; I had one dream quite different, and still more remarkable. I was lost in a frightful desert, surrounded everywhere by rocks and sand, glaring, barren, lifeless. I was parched with thirst, and all my faculties seemed dried up in the universal desolation. Suddenly you appeared in the desert. I had never seen you so radiant, and you seemed to irradiate life on every side. The rocks over which you passed clothed themselves with moss; from the sand upon which your eyes rested gushed forth fountains; in a few minutes the wilderness had been changed to a garden. You laid your finger upon my lips, and the fever and thirst vanished. I was a new man, rescued from the death that menaced me. The vision fled. I fell asleep, and awoke refreshed and in my right mind. Was it not strange that I should dream so much about you?"

"Very. I wonder that you did not rather dream about Margaret."

"So do I," returned Ethelbert, with perfect sincerity; "but I suppose, because you were the last person I saw before losing consciousness, your image remained stamped on my brain, to follow all the fantasies of the delirium."

"What induced you to walk on such a hot day? You deserve to have been sunstruck."

"It was absolutely necessary. You know, I am in constant correspondence with my friends in X—, for whom I have been actively at work since my exile. I am not afraid to tell *you* that our long preparations for a revolt are at last drawing to a close. My friends are now only awaiting the arrival of a large sum of money that I have collected. I went to Reading the other day, to send word that this money was on hand, and would be forwarded by the first opportunity. By accident I missed the train, and could get no carriage, so I walked to Reading and back. Under ordinary circumstances I should have thought nothing of thirty miles; but on that broiling day it proved a little too much, greatly to my shame and confusion.

That is the whole history, since you are so kind as to ask for it."

"Shall you take the money yourself to X—?"

"I cannot. I am perfectly known to the police, with whom I have already had several encounters. I should be seized on the frontier, packed off to the mines, and, what is of infinitely greater importance, the money and papers would be confiscated."

"Who is going, then?"

"I am greatly troubled to know. My fellow-exiles are nearly all in the same category as myself. Miserable outlaws that we are! Hunted slaves, skulking over the face of the earth, like the vilest criminals, because we have refused to participate in triumphant crime! despised for our loyalty, dishonored for our honor, disgraced for the devotion of our lives to Liberty!"

"And when your cause is won," said Charlotte, "you will have gained but little, after all."

"No, no, no!" cried Ethelbert, passionately. "You shall not say that. You shall not destroy the faith which is our only consolation. Our ideal is too worthy, too pure, too high to deceive us. Think, it is all that we have, this dream of our Republic! Oh, if you knew the souls that have poured themselves out in its service; if you knew the riches of heart and brain that have been lavished; the enthusiasm, the heroism, the sacred passion that she has accepted—our divine goddess, our Liberty! Do you suppose she would cheat us? Do you suppose she would bless and encourage us with such strong assurances, if she did not mean to redeem her promise one day?"

"The day may be very far off."

"We can wait for it. And we would not exchange our waiting, our longing, our despair, for the satisfied content of all the rest of the world."

Swept upward by the current of their talk, they had both risen from the table. Charlotte leaned against the marble mantel-piece; Ethelbert stood absorbed, illumined, rapt in the vision of the ideal. Charlotte broke the silence.

"Could a woman fulfil this mission to X——?"

"Better than any one else, especially if she were a stranger in the country."

"Why do you not send Margaret?"

"Margaret!" echoed Ethelbert, in an accent of extreme surprise. "She is too delicate for such a rude undertaking. Not for worlds would I expose her to the fatigues and annoyances and possible perils of the journey. It is my business to take care of her—not to make use of her."

"Will you make use of me?"

"How?"

"Will you trust me to carry the money?"

Ethelbert bounded forward as impetuously as if he would have thrown himself at her feet.

"Dearest woman! I dared not ask it, but I have dared to hope for this generous courage. Forgive my audacity. It seemed so natural to look to you for help."

Charlotte extended her hand frankly. Ethelbert seized it with infinitely more fervor than he had, unknowingly, kissed it the evening of the masquerade. How strong women are at such moments! And the world calls them weak!

"I am extremely flattered by your confidence," said Charlotte. "I will set out to-morrow—to-night. Give me my instructions."

"The journey is long, much of the road untravelled, barbarous."

"I am fond of adventure, and have never had enough."

"You will experience great difficulty in communicating with my correspondents, without exciting suspicion against yourself."

"What does that matter?"

"You may be arrested as an accomplice—imprisoned. Good heavens! even sent to the mines yourself!"

"You know well enough that the danger is infinitely less for me than for you; what remains, serves to add zest to the affair. Listen, sir: I am capable of this. I am worthy of your confidence. I can be a mate for your hero-

ism. I brush away these difficulties like cobwebs. I am here, at the heart of the matter. Speak to me of that, and of that only."

She stood erect before him. She swept her arm with such a superb gesture as the soul in its sublime moments employs to quicken the sluggish body. Ethelbert, who had never doubted, believed, accepted, and, without further hesitation, plunged into the details of the explanation and the instructions.

He was right to trust Charlotte. Yet his faith might have been somewhat staggered, had he looked back in the parlor five minutes after he left it; for he would have seen her dancing up and down the room, like a girl let loose from school, and exclaiming,

"Then—he does not think me quite a fool because I cried yesterday!"

At four o'clock that afternoon Ethelbert returned with the papers, the money-box, the letters. At five Charlotte, accompanied by a single maid-servant, left the town.

The expedition occupied three weeks. At the beginning of the fourth, Charlotte returned, successful. She stopped the carriage at Mrs. Lauderdale's gate; she sped up the avenue, and met Margaret, who exclaimed with pleasure at seeing her. Charlotte returned her friendly greeting briefly enough, but laid her hands on her shoulders, and looked down into her reticent eyes.

"Margaret, are you going to marry Mr. Allston?"

Margaret hesitated a moment, not from embarrassment, but as if to gather into her words all her still content.

"I think I shall, Charlotte."

Charlotte loosened her grasp abruptly and walked on. Margaret called after her:

"Where are you going, uncivil friend?"

"To the lake."

The avenue, laid out by Mr. Lauderdale's unerring taste, wound through the beautiful grounds, and encircled a well-disposed artificial lake. Willows

leaned over the water, but Charlotte avoided their lax sentimentality, and sought some beeches further on. There she heard Ethelbert's voice calling in an excited tone, such as she had never believed possible with him :

"She has come! Where is she? Quick, tell me, that I may go to her!"

"By the lake," answered Margaret.

The next moment Charlotte saw Ethelbert coming as swiftly toward her as if he were literally upborne on the current of his impetuous desire, which at last had become too strong for his control. Watching his approach, Charlotte felt her whole nature rapt into a single longing—a longing to draw Ethelbert irresistibly toward herself, across all distances, all duties, all barriers. At that moment, friendliness, Margaret, honor, were blotted out in void space; it seemed to her as if nothing remained in the world except herself and Ethelbert.

Morality has good reason to be afraid of Love; for Love, in its supreme self-assertion, tramples all laws under its feet, and the first sin comes into the soul, as into the world, with the first love.

The seconds dilated themselves as in a dream, so that hours seemed to elapse before Ethelbert reached her side. He extended his hands, and grasped hers; he laid hold of her more profoundly with his awakened eyes.

"At last—you here—safe! Oh, I have suffered agonies during your absence. I imagined all sorts of evil that might have befallen you. Why did you not write to me?"

"I did not think of it," answered

Charlotte, simply; "and, besides, you did not ask me."

"I know; I was a fool; I forgot it. But I did not imagine how terrible it would be when you were gone."

"I had no idea you were so nervous. Margaret should have calmed your kind apprehensions for my safety."

Ethelbert put up his hand to his forehead, as if seeking to recall something that he had forgotten. He brushed his eyes, and brushed the eager look out of them. When Charlotte looked at him again, his face had resumed its usual bright serenity.

"Tell me about your journey. Have you suffered—have you been in danger? What have you done? I am greedy for the minutest detail."

Charlotte commenced her narration, and rendered a satisfactory and vivacious report of her proceedings. As she finished, she leaned over the water, and buried her eyes in its depth. Her foot slipped on the bank; she would have fallen, had not Ethelbert sprang forward and caught her in his arms. He shuddered violently, and retreated almost at the same moment that he touched her. Something leaped up into his face; he forced it back, uselessly; it returned. Charlotte beheld her vision accomplished: this wide, cool nature concentrated into flame, startled out of its calm, forgetful of its duties, forgetful of every thing but her. The moment of her triumph had come—a woman's greatest triumph—she had inspired a great soul with passion.

"I love you," said Ethelbert.

At the same moment Charlotte saw Margaret coming down the avenue.

A NIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the morning of the 31st day of December, 1863, it was reported to the commanding officers of Fort Pillow that there was a trading-boat on the Mississippi river above Osceola, largely supplying the Confederate soldiers and guerillas, then swarming in that region, with articles contraband of war.

It was a part of the duty of the garrison at Fort Pillow to guard against this illicit trade. Although all traffic along the Mississippi had been interdicted, except such as might be specially permitted by the agents of the Government, there were not wanting adventurers, who, for the sake of the large gains promised, took the risk of smuggling.

These daring fellows, having placed their goods in small boats or skiffs, would choose a dark night and quietly drop down the river, passing the guards and batteries at Cairo and Columbus; when they had a clear space for their operation of one hundred and thirty miles, from Columbus to Fort Pillow, unguarded, save by a few patrolling gunboats and occasional scouting parties. These eluded, when far enough down they would pull off into some slough, bayou, or small tributary to the Mississippi and there dispose of their effects at enormous prices.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of the forces left to guard the rear, as the armies of the West pushed their column further to the South, there were left behind numerous companies of partisan rangers, guerillas, and outlaws, and Confederate soldiers at home recruiting and gathering supplies. These were continually prowling about West Tennessee and Arkansas; and all these, besides citizens in sympathy with the rebellion, became the aiders, abettors, and patrons of the smugglers. Though these law-breakers were occasionally caught, and severely punished, the smuggling was

continued with varied success until the close of the war.

The report, which came well accredited to Fort Pillow, placed the offenders in a slough, on the Arkansas side, at a point five miles above Osceola and twenty miles above Fort Pillow.

Lieutenant Edward Alexander, of the Fifty-Second Indiana Volunteers, commanding the provost-guard, was ordered to proceed at once, with a sufficient detachment from his command, to the designated point, and look after the reported transgressors.

Eight men were soon detailed and supplied with forty rounds of cartridges each, and rations for one day only, as they expected to return that evening.

The men fall in and stand, in four files, ready for the command. They have been selected for their work, and you will look long before you find an equal number finer in appearance, or more soldierly in bearing. They are all young, strong, and brave; and yet are ranked as veterans in the service. The Lieutenant, stepping in front, gives the command, and they move off, marching with steady, measured tramp to the river. Here they quickly embark in a yawl, which, with four well-manned oars, shoots rapidly up the river despite the strong current against it.

The day was warm and cloudy, with a slight mist, and a dense fog, rising from the river, rolled back over its banks, enveloping every thing in gloom. Such days are common to the great river at this season of the year, and in their dreary darkness there is a kind of painful stillness that weighs upon the spirit and fills the heart with dismal forebodings.

Nothing daunted by their sombre surroundings, the men pull stoutly. They shoot out from under the high bluffs of Fort Pillow; have passed the mouth of Cane Creek, and are well up

with Flower Island, that looks down upon them drearily enough, its solitary home and dilapidated fence in front scarcely discernible in the bed of fog. On glides the boat, along the winding thread of the river, through the thick forests that line the banks on either side, and reach out as far as the eye can see. On the Tennessee shore the land is low, and the thrifty young timber, mostly cottonwood, stands so thick that the eye can penetrate but a short distance; while on the Arkansas side a bank, twenty feet high, rises perpendicularly from the water, and the rich soil above is overgrown with mammoth forest-trees that might have withstood the tempests of centuries, and now reach their arms far out and up toward the clouds that gather thick above them. The dark, towering trees, and the clouds hanging ominously high above their heads, seem to stand off as if each were defiant of the other. The wind moaning through the stripped and bare branches gives additional dreariness to the dull, dark day. The river is clear of islands, except an occasional sandbar that rises gradually out of its bosom and swells up to a height of several feet with considerable width, and then stretching away up the river, grows less and breaks off with a sudden jog, or again gradually disappears under the surface of the water.

The journey is half performed, and the yawl is passing a bar larger than its neighbors, which stretches away, a distance of a mile, to where a thick clump of trees covers its head. This is known to navigators of the river as "Bulletin Tow-Head." The men pass it coolly, little dreaming of the fate that awaits them there, on their return.

This passed, they come in sight of the village of Osceola, standing out in its little clearing on the western bank. A few scattering houses, mostly of logs, all look dingy and dirty, and it will hardly pass for the capital of Mississippi County, Arkansas, until you find the huge, misshapen loghouse a few rods from the river, and learn that it is the Court-House, and that twenty yards removed

stands the jail, built of logs also, but neater, more substantial, and almost as large, as the Court-House.

It is related that, before the war, the denizens of the village and vicinity were wont to collect daily in these public buildings, and play cards and drink whiskey; the aristocratic class always occupying the jail, as the more comfortable.

Our party tarry here but a short time, and reëmbarking, push off, and pull on up the river. Another long stretch around a long bend, and the designated point is reached. The day was far spent before the Lieutenant had completed his search, and was ready to return. Captain E. D. Leizure, an experienced river-man, joined the Lieutenant's command on reëmbarking for the fort.

The men are tired, and the oars swing listlessly over the waters, while the swift current drives the boat rapidly down the river. The gloom of the morning had gradually deepened during the day, and the mist had changed into a steady rain. Osceola is reached and passed. The day is wearing away and growing more and more stormy. The river is very full, and the wind, now blowing a stiff gale, catches the yawl and hastens it forward over the waste of waters. The wind rises still higher, the air grows colder, the rain turns to snow and falls in great white flakes, obscuring the view of the helmsman. Night is coming on. The boat leaps forward with the waves; at this rate two hours will land it at the fort. But the yawl is becoming unmanageable; the wind and waves contend with the men for the mastery. Darkness now adds to the perplexity, as it settles deep and heavy around the struggling oarsmen. The party are still nine miles from the fort; they are wet, tired, and cold—are tossed and driven by the elements and hemmed in by the night.

What is to be done? It is proposed to abandon the yawl. What then? There is no human habitation for miles around. The party is in the midst of a vast wilderness of waters that extends far out over the marshes and lowlands

of the Tennessee side, and away across westward to the dense forests of Arkansas, that give no show of hospitality, but, with dim outline, stand out against the sky, dark, wild, and cheerless.

The darkness thickens; the light, now faded out of the sky, lingers but faintly along the surface of the river. Peering through the gloom, the men trace the outline of a sandbar, near at hand, by its snowy cap, that gleams out a white streak along the middle of the mighty river. The wind, roaring from the thick growth of cottonwood on the Tennessee shore, forces the yawl rapidly toward the bar. The men strain every nerve to clear it, but in vain. The boat strikes the bar far down toward the point, and the waves carry it high upon the land.

There is no use in contending with the elements; the boat is abandoned, and the men set out to walk up the bar, hoping to find on the higher ground driftwood to make a fire. Having gone nearly a quarter of a mile, they come upon the stump and roots of an old tree, half buried in the sand, and around which vegetation had grown up the summer before.

The grass and weeds are gathered, and the roots broken up, as well as the darkness will permit, and an effort is made to kindle a fire. But every thing is saturated with water and refuses to burn. Captain Leizure thinks of his carpet-sack, which contains his under-clothing. Immediately this is opened, and one after another the articles taken out, torn in shreds, and the burning match applied; and though some of these burn, they fail to ignite the materials gathered for the fire.

At length, when every means has been exhausted without avail, the men turn back to the boat, as the last hope. To remain on this bleak island over night, without fire, in the cold, which is already severe and rapidly growing more so, would be certain death.

The boat can only be made available by taking it up and carrying it across the bar, whence the wind and waves will take it to the Arkansas shore. It is

quickly carried across the bar, and launched into the water on the other side, which is found too shallow to float it. The Lieutenant sends three men with Captain Leizure to drag the boat out into deep water, where all may embark; but just as the boat is well afloat, a powerful gust of wind strikes it, and shooting out from under the hands of the men, it rushes away into the darkness with the waves. Captain Leizure and one of the men have jumped in and are whirled away from the other two, who are left standing with the oars in their hands. The Captain and his companion resign themselves to their fate, being totally unable to return.

The men in the boat, whirled suddenly off, hear the shouts of their luckless comrades, until the voices are drowned in the noise of the storm; and then they see the flash and hear the report of a discharged musket; it was a signal-gun.

The boat sweeps madly on—where to touch, or when? It is at the mercy of the angry elements; it may be cast on another bar from which there can be no escape, or suddenly capsized, and the men may find a grave at the bottom of the restless river. But in another moment it strikes the shore. The waves dash over it. The water freezes as it falls. The soldier is frozen to his seat, and, benumbed with cold, he refuses to rise. His gun lies frozen into the ice formed on the water in the boat, and there it will remain untouched. The tried and faithful companion of years is now no longer wanted to defend a life too far gone to be held worth the preserving.

With great difficulty Captain Leizure succeeds in arousing his companion, and after long search and effort climbs up the steep bank with him, and into the woods. And now, if a fire can be kindled they are saved, otherwise they perish. The brave soldier who has faced the cannon, and braved the hardships of nearly three years' campaigning, sinks under the intense cold, and begs to be let alone to die. But the daunt-

less Captain works the harder to keep him up. A large log is found, and twigs and chunks of wood are heaped against it for a fire; but they have been wet through, and are now covered with ice. They have only two matches. Their clothes have been thoroughly drenched, and are even frozen stiff. Captain Leizure takes from his breast-pocket a large leathern pocketbook, and finds that the papers it contains are dry. They are bonds and notes of the value of many thousands of dollars—no matter how many; it is a question of life or death. The papers are ready for the match. It is struck, but it misses fire. The two lives now depend upon the one remaining match. It is struck, and, God be praised! it burns, the paper catches, then the twigs; the fire is made; the men are saved.

Leaving them by their growing fire, let us glance into the hotel at Fort Pillow. The commander of the garrison has given a supper, and the large dining-hall is filled with happy people; brave officers, respectable citizens, and charming women.

It is the farewell of loyal hearts to the year that gave freedom to the slave—that brought the first real success to our arms—that gave us Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Missionary Ridge—that had brought promise of the rebellion's overthrow.

The perils and escapes, the achievements and hopes, the rewards and promises of the closing and of the coming year are earnestly and eloquently discussed; and so the old year goes out, carrying with it the blessing of the loyal millions, and the new year steps in.

The party breaks up, and we walk out into the cold, dark night. The thermometer is now seven degrees below zero.

"Captain, have Lieutenant Alexander and his men reported?" asks the Post-Commander, Colonel Wolfe, as he draws my arm in his, and we walk away to our quarters.

"Not yet," is my reply.

"What can have become of them?" he rejoins. "I fear for their safety if

they are out this dreadful night." And well you may, my brave Colonel; for even now, as we walk, where are they?

Left standing on the bar, the boat gone, with no hope, nor even possibility of its returning, the Lieutenant and his men determine to go back up to the higher ground and try once more for a fire. But in this they are doomed to a second failure.

Their matches all exhausted, and the cold winds howling about them, there is but one hope left: that by constant motion they may keep alive till morning comes and brings relief.

A beat is chosen, and there these veteran soldiers pace up and down the space of one hundred yards through the long, dreary hours of that awful night. The snow is already several inches deep and still falling. The constant tramping of the men wears it off the beat. And still they walk wearily on. At eleven o'clock the cold is intense; the snow has ceased to fall, and being caught up by the winds sweeping over the bar, is whirled into great drifts. Every thing is now freezing. Still back and forth, along the beaten path, plod the jaded men.

It is an hour later. One of the men, overcome with fatigue and cold, sinks down in his tracks, and falls to the ground, *dead*. His comrades go to him, take him up, chafe his limbs, breathe into his nostrils, and strive in every way to recall him to life; but it is in vain; the spirit that animated the fallen body has gone to Him who gave it.

The young Lieutenant, whose bravery had made him conspicuous on the battle-field, then turned to his men, and standing a moment in silence, thinking, doubtless, of the kind mother who dwelt far away to the North, and who might at that very moment be praying God's blessing on her dashing boy, addressed his last words to the men entrusted to his command, saying: "Boys, there is no use striving any longer; it is now only about midnight, and one of our number is already frozen to death. We cannot hold out till morning; there is no hope, we must all die."

Then, stepping aside, he drew the cape of his great-coat about his head and laid down. The snow blew over him, but he knew it not; he was asleep. Two others follow his example; their lives depart with the departure of the dying year. The new year comes, and with it the clouds break away, and the North Star shines out.

Guided by its light, the four remaining ones walk up the bar; but scarcely have they set out, when one poor fellow staggers and falls dead, only a few rods from his frozen comrades. The other three are tired, benumbed, disheartened, yet still they follow the star which guides them to life. It leads them over a mile of bleak desert, across a thick slough, and into a thick wood at the head of the island. This shelters them from the cutting wind until morning dawns; and peering out from the Arkansas shore, they descry a house, from which presently issues a man; it is Prior Lea, a well known Union man. They attract his attention, and, crossing to them in a skiff, he takes them to his house. And now, although they have already suffered untold agonies, their sufferings have only begun.

Once in the house, they sink insensible to the floor. The good host and hostess do all they can for the poor fellows, but it avails little. They are far gone; life hangs by a slender thread, which may snap at any moment.

The thermometer is now eight degrees below zero, and every thing without is freezing still. All about Fort Pillow there are signs of life. The smoke is curling in white columns over the low-made chimneys of the little huts called barracks; the guard has been relieved, and the men are coming in from the outposts, benumbed with cold, and in some cases with their fingers and ears frost-bitten; the soldiers dodge in and out of their quarters busied about the morning work; messengers and orderlies hurry rapidly over the snow-crested hills; and yonder, at post headquarters, the color-sergeant commits the flag to the halliards and sends it to its place to the top of the tall staff, and

there, high up in the clear sky, in the bright light of the new-born year,

"Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose."

The men draw close around the fires, and talk of last night's cold. Frost flies in the air, and great cakes of ice are floating in the river.

Still there are no tidings of the Lieutenant and his men. About noon Captain Leizure and his companion, worn and stupefied, having made their way, from the fire where we last saw them, to a house nearly opposite the fort, cross the river in a skiff and report to the officers. The post-surgeon, Dr. J. W. Martin, is at once summoned, and a party got ready to search for the ill-fated ones who come not back. Captain Leizure, though almost exhausted from the previous night's exposure, volunteers to go as a guide.

In about two hours the steamer *Duke of Argyle* heaves in sight, beating her way slowly up against the strong current and running ice. The party board her, and she pushes on up the river. She comes in sight of the fatal bar just as the sun is setting in the red West. She is made fast on the Tennessee shore, and the boats are lowered as the twilight deepens into night. The thermometer is below zero; every thing around is freezing, except the mighty river, whose current sweeps on, bearing on its bosom the masses of ice that gather as they go. The deck-hands refuse to man the boats, until a file of soldiers, with loaded muskets, is brought up to enforce the officer's commands.

Landed upon the island, and aided by the light of a lantern, they soon discover the tracks of the unfortunate men who had landed there twenty-four hours before.

Hopes are entertained for their safety. We follow the trail, and presently come upon a cartridge-box, half buried in the snow and ice, the belt cut with a knife. Our hearts sink; the fate of one poor man is told. One life must have been despaired of, when, with hands too numb to unbuckle the belt, it was cut, and the cartridge-box fell from the body of a soldier in the enemy's country.

With sad hearts we follow up the track. Now we see the well-paced beat, and piled at intervals along it we find the half-covered and frozen bodies of the lost Lieutenant and three of his men. A little further removed to the north, on the crust of ice, lies stretched upon his back another, who has met his last enemy; his face is pale and rigid, and his eyes, wide open, are seemingly fixed upon the stars that twinkle overhead and give back his bright, cold, comfortless look.

Well, we can do no good for these, and the others have shared the same fate, unless a kinder fortune has taken them out of the cold ere this. To remain longer on this cold, barren spot would be to add to the number of the dead. So the search is abandoned for the night, and we turn for the steamer. But who will steer the boat? the helmsman who brought it over is so overcome by the cold that he cannot guide it back. Who will take his place? "I will," said Captain Leizure, and stepping aft, took the helm. The boat glides away. It is over a mile to the steamer, and it will take many a stroke to carry us to her. The oars are vigorously plied, and on goes our little boat, Captain Leizure holding her steady on her course.

The running ice must be avoided, and the current taken advantage of;

but this is done, for a master-hand is at the helm.

The breath freezes as it escapes the nostrils; the stoutest must yield to the cold if we are out long; but every stroke of the oars brings us nearer the steamer. Here we are at last. The yawl strikes the bow of the steamer with a jar, and Captain Leizure falls at our feet, insensible. We take him up, lift him on to the deck, and carry him thence into the cabin. The surgeon administers restoratives, applies the proper remedies, and soon he is revived, and the life which had been so nobly given to others is brought back to its possessor.

The next day the search was renewed, and the three living men traced up to Mr. Lea's, where we have already seen them.

Physicians waited upon them; every care and attention, that could be, was bestowed upon them; amputation, of both feet and hands, was found necessary, and performed on two of them, who, after undergoing inexpressible agonies for a short time, died; while the third, James Hendrixson, after a long and painful illness, recovered, and lived to serve his country yet longer.

The frozen corpses of the Lieutenant and the four men were taken to Fort Pillow, placed in coffins, and sent home. Such were the horrors of one night on the Mississippi.

INSECT-LIFE IN WINTER.

WHILE exploring the heights of Mont Blanc, far above the line of perpetual snow, M. de Saussure found a butterfly soaring on the wing, over glaciers, where the *lämmergeyer* and the chamois have their haunts. It is amazing to think of a creature so frail, and so delicate, fluttering over those Alpine heights, far away from the meadows and gardens in which it delights. We should imagine that in a region so foreign to its nature, in a climate so severe and trying even to man, the butterfly would instantly fold its painted wings,

and die. But other Alpine travellers tell the same tale. And Arctic navigators report that wandering butterflies have been found amid the snows of the extreme northern latitudes of this continent. In these last instances the little creatures must have been born of an Arctic parentage, the tiny eggs must have been laid, the cocoons spun, and the butterflies first emerged into the light in the frigid zone. There are, it seems, *Esquimaux* butterflies, as well as *Esquimaux* bears and whales.

This fact is but one of very many proofs

of a remarkable tenacity of life in the insect-world, under some circumstances a very remarkable power of endurance when exposed to cold.* If daily experience did not prove to us the contrary, we should naturally suppose that of the myriads of insects swarming in the fields and gardens, during our warm American summers, none could survive the cold winters of the same latitudes; that all must inevitably perish beneath a deluge of snow; that none could endure the severity of frosts which penetrate many inches below the sod. Who would believe it credible—if not already familiar with the fact—that the gnat, the firefly, the dragonfly, the tiny red spider, the ladybird, the bee, the ant, aye, the butterfly too, in some of its species, could survive a degree of cold beneath which men have often perished? Yet such is the truth—one of the very many truths stranger than fiction. If we look from our windows to-day, we see the whole earth covered with snow; the sharpest eye cannot discover one of the myriads of last summer's insect-people. If we remove the snow, we find the earth frost-bound to a consistency that no spade can loosen, which must be quarried, like the rock, with the sharpest and heaviest tools. And yet beneath that snow, in the very heart of the frost-bound sod, beneath the bark of trees now perchance glazed with ice, lie the whole tiny people torpid in a death-like sleep, but still living, still endowed with every faculty, every sense, every instinct safe and uninjured, all to awaken again to the fulness of life and activity with the first warm breath of spring. This tenacity of life, when exposed to severe cold, becomes still more remarkable in the insect-tribes, when we remember that it is their nature to love warmth, and that to a certain degree they are very sensitive to cold. During the warmest summer days they are all life and activity, cagerly plying their tasks, if they belong to the notable tribes, like the bee

* We have seen live fleas running through the air-holes in glacier-ice at some of the highest points on the Swiss mountains.—Edron.

and the ant, or happy in idle enjoyment, like the dancing gnat, or the roving butterfly. Let a chilly day visit us in summer, as may well happen with our fickle climate; the insect-world droops, and flies away to its own secret haunts, there to await a warmer hour. What a difference the first sharp frost will make in their numbers! We may walk over a pathway crowded visibly, the day before, with grasshoppers, ants, crickets, and but a few of the bravest and boldest will be found there to-day. And yet, while feeling the cold, while sensitive to its influence, while delighting in the warmth, the more common tribes are all endowed with this wonderful power of endurance in their torpid winter state. Many individuals, no doubt, perish, else all the different families would be as numerous here, in the temperate zone, as they are in the tropics, where the throngs of these lone creatures become a great annoyance.

But the most remarkable proof of this power of enduring cold is found in the fact that, occasionally, a few insects belonging to countries almost tropical will not only survive a very striking change of climate to more northern latitudes, but actually form colonies, thrive, and increase there. A notable instance of this has occurred in France. Many readers must be already aware that there is an insect of formidable character, found in tropical regions, called the white ant—the termites of naturalists. Wonders are told of these termites, and the more we inquire into their history, the more surprised we are. They are found, as slightly different species, in Asia, Africa, America, and Europe. The most wonderful of all are the termites of the interior of Africa, whose dwellings are the pyramids of the insect-world; amazing indeed when we consider the size of the creature who builds them. Travellers tell us of nests more than twenty feet in height, with galleries below the surface to the same depth, and filling a space of a hundred feet in circumference! The walls of these pyramids are made of clay, nearly as hard as stone;

quite as hard, it is said, as the cheaper bricks used in our own dwellings. The form is a cluster of conical spires, the highest in the centre, others lower in elevation, grown around it. So strong are the walls that the wild hunters habitually climb them, to take an observation of the surrounding country; and the buffalo, that heavy, unwieldy creature, makes use of them for the same purpose, taking them, probably, for so many rocks. The surface of these nests is often covered with fine edible mushrooms, and the natives eat the insects themselves, considering them a very great delicacy. Some apricot jam was, on a certain occasion, offered to an African chief by an English traveller. It was good, he said, but not so good as a handful of white ants. Lions and tigers are frequently found in these deserted termite villages. The food of these insects is chiefly of a vegetable character, especially woody fibres; but if hungry they will eat almost anything. They are indeed most formidable enemies to man and his works, in their native haunts, from their vast swarms, their voracity, and their treacherous, covert ways of working. So numerous are the swarms issuing from their nests at the time when the winged brood is first hatched, that the air in the vicinity seems filled with dense white snow-flakes. Efforts have been made to confine them to their nests by building fires about them; but so eager are they to reach the outer world, that they will rush through the flames to obtain their object. If many perish in the attempt, innumerable throngs succeed in the effort. They work most treacherously under cover, feeding on the core and heart of things, but always leaving a thin deceptive outer shell untouched. In this way they carry on their secret ravages unsuspected, until accident reveals their presence.

Some years since a few of these terrible insects were observed at la Rochelle, on the eastern coast of France, brought there, no doubt, by some vessel just arrived from a tropical port. One might naturally suppose that the first cold

winter—and the winters of that part of France are often decidedly cold—would utterly destroy these fragile tropical invaders. Such has not been the result. They have not only survived the cold, but they have actually increased to such an extent as seriously to alarm the inhabitants. Vigorous efforts have been made to exterminate them, but, as yet, without success. They have already committed very serious ravages. Oddly enough, like other invaders, they have taken possession of the public buildings of la Rochelle; the Hotel of the Préfet is their headquarters. Here, like other invaders, they have made themselves completely at home. The conquest has been complete. From the attics to the cellars they are masters of the position. The ceiling of a bedroom was repaired; the day after the workman left, covered galleries, made by the enemy, were discovered, dropping from the ceiling like stalactites. Similar galleries were found in the cellars, dropping half-way from the ceiling to the floor; others, running along the walls beneath the plaster, were traced from the foundation to the roof of the building. These stalactite galleries, looking somewhat like inverted nests, have also been found in the cellars of adjoining houses, reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Occasionally, horizontal galleries, like suspension bridges, are thrown out to reach some object desirable for food, or for shelter. Trees, in the garden of the Préfecture, which appeared outwardly sound, on examination proved to be entirely gutted to the very branches! The stakes of fences were devoured in the same way. If a plank was left one night on a bed, the next morning the insects were found to have made a lodgment within its fibres. A large beam was so entirely eaten away that nothing remains of it but a thin outer shell, scarcely more substantial than a shaving. The legs of tables, the sides of boxes, are devoured in the same insidious way. No wonder the good people are very seriously alarmed at the inroads of these creatures. Corrosive sublimate is said to be the

only protection for any wooden substance, and one that is not always successful.

One day a document from the public archives was wanted. The box containing it was opened; all looked as usual; piles of neatly folded papers appeared undisturbed in regular order within; but the moment a hand was laid on the outer sheet, the whole pile crumbled away to dust! All was hollow; a mere shell had been left, as

usual, on the top, and at the sides. And such, on examination, proved to be the condition of other boxes, in which the public archives had been stored. It is only too clear to the invaded Rocheltons, that the terrible white ants have lost nothing of their national activity and voracity and treachery, by change to a colder climate. They work, in France, surrounded by snow and ice, which in the native haunts of their tribe are entirely unknown.

MADRID, FROM NOON TILL MIDNIGHT.

MADRID long ago fell into the lazy habit of lengthening its days by thieving from the night; and as late vigils are not usually begetful of early matins, the city is slow and stupid about waking. The workers are stirring betimes; but the drones, who seem to far outnumber them, and who, after the way of drones, take upon themselves the biggest share of the buzzing, begin their day leisurely by sipping tiny cups of thick, scalding, flavorless chocolate-paste eked out by shiny hard-coated rolls of surprising angularity and meanness. Later comes breakfast, in the guise of a very early dinner at the good old Puritan hour of noon or in its neighborhood, and gets the day fairly on foot.

Like Hamlet, the city has a heart of hearts, the Puerta del Sol, the once famous Sun-Gate that baked and steamed in the down-falling summer noon and the up-rising glint of the hot sand before it. But the Gate is gone, the city crept past it into the glint and glare and wrapped it lovingly about, and now the old poetic title, breathing of Cid and Moor, misnames an unevenly open space in the exact centre of today's Madrid. Great arteries of streets, ten in number, strike outward from the mean little fountain in its middle, and through them the city's life throbs ceaselessly into and out of the Puerta. It is a good place to begin a stroll

from; suppose we wander thither, reaching it in time to hear a dozen clanging strokes on the big air-hung bell that caps a four-faced clock on its southern side.

Just the place for a *coup d'état*, it seems, and such has more than seldom been its mission. Spain's history has been often written on the trap-block pavement of the Puerta in the same dull, clotted ink that has recorded human ambition and feud since man was. The last entry on this page was on the 29th of September, a year ago, when troops and people struck hands for freedom, and won it. When will be the next writing? No one knows, but hearsays and guesses are rife enough.

Bustle, whirl, and buzz on every side! Gay shops and noisy crowds on nine of the ten narrow blocks that hem the Puerta; on the tenth the stone-trimmed, red brick front of the Gobernacion, a sort of City Hall, looms over a noisier throng than the rest, that seethes like an open Stock Board when gold is unstable and Erie heady. This may be termed the News Exchange. Liberty enough of speech and press is here to satiate the most exacting. Photographic caricatures of the late sovereign, Doña Isabel of inglorious memory, are abundant; and as if to heighten their effect, we find a fresh broadside selling sluggishly—a cent's worth of Proclamation from the same gracious

lady to those whom she is pleased to call her loving subjects. A score or two of waspish sheets, of the sort that sting for the sake of stinging, are on sale everywhere, and we stop for a moment to glance at their coarse but not badly-drawn woodcuts. Some have but just emerged from the recent squelching they suffered when the Provinces were in arms for Republicanism, and the personal guarantees of the Constitution were for a time suspended. But the people have got back their rights, the press is free again, and the petty swarm, embittered and emboldened, buzzes spitefully about Prim and his boy-pet the Duke of Genoa. We buy one, giving therefor two or three rough Moorish copper coins, not stamped but cast in moulds, and halt to look in languid amusement at its outlined cartoon showing Olozaga—the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, commonly known as the king-hunter, from his continued efforts to find a royal scion willing to be a candidate for the Spanish throne—gravely presenting to his mistress Spain a chattering monkey, on a huge salver. We crumple it in our pockets, and pass on.

What becomes of all the wax-matches sold in the Puerta? At every step we find great trays laden with gayly ornamented sliding boxes of brown-tipped tapers that sell for a trifle more than one of our nickel cents; at every step we hear the pleasant crackle that heralds the lighting of a fresh cigarette; and yet the pavement is not drifted with the refuse ends. How do these brawny, thick-ankled women balance themselves on their tiny donkeys, no bigger than Saint Bernard dogs, their clumsy feet dangling in one of the empty twin panniers that sway nervously as the sturdy little brutes trot across the square? Why does that stout matorador, with skin-tight trowsers and waist-long velvet jacket, sport such an absurd little pigtail no thicker than a quill, that sprouts out of the closely-cropped black stubble on the back of his head and trickles down inside his collar? Why do all these men go about in this

pleasant glow of late autumn, with huge brown cloaks dangling to their ankles and a heavy fold of them swept over throat and mouth and pendant from the shoulder, while a bit of gaudy plush lining turns outward to relieve the monotony of color? Can they really be cold as they walk thus shiveringly, as though in search of Sir John Franklin? Why do these nurses, baby-laden, wear such glaring skirts of scarlet and gold, and have such curious sliding hatchways of red cloth built into their ample corsets? How does all this folk find time to congregate daily, and all day, in this gateless Gate of the Sun, seeking only to hear and tell of some new thing, like a certain throng that filled Mars Hill some eighteen hundred years ago? These and a host of kindred queries come dreamily and go almost without response, while we drift slowly around the Puerta and out of it at its western end.

We are in the Calle Mayor, the Main Street, the Broadway of Philip's time. An old street it is, not much altered since Torquemada's red-robed heretics were led in solemn procession up its shadowy straitness to the Plaza near by, there to seal their belief, or disbelief, in one supreme Act of Faith. How strangely apt was the name given to what was once the crowning glory of Rome's wonderful power, though now it shines luridly down through all these years as its deadliest wrong! Truly an Act of Faith, of a Faith that triumphed over the flames.

We turn aside under one of the overhanging rows of gloomy arches that jut into the street, awkwardly narrowing it to half its width by their abrupt salience, and pass up a flight of well-trodden stone-steps, worn perchance by older heretics than we, into the Plaza Mayor of such dark memories. It is no longer known by its old name, for with September's Revolution many a street and square was christened again to blot out bygone history and mark the era of liberty. A few glaring sign-boards, that almost seem to smell of paint they look so fresh, announce that it is now

the Place of the Constitution. We walk about its low-hung colonnades and cross beneath the larger arches that open from the neighboring streets, and halt on the side opposite to where we entered to look up to the windows from which the King and court once smiled down on the crowds and the flames. We think of a picture in the Museum here, showing the square as it then was in the enacting of such a drama, and as we look the trees in it grow down into nothing, a great scaffold rises, soldiers and monks throng it, and a strange odor of burning becomes singularly real. But as these thoughts come they fade, and after all we are only standing in a dingy space, walled about by monotonous houses borne on arches, while at our side is a slouchy old woman roasting chestnuts. Nothing more.

What comes next? The street of Toledo is not very far off—a gay bazaar in perennial bloom. Suppose we stroll thither, for the day is hardly yet begun. As we pass we notice the stuccoed house-fronts specked with pockmarks and dimples, where a lively musketry-fire took effect one day when barricades blocked the streets and each balcony held its marksman. Such signs are common here and hardly worth notice.

The first idea of this old street, that points southward to Toledo, is that it is a kingdom of shreds and patches, and it is apt to be the last and permanent one. The marvellous and many-colored mendings worn by the muleteers and porters and such-like lazy vermin of a great city are here explained, for in each doorway and window hang swelling bunches of cloth-scrap, like knotted sheaves of poverty's gleanings, while herds of women and not a few men are at work patching and mending garments that would long since have been given up as hopeless in any land but Spain. They look up and eye us askance; our clothes are too whole for this region whose aristocracy of thrifty unthrift is distinguished by the amazing but unheraldic quarterings of the coats its members bear.

Over the way is a curiosity shop worthy of little Nell's grandfather. We cross the street and enter; the proprietor shambles forward, scents our foreign birth in an instant, and attributes to us the possession of untold millions. We look around the cramped shop. A quaint dagger attracts us—a foot or so in length, with a wavy outline and a keen edge, just the thing to wriggle about in a Frenchman in accordance with kind old Marshal Suwarof's humane instructions. A deep groove courses down each side in a snaky way, fading an inch or so from the point, and in it certain rudely stamped letters are carelessly stranded. We read "Raimundo Ortilla," and turning the blade over we find "Toledo, 1643." The handle is grimy and intricately carved. Altogether the dagger tempts us, and seems flavorful of love and jealousy and death in some far-away time under the hot sun of Andalusia.

What is its cost, we ask, in as languid a tone as we can feign. The little eyes of the shopkeeper peer at us with an assured conviction as to our millions, and a price is unhesitatingly named exceeding by about four times its actual or possible worth. We demur mildly. Our trader forthwith becomes as one possessed by the demon of oratory, and we wonder amusedly at the boundless wealth of Castilian gesture and the infinite modulations in energy and persuasiveness of which the Castilian voice is capable. We are inflexible, and, laying down the coveted treasure, we make for the door. A fresh burst of eloquence turns us about; will the señor name his own price? We do so, and the yellow eye-whites heave upward in horror. Does the señor know that his offer, if accepted, would entail starvation on at least four persons? Does his grace know that we have a family? Incontinently, his wife is summoned, a pretty, full-throated brunette many shades too good for him, leading a bullet-headed boy, who seems to have stepped out of one of Murillo's canvases, minus his melon-rind. She in-

vokes Purisima Maria, whose festival is near at hand, and grows ecstatic over the flamboyant blade. We once more set our faces as though to depart, knifeless as we came. A reduction of about a real and a half arrests us, and we are treated to a fresh burst of rapture, this time anent the handle. In view of the shortness of life and the mobility of a Spaniard's larynx, we feel that this kind of thing has got to stop. We name our price again, and manage to get half outside the door, when the enemy wavers, and we are recalled. More gush, and a tremulous appeal to know the señor's highest offer. We repeat it sternly, and are met half-way in broken accents. We face about and this time reach the street, deaf to a dual cry that is snipped in two by the closing door. We get, it may be, three or four houses distant, when the señor's coat is gently twitched by small and not over-clean fingers, and we find that little Bullet-head has been sent out with a flag of truce. Surrender at discretion! We return, brutally cut all further parley short by ringing a doubloon on the counter, receive our change, pocket our trophy in its envelope of soiled newspaper,—Madrid's universal wrapping medium,—and depart happy. Next day we learn that we have not only been egregiously cheated in our dagger, but are furthermore poorer to the extent of a counterfeit half-dollar.

We seek a cab, and have to walk far to find one, for the riding population lives elsewhere than in the Calle de Toledo. We take our cab by the hour; a little tin flag on a rod, announcing the vehicle as to be let, is lowered out of sight, and a brisk clock, that peeps in at the front window, starts merrily from noon which it marks when in repose, on its laudable mission of getting through an hour in fifty minutes or thereabouts. We are driven to the Legation—our own, of course.

It is in a stuccoed house, frescoed in a gaudy pink pattern as though travestying wall-paper, set modestly back from the street behind a little garden with a very small three-story fountain in its

middle. In front is the Paseo, Madrid's circumscribing drive and promenade. Hard by is a great fountain seen through the almost leafless tree-branches, showing a stalwart Neptune balanced on the ridge of a giant marble shell, an ingenious conchological cross between a bivalve and a univalve, like a blending of oyster and periwinkle, armed with paddle-wheels. To this are harnessed two fish-tailed horses, splashing in a heap of marble foam. Beyond us, above the trees, stretches the red roof of the Museum, that guards Murillo's matchless "Conception."

The national arms above the door look home-like and inviting as we enter. So do the offices of the Legation when we reach them, and George Washington smiles a bland welcome down upon us from ten feet of canvas. Some one sits writing in an inner room, and as we approach he looks up. We see a compact, squarely moulded head; a mass of glossy black hair, through which wander a few threads of white coming before their time; a wide, rounded forehead; eyes, too gray to be blue and too blue to be gray, that show with a steely glint under their solid brows; a thick wiry moustache half hiding a mouth that marks firmness in every curve, and a fair, clean-shaven chin that matches well with the lips and face above it. A pair of crutches leans against the desk by his side; and glancing involuntarily downward, we see that the right leg has been severed half-way above the knee. No ribbon flaunts at his button-hole, no cross dangles on his breast, and none is needed. The mutilated limb and the crutches on which he leans as he rises and advances to meet us are more eloquent insignia than any that kings create.

He greets us and resumes his writing. Around us are the usual fittings of a Legation,—desks plentifully littered, shelves well piled with sets of Congressional documents, about as much handled as those old-time standards which no gentleman's library should be without, and other shelves guarding the bound archives. We take down one of

these sober green volumes and open it reverently. It is nearly full; and page after page shows the same unvaried and luxurious elegance of chirography in which genial Geoffrey Crayon indulged in the good old days of quill-pens and easy-going haste. Talk of the Lost Arts—the script of forty years ago is one of them—the fair round hand, not over-large but legible as a family Bible, whose lines course across the unruled page in such unswerving parallelism that the big office-ruler looks almost crooked when laid along them. As we rustle over the broad leaves I tell of how Irving's memory yet lingers in Madrid, and how the older English-speaking residents love to talk of the good man's simple life and kindly ways, that made all the world his friend.

To-day is a slack day; business is *nil*, or thereabouts. Nobody wants postage stamps, nobody writes for an autograph, no Castilian, for a wonder, has treated us to three or four pages of most rhetorical mendicancy, nothing doing, in fact, except the quick scratching of the pen in the other room, that whispers ominously of a brisk time to-morrow to catch the Cunard mail. It is a sin to squander this sunshine by idling indoors; let us stroll awhile in the park. We dismiss our patient cabby, cross the wide street, pass by Neptune on his paddled marvel, skirt the railed enclosure of a great sham of an obelisk built of a dozen blocks of stone, go up an easy hill, and so reach the Buen Retiro gardens. All city-parks are much alike, as a general thing, but here in Madrid our accustomed broad reaches of drive and sleepy sinuosities of lakelet are wanting. To be sure there is a huge, oblong, stone-walled holeful of water, the Gran Estanque, whose name we aptly cramp into one syllable and call the Tank. In its middle is a tiny steamer rigged as if for ocean-work, and round about it a few young Madridenos are rowing with an infinite waste of vigor; their oar-blades now high outlifted and now severely crab-caught in some wondrous depth; struggling slowly along, and seemingly as well versed in oars-

manship as Saharan camel-drivers might be.

The best guides through a popular garden are the nurses. I single out a chubby, bright-eyed little being, full of sunshine as a June morning, and overweighted by a stout toddler in her full-rounded arms. We follow her, on the sly, up a long mall. She leads, of course, to the animals, and we land in a very small zoölogical garden of one-elephant-power. A vicious looking beast is this last as he sways rhythmically on his gouty pins and leisurely twists slender hay-twists which he somehow puts into himself endwise. He is quite an accomplished matador, and so a hero of this bull-killing folk, who love to tell of his last appearance in the ring; how he held his ground in the centre, facing about to meet each attack; how the bull, maddened by gay barbs that flapped cruelly on his broad shoulders, charged at him with lowered head and sharp horns like lances in rest; how the one great tusk (the other was snapped off long ago) and rigid trunk, lifted high in air, came down on the bull's bleeding back, stopping him midway in his course; and how they forced him to the ground, so slowly in appearance that seconds seemed to lengthen into minutes while the lesser brute sank, inch by inch as it were, until he lay, crushed and dead. In this way these seven or eight tons of sluggish pachydermatous shrewdness pressed the life out of four bulls in less than half an hour, when the sport palled by reason of monotony; the conqueror was led out, unscratched, in phlegmatic exultancy, and Madrid once more took its fill of wilder pleasure. Blindfolded horses, poor wretched screws cabbed into premature decay, stood in trembling incertitude till pierced by an unseen sharpness; and then plunged anywhither in their blindness from this awful, unknown terror, trampling out their entrails as they staggered in wandering curves, and bearing their riders away in safety from the death that smote them instead until they fell, with emptied and flapping sides, and died on the hot

sand. We talk of this and of the scenes we watched in the arena a few Sundays since, with a half-regret that the men somehow manage to come out unharmed, leaving the certainty of pain and death to be vicariously borne. An English-speaking Spaniard overhears us, and addressing us with that freemasonry of intercourse so common in a land given over to chatter as this is, explains that the horses are worthless and good for nothing else. We hear, and bow in a hypocritical silence which he interprets as the abashed assent of convicted error. There is no use in arguing the point or in attempting to show that a beast whose knees are bent by over-tasking, whose ribs are salient or whose neck is arched the wrong way, camel-fashion, is thereby unfitted for a quiet death in some equine Beulah of grassy meadow under God's own blue sky.

I turn, and miss my ruddy little nurse. Ah! there she is, cramming wide-eyed baby with some toothsome hyena-story. We stroll thither and glance for a moment at her text as it paces tirelessly up and down before its bars. One of us calls it an idiotic burlesque on both tiger and swine, and with a smile at the aptness of the phrase we pass on through these pleasant gardens of retirement. Does this careless crowd think, I wonder, of the infinite toil required to create such boscajes and vistas of shade on these hard and barren sandhills, where each bush is nourished through the long dry summer by its own generous conduit of limpid water? Without this lavish labor, these mounds would yet be as bare of leafage as the red-brown landscape that billows far away before us, to sink into the horizon's calm or break in green surf of feathered pine-spray at the feet of the craggy Guadarramas that rise, snow-capped in this late autumn light, twenty miles to northward.

We make a wide *détour* through the waste outskirts of the city, more desolate than such places usually are. Low cabins, one scant story in height, rise here and there, and lower walls run

aimlessly to and fro; both of the same dull scorched color as the soil beneath them, that is seemingly soft as sand, yet capable of being spaded into twenty feet of sheer perpendicularity to stand untouched by time, unfurrowed by the rain, uncrumbled by the frost, and to the last utterly barren. We halt before a solidly-built wall of heavy sun-dried brick, and look at some twoscore of tiny black wooden crosses tacked on its rough face; while one tells of the dead scene he witnessed here two years ago in the early morning; of a little band of pinioned soldiers led to this spot and ranged arm in arm before the wall; of a squad of new recruits who took up position as a firing party not ten paces in front of them; of the lifted sword and shrill order of the officer in charge; of the bungling volleys that rang again and again till the last writhing lump of flesh was still and the sunrise looked into as many dead faces as there are rude crosses pinned against the bricks to-day. Poor fellows! they attempted to raise an insurrection in the great barracks of the town, and O'Donnell got the better of them. Had they won, the Queen might have fled a year or two sooner and Spain's new history been begun a year or two earlier,—that's all.

Down into the city again, past the mint with its tall chimney, from which yellow vapors roll at times like airy gold. Up the long drives and promenades that hem this side of Madrid, now filled with carriages and horsemen. Here comes a showy team drawing a plain landau, in which reclines a thoughtful-looking woman, just a little too old, it may be, to be called young, with smooth features of great regularity and splendidly languid eyes that miss nothing of all this crowd. Spaniards call the Regentess "*la duquesa*," and say she is the handsomest woman in all Castile. But we have our own type over the sea, and may be pardoned for liking it, even in a strange land. You see it to perfection in this carriage that just passes us—a blonde recently from New York, who can hold her own without effort in

any ball-room here. That quiet old woman in the sober coupé before us is the mother of the Empress of the French. And further on, that good-natured but somewhat heavy face is Mrs. Prim's. So they roll in a ceaseless stream, funereally down one side and furiously up the other; and the upper crust of Madrid takes its afternoon airing. And so we walk with the slow-driving current, past the Museum and the fountains, to the Calle de Atocha to see the vesper bell-ringing.

There is a wonderful fascination about the visible energy of a Spanish bell's clangor. It does not lurk motionless behind heavy lattices and sound by the fall of hammers or the swing of tongues as do ours of modern training. It hangs in the rain and sunshine, pivoted in the walls of the square turret that lifts it and its fellows in the air. I can understand Quasimodo better now as I look at these men above us—two to each larger bell, one within the belfry and one on the balcony without—turning the loud-voiced monsters over and over again in a wild ecstasy of delight. Now and then one jumps on the massive timber-yoke as it rises, sweeps over the bell in its turn and dives under it again just as the heavy tongue thuds against the broad flange; leaving us in grave doubt whether he has been brained by it or not, until we see him sailing over it once more. Even the jangle of a half-dozen of these bells is musical; so much so that we readily believe the tradition that Spanish bronze is largely alloyed with silver.

These are very narrow and angular streets that we thread on our way to the *Córtes*. No matter, the distance is not far, and the roadway, if cramped, is at least scrupulously clean, which is more than one can say of Rome. We reach the Carrera and look westward to the Puerta del Sol, now flooded with slanting red rays that "incarnadine" the fountain and the long street, and make the Sun-Gate look like a short cut to Paradise. We turn away from this glory and reach the *Córtes*. There is a low side-door for us—the fronting

colonnade is an entry only on state occasions. Up two tall flights of stairs we go, and are shown by virtue of a magical pink ticket to the Diplomatic Tribune, whence we look down on the Chamber.

It is a handsome U-shaped hall, with seats rising gently in rows around the curve and a broad platform bearing the President's desk on the flat end. Mace-bearers, gorgeous in Spain's coat-of-arms of scarlet and yellow, stand on guard behind him, and are relieved every ten minutes with much imposing ceremonial. The President is munching something very like biscuits, and offering them generously, in a newspaper, to his associates behind the long dais-desk. In front are the reporters, scratching merrily. Somebody is speaking—and nobody is listening.

Turn the U on its side, thus: ∩. The thick shank is the Ministerial side, or Right; the thin one is given over to the opposition forces, who form the unruly Left. The central curve is a sort of political no-man's-land. It is in this last that somebody is speaking.

Our tribune looks down on the Ministerial benches. Much more red plush cushioning is visible than broadcloth; a bare quorum is present for business, but members continue to straggle in and take their places. The front bench on the thick side of the U is upholstered in blue and set apart for the Cabinet. This is awkward for us; for the variations in the ministerial habits of hair-brushing are about all we can study from our point of view, and we would like to see more of the men who have turned Spain upside down and shaken it into a froth of Constitutionalism. Nearly all of them are here this afternoon. At the top end is a sober head of glossy black hair, with a neat little bald spot in its centre, like a tonsure. A short, thin black beard curls and creeps down the cheek and chin. Under this gloomy head-piece is a suit of black broadcloth. Even the hands are dark-gloved. The general impression conveyed is of a pious and sympathizing undertaker, rather than

of the one supreme man of the Peninsula, Juan Prim. A strangely grave man is this same General Prim, and one not to be easily fathomed,—not a magnetic leader of men, for whose smile of approbation tens of thousands would eagerly fight and die, as they did for the first and only Napoleon. No flashing eye is his, such as we are wont to ascribe to our worshipful self-made heroes. I have looked into his sombre face half a hundred times, and now, as I write, I cannot for the life of me remember what is the color of his eyes. In short, "rather an or'nary lookin' man," as our homely country phrase goes, and yet, for all that, a possible Cromwell or Cæsar. Which?

These polls, as seen from above, have much of a sameness in their expression, although they range in hirsuteness from the dark-brown mop of the Minister of State to the eggy crown of the Minister of Finance. It is a pity that we cannot see more of those whom they top. As if with knowledge of our thought, a head in the middle of the row is slowly cocked on one side, a short black beard heaves in sight, continuing the short black hair, black eyes lurk beneath long black brows that slant downwards together into a complex black knot above a large but slim, curved nose with up-sloping nostrils. Is this Mephistopheles in the flesh in this latter day?

Somebody gets tired of speaking and sits down. Somebody else gets up from a back seat on the thin arm of the U, gives a leonine shake, and begins in a voice that rings of silver much as do the plunging bells in the street of Atocha. Every body listens except the solemn man at the end of the Ministerial bench, and he ungloves his right hand, unfolds a sheet of note-paper, seizes a quill and begins to write a letter. He generally does this when one of the strong men of that uncomfortable and obstinate Left gets on his feet. And the present speaker is one of the very strongest and pluckiest of the lot, and withal probably the first orator in Europe—certainly by all odds the first in Spain. Ask any ardent Republican

here what Emilio Castelar did at Saragossa, and his voice will quiver and his eyes moisten as he tells of a vast crowd of ten thousand souls, filling the town's great square, every man of whom uncovered as though in a cathedral's gloom, and with upheld right hand repeated after that mellow voice the words of a solemn oath, swearing by the sky and God above him never to permit the entry of a foreign king to rule over emancipated Spain!

This Castelar, whose name even has a touch of romance about it and sounds of the days and loves of Mary Stuart, seems built to order as an orator. He has an oviform head, narrowest on the high white forehead from which the hair has shrunk. Its wider lines sweep round the muscular curves of a large mouth, sonorous as that of a Greek tragic mask, and bushed by an immense moustache. His chest is not only broad, but deep from chest-bone to spine. Chest and mouth together explain his power of voice and almost infinite modulation of tone and emphasis. His gestures are redundant—a national fault—but nearly always apt. Favorite among them is the placing of his index-fingers in a parallel some six or eight inches apart and handing them right and left, like a pair of duelling pistols. Again, he loves to grasp a large double handful of nothing and let it slowly trickle through his fingers, aiding the sifting process by a gentle quivering movement. This, I am told, illustrates the throttling of the liberties of Spain. Other motions are as of a ponderous flail-sweep or a brisk windmill, but these are infrequent exaggerations. He pauses after a powerful denunciation of something, and takes a sip of fresh grape-juice. (An ill-starred being in the people's gallery applauds, and is put out.) He goes on, but in a moment he stops short, leans forward, and in a friendly way begs many pardons for disturbing the correspondence of the President of the Council, but he would really like to have his attention for awhile. This raises a laugh, which is all he is in search of, and he goes on

with his speech while the quiet man in black continues his letter. Castelar's oration lasts an hour or more, and will be read and pondered through the length and breadth of the Peninsula. Mephistopheles rises and replies violently. He has two gestures, repeating them in alternation. *Item*—he hurls an invisible halter across the room at the incorrigible Left. *Item*—he brushes a large cobweb, also unscen, from his creased brow. But he speaks earnestly and well, and if he fails to convince it is the fault of the cause he defends rather than of his argument.

The discussion becomes general. The Cabinet members rise and sit angrily in turn like the hammers of a piano touched rudely and at random. At last, two hours after gas-light, the Córtes adjourn, having gotten through with nothing except a vast deal of talk, which is apt to be their day's record. The great hall empties, the galleries disgorge, and we reach the street to find that the thin clouds, which hovered at noon above the Guadarramas and flamed into purple and gold in the sunset, have thickened into rain.

It does not often rain in Madrid, but when it does the shower is not the only thing to be encountered. Great bullet-like drops come wabbling down from long tin gargoyles, that jut out of the eaves like rows of hat-pegs from a shelf, and stretch toward the middle of the narrow by-streets as though vainly trying to shake hands with their stiff neighbors on the other side of the way. And even after an hour of bright southern sun this random and discomfiting fire is kept up along the lines, as the red tiles slowly drain their surcharge of rain from ridge to eaves; and the heavy drops plash down just where they ought not to fall—on the exact centre of the footway. We trudge through this patter to the nearest restaurant, with a view to dinner. It is a *café* as well, and as we dine we talk over the mystery of *café* life in a city like this, of the strange fascination that prompts men of sturdy frame and active mind to congregate in knots in these, elbowing

the coffee-stained marble tables and sipping some inexpensive luxury from glass or cup, or folding and rolling the inevitable cigarette, while they engage in animated conversation on some utterly useless topic, and so squander hour after hour, as though they possessed unlimited credit on eternity. This lazy wastefulness is very catching, and foreigners resident here are by long odds the worst offenders. I hardly think it would be safe to assert broadly that no capital given over to the puny debauchery of *café* life is capable of the higher and nobler forms of municipal development through a hearty oneness of purpose. But among the cities of the Continent I know of none more hopelessly sinning in idleness than Venice and Madrid. And none less likely to rise.

Our dinner brings nothing to light except sage dissertations on the possible chance of winning the three hundred thousand dollar prize in the great Christmas lottery—some luminous views on General Prim's intentions anent a *coup d'état*—some little scandal—and the discovery that the Spanish term for butter, freely translated, means "cow-lard," which only too justly describes the whitish, rancid, over-salted compound that curses all Spain, and makes us long for the delicious, saltless pats, nestled in moist chestnut-leaves, that we used to get at Véfour's. I marvel at this inadequate result of three hours of brain-friction, and conclude that the imbecility of the *café* is upon us. We leave it at last to find that the rain ceased to fall two hours ago, and that the streets are thronged as in the daytime. The same swinging cloaks, the same crowd of match-vendors, the same ebb and flow through the Puerta del Sol, the same Open Board of talkers under the frowning shadow of the Gobernacion, and the same great clock lifted above it, now lighted from within and marking eleven. But not the same in this—that bold faces, just a little too heightened in color, are on every side, and gaudy dresses not warm enough for this chilly night flaunt along the damp stones unmindful of the mire,

and a speech is heard which is not that of the purer day.

From one *café* we drift to another. Ordinarily an evening possesses some one redeeming feature, a tolerably well sung opera, a light comedy at the local Wallack's, or some social gathering. But the spell of Madrid seems to have fallen for the nonce, and to-night is fated to be wasted utterly. At the Imperial *café* we lounge within earshot of a knot of matadores, each one stubbly cropped all but a tiny pigtail, and envy their lithe and sinewy figures that show evidently by reason of the tightness of their garments. We wander thence up some narrow, northward street to an active little blending of theatre and *café*, whose admission-fee of ten cents entitles us to a cup of coffee or something stronger. A cleverly silly bit of satire is enacting, in which the troubles of Prim and Serrano in hunting up a king are duly shown, and the school-boy Duke of Genoa takes a prominent part. The actors who have these *rôles* are not bad imitations of their originals. We smile lazily at the personation of the biscuit-eating President of the Cortes; as well as of the pale Regent. And while we sit in the close, smoky air of this poor place the bell of a church hard by booms its twelve shuddering strokes out into the midnight, and with their pulsing the charm is over and my Madrid day is ended.

But as I walk home in the thin star-

light through the yet thronged streets, I think over the strange contradictions of this puzzling capital. I see a city in cloud-land, and yet for ten months cloudless; a city draining its life from the Provinces of which it is the leader, possessing in itself but few elements of progress, existing as it were by the sufferance of the outlying members of the nation, and yet looked up to by them as though their welfare and greatness were wrapped up in its own; a city which is the bankrupt head of a bankrupt country that without it might have resources to spare; a city impoverished enough to demand the awaking of wide-spread industries to give it the self-supporting life it needs, and yet idle enough to remain always poor; a city which educates its children by the blood of the sabbath-crowded bull-ring, and sells Bibles in its very *cafés*; a city pledged to the support of a monarchy, and yet meek under the conflicting rule of a deliberative body (whose prestige is fast on the wane), and the daring autocracy of the one quiet man who directs all as he wills; a city whose liberty of the press means jibes and slanders, and whose religious freedom means growing irreligion; in fine, a city that claims to be Spain, and is not.

And thinking thus, I gravely doubt if any great or enduring change for good can be wrought in a nation ruled by such a paradox as is this Madrid of yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

THE EASTERN PORTAL TO THE POLE.

"Man, amid ceaseless changes, seeks the unchanging Pole."—*Goethe*.

THIS sentiment of the illustrious poet of Germany seems almost prophetic of the romantic interest which, in our day, has been given to the subject of Arctic Exploration. In the Fall of the last year, the writer ventured to lay before the readers of this Magazine the substance of a theory of ocean-avenues, by which, it was thought, a safe, and the only safe, pathway could be found to that mysterious goal of geographical ambition—the North Pole. The views then advanced, in two successive articles, entitled "The Gateways to the Pole" and "Dumb Guides to the Pole," were necessarily restricted by the limits of the periodical, and also, in a degree, by the novelty of the matter presented. The hypothesis, some months before, had been propounded by its distinguished author, Captain Silas Bent, whose rank and weight as a nautical authority bespoke for it the public attention, but whose modesty in stating his opinions had provoked in some quarters a contemptuous and dogmatic opposition. The articles alluded to were, therefore, designed to bring the subject before the public, although written by one who was a stranger to Captain Bent. Enough, it was thought, was then written to satisfy scientific and thinking men that this theory was defensible and promising, and to justify a practical effort to test it on the high seas. Since the issue of these publications, the writer has been encouraged, by the highly favorable endorsement of the press (without a single known exception), and by the expressed wishes of several competent judges of his argument, to discuss some aspects of the question, for which previously neither his time, nor space in these columns, was sufficient. It may not be amiss to add that this encouragement was not a little strengthened when, at a

late meeting of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, it was declared by the eminent explorer, Captain Charles F. Hall (lately returned from Arctic researches, bringing remains of Sir John Franklin), that no ship had ever attempted the polar route now pointed out by Captain Bent, and that, after a careful perusal of his reasoning and of the Magazine articles, he was convinced that it deserved to be put to an immediate experiment by a special Government expedition.

Referring the reader, therefore, to what has already been brought forward on the subject in these pages,* we hasten on to the pleasant task before us.

The theory of thermometrical gateways to the pole (suffice it to say) is based upon the existence of two mighty currents of the ocean, which are offshoots from the great equatorial currents and which, after being exposed for many days to the heat of a tropical sun, run toward the pole, and, it is contended, actually reach it. One of these—the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic—was disposed of at first. We cannot now consider its agency or repeat the story of its wonders. The other "Gateway," an equal factor in the grand result deduced from Captain Bent's researches, has received but a cursory mention, and now demands our notice.

This is the *Kuro Siwo*. Its dark and briny water has suggested to the Japanese the name they have given it, *The Black Stream*. It is a magnificent "river" in the Pacific, equal in volume and velocity to its fellow in the Atlantic. It is formed on the island of Formosa, whose verdant and spicy shores receive the westward-bound waves of the equatorial current of the Pacific. Its fervent

* See *Putnam's Magazine* for November and December, 1869.

temperature presents a more striking contrast with the adjacent waters than does the "blue" tide of the Gulf Stream. It moves with majestic powers, heedless of the fiercest gale, and, to the eye of the thoughtful observer, is bent upon the discharge of some momentous mission. Reaching the 40th parallel of north latitude, its surface is swept by "the brave west winds" of the northern hemisphere. It seems to turn aside from its course and curve away to the American shores. On the track of its northeasterly flow, the map-maker writes another name, as if some mighty power had diverted it. But it has not been turned; only a little of its foamy surface has been borne along in the easterly set. The vast torrent is only skimmed. The recirculation which pours around the southern coasts of Alaska and laves the western shores of Sitka Island, is but a *drift*. The tremendous bulk of equatorial water rushes on in a changeless course. It is moving in obedience to law. Every drop feels the impulse of a force it cannot resist. Every drop is lighter than the drop of polar water with which it is hastening to exchange places, lest the equilibrium of nature be overthrown. But on its way it receives, every moment, an impact from the earth's rotation. And thus it moves on the line of a great circle directly to the northeast, and entering Behring's Sea, knocks for admission at the very gates of the polar ocean. In its course, its pathway is strewn with the marks of its thermal and climatic power. If the Gulf Stream has clothed Ireland with a robe of verdure, and made it the "Emerald Isle," the Kuro Siwo has done as much for the Aleutian Islands and Alaska. They are mantled with living green. The flocks scarcely need shelter in the winter. If their soil is treeless, their gulf stream richly supplies them with timber for their canoes, and camphor wood of China and Japan for their furniture. The hills of Russian America, like those of Norway, bristle with pines and firs down to the very sea-shore. "There never was an iceberg in the North Pacific Ocean, and consequently the tender plants along

its shores are never nipped by the cold that the drifting islands of ice always engender. Therefore we may conclude that, parallel for parallel, and altitude for altitude, the climates along the sea-shore of our new possessions are quite as mild, if not milder, than those of northwestern Europe; and we know that the winter-climate of England is not so severe even as that of Virginia."*

Kotzebue as long ago as 1815 remarked these facts, and particularly commented upon "the riches of the arctic flora, amidst manifold variety of soil on the rocky coast of St. Lawrence Bay."†

This bay is on the island of St. Lawrence lying just south of Behring's Straits, and consequently in the very route of the Kuro Siwo. The same great voyager has also recorded that the transition from the American coast to the Asiatic beyond Behring's, was "like passing from summer to winter." In the colonial days of America and long after, a vessel from England to New York, meeting a "northwestern" (storm), became so clogged with ice as to be almost unmanageable. Her captain had only to turn her course into the region of the Gulf Stream. Vessels trading to Petropaulowski and other ports on the coast of Kamtschatka, when becoming unwieldy from the accumulation of icy crust on their hulls and rigging, run over to a higher latitude on the American coast, and thus thaw out.

Allusion is sometimes made to the climatic influence of the Japan stream on America. This proceeds not from the main stream, but from its eastern recirculation. The recirculation of the Kuro Siwo—a mere surface-drift—is, however, a most potential climatic agent. Fragment, or skimming, as it is of the southeastern fringe of the "black" river in the sea, it is powerfully felt on the northwestern shores of America. General Thomas, it is said, in his recent trip to Alaska, confirmed by his observations the deductions that have been drawn as

* M. F. Maury, LL.D., on the "Physical Geography of Russian America."

† Kotzebue's "Voyage of Discovery," vol. iii, p. 299.

to "the probable influence of the Kuro Siwo upon the climate of the coast north of the Aleutian Islands on the way to the pole, which was found to be more genial and milder than at Sitka, several degrees farther south."* In Puget's Sound, latitude 48°, as is well known on our Pacific coast, snow very rarely falls; and the inhabitants are never enabled to fill their ice-houses for summer.

We have spoken of the *recurvation* as superficial. It owes its origin to the atmospheric currents which brush it along, and is, hence, a feeble flow. It is over this wind-swept course, meteorologists have traced the march of the fearful cyclones of the eastern Pacific. These surface-storms evidently coincide in their limits with the recurvation of the Kuro Siwo, and indicate its atmospheric origin. Some have supposed this recurvation of cyclones due to the land of the American Continent, but in a long catalogue of them, prepared by Mr. Redfield, it appears, to use his words, that "they are to be ascribed mainly to the mechanical gravitation of the atmospheric strata, as connected with the rotative motion of the earth." †

That the view we here advance of the *continuity* of the Kuro Siwo in its straight northeasterly course from off the coasts of Japan is correct, and that the recurvation on our maps is only a *drift*, it is sufficient evidence to refer to two dismantled vessels. On the 24th of March, 1815, off the coast of California, latitude 37° north, the brig *Forester* fell in with a Japanese vessel, which having sailed from Osaka, in Japan, had, in a storm on the coast, lost both her mast and rudder, and became the sport of the waves for *seventeen months!* Since this remarkable occurrence, another Japanese junk, after long delay, floated to the coast of Kodiak, south of Alaska, where it was discovered. The velocity of the Kuro Siwo off the island of Formosa is six miles an hour. This rate is reduced in the vicinity of the Aleutian

Islands, but, supposing its average velocity only three miles an hour, the Japanese craft picked up by the *Forester* ought to have reached the offings of California, a distance from Osaka not exceeding 7,000 miles, in four months. The largest ships have ridden on the Kuro Siwo (against a storm) over thirty miles a-day. If this mighty current rolled eastward in force, the little Japanese waif must soon have been dashed to pieces on rocks, or else been wafted across the Pacific, and then, through the circuit of equatorial waters, back to Osaka. The main equatorial current of the Pacific is nearly as broad as the whole torrid zone. It flows from east to west at the rate of two-and-a-half or three miles an hour, under the impulse of the trade-winds. Curving towards the China shores, it becomes entangled between the Marshall and Sandwich Islands, and is slightly repelled by the Ladrões, causing it to run in a *northwestern* direction, and thus is formed what Keith Johnston names, on his large physical chart, the "constant prolongation." The Philippines, Micronesia, New Guinea, and in fact the whole of Polynesia, assist in deflecting the westward set to the northwest. And all the water thus deflected, entering the Kuro Siwo as a mighty and ceaseless affluent, swells its volume, and the mass is, as a unit, turned sharply northward. If it be demanded why to the northward, the answer is because the affluent, having passed out of the trade-wind region and united its current with the Kuro Siwo, is borne along by the latter, by the very same physical forces which give the latter its northerly and easterly trend. The Kuro Siwo, thus enlarged and reinforced by accessions from the great equatorial, during the prevalence of the southwesterly winds (known as the anti-trades), is still further increased on its southern skirt, and, with all its augmented power, strikes directly for Behring's Straits. That it penetrates, through these straits, the cold seas above, is the point now contended for. How far this penetration by the warm stream takes place, remains to be demonstrated by actual ex-

* We extract this from *The Bureau*, an ably edited chronicle of commerce and manufactures for the northwest: Chicago, 101 Wabash Avenue.

† "Naval Magazine," 1836, p. 313.

ploration, and not to be determined by geographical authorities, however eminent. On the side of actual exploration, we have the warrant of the United States North Pacific Exploring Expedition of 1854 and 1855, for saying that "while to the northwest of Behring's Straits an icy barrier was encountered, to the northward and eastward beyond the Straits, as far as the Expedition went, there was an open sea, with a current flowing to the northeast, of a temperature much above that due to the latitude."

Kotzebue, in his famous voyage of discovery, north of Behring's Straits, in high latitude, saw "nothing but open sea to the east." He adds that others had found this to be the case above the 70th parallel, and he thus reasons: "The fact was decided that a double current takes place in the sea as in the atmosphere—an upper one of the warmed lighter water towards the north, and an under one of the cold heavier water to the equator," (see Kotzebue's "Voyage of Discovery," vol. iii.) If it be asked, how far did Commodore John Rodgers lead the North Pacific Expedition, we answer from his track-chart before us: he sailed to the *seventy-sixth* parallel of latitude north and longitude 176° west, cruising in and within two circles with a radius of a hundred and fifty miles each. Around these circles, on the map of the Expedition, it is written, "*No other land but Herald Island found within these circles.*" To the west was found "packed ice;" but nothing to the north nor to the east. These explorations were made by four fine vessels of the United States Navy, and had there been any barrier of land, stretching across the Arctic Ocean, or athwart Behring's Straits, it is unaccountably remarkable it was not seen. It is true, some of our geographical plates, since constructed, represent a large land-mass, with high peaks, on the very spots swept by the keels of Rodger's fleet, but the reader must decide how far such charting is accurate. It is proper, however, to remark that the existence of this supposed land-mass is not in the poleward path of the Kuro Siwo. The latter gives the locality, to which these

elevations are ascribed, a wide berth, leaving it more than a hundred miles to the west.

ACCUMULATIVE HEAT!

The reader must now pause for a moment, and trace the course of the most majestic current on the planet. This is known as the *Pacific Equatorial Stream*. It is the parent-stream out of which so many other bodies of water obtain their volume. It moves, as do all such currents of the ocean, on the line of a great circle; and this circle intersects the equator at an acute angle of only a few degrees. It sweeps to the westward "in uninterrupted grandeur," as one expresses it, "around three eighths of the circumference of the globe, until diverted by the Continent of Asia, and split into innumerable streams by the Polynesian Islands."

This equatorial current, then, out of which the Kuro Siwo came, has all the way in its course been receiving accumulative heat. Reaching the Ladrões, it imparts a much warmer climate than it has given to the Sandwich or Marquesas. The Philippines are made oppressively hot even in winter, and, as it has been strikingly said, "the fervor increases as we reach Malacca, is all aglow in India, and becomes stifling in its intensity as these equatorial waters, after travelling fifteen thousand miles, and being fully three hundred days under a vertical sun, are thrown against the eastern shores of Africa."

And just here it seems proper to introduce a remark of Captain Bent (crowded out of our previous articles) concerning an offshoot of this equatorial flow of waters. He claims that this latter current, after reaching the eastern shores of Africa, is deflected to the southward to the Cape of Good Hope, "from whence it starts with its burden of heat to keep an 'open sea' about the South Pole." We have here the suggestion of a thermetric

GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH POLE!

This is a volume of heated water, which rushes to the south through the Mozambique Channel with such velocity that navigators dread to face it. It

skirts the coast of Natal, as our Gulf-Stream does the coast of Carolina. If the Gulf Stream is called by sailors "the Weather-Breeder," the Mozambique current, often called the Lagulhas current, is not a whit behind it as an agitator of the elements. It gives rise to the grandest and most terrible displays of thunder and lightning that are anywhere known. Missionaries at Natal report the occurrence there of storms, in which for hours consecutively they have seen an "uninterrupted blaze of lightning and heard a continuous peal of thunder." The storm-region, over the track of the current, has been traced by Lieutenant Andrau of the Dutch Navy beyond the Lagulhas Banks. Right onward, it flows to the southwest; for it is impelled by the same forces which, in the northern hemisphere, drive the Gulf Stream to the northeast. "It does not double round the Cape of Good Hope," says Captain Bent, "and flow to the northward on the west coast of Africa, as stated by Dr. Hayes, in his paper read before the Geographical Society of New York,—although there is a current there running in that direction; for Sir James Ross, in 1842, discovered that these were two distinct currents: that to the east of the Cape, flowing south, being a hot current from the tropics, whilst that to the west of the Cape, flowing north, is a cold Antarctic current."

The argument from the *analogy* of oceanic currents, which we are now only suggesting, is of the utmost moment to the entire discussion. What possible reason can be invented for supposing the Mozambique current is lost around the Cape of Good Hope? Is it likely that this tropical torrent, pouring out of the Indian Ocean, should suddenly be converted from a southwestern to a northwestern stream? The idea seems unreasonable, were there no observations to destroy it. The Kuro Siwo is not more rapid than the Mozambique current. But, "along its borders where it chafes against the torpid ocean, as also in its midst where whirls and eddies are produced by islands and the

inequalities in its bed," we are told by Commodore Perry, "strong tide-rips are constantly encountered, which often resemble heavy breakers of shoals and reefs, and become finger-boards, as it were, to warn the seaman of the otherwise unseen influence which may be bearing his ship far from her intended track, and perchance upon some of the many fearful dangers that sprinkle that region of the sea." Is it credible that such a stream as suffices to produce such phenomena is cut short in its pride and vigor even by the Antarctic set on the southwest of Africa? This is feebler and less distinctly felt than the corresponding cold current off the southwest of Patagonia, known as Humboldt's. "The latter is never known," says the author of the "Physical Geography of the Sea," "to project its icebergs further toward the equator than the thirty-seventh parallel of south latitude." The Antarctic flow toward Africa, according to this showing, would reach the Cape of Good Hope (latitude 34°) as but little more than an extended ooze. It is, however, sufficient to moderate and cool the western shores of Africa, according to Du Chaillu, as far as 1° 30' below the equator, giving them a mean temperature *through the hottest season of seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit!*

This is a striking illustration of how far the ocean-current may affect the climate of any region, even after its velocity seems to be abated, and its volume seems to be lost amidst the unbounded waste of waters. We have dwelt on the analogy of this current to the Kuro Siwo, because, in denying to one of them the course and the thermal power imparted to it by physical forces, we rob the other current of its glory, and simultaneously deny and overthrow the whole system of oceanic circulation; and upon a just explanation of this system depends the solution of any and every question of a thermometrical approach to the Pole.

THE INFLUENCE OF OCEAN-CURRENTS

is coming prominently into the notice of geographers and of all classes of scientific men. The subject has even at-

tracted the notice of the medical profession and its study is made one of importance. It seems to have become an established fact that countries having a sea-front derive their climate from those waters which wash their shores, and not from those which flow near but nowhere touch them. The Gulf Stream nowhere impinges upon the American shore north of Florida, and hence our temperature is not affected by its contiguity, except it be, as in the remarkable winter through which we have passed, when, for weeks, the Antitrades come to us as southeast winds and bring the Stream almost to our doors. Such a winter is an exception which only goes to prove the meteorological rule. The periodical return in cycles of those startling events or freaks of nature which terrify the ignorant, in the present state of our knowledge of the elements, decide nothing. At Lima, twelve degrees south latitude, the coolness of the climate has been ascribed to the proximity of the towering Andes; but it is far more reasonable to account for it by the agency of that frigid mass of Antarctic water ceaselessly rolling by. The Sierra Nevada lies almost as near the coasts of California and Mexico as do the Andes to the coasts of Peru; but, as we have already seen, the climate of the western coast of the United States, even as high as Alaska, is affected by the gentle recurvation of the Kuro Siwo *drifted* to the north and west by the southwest and westerly winds. Many of the islands in mid-Pacific are cooled, though on the equator, to a pleasant temperature, and some decidedly within the tropics to a delicious temperature, by the same movement of waters from the South Pole.

In the Mediterranean Sea, as Captain Bent has well pointed out, this current-agency is very conspicuous. "Naples," he says, "in southern Italy, is in the same latitude as New York, and Genoa and Marseilles about the same parallel as Toronto; yet, at Genoa I have plucked ripe oranges from the trees early in February, and Naples has even a much more vernal climate. This is attributed

to the warm winds of Africa; but these winds have to cross the Mediterranean at its widest part, a distance of more than three hundred miles. Now, if the winds have such influence as this, why should not the perpetual snows of the Alps give a severe climate to the plains of both France and Italy, which lie directly at their feet and not fifty miles from this snow? Yet these plains, in the latitude of Maine, are verdant with a perennial summer." The cause of this is the *indrift*, through the Straits of Gibraltar, of an immense body of warm and tropical water, sometimes amounting to an *inrush* into the Mediterranean. This has been so violent in some years that large fleets have been detained in the "classic sea," unable to get out, though the wind was in their favor. In 1855, for over six weeks, more than a thousand sail were weather-bound within the Straits; and when, at last, some of the number, more enterprising than the others, pushed forward toward the Atlantic and got as far as Malaga, they were swept back by the current.

"But even admit," says the author of the Thermometric theory, "that the winds from Africa are the cause (of the verdure and bloom of Italy), then, whence does northern Africa, with its latitude of thirty-four degrees north, obtain such an excess of heat as to be able to throw off enough across the whole width of the Mediterranean, to change so materially the climate of such an immense region as this of Italy? It cannot be derived directly from the sun, for Du Chaillu found the highest range of equatorial Africa to be eighty-eight degrees and the lowest sixty-six degrees—i. e., a lower average of temperature within one degree of the equator than is enjoyed in Italy. But it may be said northern Africa being a desert will account for its being so much hotter than the region visited by Du Chaillu. This no doubt has its effects, but not to the extent necessary to produce such results; for I have been in this Desert, and also in the jungles of Ceylon and India, where the rank growth of vegetation was so dense that the sun's rays

never reached the soil; yet the latter were hotter than the former, because the waters of the Indian Ocean are hotter than those of the Mediterranean." "The latter, however," he argues, "are sufficiently warm, when bathing the shores of Spain and France and Italy, to diffuse heat enough to give them the delicious tropical climates they enjoy."

Thus far we have traced the climatic power of these currents of the sea and their agency in breaking through the bars of latitude. We have reasoned upon them as forces, acting from a given and fixed base of supply for their volume. The reader must, for himself, judge how far they are capable of unsealing the ices of the Arctic and Antarctic seas and cleaving a path, through the crystal solid, to the Polar goal of the geographer. But what if the *base* of these potential masses which move into the polar basin be advanced toward the Pole through an arc of twenty degrees of latitude. Suppose the equatorial currents should shift their position toward the north as much as twelve hundred or fourteen hundred miles? How would this affect the Thermometric Gateways? Evidently they would, have far less space and time to spread out their volume and radiate their heat, before washing up into the Arctic Sea itself. Judging by the velocity of the Gulf Stream and Kuro Siwo, they would, in such a case as we have supposed, be shortened, in their course to the Pole at least thirty days. The difficulty of preserving their tropical heat of course diminishes as the time of flow diminishes.

Now, if we go to the facts of astronomy, we see that what is here supposed actually takes place every year, and is this moment hastening to a reality, with the orbital revolution of our planet. Mr. Fay, in his "Great Outline of Geography," has happily expressed it: "For thousands of years mankind vainly endeavored to account for the phenomena of the seasons. At one period, we are conscious of oppressive heat and light; at another, as if we had passed into a gloomy shadow, we suffer from dark-

ness and cold. In our midsummer the sun remains twelve hours above the horizon at the equator; twenty-four hours at the Arctic circle; and six months at the North Pole. In our midwinter the sun remains *beneath* our horizon twenty-four hours at the Arctic circle and six months at the North Pole. As man became better acquainted with the shape and surface of our planet, it was discovered that the southern hemisphere underwent the same ever-varying revolutions of heat and cold, winter and summer, as the northern hemisphere, with a perfect mathematical correspondence, except at diametrically opposite periods. These changes follow each other annually with extraordinary regularity. They were explained, about three hundred years ago, by Copernicus, who demonstrated that the earth was not a *fixed point*." Familiar as this may sound to some ears, it illustrates that most wonderful movement of the earth, which gives rise to an *oscillation of all the climatic circles, or Isothermal Phenomena*. Among the latter are the famous calm-belts of Cancer and Capricorn, zones of atmospheric tranquillity, and especially the *Doldrum Belt* of the equator and the equatorial formation of cloud-matter. Let us glance at the latter.

THE EQUATORIAL CLOUD-RING

is an annular mass of vapor overhanging the parallels of greatest heat. As the fiery heavens blaze down on the equatorial seas they evaporate their waters, which, rising, form this nebulous mass and keep it ever full to overflowing. Beneath it the mariner sees the sky heavy, and feels that the air is no longer elastic. Torrents of rain are succeeded by a hot, glowing sun. Unconquerable lassitude seizes upon the body and gloom and torpor prey upon the mind. The barometer is continually low, and the sunshine, when, for a moment, it bursts on the scene, is almost instantly dispelled and the precipitation recommences. But this cloud-ring moves. It is never stationary. Up and down on the earth's surface it vibrates with the apparent motion of the sun.

Were the ring visible to an observer from some planet, or could we approach it in Mr. Fay's light car, it would seem like the rings of Saturn, only not luminous. Such an observer would see that the mass had a motion contrary to that of the axis of our planet. Could the spectator remain at his post for three months, he would see this motion extend over nearly twenty-three degrees of latitude. He would see the ring itself and all the calm-belts go north from the latter part of May till some time in August. Then they would stand still till December, their winter "solstice," when again they would march rapidly over the ocean toward the south, and in line, until the last of February or first of March, then remain till toward May stationary at their southern tropic.

As the cloud-ring passes over places in the tropics, it gives them a rainy season, and some places (e. g., Bogota) receive a double visit, as the ring goes and returns. In a word, the mathematical equator and the *Thermal* equator are only twice in the year the same line. The latter is thrown to the north at least twelve hundred miles. As it is thrown northward the trade-wind zone is moved with it. The trade-winds, however, set in motion the equatorial currents of the Pacific and Atlantic. These mighty masses flowing to the west have their northern banks transported over *twelve hundred miles nearer the Pole!* And it follows that the Kuro Siwo and the gulf-current of the Atlantic are thus and then, *once every year, pushed and pressed the same distance nearer the Polar basin.*

But we leave the intelligent reader to draw his own inference from the facts.

One point more.

What is the benefit of this Arctic Gateway Theory?

Could it be followed up, what good can come of it? Not to repeat what has before been advanced, it may be well to remind the historical student of the yet unsettled question of the settlement of America. When Cortez invaded Mexico, he found there an em-

pire more magnificent than he had left behind him in Spain. He had penetrated not a wilderness: he was not among barbarians, living in tents and caves and wigwams, but among a people whose regal magnificence outshone any thing Europe could boast. The Greek, conquered and in chains, was still so much his victor's superior as to dictate to him his civilization, his manners, his dress, and the very intonation of his voice. The proud Castilian was glad to study the arts and improvements of the vanquished Mexican. The origin of this race is still obscure. There is reason to believe it came from Asia, and was borne to the American continent by the Kuro Siwo. It has been said that the power and course of this current is sufficient to account for their presence. If this be so, how much more probable is it that there are vestiges of the Asiatic races within the Arctic basin transplanted from the shores of Japan or Kamtschatka, or from the vicinity of Behring's Straits, by the steady and mighty flow of equatorial water in that direction.

The only point of difficulty in the plan suggested for tracing up this poleward current seemed to be *the navigation with the water-thermometer.* We have already discussed this. But it may not be amiss to close the article with the following beautiful and striking testimony of Humboldt. Speaking of his own experience in it, he says: "Sandbanks and shoals may be recognized by the coolness of the waters over them. By his observations Franklin converted the thermometer into a sounding-line. Mists are frequently over these depths, owing to the condensation of the vapor of the cooled waters. I have seen such mists in the south of Jamaica and also in the Pacific, defining with sharpness and clearness the form of the shoals below them, appearing to the eye as the aerial reflection of the bottom of the sea. In the open sea, far from land, and when the air is calm, clouds are often observed to rest over spots where shoals are situated, and their bearings may be taken in the same manner as that of a

high mountain or isolated peak." ("Cosmos," vol. i. 314.) These facts and many similar ones that might be advanced, are finely illustrated by the majestic rock rising three hundred feet out of the Pacific, and by its discoverers of the United States ship *Vincennes*, named *Lot's Wife*. This solitary shaft reveals itself to the mariner by the cloud formed upon its apex, as if it designed to veil the sorrowful countenance from human gaze.

 IN EXTREMIS.

SHE lies on her royal bed,
 And her life is ebbing slow,
 With the voice of the mourners overhead
 And the fading grass below.
 While the reapers reap in the Autumn calms,
 Singing, and binding their golden sheaves,
 Her sighs fall, sweet with the Summer's balms,
 Through her tears—the blood-red leaves.

She is weary ; she sighs for rest ;
 Yet she pines in her last sad hours
 For the pipe of birds in the early nest,
 For the sweets and scents of flowers.
 Still she longs for the olden time
 Of her beauty, and youth, and grace ;
 While the leaves keep time to a solemn rhyme,
 Falling over her face.

Lost—gold, and purple, and gem ;
 Flown—youth, and beauty, and bloom ;
 Sadly she gathers her garment's hem
 At the gate of her Autumn tomb.
 "Who mourns me now that I fail and faint?"
 Sighs she, as she droops in the drowsy eves ;
 And Autumn, he answers her fond complaint
 With a whisper of falling leaves.

Mid showers of purple and gold,
 Mid flaming of gorgeous dyes,
 Drops the queenly crown from her fainting hold—
 Fades the light from her sad, sweet eyes.
 And ever—in solemn and sad refrain—
 Round the couch where the dying matron grieves,
 With mournful patter—a blood-red rain—
 Still flutter the falling leaves.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

IV.

NOT IN LOVE.

PAUL went back to his books but not to very patient study. He had never dreamed that Coke and Blackstone could be such bores.

Dick Prescott's ridicule forced him to two conclusions: the first, that he had made a goose of himself in so nearly falling in love with a girl so much his inferior in station. Paul would not acknowledge even to himself that he *had* fallen in love—of course he had not. But he had come to the conclusion to do justice to all, no matter how lowly their condition, and to do justice to this girl, he said he must acknowledge that she was lovely, and a lady, and very superior to her situation. The second conclusion was, that while he would not demean himself by attempting to follow Dick's advice, he would be equally careful to give Dick no opportunity to say that he was committing himself seriously to a shop-girl. He would study harder than he had ever done before, and think no more about her. The oftener he said that he would think no more about her, the more continually he thought of her. He had been attracted before by many pretty faces, that he had found it easy enough to forget when it became convenient.

"It will be the same with this one," he said to himself. "In a week or two I sha'n't think any more about it than about Tilly Blane's, and really this time last year Tilly looked wonderfully pretty. I hadn't seen her in so long a time, that she struck me as something quite new and charming. But I was soon tired enough of her pink and white, and today she seems perfectly insipid. I shall be tired of this face as soon as I see one that will please me better." In the midst of these very thoughts, a voice far down in his heart would say to him, "You will never see a face that will please you better." And even while he

exclaimed, "I will think no more about her," he was eagerly recalling every lineament, till the whole face seemed to rise through a mist between his eyes and his book. It was not outline and color, nor the gleam of waving hair, on which his eyes were fixed. It was the pure brow, the appealing eyes, the gentle mouth, which drew nearer and nearer to his, till a thrill of delight ran through his heart, and he closed his eyes as if before an ecstatic vision.

Paul often asked himself, "I wonder if she sometimes thinks of me?" But for once his complacency failed him. He by no means felt certain that she thought of him with any of the exquisite pleasure with which he remembered her. Not even the memory of the blush in the window reassured him. No wonder she blushed when she thought of my rudeness, and saw me still staring at her, he said, for the first time in his life thinking of a woman without an atom of self-conceit.

Christmas came. Paul in his impatience thought it never would come, yet it did in that year of grace as early as in any other. When he thought of going home for the holidays, his heart gave a great throb. Never had any thought of home so moved it before. And strange to say when he thought of it, he only saw one window and one face in it. The stiff parlor, the staring sitting-room, the baby in the cradle, no longer rose up and annoyed him, for he did not think of them. And when his worldly self said: "Paul Mallane, you are a fool. You can never marry this little girl. You respect her too much even to flirt with her. You could not make love to her even if you were in love, and you know you are not. You can only go and look at her. What a fool to be so anxious for only that."

Yet for only "that," Paul refused

manifold invitations to Beacon-street, and a special one to Marlboro Hill. "Thank you, Dick," he said, "but I must go home this Christmas; it will be the first time, you know, since I entered college."

"Don't I know? I know, too, you are spooney yet over that shop-girl, or you would not go for all Busyville. Own up, Prince!"

"I've nothing to own. I am going home because I want to, that is enough."

"Well, go ahead. We'd like to have you at the Hill, though. We shall have a jolly time and no mistake. Bell is just home from Madame Joli's, 'finished,' and she has brought a school-mate to make my acquaintance; a Cuban beauty with a cool million. What do you think of that, Prince?"

Paul had several thoughts concerning "that" which drew him Marlboro Hillward, when Dick's concluding sentence sent the tide back in full force toward Busyville.

"Bell says she thinks that it is time that she knew Prince Mallane. And when I was coming away she said, 'Be sure and bring him back, Dick. I want to see how many fibs you have told about him!' But of course, Bell Prescott's desire to know you is nothing while a pious shop-girl is waiting to sing psalms to you in Busyville! I know by the look of your eyes that you don't intend to take my advice—and fool her. No! you will let her fool you into downright love-making. Then there'll be a scrape you won't get out of so easy. Mark what I say. Prince Mallane won't marry a shop-girl, if he does fall in love with her."

"I am not going to fall in love with a shop-girl nor marry her; but I am going to spend Christmas in Busyville, Dick. Carry my regrets to Miss Prescott; tell her I shall lose no time in calling upon her when I return, and that may be before the holidays are over."

The moment Dick's grating voice uttered the word "shop-girl," Paul saw again as distinctly as if before his actual eyes the young face of the window, in its frame of summer vines, and the

very chords of his heart seemed to tremble and to draw him toward it. Besides, another feeling influenced him. He saw that Dick was really anxious that he should become acquainted with his sister.

When they first became chums, Dick used to patronize Paul. More than once he had made him feel most keenly the difference in their antecedents; the distinction between having one's grandfather a poor carpenter, or having one's grandfather a distinguished gentleman. He had taught Paul the advantage of possessing an illustrious name, and the disadvantage of owning one the world never heard of before. Yet, in spite of the obscure name, and in defiance of rank and of ancient lineage, some way the sceptre had slipped into Paul's hands. Dick had learned that the prestige of a fine physique, of graceful manners, and of a brilliant brain, are quite as potent as the memory of one's grandfather. Everywhere he saw Paul possessing himself of attention and of admiration, by the charm of his own personality. He saw, too, that it added to the reputation of even a Prescott, to be on intimate terms with this popular youth. He acknowledged his claim as a rising man; spoke of him always as his particular friend, the prince of fine fellows; and though he still lectured and gave him advice as a man of the world, it was no longer with the assumption of superiority or the arrogance of earlier days. Still Paul had not forgotten the snubbings and condescensions which used to bruise his self-love, and he always remembered them most keenly when Dick, by some word or act, made him aware of his present importance. He was flattered at Dick's eagerness that he should meet Miss Bell, yet this very eagerness prompted him to show his own indifference as proper pay for old patronage in the past. In characteristic fashion, if there had been no Eirene Vale in Busyville, Paul Mallane would probably have gone to that not brilliant winter-town, when he found that Dick Prescott was really anxious that he should become acquainted with his sister.

Without one yearning for Marlboro

Hill he went to Busyville. He saw the daguerreotypes which he despised, still piled around the astral lamp. He saw the bright stripes of the sitting-room carpet, the hateful yellow of its oak paper; indeed, he saw most clearly every thing which he disliked, for all that he had longed most to see was wanting.

The girl "up-stairs" had gone home to spend Christmas-week, and Paul had his old seat at the table with the ordinary countenance of his sister Grace for a perfectly safe *vis-à-vis*.

Great would have been the delight of Tabitha Mallane at the prospect of Paul spending his holidays at home, if she could have believed that the unwonted visit had no connection whatever with the girl "up-stairs." Her instincts all bore opposite testimony. Thus she said to her husband,

"Father, give the poor girl a week, and let her wages go on. She can't afford to lose any thing, but I think that she is homesick."

"She can go home, and welcome. I am glad that you are getting more kindly disposed toward the little girl. I'm sure she makes no trouble," said good-natured unsuspecting John Mallane.

But Paul and his mother knew each other intuitively. The other girls were at work; if Eirene had a holiday there was a special reason, and his mother was connected with it, Paul knew. Yet he said nothing; he did not mention the name of the "new hand;" he was only more ill-natured than usual, found fault with every thing.

He had intended to be very munificent—to present to each of the children and to his mother an elegant Christmas gift. Besides, he had resolved for once to be as smiling and gracious at home as he had ever been in Beacon-street or Marlboro Hill, and not to swear at the baby once, no matter how loudly it screamed. Poor Paul! the result was that he forgot all about the presents, and he made himself so disagreeable, and the atmosphere of the whole house so perfectly uncomfortable, that at the close of the third day his mother felt relieved when he informed her that he should go

and spend the remainder of the week at Marlboro Hill.

"Very well, Paul," she said in a perfectly undisturbed tone. "I should think you would like to meet Miss Prescott, and the next time you come home I hope that you will be happier."

"That will depend on circumstances, mother," answered her son, looking her fully in the eyes.

The gray eyes looked back with as wide and deep a gaze.

They understood each other.

When Eirene heard Grace and the children talk of Paul's coming home at Christmas, it was with a feeling of relief that she thought she should not meet him, and she felt more than ever grateful for Mr. Mallane's unexpected permission to spend the holidays at Hilltop.

If she had been asked why she felt relieved at the thought of not meeting Paul, I doubt if she could have told—for she spent very little time analyzing her own emotions; but in a dim, unconscious way, she felt that while he was most pleasant to behold, he was an object so entirely above her own lowly life, that it were wiser for her not to contemplate him, lest what seemed brilliant and desirable in his lot, should make her less patient of what was distasteful in her own. In the weeks that had passed since his handsome face vanished from the house, its memory had at times come back, and brought with it something like light and warmth into the cold little chamber.

If Eirene had been a wealthy school-girl, with nothing to do but to learn her lessons, and no object of interest dearer than her own pretty self, doubtless she would have spent as much time meditating on this princely youth as he did in thinking of her.

Amid such circumstances this manly face, the most brilliant that she had ever seen, would probably have shone upon her often enough to have satisfied the utmost vanity of its owner.

But life's hard conditions saved Eirene from even the temptation of idle dreaming. They had filled her young heart with desires and anxieties too deeply rooted to be displaced by any passing fancy.

To her already life was a fact whose penalties she did not seek to escape, but to fulfil, faithfully and patiently.

Already her labor had found a purpose and an end; thinking of these, the young feet might faint, and the young hands grow weary, but the true heart never faltered nor murmured.

There was the mortgage! that dreadful mortgage that she had heard of ever since she could remember. It was certain to be foreclosed before very long; for the man who held it was very aged, and his heir, who lived in a distant city, had already announced that if the little farm was not redeemed by the time of the old man's death, it would be sold in the settlement of his estate. Eirene knew that this day could not be very far off; that unless her father was prepared to meet it, Hilltop would be lost; and she thought with a shudder, of the family going out from the only home that it had ever known; of her father, more incapable and discouraged than ever, seeking vainly to begin his fortune anew with all the world's odds against him. Then there was Win's profession! His life must not be a failure, as his father's had been. No Vale had ever been known to succeed in business; his tastes and habits were intellectual; he might succeed in something connected with books, she felt quite sure that he would. And there was a little education for herself! It could never be finished or thorough, she knew, but by improving all her moments out of the shop she could learn considerable.

The Vale instincts were strong in the girl's nature. Culture was a necessity. She longed to hold the key of knowledge, and unlock for herself something of the mystery of the universe. Into this pre-occupied heart, so full of care for others, so busy with loving thoughts for father, mother, sister, and brother, in strangely brilliant contrast sometimes stepped the image of the handsome Paul; but it was by no means the absorbing and undivided presence which that individual desired.

The Harvard law-student, after he had dismissed his books and his chums, often

sat far into the night alone in his handsome bachelor's room in Cambridge. His indulgent father had denied him nothing, and the apartment reflected without stint Paul's love of luxury and beauty. Rich books and pictures were scattered around him in profusion. A velvet carpet covered the floor; a sumptuous lounge was drawn near the open fire, on which our young gentleman reclined, smoking his meerschaum. The blue velvet cap upon his head, whose silver embroidery and glittering tassel afforded such fine relief to his dark hair, and which in itself was so strikingly becoming, was wrought by Helena Maynard, a Beacon-street belle. The delicate buds and roses blooming on his slippers had been worked with tenderest thought for him by the pretty fingers of Tilly Blane. Even the watch-case on the wall with its delicate filigree, and the cigar-stand upon the table with its golden frettings, were gifts from her and the beautiful Maynard, meet examples of the prodigal presents which fond and foolish girls are forever making to young men; presents which are sure at last to find their way into the hands of mistress or wife, while the ungrateful masculine says, "*You shall have this, sweetheart. Isn't it pretty? — gave it to me. She was in love with me, poor thing!*"

Paul sat in true bachelor reverie, gazing into the clear flame and down into the red core of the wood-fire, which was one of his special delights.

With the perversity inherent in man, with the silver-embroidered cap upon his head, and the rose-wrought slippers blossoming on his feet, his thoughts were not of the Beacon-street belle, nor of pretty Tilly Blane, but of a girl who had never given him any thing at all. The young eyes into whose depths he seemed to gaze, had a look in them which he could neither fathom nor understand, yet it haunted and fascinated him. It was the look of eyes which saw further down into the deeps of life than he could divine, reflecting the emotions of a nature which had felt already the mystery, the tenderness, the pathos of existence; as he, in his strong

self-centered life, had never felt them. Her years were fewer, yet in all that really makes life, in doing, in feeling, in being, she had out-lived him. To Paul, these eyes were full of mystery, guileless as a child's; they still suggested to him gentleness, tenderness, and love, deeper than he had ever dreamed of in woman. This was why, in spite of himself, they followed him always. It never occurred to him to inquire, "Is there ought in *me* to suffice these large, tender, asking eyes?" His thought was, though he was not conscious of it, "What is there not in this heart for *me*? Somebody will woo and win it! Why not I—I want it. I will have it," he said, at last, but not then.

At the same hour, when the luxurious student leaned back amid his cushions, dreaming over pipe and blaze, the young shop-girl sat in her bare chamber without a fire. Feet and fingers were numb with cold, and she shivered in the shawl which she had wrapped around her, but it was the only time that she had for quiet study; and, though the eyelids would droop sometimes, and the book almost fall from the stiffened fingers, she studied on till the lesson was learned.

The frozen air was hardly as favorable to love-dreaming as the summer atmosphere of the Cambridge parlor.

During the three days spent at home, Paul had stalked into this room, impelled by angry curiosity. He was strongly suspicious that it was the most comfortable room in the house; and in the absence of its inmate, he deliberately opened the door and walked in to see if his suspicions were correct. When he looked at the bare painted floor, the cold whitewashed walls, the scanty and shabby furniture, strange to relate, the aristocratic youth thrust his hands into his pockets, and in his wrath swore aloud, because the apartment of this shop-girl was not as comfortable as that of his sister Grace. He had no very generous ideas of what was necessary to the comfort of shop-girls in general, but some way these ideas did not seem to apply in any way to this particular one. He had supposed the room was meagre

enough, and yet he was not prepared to see it look quite so barren, so utterly devoid of all comfort.

"There are rolls and rolls of carpeting in the garret that have never been used, and yet mother won't lay a strip down here," he said deprecatingly, as he looked on the painted floor. "Even old Beck can have a warm fire in her chamber over the kitchen, and *she* hasn't had one this winter. She sits here and studies, too, in the cold. Curse it!" he exclaimed, still more bitterly, as he looked at the stand by the window on which Eirene had left a few books and a work-basket. Paul took up the books one by one, and found them to be Fausquelle's French Grammar and Dictionary, Fénelon's Telemachus, a small volume of extracts of Bossuet's sermons, and a French Testament. The two latter were very small, very richly bound, and very old. On the fly-leaf of the Testament he read in round delicate characters,

"ALICE VALE, 1820.

Spes mea Christus,"

and below, in a clear, graceful hand,

"EIRENE VALE, 1856.

En Dieu est ma fiance."

Paul looked long and thoughtfully on these two names and sentences, the first brown and faded, the last clear and bright, as if lately written.

"Well," he at last soliloquized: "I am glad you have somebody to trust in. It would be very little comfort to me though, to trust in God, if I had to work in a shop and burrow in a hole like this, and be snubbed by my inferiors. For we *are* her inferiors. I am her inferior, I know it, and d—n my position!" he exclaimed, as proud in his sudden humility as he had ever been in his self-conceit. He laid the books down on the white cover with which Eirene had sought to hide the deformity of the old pine stand, looked at them a moment, and then with a low whistle walked out of the room and out of the house. He knew that his mother had heard him walking on the bare floor over her head; indeed, he was in such a defiant mood, he had made all the noise that he could. It was partly to punish

his mother for sending Eirene away, that he had gone up there in the first place; he knew that nothing could vex her more; but having done as he chose, he now had no desire to return to the sitting-room and listen to a lecture from over the cradle. If he did, he knew that he would say in reply something perfectly savage, and Paul did not like to be impertinent to his mother, however much he enjoyed punishing her by his actions for thwarting his wishes.

Tabitha Mallane rocked the cradle and listened to Paul walking in Eirene's room overhead; heard him come down stairs and go out, shutting the front door with an angry slam. She then left the baby in the cradle and walked quietly up to the room that he had left.

"It does look comfortless, sure enough," she said, as she gazed around. "I should have made the girl more comfortable if I had not taken such a dislike to her on *his* account. I foresaw all this. I knew how it would be. I was sure of it; because I knew that, with all his fancies, Paul had never loved any girl, and that what is peculiar in this one, is just what would seize and hold him. It is no trifling matter for a Bard to love, and Paul is all a Bard in his passions. I wanted to save him trouble and her too. It is too late. Love her he will, in spite of me; but marry her he won't. It is not too late to prevent *that*. You needn't study French for him, young lady!" she exclaimed, as she gave the grammar a contemptuous push; "he will never marry you, never!"

When Eirene returned, great was her surprise to find upon her little stand a package which had come by express, directed to

"MISS EIRENE VALE,

Care of Hon. John Mallane."

She opened it, and found within two cabinet pictures in half-oval rustic frames, the one a photograph of one of the most exquisite marbles ever conceived by human soul, or wrought by human hand—Palmer's statue of Faith before the Cross. The other was an engraving of Longfellow's Evangeline.

As she took these treasures from their paper wrappings, Eirene's hands trembled so with delight that she could scarcely hold them. Who had sent them? Who could have thought of her? How perfectly satisfying they were. How happy she was. She had never seen her name before written by a strange hand. Indeed, in all her life she had never received a communication from any one outside of her own family. Thus she read the superscription over and over, trying in every letter to catch a clue to the writer. But no, she never saw that bold, full hand before; that ostentatious quirl at the end of the "e" did not afford the slightest idea of its maker. She only knew that somebody was *so* kind, and it was so strange because she thought that no one knew her outside of Hilltop.

Could it be? Could it be Mr. Paul Mallane, who, in making presents to all the family, had so unexpectedly included her? Oh no, that was not possible. He had never spoken to her but once,—and his mother! His mother she feared did not like her. Thus, she knew that Mr. Paul would not send a present to her directed to the care of his father, when he must know that to do so would displease his mother! Besides, Mr. Paul Mallane himself was rather haughty, and she,—she worked in a shop! No, it could not be he. She did not know who had sent it, but she would save the direction.

What companionship and comfort she would find in these faces! already they changed to her the entire aspect of the room. Her surprises were increased when turning around she saw, what she had not discovered before, a small stove, and behind it a box filled with wood ready for burning.

"Oh dear, how pleasant every thing is," she exclaimed; and in her overflowing gratitude, quite forgetting all her fear of Mrs. Mallane, she ran down-stairs, and appearing before the lady, exclaimed:

"How kind of you, Mrs. Mallane, to put that dear little stove into my room! It will make it so pleasant to study evenings. I thank you so much."

"You needn't thank me," said that truthful woman. "Thank Mr. Mallane; it's his work. I shouldn't give you any stove to injure your health by. It is a very bad thing for you to sit up as you do nights, using candles and your eyes besides. When you have eaten your supper you ought to go to bed."

"It is the only time I have," said Eirene beseechingly.

"It is the only time you have to sleep, and you ought to use it for that purpose. What do you want more education for, any way? You have enough now for all practical purposes; unless you want to teach school, and that's a dog's life. You had better stay in the shop. In your situation in life the more education you have the more discontented you'll be. If I've heard the truth, that is the curse of your whole family. You are none of you willing to come down to your circumstances. You are all trying to be more than God intended you should be, and to get out of the place in which He put you. My advice is, earn an honest living, and be contented. You've got all the learning you need for that now." With these cruel thrusts Mrs. Mullane looked up, and the white quivering face before her moved her perhaps to a stony compassion, for she said:

"There! you needn't cry. You'll hear harder truths than I have told you before you get through the world. There's no use in being so tender, it don't pay. Study all night, if you want to, but I thought I'd do my duty."

Just then came a knock at the door, which opened an instant afterwards with Mrs. Mallane's "come in;" and there appeared the well-fed form and florid face of young Brother Viner, the Methodist clergyman. Tabitha Mallane was born a Brahmin, and one of the sacrifices which she had made to her love for John Mallane was to forsake her high estate in the Brahmin church, to take up her cross and become a Methodist. But sister Mallane had "a gift." She could speak and pray in meeting with profound effect.

The encouragement given her talent,

the powerful influence it gave her among her brethren and sisters in the church, more than compensated her for a place and a pew lost among the Brahmins.

Brother Viner was a special favorite. He was young, well-looking, talented enough to command the first churches. Besides, his father was rich. Sister Mallane had more than one reason for wishing to ensure his good graces. For a moment his attention seemed fixed upon the white face in the open door, opposite, and as it vanished he was still looking after it, when Mrs. Mallane said:

"Do sit down, Brother Viner; you are just the one that I want to see. The Lord must have sent you. I am sorely tried."

"What is your trial, Sister Mallane?"

"My sense of duty, and the difficulty of doing it. You saw that girl in the door?"

"Yes, a sweet face."

"Well, I suppose you gentlemen would call it sweet. I am sorry, Brother Viner, to tell you that it is a deceitful face. I know it has a look in it such as you see in pictures, and you gentlemen are attracted by it, that is why it is dangerous; but it belongs to a weak-minded, inefficient person. She belongs to a family miserably poor, and she is going the way to make them poorer. I feel it to be my duty to tell her so, to instruct her in the right way; but it is hard to the flesh to do so. I am a mother, Brother Viner. I have a daughter. I have a mother's feelings. When I look on this girl, and think what would be the state of my mind if my Grace were like her—"

"What does the poor girl do, sister? I thought she seemed to have a very innocent face; but then I only caught a glimpse of it as she shut the door."

"Well, I must say that gentlemen are all alike in one thing—they will think that a face is innocent and every thing perfect if it is only young and pretty. Even Mr. Mallane, sharp-sighted as he is, cannot see a fault in this girl. And God knows the trial she is to me!"

The concluding sentence was perfectly sincere, and uttered in the pathetic mother-quaver which was entirely absent from the first portion of the reply. Brother Viner was a young man, and not profoundly experienced in the ways of women. His own mother, a sweet-tempered, unworldly woman, never torn by conflicting ambitions and passions, could not have been moved to such a show of distress by any thing less than death, or an equally overwhelming calamity. Men measure all women by the particular woman whom they know best. Thus, Brother Viner, thinking the while of his own mother, felt sure that Sister Mallane had profound cause for being "sorely tried;" but some way, it was difficult for him to connect the cause of such trial with the face which he had just seen in the door. He was exceedingly puzzled. In seeking explanation, he very naturally fell back upon his ministerial functions.

"Have you asked wisdom from on high?" he asked. "That is our only help, Sister Mallane. Don't you think that it would bring comfort to your soul if we should have a season of prayer?"

"Yes, Brother Viner, that is my only refuge. But wouldn't you like to have me call Grace? Dear child! I think her heart is very tender just at this time. I feel certain that she is serious, for last Sabbath, after your sermon to the young, she said, 'Mother, I shall read a chapter in the Bible every day;' and after prayer-meeting in the evening, she said, 'it goes right through my heart to hear Brother Viner pray.' I wouldn't have her miss hearing you now. You may be the means of bringing the dear lamb into the fold of Christ. Oh, Brother Viner, you little know the feelings of a mother's heart!"

Brother Viner was very sure that he did not. Therefore he made no reply, but began to compose his countenance for his coming prayer, which he intended should contain an eloquent appeal for the conversion of the young girl's soul, while Sister Mallane went to the door and called Grace.

Grace appeared with downcast eyes and maiden blushes, and with tremulous devotion prostrated herself upon her knees, while the young minister in sonorous tones said, "Let us address the Throne of the Heavenly Grace."

In the meantime, the cause of this family prayer-meeting,—who, strangely enough, was left entirely out of it,—the girl up-stairs—wrapped in her shawl,—was gazing steadfastly upon her new picture, Faith before the Cross.

The utter repose of the figure, the beautiful serenity of the uplifted countenance, seemed to steal over the trembling frame of the young girl; the tears faded from her eyes, the quivering lips grew still, and without being conscious of it, she began to grow calm and strong again, to take up the cross of her own little life.

At the same hour Paul sat in one of the lecture-rooms of Harvard. He gave slight heed to the Professor's learned disquisition; his thoughts were far away. He was wondering if Eirene had come back; if she had received the pictures; if she liked them; if his father had attended to the stove. Then he thought how he would like to take a peep into the little room, just to see her enjoy the comfort of being warm; indeed, how he would like to sit down there, beside the little pine stand, and help her to read *Télémaque*. Paul had studied French in the old academy, and later had acquired the faultless accent of Monsieur de Paris, and felt sure that he was perfectly qualified to be her teacher in the *beau* language. The more he thought of it, the more he longed for the privilege; the stronger grew the attraction in the bare little room at home, the more tedious grew the Professor, and the more intolerable his learned disquisition on the law. Paul at last felt as if he could not stay where he was another minute.

Great had been the astonishment of good John Mallane a few days before, when he received, with the package directed to Miss Eirene Vale, a letter to himself from Paul, which ran in this wise:

"DEAR FATHER:—You will oblige me

by delivering to Miss Eirene Vale the accompanying package. And you will oblige me still more, if you will see that a stove is put up in her room, that the poor girl may be made more comfortable. When I was at home I accidentally stepped into her room, and was shocked, yes, I must say shocked, to find that one, thought worthy to have a home under my father's roof, should occupy a room no better furnished than a prison-cell; and have absolutely nothing done for her comfort. I saw books which she must sit up at night to study, yet she has not had a fire in her room this winter.

"The girl is nothing to me. But as I sit before my cosy fire in my cushioned chair, in a room full of luxuries, I must confess that I feel mean, to think that all these things have been given to me, a *man*, to make my student-life more attractive, while a young girl, trying to study under every disadvantage, sits shivering and freezing over her book, and that in my own father's house. I tell you, father, it takes away more than half of the comfort of my fire; and I should despise myself if it did not.

"As I said before, the girl is nothing to me, personally, for I have not even spoken to her since she entered your house. Yet please say nothing to mother about this letter, for you know her weakness. She thinks that I am in love with every girl that I look at, except Tilly Blane. You, dear father, know better. You know that I make the request simply from a feeling of humanity; because I like my ease too well to have it disturbed by my conscience, at least in this case. And I know, father, that you want every body in your house to be comfortable. I think mother does, too,—every one except this little girl, whom she dislikes because she thinks that I shall fall in love with her, of which there is not the slightest danger.

"Your affectionate son,

"PAUL."

John Mallane took his spectacles off, wiped and re-wiped, set them on his high nose, took them off and set them back again numerous times, before Paul's letter had received its last reading and was shut away in his inside pocket. Then he said to himself: "The girl must have the stove, of course. She could have had it before if I had known that she hadn't one. But it seems to me this is new business for Paul, prowling

around in his mother's chambers, looking after the comfort of their inmates. But I consider his letter an encouraging sign. He has been indulged so much himself, and has so many wants of his own, I have thought sometimes that he would never think of other people's. I am glad to be mistaken. It is really kind in him to think of the little girl's comfort, when, as he says, she is nothing to him. He is right, too, in saying that he knows I want every body in my house comfortable. I do. He is right about his mother, also. Tabitha is very unreasonable about this little girl; but then all women are unreasonable sometimes. I shall not tell her about this letter. It would only make her fret, and do no good, for the little girl must have the stove." And without further meditation, honest John Mallane went and ordered that a stove should be put up immediately in the small bedroom.

Paul's letter *did* make Tabitha Mallane "fret" that very evening.

When husband and baby were asleep, she laid down the stocking which she was mending beside the cradle, rose, took down John Mallane's coat from its accustomed hook, and placing her hand in the inside pocket, drew forth all the letters which the mail had brought him that day. This act usually closed her day's work. John Mallane confided to her very little of his business affairs. Early in their married life he had said, in reply to one of her questions, "Mother, you attend to the house, and I will attend to the shop. You would not half understand business matters if I should try to explain them, and then you would be all the time worrying over what you knew nothing about, and that would worry me. Leave me to attend to the business; the house and the children are enough for you." Tabitha Mallane thought otherwise. Although she had a passion for that employment, her eager faculties reached out beyond her nightly stocking-darning. What was the yearly income? Was money being made? Was money being saved for all these children, or would they some time come to want? All these were vital questions to

her; the last a spectre that often rose up and horrified her in the midst of plenty. The fear of coming to want, the selfish insanity which has made miserable so many lives, poor Tabitha Mallane had inherited from her mother, who lived and died in the midst of abundance, yet never enjoyed the good things of this world for a single moment, for fear that some day she might wake up and find them gone. Tabitha Mallane knew her husband too well to trouble him further with financial questions. Yet she determined to be answered, nevertheless. Thus she commenced the nightly practice of extracting from his pockets and private desk, his memoranda and business letters. By reading orders, receipts, and bills of sale; by additions and deductions, she managed to give herself a partial yet tolerable knowledge of the financial status of her husband's affairs. If her conscience ever reproved her for the deceptive means which she took to obtain this knowledge, she re-assured herself with the thought that she made no bad use of it. Besides, in reality, was it not *her* business quite as much as it was his? Was not her share of the Bard homestead invested in this business? Had she not a perfect right to look after her own money, if John Mallane, like all other men, did think that no woman could understand the complications of trade? John Mallane slept too soundly and snored too loudly for his wife to incur any risk in the time of looking over his business accounts. But to-night she could scarcely wait till the nasal trumpet began to sound in the adjoining bedroom. That afternoon the stove had been put up in Eirene's room, and she had taken in her own hand, from the pine stand, a package directed to that troublesome girl, "care of Hon. John Mallane," in Paul's boldest writing. Nothing had been said to her about either package or stove, yet she was sure that both came from her son. She felt abused and indignant. Would that perverse boy be the death of his mother? Were husband and son combined to destroy the dearest ambition of her lifetime?

She would see. Her hand trembled, and the lines about her wide mouth grew more rigid, as she drew the package of letters from the coat-pocket.

She had only heart for one to-night; she singled it out immediately and dropped the others back into their receptacle.

She sat down again by the cradle, and her pale face grew still paler as she opened the letter and read: "Dear Father: You will oblige me by delivering to Miss Eirene Vale the accompanying package;" and further on, as she came to—"Please say nothing of this letter to mother, you know her weakness, etc." the rigid lines grew almost ghastly, and she said: "It is what I expected." And when she read to the concluding sentence she reiterated: "'Afraid that I will fall in love!' Afraid that you will! Foolish boy! You *are* in love, and your father is as blind as a bat. You will have your way for a while. Your fever will run itself out. But you shall never marry her, never."

The next day, when Eirene returned, as Mrs. Mallane heard her step in the hall and thought of Paul's letter, her first impulse was to open the door and drive her from the house.

But twenty-five years of life with John Mallane had taught her at least something of self-control. To send the girl from the house now, she knew would be to madden Paul, and drive him to some extreme act, and to call down upon herself the only wrath which she feared upon earth—the wrath of her husband. She had resolved to control both husband and son, and to do this, she knew that she must first, in part at least, control herself. If Eirene could have conceived of the contending passions in this woman's heart, and of her pitiless anger toward herself, she would no more have dared to approach her with thanks and gratitude than she would have dared to rush into the face of any infuriated animal.

In comparison with what she felt, Tabitha Mallane's words to Eirene were merciful; and her exclamation to the minister, "God only knows the trial she is to me!" was no exaggeration.

Paul counted the cost of angering his mother when he wrote the letter and sent the package. But she had angered him so much in sending Eirene to Hill-top, that the satisfaction of inflicting punishment upon her entered into the purer pleasure of purchasing the pictures.

He saw them in Williams & Stevens' window on his way back from Marlboro Hill. And the face of Evangeline, that love of all college youth, her seeking eyes so full of tender quest, the homely dress she wore, made him think of Eirene. Thus, as so many young men more or less romantic have done, he bought one copy for his Cambridge room and another for her. "It will brighten up that den a little," he said to himself. "And this figure of Faith, how like her's! the same pure girlish outline, though with her the cross is not before her, but on her shoulders. She shall have this picture too. How angry it will make mother. I am glad of it. She needn't have sent her off. She will find she can't balk me."

Paul had a pleasant visit at Marlboro Hill. If he had been in his wonted mood, it would have been to him a season of marked triumph. The Cuban beauty was altogether too dark for his fancy. Even her million in sugar and slaves was not altogether to his fastidious taste. But Isabella Prescott, who some-way he had fancied would be as bony and freckled as Dick, to his surprise he found his opposite; a round-limbed blonde, with a head covered with tiny feathery curls; a creature full of kittenish pranks and coquettish ways, with a twinkle in her small eyes which might have been called a wink in any body but a Prescott, and which in her was the sign and seal of the coquetry which she had already cultivated and consummated as an art.

Six weeks earlier, this gay creature would have set Paul's nerves tingling with her witching ways, and he would have opened a campaign of flirtation which would have ended in his subjugation or in hers for the time being. But to his own astonishment, and to her ex-

treme mortification, for once he found himself indifferent. He was by no means in a normal mood; he was preoccupied, and found himself constantly comparing these brilliant beauties of the world to one whose preëminent charm was her unworldliness, and her utter unconsciousness of all the little arts which world-taught women practice to fascinate men.

Dashing young ladies of the world who carried with them the prestige of family, of wealth, of beauty, were the only ones that Paul had ever aspired to conquer. Thus it was an utterly new sensation for him to find himself measuring all women by a new standard, and that one which he had never found in the merely fashionable world. He was vexed with himself, and tried to banish from his thoughts the haunting face which continually came between him and all Bell Prescott's dangerous ways.

"Here is a match for me," he said to himself. "The heiress of Marlboro Hill! Dick says that she inherits this magnificent place from her mother, to say nothing of a fortune in railroad stock, and her charming self. She is a proper match for me. Confound it! Why am I not making the most of my chance? Dick is willing, and she—well, one can't be certain of such a witch of a girl in three days. What she's up to now, is to captivate me. But in the end, I'll make her love me, that is if she *can* love, which I rather doubt. Why am I not about it? Why——?"

At the close of the visit, Miss Isabella Prescott found herself piqued and disappointed. Youth, and wealth, and beauty, are not accustomed to indifference, and cannot bear it patiently. Yet Bell Prescott had borne it from one whom she had expected to conquer, and whom she had intended, although in a lady-like manner, to treat with condescension.

"Dick!" she said to her brother, after Paul's departure, "I thought you said that your chum was a *parvenu*?"

"Well, I meant that his father came up from nothing. Of course, if I hadn't considered *him* a gentleman, I shouldn't have invited him here. His mother, I believe, is of old stock, but ran away

and married a journeyman mechanic. The old fellow is tolerably well off now, and very influential in a small way. I've seen him."

"Never mind his father or mother. *He* has the air of a grandee, of a prince of the blood, and he don't take it on; its natural. Why didn't you tell me he was so high and mighty? Why, he was as cool and indifferent to me as could be. I don't think he likes me a bit. I wouldn't mind if he wasn't so handsome and clever. You did not overrate him, Dick."

"Of course I didn't," said Dick.

"Really his manners are quite European, yet you say he has never been abroad? But I blame you, Dick, I do, for talking to me as if he would be ready to kneel at my feet the moment he reached here. You knew better. You shouldn't have told me such a story. I can tell you, it will be no every-day conquest to subdue him."

"Don't take on, Bell. Wait your time. He's in love with a shop-girl now, but he'll get over it."

"A shop-girl! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that he has done what I thought he never would do; he has fallen in love with a girl who works in one of his father's shops. You ought to hear him rave about her. But he'll never marry her. He is too sensitive on the subject of position. I am perfectly certain that he has always intended to contract a marriage that would strengthen and elevate his own, not one that would drag him back to old antecedents. But for the time being he has lost his wits over this girl."

"Indeed!" was the young lady's only reply.

"If you want to make a conquest, Bell, you can do it just the same; only wait till he gets over the shop-girl, then take your turn."

"Indeed! Take my turn *after* a shop-girl! Where's your family pride, Dick Prescott? I am not so poorly off for admirers, I can tell you." And the young lady perked up her piquant nose, and puckered up her pretty little eyes in

a fashion which made her anger very comical.

"Oh, you will always have all the beaux you want, Bell. But you seemed piqued over Mallane's coolness, and I was explaining it. Of course, you must wait for one flame to subside before you can expect that he will feel another. Wait your time, then conquer him. I'd like to punish him for this shop-girl nonsense myself. He's fallen in love contrary to all my advice. Of course, Bell, under any circumstances, you wouldn't be in a hurry to commit yourself. You know that you can make a higher match. In one sense, it would be a coming down for a Prescott to marry a Mallane, especially to bear the name. But there's no denying one thing, Prince Mallane would make a deucedly presentable husband. You might marry a name and a fortune and all that sort of thing, and the man belonging to them be a cursed bore, you know. So take time to decide which you want most,—the man, or the accompaniments. The chances are against your having both. It will be worth while for you to bring Mallane to your feet, whatever you do with him afterwards."

"Indeed!" again said Bell, as she made a mouth at him and a courtesy, and vanished.

A few moments afterwards, she stood prinking and making pretty faces, and throwing herself into graceful attitudes before her mirror.

"A shop-girl, ah! I never had to wait for a shop-girl before. I wonder what she's like? Of course, he thinks that she is prettier than I am! She's a common little rustic, I know. Then this is why you were so cool to me, Sir Knight? This is why you watched me dance, and sing, and do all manner of pretty things, as unmoved as a stone? Very well, you won't always. My day will come. Then I'll teach you whether you will sit by my side like your grandfather carved in alabaster! I'll go and tell Delora about you," and with these words she capered off to the boudoir of the Cuban heiress.

THE NEW SOUTH.

WHAT IT IS DOING, AND WHAT IT WANTS.

"THE King is dead! Long live the King!" Such ever has been the formula in France by which the death of an old, and the advent of a new, ruler, were simultaneously announced. The man might die: the king must live forever. And as this must ever be the rule with those large communities, concentrating their vitality in a head called a king: so must it always be with those other communities which, under our system, group themselves together in a State, which is the heart of our body-politic, and which survives successive generations of its founders.

The OLD SOUTH, once so active and energetic a member of our corporate body, the United States, is dead—as dead as ever was king or kaiser; and the announcement of its demise was made in thunder-tones, which shook not this continent alone, but the whole orb of the earth.

But the NEW SOUTH—its child and legitimate successor—sits in the seat of the dethroned king, exhibiting a lustier life, and the promise of greater growth and strength, than did its predecessor. The OLD SOUTH, with its old ways, its peculiar life and peculiar industries, and, more especially, with its "peculiar institution," has gone "down among the dead men," and on its head-stone we see not the word "Resurgam." For that vanished form of society there can be no resurrection. It was annihilated with emancipation: and this the Southern people know and recognize, in act as in speech, however fond may be the memories which yet cluster round those "good old times" to them, which still "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

The pen of the great novelist of our day has drawn a faithful picture of that society in its colonial period, in "*The Virginians*;" and, down to the time

of the late war, many of the outlines of that picture, softened by time, and changed manners, were still photographs of life in the South: blending, as it did, the old patriarchal system with the feudalism of the Middle Ages, and making agriculture the almost exclusive employment of its sparse and scattered population. Four years of war wrought mighty changes internally on this society: and Reconstruction completed what the war begun, utterly overturning the old system, and out of its *débris* creating what we see to-day—a NEW SOUTH, whose wants and wishes, ends and aims, plans and purposes, are as different from those of 1860, as though a century, instead of a decade only, divided the two.

It is, then, of this NEW SOUTH, so little known, so much misunderstood, that we would say a few words in "Maga"—words of truth and soberness, divested of prejudice or passion, and relating not to her present political or social condition, but to her material development—her pressing wants and wishes, and the wide field which she opens to the intellect, the energy, and the capital of the North.

The field is so vast in area and so varied in attractions, that only an outline can be given here: and even that we must confine to a particular locality, selected as a specimen. Let us take as our standpoint that State in the Southern cluster, which stands in the same relation to the others, as New York does to the Northern—the renowned "Old Dominion" of Virginia—and see how it fares with her; although the changes are less strikingly perceptible there, than in the cotton-growing States.

What are the great changes, then, which mark the passage from the OLD SOUTH to the NEW? The first and

most striking is the fact that she, hitherto the proudest and most exclusive of the Southern States (with the exception of South Carolina) who ever sought to draw, as it were, a Chinese wall around her northern limits, so as to exclude all northern or foreign settlers, now opens wide her arms and heart, and earnestly invites immigration; repeating, in peace, that well-known and once unwelcome cry of war, "On to Richmond!"

Her Governor, her Legislature, her press, her best generals during the war—in fine, her whole population—echo this cry, and welcome these peaceful invaders. One of the most earnest and eloquent passages in the recent inaugural of Governor Walker is devoted to that call; and as his voice is but the echo of the popular wish, we reproduce his words:

"In my opinion, immigration should be fostered and encouraged by all the influences we can exert, and by all the means at our command. Nature, with a lavish hand, has bestowed upon us all the advantages of climate, soil, and mineral wealth which could be desired. But these alone will not suffice. There must be other inducements, which our people themselves can alone present. Thousands of vigorous, intelligent, young and middle-aged men, with more or less of capital, are annually migrating from the Eastern and Central States of the Union to the West. They are honest, industrious, energetic citizens, the bone and sinew of the land, the very class of people we need in Virginia to purchase our surplus lands, to build up our waste places, and to unite with us in developing our vast agricultural and mineral resources. Englishmen are already looking for homes in our State for the surplus population of the empire. Much interest, also, in our behalf, has of late been awakened among the other populations of northern Europe. To turn the tide of immigration from all these sources to our State, only requires the proper, combined, and harmonious action of our people and their chosen representatives. Now is the opportune moment for such action; once lost, it may never return in your day or mine. To the emigrant who settles in our midst, with the honest intention of

becoming a good citizen, we must extend a cordial and hearty welcome, regardless of what State or nation may happen to have been his birthplace."

These are words of weight and meaning, addressed to a people who have shown their aptitude in profiting by the lessons taught them by the changed aspect of affairs.

For, not alone in the border State of Virginia do you see the most renowned leaders in the war, who fought so desperately to perpetuate their old system, taking the lead in great educational, industrial, and immigration movements—like Lee, Maury, Mahone, and Imboden—but, even in the remoter South, Johnston, Beauregard, Forrest, and their compeers, are seen not alone "accepting the situation" (for that they cannot help doing), but improving it, by inspiring their people to enter into competition with the Northern in industrial effort and skill, and to diversify their pursuits by the introduction of Northern and foreign muscle, skill, and capital.

Whatever the case may be as regards the political affinities of the two sections, there can be no doubt of the rapid fusion and assimilation of the social and material elements, so long "divided, discordant, and belligerent;" as each successive day blends and binds more intimately together the lives and fortunes of the two, owing to the movement of Northern men and capital southwards. Though the North has already, and is daily infusing more and more the peculiarities of its life and labor on the South: yet there is also a reciprocal influence reacting upon the North with equal force, though less perceptibly. For it is a truth as old as history, that, as in the case of Norman and Saxon, in the fusion of races it always happens that elements of both are perceptible in the amalgam.

The Northerner will carry South his thrift, his caution, his restless activity, his love of new things: the Southerner will temper these with his reckless liberality, his careless confidence, his fiery energy, and his old-time conservatism;

and both will be benefited by the admixture.

But, to pass to more practical considerations, let us inquire: What are the inducements to tempt the Northern capitalist or farmer to invest, or move South? Can he do better there, than by employing his labor and his funds at home, or in the wide West, whose virgin charms woo so many of the hardy sons of the North to wend their way towards sunset?

This is the crucial question; for, though the surplus population of the North, and the foreign immigration, have hitherto poured westward in a flood, yet the curious spectacle is now presenting itself of an ebb-tide setting in from that direction; since it has fallen within the scope of the writer's duties, to have assisted in settling in Virginia returning emigrants from the Northwest: and no week passes that movements are not made from that quarter, in the same direction. One colony of Hollanders, seven hundred in a body, migrated last year from Wisconsin, where they had originally settled; and under the auspices of General Imboden, State Agent of Immigration, settled down in Amelia county, Va., about twenty miles south of Richmond, where they are happy and prosperous, and are awaiting the arrival, direct from Holland, of several hundred more of their countrymen. A similar movement of native settlers is steadily progressing; though, through the skilful management of the agents of the Western railroad lines, aided by the steamship lines, the great bulk of the immigrants from northern Europe is still poured into the West. American immigration, taking this new direction southward, it is true, has trickled only in scanty rivulets as yet; but with the thorough final reconstruction of the South, and her reviving prosperity, it promises soon to become a mighty flood. The sagacious capitalists of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, have foreseen this, and have prepared to profit by it. In New York, within the last few weeks, three great industrial

movements, in connection with Virginia, embracing many millions of dollars, have been successfully initiated, and put in the way of speedy completion.

The first great enterprise is one which has just been brought most prominently before the public, through the enterprising banking-house which has charge of its securities. We refer to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which is to open the communication between the Chesapeake and the Far West, from its present terminus the White Sulphur Springs, at the same time making a new highway to New York and to Richmond, and bringing the great iron and coal region of the Kanawha, in West Virginia, into full rivalry with the Pennsylvania and Maryland lines.

Second. The eastern link of the Memphis and El Paso railroad is to be attached to the Norfolk and Great Western line of railroad, running from Norfolk in an air-line through Southside, Va., to Bristol, in Tennessee; and proposals for the construction and equipment of that entire line of road (350 miles in length) have been made by Northern capitalists, and are now under consideration of its Board of Directors.

The third, and affiliated enterprise, is the establishment of the Virginia International Land Company, composed of some of the best known and most enterprising New York capitalists, engaging to purchase and settle, at a stipulated price, 500,000 acres of the lands lying on each side of this line, coupled with an immigration scheme, which will speedily people those fertile lands, hitherto so sparsely occupied, yet lying in the very garden-spot of the State.

While these great movements are made outside of the State, in aid of the railroad communications, the people within her borders have awakened to the importance of such works. More than twenty new lines, and extensions of others already existing, are now under construction or in contemplation

in Virginia : commencing with the great James River and Kanawha Canal (the Erie Canal of Virginia) and embracing not only the long lines already referred to, but numerous short cuts from one point to another. One of the most important and most useful among these latter lines, which, when completed, will straighten out and shorten the trip from Washington and Baltimore to Richmond and the South, is the extension of the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville Railroad, saving the present *détour*, and opening a new and valuable outlet for a very thriving part of the country hitherto shut out from railway communication. Passing through a rich section of the Shenandoah Valley, whose local traffic it will command, it will connect at Charlottesville with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. When completed, as it soon must be, it will shorten the route south by *twenty* miles, and from Charlottesville to tide-water, *sixty* miles. Most, if not all, of these projected lines are in a fair way of being speedily undertaken, and Virginia ere long will possess a perfect gridiron of railways.

The construction of two new trunk-lines, connecting the seacoast with the Great West, must strike every observer as of no common significance ; and the magnitude of the works no less so : while the readiness of Northern capitalists to invest their millions thus, is another sign full of hope and future promise for the New South.

There is room for generous rivalry in these great enterprises, tapping, as they will, different points in the great West, and finding their Atlantic termini at divergent points also ; the one at Baltimore, the other at Norfolk ; the one opening up the great coal, iron, and salt fields of the Kanawha : the other the equally valuable mines of southwestern Virginia, into which Northern enterprise has already introduced its forges. Each of these lines supplies a want. Already the capacity of the existing railroad, canal, and water routes, from the seacoast to the Mississippi valley and Far West, are unable to transport

the surplus products of the West to their centres of shipment and consumption, and high rates are the result, inviting new and improved lines of transportation.

So keenly is this want felt at the West, that a Committee of the National Board of Trade, with the president of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce at its head, has appealed to Congress to construct a great freight-line from New York to the Mississippi, under the constitutional provision for regulating commerce. Westward of the Pennsylvania boundary, however, the lines of railroad are at present sufficiently numerous and efficient. It is an additional line, or lines, across the Apalachian range, that is needed, and this the Virginian line furnishes in unexpected perfection.

The Chesapeake and Ohio line has been for many years the object of State care. More than \$7,000,000 were expended by Virginia upon it before 1860, and about an equal sum was contributed from private sources. Then came the war ; the appropriations were stopped, and the work arrested midway, after the larger tunnels piercing the crest of the Alleghany ridge had been excavated. The new road will have the conspicuous advantage of grades lighter than those in use on our oldest and best roads. For two hundred and thirty-six continuous miles of the whole distance, trains will pass from the Ohio to the James River, with grades averaging only ten feet to the mile, with a maximum of thirty feet per mile. The mountains will thus be crossed with no more climbing than the roads on our prairies.

Almost as important to Virginia, and to the industry of the whole Union, will be the after-work of the Chesapeake and Ohio line. On one slope of the Alleghanies it traverses immense deposits of superior iron ores ; on the other slope, in the Kanawha valley, it cuts through the finest known veins of bituminous, cannel, and "splint" coal. This latter is a variety partaking of the properties of both anthracite and can-

nel, and is especially prized by iron manufacturers on account of its freedom from sulphur. Singularly enough, in southern Ohio, near the western terminus of the road, are nearly a hundred active iron furnaces, whose operations are fettered by the increasing difficulty of procuring cheap charcoal. To these the "splint" coal will prove a timely assistance, as it is the best available mineral substitute for charcoal in making the best iron. The cannel coal, in like manner, of which vast quantities are imported from Great Britain for gas and parlor uses, can be mined in inexhaustible quantities on the Kanawha, at two dollars per ton; and, after the completion of the railroad, carried to vessels at some convenient point on the Chesapeake, for an additional five dollars per ton. In other words, this valuable fuel can be laid down at the dock all along the coast for ten dollars per ton, or one half its present rates. An immense expansion of the iron manufacturing interest at the east and west ends of the line are among the obvious results of this road.

These great public works are to accomplish much for the reconstruction of Virginia and the South. But there is another and a more silent, yet not less potent, agent, moving irresistibly, growing from many separate streamlets into a rushing river, fertilizing as it flows over the old barrier of "Mason and Dixon's line," and inundates the South. Many of the places made waste by war have been redeemed from desolation. Many of the vacant places in field and by fireside have been filled by the immigration, which has steadily, though slowly at first, been setting in for the South. No one, who has not had opportunities for watching closely this flow from North to South can imagine the proportions it has already assumed, and the mighty shadow it already projects into a near future; and not only from the Northern States of this Union, but from Europe as well, where the public mind and heart are full of agitation on the subject of emigration.

Within the past six months the actual

settlers on Virginia lands have been very numerous; more native, however, than foreign, especially in Piedmont and Southside Virginia, the latter locality being the favorite one with the Northern farmers. And "the cry is still they come!" from the lumbermen of Maine seeking new forests to fell, to the farmers of the Middle States searching for milder winters, a more fertile soil, and the longer spring and winter seasons of the South; all of which they procure for a tithe of the price paid for similar privileges in the Northern regions, where land is less and money more abundant. A Virginia homestead now, under cultivation, and with all improvements, can be had at a price so incredibly small that it is difficult to make foreigners, and even natives, comprehend, that any thing can be really good which is so cheap. Yet there are already in Southside Virginia, along the two lines of railroad which intersect it, enough Northern farmers who have settled down singly, or in pairs, to make a very respectable colony, in numbers and material, if collected in the same vicinage.

With the opening of spring most of the pioneers expect to be reinforced by friends and neighbors, of whom they have been the *avant courriers*, and who have only awaited their favorable report to join them in this new Canaan, a land really flowing with milk and honey.

Thus far this matter of immigration has been left chiefly to individual effort, to the labors of men like Maury, Imboden, and Tochmann, with only the moral aid of State countenance, unsupported by material appropriations or legislation. This will now, we hope, be remedied.

Individual enthusiasm can accomplish much; but there are burdens too heavy even for the shoulders of Hercules long to bear unaided; and the repeopling or even partially filling a State as large as England, with not more than *one fourth* of its available area under cultivation, is a task which will tax the energies of many agents, and require the aid of judicious legislation, fitly to perform.

But with "the right man in the right place," as Virginia now has her Governor; and with a legislature composed of young and new men, we may reasonably conclude that this matter will claim and command intelligent action, by the passage of acts holding out inducements and exemptions to newly arrived immigrants.

The invitation is given by a State on which Nature has lavished her richest gifts in rare profusion, and well might one of her sons (Commodore Barron) exclaim with just pride, when speaking of this, his fatherland: "I have traversed the best portions of the earth, and after a careful examination of their agricultural merits, have arrived at the conclusion that some six or seven of the tide-water counties of Eastern Virginia can contribute more to the comfort and luxury of man than any other portion of the habitable globe."

Another witness, who cannot be accused of undue partiality, Horace Greeley, says of another section, the Piedmont region in Northern Virginia: "Settlers here would have an assured success from the outset; and would find in the pure air, sparkling streams, mild climate, fruitful soil, and bounteous timber, a beneficent escape from the sharpness of Northern winds and the harshness of Northern winters."

The southern counties of the State offer equal attractions, and are capable of producing both cotton and tobacco, with the best wheat grown in the United States.

Within the borders of this favored State may be found every variety of scenery, of site, of climate, and production, from the rugged ranges of the Blue Ridge, rivalling the Alps in mountain majesty, to the smiling and fertile valley of Virginia and far-famed Shenandoah, giving glimpses of Italy with more than Italian fertility. Almost as tempting to the stranger's eye and heart are the sunny fields and woodlands of Southside Virginia—a gently rolling country where any kind of cultivation will thrive—the great tobacco and wheat region of the State—with its market at Richmond near at hand. The exceed-

ing cheapness of the homesteads to be had here, attract the Northern immigration specially to this spot; while a little farther down in the southwestern corner of the State, blue-grass grazing lands, equal to those of Kentucky, and rich deposits of coal and iron ore, have already attracted Northern attention and capital.

This was the section of the State where slave-labor used to be abundant; and although a partial exodus of the freedmen to the cotton and sugar plantations further South has recently thinned their ranks, yet an abundance of that labor is still to be had on terms seeming ridiculously low to Northern farmers.

The old proprietors are not moving away; they are merely selling portions of their large landed property, with improvements, to attract the neighbors and the capital they need to cultivate the rest. For the three great wants of the New South, here, as elsewhere, are 1st, the want of men; 2d, the want of machinery; and 3d, the want of capital in hard cash.

Yet Virginia is not, and cannot be, really poor, even with her mighty and varied resources, imperfectly and partially developed as they are, and undeveloped as her greatest gifts have been, on the surface and in the bowels of the earth. The figures of the last Internal Revenue returns show, that she stands *ninth only in the list of States in the magnitude of her contribution to the public treasury*. On her last year's production her tribute-money was \$4,700,000, four times as much as was obtained from Georgia, or any other Southern State.

The capital represented by this tax alone may easily be estimated; and the coming year will probably show a much higher figure. If she can make such returns, under such exceptional and adverse circumstances as those which have environed her for the past year, and before the terrible effects of the late convulsion, from which she emerged *victa et vidua*, have ceased to be felt, what may we not hope for in the brighter future now dawning upon her?

Let her three great wants be supplied, as they can be, by the influx of Northern and European labor and capital and immigration, and she will pour a return tide of wealth upon the North, which has aided in her regeneration.

When that happy time shall come to her, and to her sisters of the NEW SOUTH, reconstructed practically by this process, then will the whole Southern people sing in gladness the refrain of the old song, chanted by them before, under far less happy auspices, and echo the swelling chorus :

"THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET." *

* THE CLIMATE OF VIRGINIA.—MOUNT LAUREL, VA., February 18, 1870.—So fine are the seasons now prevailing in this latitude, that I have thought it would not be amiss to make it the subject of a short communication to your valuable paper. I do so, that parties who may desire to locate in Virginia will have, in addition to a kindly soil, good neighborhoods, and all the other advantages and appliances that country location can bestow, the best climate in the world. As a proof of this, there has not been a day scarcely in the last three

years that profitable out-door work could not be done. The labor necessary to procure fire-wood during these winters has scarcely interfered with the operations of the farm; and now, at this time, our people are further advanced with all their farm-work than they have ever before been. Emigrants, and others desiring to remove to the West, would do well to ponder these facts. We are situated between the extremes of heat and cold, and, consequently, are free from the oppressions of the former and the rigors of the latter.

We have but few days at all during winter in which our farm-work comes to a stand-still, and that is from December 20th to January 10th—all the other time being devoted to remunerative out-door labor.

Our mills never cease grinding on account of the streams which supply them with water being frozen up with ice; while we have, but not frequently, ice sufficiently thick for housing. For purposes of pulverization, our lands freeze deep enough during the long nights, after having been turned up with the plow the preceding day. Our lands, well adapted to but poorly laid down in grass at present, furnish nearly a sufficiency of vegetation to keep our cattle through the winter. We can have, if we would, vegetables nearly as early here as in States farther South.

Our people are not subject to those deadly diseases that prevail in more southern climes, while we are equally free from those belonging to colder latitudes. On the whole, it may be safely assumed that the climate of Virginia is the best in the world.—*Cor. Richmond Whig.*

PREDICATORIANA.

OLD SENSATION PREACHERS.

MUCH as we have to say concerning "sensation-preaching" now-a-days, it is quite certain that nothing ever meets the eyes or greets the ears of a modern audience at all to be compared with the extravagant performances of some of the elder preachers. Many of their peculiarities were no doubt mere modes of expression current at the time; but a good deal of their extravagance also was buffoonery or violence of manner. What should we say, for example, of a preacher now, who should so exhaust himself by the vehemence of his declamation that he would be obliged to stop several times during his sermon to recruit himself with wine, as it is related of a canon of Seville, preacher to Charles the Fifth? We read of some preachers who indulged in grimaces and extravagance of deportment, or of others

who went just as far the other way, affecting monotony and measured movement in all things, and fixing the exact passage beforehand when they would cough. Peignot professes to have seen the manuscripts of a preacher, on the margins of which were directions, thus: "Sit down; stand up; here you must use your handkerchief; here you must roar *en diable*," &c. It was to the demonstrative kind that Balzac referred when he makes an old doctor advise a young man concerning preaching, as follows: "Shake the church all over, look at the crucifix in a frenzied manner, say nothing to the purpose, and you will preach well." The strange folly and buffoonery both of manner and matter which was so habitual as to pass without reproach, may be illustrated by an anecdote or two. Here is one related

by Peignot,* for the truth of which he does not vouch, but which is by no means too strange to be believed: "A monk, preaching on the Nativity, remarked that the cock was the first to announce in the morning the great event, by singing, 'Christ is born, Christ is born,' '*Christus natus est*,' and in repeating the Latin words, the monk imitated the crowing of a cock; 'then,' continued he, 'the ox, impatient to know where Christ was born, cried out, 'Where, where?' '*Ubi, ubi?*' and again he imitated with the Latin the deep low of the ox; to this question of the ox, the preacher said the sheep made answer, '*In Bethlehém, in Bethlehém*;' and so saying, he bleated like a sheep; finally the ass invited all to repair to the place by braying out, 'Let us go, let us go, let us go,' '*Eamus, eamus, eamus*;' and it was in the braying of the ass that the preacher surpassed himself." Barlette, a celebrated preacher of the fifteenth century, employed a similar means of effect for enriching the church: "You ask of me, dearest brothers," he said, "how you may attain to heaven; this the very bells of the monastery tell you, by giving *dando, dando, dando*;" in uttering which he imitated the sound of bells. The Father Honoré, however, a celebrated capuchin of the seventeenth century, cast these performances far in the shade. Once when he was preaching on the vanity of the world, he suddenly produced a skull, which he held up to view. "Speak!" he cried; "were you not perhaps the head of a magistrate? Silence gives consent." Then, clapping upon the skull the cap of a judge, he continued: "Ah! ha! hast thou never sold justice for gold? hast thou not been snoring many times during a hearing? &c., &c. How many magistrates have sat under the *fleurs-de-lys* only to put virtue at a disadvantage?" Casting aside the skull, he held up another which in like manner he addressed: "Wast thou not perhaps the skull of one of those beautiful

ladies who occupy themselves only with catching hearts after the manner of bird-catching?" Then, arraying it in a head-dress, he continued: "Ah! ha! empty head! Where are those lovely eyes, which cast such fascinating glances? that pretty mouth, which shaped such gracious smiles, that made so many unhappy ones to weep in hell? Where are those teeth, which chewed upon so many hearts only to make them the more tender for the devil's eating?" &c., &c. "Thus most invectively he pierceth through the body of the country, city, court," bringing forth skull after skull and appropriately decking them to receive his reproofs. The Father Honoré is said to have been a very popular and successful preacher in spite of his harsh voice. Bourdaloue said of him: "He grates on the ear, but he rends the heart." A still more astonishing performance is related of Brydaine, a powerful preacher of the first half of the last century. He caused himself to be led into the church by his valet with a cord about his neck, like a victim endeavoring to win the pity of God. The good women were frightened lest he should be strangled. Then mounting the pulpit and beginning his discourse, he suddenly disappeared; while the people were fearing that he was precipitated into the abyss, he caused his voice to echo forth mournfully, acting the part of a condemned soul which the devils were loading with their chains. Sometimes this pulpit-acting availed itself of additional means of dramatic effect. In a sermon upon the last judgment, a preacher was speaking of the frightful alarum of trumpets which would wake up the dead at the end of the world. "Yes," he cried, "you will hear them, sinners, when you least think it; perhaps to-morrow—why do I say to-morrow?—perhaps at this instant." At that moment the horrible clang of a dozen trumpets, which the preacher had secretly placed in the nave, rang through the church.

This pulpit buffoonery, which was received without much offence, if any, in the olden time, must not be supposed

* "Prédicatoriana, ou Révélations Singulières et Amusantes sur les Prédicateurs, &c., par G. P. Philomnestes [pseudon. of E. C. Peignot]. Dijon, 1841."

to be the only thing that the pulpit supplied. What a man received depended much on his own soul, as it always does. Poncet had much sense in his reply to a duke who objected good-naturedly to his ludicrous manners in the pulpit: "Sir, understand that I preach only the word of God, and that those who come to laugh are bad men and atheists. Moreover, I have not in my life caused so many to laugh as you have caused to weep." Sometimes an affected delicacy went quite to the other extreme, as in the case of the English bishop when preaching before the court; he said that those who should not lay his sermon to heart, were in danger of being consigned forever to that place which "politeness would not permit him to name before so respectable an audience." On the other side, Balzac mentions a capuchin who preached at Rome with such majesty of air, such beauty of voice, such purity of language, such dignity of demeanor, and such affecting zeal, against ecclesiastical absenteeism, that thirty bishops, conscience-stricken, set off the next day for their dioceses. As a specimen of eloquence, take this stirring passage from Father Jacques Brydaine, of the last century: "On what, my brothers, do you rest your confidence that your last day is yet so far? Is it on your youth? Yes, you say; I have yet only twenty or thirty years behind me. Ah! you are misled and deceived. It is not you, but Death, who has twenty or thirty years behind him; thirty years of grace which God has accorded to you, which you owe to him, and which have brought you just so much nearer to the day when Death must claim you. Keep the soul ready, therefore; eternity marks already on your brow the moment when it shall begin for you. Oh! do you know what eternity is? It is a clock whose pendulum utters evermore only these two words in the silence of the tomb: forever, never! never, forever! and forever! During these frightful vibrations, a lost soul cries out, 'What time is it?' and another wretched brother answers, 'Eternity.'" History preserves the tradition of the

terrific effect upon the congregation of this solemn appeal, delivered with the preacher's resounding voice and his impetuosity of manner. If report speaks truly of the stifed cries and deep murmurs which arose all over the church when he preached, he must have been a mighty preacher. He used common and popular images to illustrate the loftiest ideas; and it was his habit to preach in the early evening, just at the coming on of night, which no doubt added power to his words. The passage quoted above doubtless furnished Longfellow with the text for "The old Clock on the Stairs."

The old preachers were by no means deficient in wit; on the contrary, they availed themselves of humor and satire without scruple. Here is a story of the little Father André, a witty preacher of the seventeenth century, who finds a chance for humor under the cloak of the extravagant and absurd etymology then in vogue: He was once preaching at Bordeaux during a festival called there the "Feast of the short O," or the "Feast of the End of the Year," celebrated by the young married women. "Ladies," said André, "since I am preaching to you on your fête-day, I must inform you of the origin of its name; and certainly I cannot but admire the wisdom of our fathers who gave to it a name so appropriate. For, in fine, when at the end of the year a father asks his daughter how she finds her husband, 'Oh, my father,' she cries at once, 'what a noble man you gave me! Oh, if you knew how he loves me! Oh, how happy I am with him!' Very well, ladies, that is the *omicron* of the Greeks, that is to say, the little O, the short O. But after the second or third year, let the father ask the same question of his daughter. 'My father,' she answers sadly, 'alas! things are changed: my husband is a gambler, a sot, a rake. Oh, how unhappy I am!' And that, ladies, is the *omega*, the long O, the O of all the devils." André had very little affection for the Jesuits—a trait which he displayed during a discourse on Ignatius in a way which must have been a little biting to his Jesuit

audience. He supposes the saint to be asking a place for his order; "I do not know where to put you," says Christ; "the deserts are held by St. Benedict and St. Bruno; St. Bernard occupies the valleys, St. Francis the little towns; where can you go?" "Ah! Lord," replies Ignatius, "only put us in a place where there is something to get, in the great cities, for example, and leave the rest to us." "Christianity," said André on another occasion, "is like a great salad; the nations are the herbs, the doctors are the salt, macerations are the vinegar; and the oil, that is the good Jesuit fathers. Is there any thing more lubricating than a good Jesuit father? Confess to another, and he will say to you, 'You will be damned if you continue.' A Jesuit smooths every thing down. Moreover the oil, if a little of it fall on a cloth, spreads itself out and occupies gradually a great space; so let one send a good Jesuit father into a province, and very soon it will be full of them."

Among the many good things told of Swift, by the way, this deserves a place; preaching once on pride, he said: "My dear hearers, there are four kinds of pride: pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three; as for the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of this reprehensible fault."

Sometimes we encounter a naïveté and simplicity worthy of the Emerald Isle. The Father D'Harrowis, telling of the excitement produced at Rouen by Bourdaloue's preaching, when the merchants, mechanics, lawyers, and physicians left their occupations and thronged to the church, he added simply: "But when I went there to preach, I put all things to rights again; not a man of them left his business." This is surpassed, however, by the capuchin, who announced in the pulpit that Providence had put death at the end of life in order to give sinners time to repent. It is not unfair, considering the autocratic privileges of the pulpit, that ministers

should now and then feel the wit of other people, especially when they deserve it. The *mot* of Malherbes is well known, when invited by an archbishop to attend his sermon: "Ah! excuse me, my Lord," said the poet, mindful of his daily nap; "I shall sleep very well without it." Here is one still better: a verbose preacher could be found only on Sunday, being obliged to secrete himself during the week to avoid his creditors; "that man," said a waggish hearer, "is invisible six days of the week and incomprehensible the seventh." A preacher in a church where it was the custom to place the men on one side and the women on the other, had the hardihood to display his wit at the expense of the fair sex. He was complaining of a noise which disturbed him, when a woman, mindful of the credit of her sex, spoke aloud to assure him that the interruption did not come from their side. "So much the better, my dear, so much the better," said the preacher; "it will end the sooner." A curious instance of clerical flattery appears in the exordium of a sermon on the Trinity preached by a Gray Friar before an Archbishop whose family name was *Levi*: "It would seem to me impossible, my Lord, to succeed in a design so lofty, if I did not avail myself of the intercession of *Madame your cousin*, by saying to her, *Ave Maria*." Let us contrast with this a dignified assertion of pulpit impartiality to be found in the address of the Father Seraphin to Louis XIV., when preaching before him: "Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom which requires me to salute you with a compliment, but I beg your Majesty to excuse me from it; I have looked through the Holy Scripture for a compliment, and I have been so unhappy as not to find a single one." The same preacher was sharper on another occasion when he discovered an abbé sleeping: "Wake up that abbé," he cried, "who has probably come to the church only to pay court to the king." The curé of Pierre-Bussière, a preacher of Limosin, thus rudely berates his people: "When the day of judgment shall come, God will call me to render an account

of you all, and will say to me, 'Chaplain of Pierre-Bussière, what is the state of your sheep?' and I shall say not a word. Again he will say to me, 'Chaplain of Pierre-Bussière, in what state are your sheep?' and again I shall answer not a word. Then the third time he will say to me, 'Chaplain of Pierre-Bussière, what is the state of your sheep?' and I will answer, 'Lord, beasts thou gavest them to me and beasts I return them to thee.' Of the character of this curé's audience we are not informed; but a preacher, according to a story in Peignot, devoted a similar brusque and uncivil passage to the nobility. He describes a scene before the gate of heaven: "A duchess knocks at the gate. St. Peter asks, 'Who is there?' The duchess answers, 'It is I, Madame the Duchess.' 'What!' says St. Peter, 'Madame the Duchess who goes to the ball? Madame the Duchess who goes to the opera? Madame the Duchess who has gallants? Madame the Duchess who paints her face? To the Devil, to the Devil, Madame the Duchess!' and he shuts the gate on her nose." The following spicy passage from Valladier, a preacher of the first half of the seventeenth century, reveals some interesting resemblances between the fashionable toilet now and that of two hundred years ago: "Young women, what do you do by this meretricious apparel other than make an exhibition of your vanity and wickedness before God and men? . . . Do you not understand me? Do you wish to see that your every act is only pride, ambition, vanity, hypocrisy, that is to say, 'ashes and dust?'" [This sermon was preached on *Ash-Wednesday*.] "You wish me to believe that your hair is gray. Oh, hypocrisy and detestable falsehood! It is only powder, Florentine iris and Cyprus powder. . . . You wish to make me think this complexion is your own. Hypocrisy! deceit! It is only plaster, vermilion, and white lead. You wish to appear tall, and you deceive; you are in reality dwarfs; it is your high heels that elevate you; hypocrisy and insupportable falsehood! You vaunt your luxuriant

hair. Oh, you liars! Oh, you defrauders! It is borrowed; * this is the hair of some beggar, often even of some executed criminal, which you have bought at the hairdresser's . . . Hypocrisy, hypocrisy, horrible imposture! which is an injury to God, a shame to nature, an offence to men, a scandal to the angels, and a delight to the devils. . . . Gracious heavens! why cannot you be content with your natural beauty?"

Erasmus has left us his view of the preaching of the sixteenth century, which is quoted by Joly, "Histoire de la Prédication." He says: "They compose an exordium which has no connection whatever with the subject in hand; if they design to preach of charity, they begin with the river Nile; if of the mystery of the cross, with the idol of Bel; if of abstinence in Lent, with the twelve signs of the Zodiac; if of faith, with the squaring of the circle. They think it a fine thing to thrust Greek words, often most inappropriate, into their discourses, which thus become a kind of mosaic work. They parade scientific terms which dazzle the hearer; those who understand them plume themselves on their knowledge, and those who are all in the dark, admire the preacher in proportion to their ignorance." Erasmus thinks the people are partly to blame; for he proceeds, "If the preacher treats seriously of his subject, they cough, loll, yawn, sleep; but if, as often happens, he brings in an old story or legend or fable, immediately every body is awake and attentive. There is no juggler or buffoon whom you would leave for the preacher." Peignot thus describes the sermon of the same period: "It has been remarked that all the pious whimsicalities of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which cannot be honored with the name of sermons, are constructed on nearly the same pattern. The same text served for all the sermons of one Lenten season. The preacher, having repeated this text,

* "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

delivered a long exordium, after which he proposed two questions, one of theology and one of the civil or canon law. On the theological question he quoted the opinions of the masters of the school; and on the other he cited the books, paragraphs, and laws, as if he were making a plea. When he had sufficiently discussed these questions, he divided his discourse by words which rhymed, as if it were verse; and each of these divisions was again subdivided. The body of these sermons presented a tissue of extracts from profane history, sentiments from pagan philosophers, poetic and fabulous stories, in which were cited almost on every page the great Epaminondas, the divine Plato, the artistic Homer, &c. A bishop (Corneille Musso), in a discourse which he delivered at the opening of the Council of Trent, went so far as to say that 'the prelates should enter that town, as the brave and valiant captains of the Greeks entered the wooden horse with which they surprised Troy.' Happy application! Afterwards this ridiculous and empty erudition became distasteful; but for profane authors they substituted the scholastic theologians. The most abstract questions of the schools were discussed in the pulpit, and the sermons were filled with a dry scholasticism more likely to wither the heart than enlighten the soul. The ancient doctors were preferred to the modern, and it was a special point to be acquainted with the doctrine of the Fathers; but the citations were so frequent that the sermons were nothing but a tissue of passages misdirected and heaped together in confusion." This absolute domination of authority may be inferred from Glanvil, who as late as the end of the seventeenth century "compared the leading scholars of his day to the mariner who returned laden with common pebbles from the Indies, imagining that they must be rare because they came from afar; and he accused them of asserting, on the authority of Beza, that women have no beards, and on that of St. Augustine that peace is a blessing."*

The manner in which the old mythology was used will be seen in this sentence from the Bishop Musso, before mentioned: "Our Lord in dying was a Hercules; in his resurrection, an Apollo or an Esculapius; in his ascension, he was a true Bellerophon, a new Perseus who killed Medusa, the Gorgon who changed men to stones." When to this inundation of unmeaning pedantry is added the comedy and buffoonery of manner and matter before described, and when it is remembered too that the preachers did not abstain from a funny point for modesty's sake, we easily understand the indignation of Joly. "The pulpit," he says, "was erected into a theatre; the people heard there only a tissue of jokes, vulgarities, indecent allusions, low comparisons, foolish thoughts, équivoques and puns as contrary to modesty as to the gravity of the Minister of the Word."

Astonishing, however, as the medley and buffoonery in these sermons may appear, the palm must decidedly be given to their "logical" features. Any thing that could be cast into a logical form seems to have satisfied their minds, without regard to the substance or subject-matter. The most fanciful analogies were put forth and received implicitly as invincible arguments. Here, for instance, is an enlightened account of the nature of death, from Raulin, celebrated as a preacher in the fifteenth century: "How does the outer man perish? In this way: if every day, even though only drop by drop, water be poured into a cask of wine, soon the wine will decrease in quality and at last disappear. In like manner the food which enters every day into the body of a man diminishes his natural heat, and so at last he perishes." This, however, is far outdone by a preacher of the sixteenth century, who thus refers to the Greek Testament, then recently edited and printed: "They have invented, yes, they have invented a new language which they call Greek. Distrust it, my brothers; it is the source of all heresy. They are putting into the hands of many persons a book written in that

* Lecky, "History of Rationalism."

language, and which they name the New Testament. It is a work full of daggers and charged with poison. As to Hebrew, it is certain that they who learn it become Jews on the spot." Preachers of the present day are occasionally whimsical in the choice of their texts, and seem to take delight in the intellectual gymnastics of finding a fund of suggestiveness in one or two words or in some very commonplace event or saying. The difference, however, between them and the old preachers is precisely that they do, for the most part, regard the feat as an exercise of literary ingenuity, while their brothers, of two centuries ago or less, really believed that any thing which, by any possible exercise of imagination or play upon words or etymological ingenuity, could be extracted from a text, was intended by the Holy Spirit to be taught by it. Such inner meanings, indeed, were considered adorable mysteries. Thus when William Austin, in the time of James I., wrote a sermon for St. Bartholomew's day on the text, "*And Bartholomew*," he remarked that Bartholomew never is mentioned in Scripture without the conjunction *and*, and thence he drew the lesson of fraternal connection and good-fellowship with all men, he, no doubt, believing sincerely that the duty of charity was intentionally hidden by the Spirit in this constant and mysterious association of *and* with *Bartholomew*. So, the monk who preached on the day of the Assumption from the text *Ah! Jeremiah* i. 6, no doubt implicitly believed that this exclamation foreshadowed the Virgin's reception in heaven. He thus explains it: "Ah! ah! ah! Such were, my dear brothers, the short but expressive words which the very Holy Virgin heard on the day when, carried to heaven by angels, she saw open before her the celestial dwelling. 'A, my daughter,' said the Eternal Father; 'Ah! my mother,' said Jesus Christ; 'Ah! my bride,' said the Holy Ghost. Imagine the joy which these three divine exclamations caused in heaven! I shall try, my dear brothers, to make you participate in these joys by taking these three

words, ah! ah! ah! for the subject and the divisions of my discourse. *Ass Maria.*" The text is treated in the more modern style in this naïve discussion of the Virgin's color, by a Jesuit of the seventeenth century: "This *nigra sum* which we read in the *Song of Songs* and which is prophetically spoken only of Mary, ought not to be taken literally; no, the Holy Virgin was not at all black; the following verse, in which she is called *fusca*, shows that she was only *brunette*." Another peculiar trait of the old preachers was the latitude they allowed their inventions. Barlette, a celebrated Italian Dominican preacher of the fifteenth century, thus depicts a discussion in heaven as to who should be sent to announce the Resurrection to the Virgin: "Adam says to Christ, 'I ought to go, *michi incumbit*.' Jesus answers him, 'You would perhaps stop on the way to eat apples.' Then Abel comes forward. 'No, certainly not you; you might perhaps encounter Cain, who would do you another injury.' To Noah, Christ says, 'You like to drink too much;' to St. John the Baptist, 'Your coat is too hairy;' to the penitent thief, 'You cannot go, because you have had your legs broken.' Finally an angel was sent, who sung, 'Regina cœli, lætare, resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia.'" A much more ingenious if not more extraordinary conceit is that of Vieyra in the interpretation of a passage in Ezekiel.* Quoting from the Hebrew, Vieyra thus gives the words: "*And in the midst of the fire there is, as it were, chasmal*." This expression, the difficulty of which he first notices, he thus interprets. "The prophet saw Ignatius and his persecutions: 'That,' says he, 'must be St. Clement.' He begins to write the word, but has only set down the letter *O*, when, considering the mortifications of the saint — 'no,' he continues, 'it must be St. Hierome.' Down goes the *H*, when, foreknowing his deep attainments in theology, 'after all,' cries Ezekiel, 'it must be Athanasius,' and *A* is added to the preceding letters. In like manner *S* for

* "Medieval Preaching," by Niall.

Simeon, *M* for Martin, *A* for Antony, and *L* for Lawrence, finish the word *chasmal*, at the end of which the prophet's patience failed, and he set down no more." This delightful bit of exegesis is from a sermon upon St. Ignatius, which accounts for the prophet beholding that particular saint in the fire of persecution. Chatenier, a Dominican preacher, if a writer who pretends to have heard him reports correctly, imagines, as late as the last century, a tale of the Magdalen's conversion, and embellishes it with modern titles of nobility: "She was a great lady of quality, very dissolute. She was going one day to her country mansion, accompanied by the Marquis of Bethany and the Count of Emmatis. On the road she saw a prodigious number of men and women assembled in a field. Grace began to work in her. She stopped her carriage, and sent a page to discover the cause of the assembly. The page returned and informed her that it was the Abbé Jesus preaching. She descended from her carriage with her two cavaliers, advanced to the place, listened to the Abbé Jesus with attention, and was so penetrated by his teaching that from that moment she renounced the vanities of the world." The parable of the Prodigal Son presented an opportunity to the old preachers for the exercise of imagination, not to be overlooked. Philip Bosquier, of the sixteenth century, composed fifty-two sermons, and all of them upon this parable. Menot and others practised in the same field. They dressed up the story with an immense variety of details of conversation, scenery, and incident; described the apparel and the coach and horses,—always the fashions of the preacher's own time,—with which the bold youth set off; and dwelt upon the magnificence displayed on his return, when, according to Bosquier, his father arrayed him in a *damask*, or other, robe, placed a *diamond* ring on his finger, fitted him with boots or *Venetian slippers*, and provided music of *violins* and *English cornets*. The imagination of one preacher, St. Antony of Padua, finds exercise in a develop-

ment of analogies or comparisons; wherein, with many minute details, he shows how saints are like eagles, the apostles like ichneumons, hypocrites like hyenas, sinners like hedgehogs, penitents like elephants or like bees, merciful men like cranes. The Father Boucher, a Gray Friar, early in the seventeenth century, gives his comparisons a biblical and *quasi* exegetical turn. He distinguishes three kinds of mirrors, convex, plane, and concave; the convex are souls puffed up with pride, and they reflect God very small in size; the plane represent him exactly in his natural and true greatness; but the concave are humble souls which represent him in adorable majesty. So, as Mary was very humble, God was reflected very profoundly in the mirror of her soul. To make a mirror, always two things are needed: crystal, that was Mary's virginity; and amalgam, that was her humility; and as the face enters and leaves the mirror without breaking the glass, so Christ was conceived and born of Mary without injury to her immaculate virginity.

Menot wished to degrade dancing; this is his argument: "A dance is a circular motion; the motion of the Devil is circular, therefore a dance is the motion of the Devil. But how does it appear that the Devil's motion is circular or rotary (*Diaboli iter est circulare*)? Very plainly from the Scripture: 'He goes about (*circuit*) seeking whom he may devour.'" A kind of etymological argument was much in favor, of which the following is an example from an old preacher reported by Erasmus: "My brothers, do you understand Latin? Let those who are ignorant of it go to sleep for a moment; it will not be long. You others, listen to me. The substantive Jesus has only three cases, the nominative, accusative, and ablative. (I am sorry for you, you others who understand nothing of this.) Now, what do these three cases signify? that is the question. Plainly, they typify the Trinity, the three divine persons in one nature. But here is still another thing: of these three cases, the first (mark it

well) ends with the letter s, JESUS; the second, with an m, JESUM; the third, with a u, JESU. A great mystery, my brothers, a great mystery! These three final letters signify that Jesus is at once the highest, the middle, and the lowest, *Summus, Medius, Ultimus*. Divide now the name JESUS into two equal parts; these represent the two natures united in him, JE-US. But what shall we do with the s, which has lost its companions and is astonished to find itself alone? Patience, my brothers, patience; we shall speedily indemnify the s. The Hebrews call this letter *syn*; now, *syn* means, in good Scotch, *wrong, sin*. After that, what man can be so incredulous as to deny that the Saviour has taken away the *sins* of the world?" Similar to this is the explanation which Albertus Magnus (thirteenth century) gives of the name Mary: "M, Medicatrix; A, Alluiatrix; R, Reparatrix; I, Illuminatrix; A, Adjutrix." In an analogous passage of Raulin, a fable is related which is a pretty bit of fancy, and reminds one of certain classical oracles, after which it was probably modelled: "While a certain hermit was praying to be taught the way of salvation, the Devil suddenly appeared to him disguised as an angel of light. The pseudo-angel informs the hermit that God has heard his prayer and has sent his messenger to tell his servant the things needful for salvation.

The hermit must offer God three things: a new moon, a disc of the sun, and the fourth part of a rose. If he shall unite these three things and offer them to God, he will be saved. The hermit was plunged in despair, not knowing the meaning nor understanding the possibility of these requirements; when, suddenly, a true angel appeared to him and explained the riddle. The new moon was a *crescent*, that is to say, a c, of which it has the form; the disc of the sun was an o; the fourth part of a rose was an r; and these three joined together made *Cor*, the Latin for *heart*." God therefore simply demanded his heart. The same Raulin, speaking of the difficulties of conversion, declares the greatest impediment to it to be a pampered body: "A carriage goes faster when it is empty; a boat not too much loaded obeys better the wind and the oar; in like manner the soul proceeds with a lighter step when the body is not made sluggish and the stomach is not too full; for then the soul is sadly hindered by the body's heaviness. In truth, though the serpent can turn his head while his belly rests close to the earth, few other animals can do it. The spider who goes so well on his feet, cannot move at all on his back. In like manner, if a man's body cling to the earth, his soul cannot take flight toward heaven."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.*

It is seldom that so harmonious a character, so womanly a nature, as those of Mary Russell Mitford, survive the wear and tear of a literary career; her example is seasonable and precious in these days of female self-assertion; for she not only bravely vindicated, in practice, the *rights* of her sex to work and win in the field of the world, but she did this so truly and tenderly as to conserve all the *privileges* of womanhood; she hallowed Publicity by Duty; and kept the gentle and gracious charm of her nature and

the simple tastes of rural seclusion unmarred by ambition and unperverted by vanity.

In defining the characteristic development of an artist, in whatever sphere, we must regard chiefly what is congenial to, or derived from, personal endowments, taste, and tendencies, rather than the kind of work achieved, which is often the result of circumstances. Thus, while Mary Mitford wrote and published poems in her girlhood, dramas and operas in her prime, and a novel in her old age,

*Life and Letters of Mary Russell Mitford.

these literary labors were undertaken quite as much from necessity as taste, and exhibit all the purity and grace of purpose, and all the deficiencies of passion and experience, incident to her limited life and womanly sequestration. Her native element was *rural*. She was most at home when she expatiated on the flowers and fields around and the dogs and birds beside her. She had the constant and conscious sense of rural that Lamb had of urban privileges. Her best training, as a writer, was derived from the practice of writing letters, in the freshness and facility of her early years, wherein the familiar scenes, the daily incidents, and the minor philosophy of life in the country, found vivacious and sympathetic record; and she is best known by such pictures and pastimes as are elaborated in "Our Village." Her visits to London were episodes in her life—memorable and endeared from her social pleasures and distinction and her literary triumphs; the vocation which secured the latter was to her one more of duty than choice: its drudgery wearied, its responsibility depressed, its vicissitudes exhausted her: "I would rather," she wrote, "serve in a shop, rather scour floors, rather nurse children, than undergo these interminable disputes and this unwomanly publicity. If I could but get the assurance of earning for my dear father and mother a humble competence, I should be the happiest creature in the world. But for these dear ties, I should never write another line, but go out in some situation as other destitute women do." For thirty years, after the improvidence of her father had dissipated the family estate, this brave and affectionate woman supported her parents by her pen, struggled with debt,—was alternately the provider and the nurse;—a rare and beautiful example of cheerful self-sacrifice and filial devotion. And if we look narrowly into the resources whereby she was "comforted to live," through this long trial, we shall find the chief to have been the loveliness, the peace, and the presence of Nature. It is, indeed, true that few women have had such faithful, gifted, and loving friends; her corre-

spondence with Sir William Elford, Rev. William Harness, Mrs. Browning and others, and her intercourse with Hayden, Kenyon, Talfourd, and scores of eminent authors, artists, and actors, to say nothing of the devotion of neighbors and the tributes of strangers, surround her career with a halo of love and praise. "I can never be sufficiently thankful," she wrote in her later years, "for the very great goodness which I have experienced, all through life, from almost every one with whom I have been brought in contact." This spontaneous kindness was not a mere testimony to talent; it was elicited by the womanly qualities of the recipient. And it is these very traits of character which emphasize her culture and her work. She was the least of a sentimentalist, in the conventional sense of the term, of any female author of her day; she had no lovers, and never indulged in the girlish caprices and affectation bred of too much and too early female companionship. An only child, and the friend quite as much as the *protégé* of idolizing parents, accustomed to the society of her elders, an omniverous reader, keenly alive to intellectual pleasures, and habituated to the freedom and freshness, the tranquillity and exercise of rural life,—her mind found wholesome scope and vigorous growth. With the trials she had also the triumphs of authorship; callers, critics, and correspondents encroached upon her peace; but the noble, the gifted, and the illustrious recognized cordially her worth; with pecuniary care she also had cheerful economy; with the solitude, the solace of affection; with celebrity, domestic retirement.

Many of Miss Mitford's opinions, as they find expression in her letters, are hasty, premature, and superficial; but she was too candid not to modify them when better informed or freshly impressed; she exaggerates the merit of Napoleon Third quite as much as she disparages Lafayette; enthusiastic in her political and impulsive in her literary estimates, she is often inconsistent; but there is so much love of truth and instinctive acuteness in her judgments, that when not satisfactory, they are excusable. She

makes some amusing mistakes especially in what she says of eminent Americans; but the tenor of her correspondence as well as her life is so womanly, faithful, fond, and intelligent, that we cannot fail to sympathize with and respect her. It is a curious illustration of the unconscious self-deception of filial piety, that, while the mere facts of her life evidence her father's supreme selfishness, she not only continued to idolize him to the last, but naively remarks, in speaking of the life of Mr. Edgeworth, that *his* daughter "overrates her father a good deal, but the mistake is so creditable to her affection, that it is impossible not to admire her the more for her error." There is something pathetic yet noble in the union of a laborious, cheerful, kindly, and disinterested life, with an under-current of deep solicitude and a parallel experience of care and vexation borne without complaint; a genuine womanly faith and fortitude born of character, and such character as comes of Anglo-Saxon blood and life in a free, industrial, and brave land. In describing her broken health and its causes, when writing to Mrs. Browning in Italy, she says: "For thirty years I had perpetual anxieties to encounter, my parents to support, and, for a long time, to nurse; and generally an amount of labor and care such as seldom falls to the lot of woman. I had not time to take care of myself and my health."

We ascribe the independence and insight of Miss Mitford, in no small degree, to the healthful influences under which her mind developed; good sense was the basis of her character; she appreciated alike the psychological analysis of Balzac and the womanly wisdom of Miss Austin, and could equally enjoy the genius of Shakespeare and the tact and taste of Madame de Sevigné; but there was nothing of the fantastic, the morbid, or the exaggerated vanity so common in literary development less sincere and more superficial. Her instincts were true and pure and her tastes simple; rural life—its sequestration and serenity, its sights and sounds,—kept sweet her nature to the last; the flowers and the

fields were nearer to her than the *salon*, the air of the country more genial than that of court or theatre; she longed for her rustic home when in London; and it was there she lived over her urban experience with renewed zest and reminiscent satisfaction. Glance over her letters, and constantly some ardent phrase or tender mention suggest this love of and life in rural enjoyment. It reconciled her to the loss of fortune and turned privation into pastime; writing from "Three-Mile-Corner Cottage," after leaving Bertram House, she cheerfully says of the change,—“it is an excellent lesson of condensation—one which we all wanted;” and her regret for her former home was rather on account of its environment than its intrinsic luxury: “The trees and fields and sunny hedgerows, however little distinguished by picturesque beauty, were to me as old friends.” Her garden soon atoned for the lost domain; it “looks really divine,” she writes; “oh that you could see my chrysanthemums! The convolvulus major is in great beauty, so are my geraniums and a certain exquisite carmine pink, also a delicate white pea.” The Virginia flax, the moth mullein periwinkles, wood-sorrel, anemones, asters, violets, and ranunculus are as fondly and frequently noted in her letters, as the latest Waverley or the new poem.

To the love of scenery, trees, and flowers, Miss Mitford added another rural idiosyncrasy—an affection for, and interest in, animals and birds, whereby they became delightful subjects of observation and cherished companions: she greets them when absent and records their traits in her correspondence; kine and owls, beetles and butterflies, cats, dogs, and horses are fondly characterized by her lively pen: “all dogs follow me,” she writes; her description of Dash, a favorite hound, is a portrait worthy of Landseer: “I love,” she says, “to feed Flush and to see my tame pigeons feed at the window, and the saucy hen tap the glass.” To her the most available and familiar pleasures sufficed: “I am going to Reading Fair in a real market-cart, which will be delightful,” she

writes; and, elsewhere, "I take long walks and get wet through; I nurse my flowers; I write long letters and I read all sorts of books." Her dramas are rarely acted, her novel little read; but the faithful record of her life as a ruralist—her "sketches of country manners, scenery, and character, with some story intermingled by unity of locality and purpose," as she describes "Our Village," will always find grateful readers among those whose taste is unperverted and whose observation is kindly, true, and humorous. The "quiet, peaceable people" among whom she lived,—her farmer-neighbors—bore her parents and herself to their graves—though the nobly-born and the gifted were their mourners. On the seventh of January,

1855, she wrote, from her arm-chair in the little cottage at Swallowsfield, to an old friend: "It has pleased Providence to preserve to me my calmness of mind and clearness of intellect, and also my power of reading by day and by night; and *what is still more*, my love of poetry and literature, my cheerfulness, and *my enjoyment of little things*. This very day, not only my common pensioners, the dear robins, but a saucy troop of sparrows and a little shiny bird of passage, whose name I forget, have all been pecking at the tray of crumbs outside the window." This "simple transcript of natural feeling," born of rural affinities, is her most characteristic epitaph; five days after writing it, she died, at the age of sixty-eight.

A POMPEIAN ENIGMA.

It was the Oxford student who summed up the topic. Yet it was hardly in a spirit of argument that he spoke; for, taking impulse from a casual suggestion by the archæologist, he had monopolized the whole conversation, giving his views rather as an essayist than a controversialist—caring little, in fact, whether he produced conviction or not, so long as he could give vent to the metaphysical theories with which his late university studies had imbued his mind.

"It is evident that our reason can tell us little about it," he said. "Yet we know that there have been persons who believed they could faintly recall a previous existence, and it seems hardly probable that all these were led away simply by baseless fancies. We also know that well-accredited instances are on record, giving cogency and even probability to the theory. And though the circumstances of these instances may be so contradictory in their several relations that no well-established principle can be elucidated from them, and we can only remain startled and puzzled, as with a mystery which cannot be unrav-

elled, yet the possibility remains, that this may not be our only life, but that we have already lived down through a train of past existences, and shall continue to do so in the eternal future."

With that conclusion, he folded his napkin, and, without waiting for any response, left the table. At first sight his words did not appear to have made much impression. The table at the Hotel Vittoria was a long one, and those who sat at the further end could not have heard a word. Nearer by were the English Life Guard's major and his wife; but they kept their eyes fixed steadfastly before them, not appearing even to listen, lest the act might encourage the young student to claim future acquaintance with them. At the other side were the two spectacled Kentucky girls, with their spectacled father; but they were too absorbingly engrossed with the lava earrings, bracelets, and shirt-studs which they had purchased that morning, and now ecstatically wore in gay, glittering profusion. For the instant, I believed that my cousin Estelle had not been listening, for she sat beside her father, carelessly separating an

orange upon her plate, and seemed all the while immersed in silent abstraction. But when she lifted her head, I could see that there was a slight flush upon her face, and a certain suggestion of deep thought in her eyes.

"There may be something in it, after all," she said. "I know that I have often thought—"

"Now, my dear young lady," interrupted the archæologist, who sat at my right hand—and he was such a gentle, inoffensive, fatherly old man, that she could not think of resenting what, in another person, might have been looked upon as a freedom of address—"now, my dear young lady, do not be tempted by any such vain imaginings. Take the word of one who has thought and studied much, and can tell you almost of a certainty, as far as these things can be made certain, that there is nothing at all in such a theory."

She seemed about to reply, but at that moment her father, having finished his last glass of Capri, arose, and Estelle and myself accompanied him. From the dining-room we passed through the outer saloon; and as the evening had not yet set in, we gathered together upon one of the balconies which adorn the hotel-front.

Whoever has stopped at the Hotel Vittoria, will not forget the charming scene upon which these balconies look out. In the morning, indeed, they are but little resorted to, for the sun glows hot and strong upon them; but, later in the day, they reveal to the loungeur a most enchanting combination of excitement, vivacity, and natural beauty. Then, the paved road in front swarms with elegant carriages, coursing idly up and down, or returning from excursions to Baiæ and Pozzuoli; while now and then, mingled with the gay pleasure-parties, comes a heavy cart drawn by coupled ox and mule, or a light wagon with twelve or fifteen passengers crowded together within it. At the further side of the road lies the Villa Reale; its pleasant mass of thick foliage here and there relieved by white marble statues, and its avenues swarming with

crowds of promenaders. Still further beyond is the bay—at times blue, unruffled, and glassy, and again stirred by strong breezes from the open sea outside, but always, in its deep, broad setting of olive-crowned hills and shining villas, a scene of loveliness rarely elsewhere equalled. Gathered together upon our balcony, we now stood gazing upon this picture, and turning lazily from Vesuvius, with its crown of gray smoke, to Capri, with its turret-shaped crags thrown clear and distinct against the afternoon sky—all three of us keeping indolent silence, and fast falling into a state of listless repose, until aroused by the approach of the archæologist.

I have said that he was a gentle, inoffensive old man. I will go further, and bear my testimony to his being the most quiet, simple-hearted, courteous gentleman whom I had ever met. Whether there had ever been any disagreeable traits in his character, I cannot tell. If so, his present tranquil existence had certainly obliterated them, creating in him a disposition remarkable for its perfect suavity, sincerity, and kindness. Having a natural love for archæology and art, he had devoted himself to the antiquities of the Campanian coast, and for many years had resided in Naples, exploring, arranging, and classifying the relics of the past. Not that he had really accomplished much, for the whole ground had been already gone over so thoroughly as to leave little to be gleaned. But that life of calm contentment suited him well; and he was never so happy as when upon the track of a new discovery—loving each development for itself alone, and unambitiously caring little that he was not the first finder, but merely one of an equally interested throng. He was said to be wealthy; but in his eyes there was nothing half so precious as the few choice relics which he had collected. A coin, a medal, a bronze image—any of these was a well-spring of satisfaction to him, and in obtaining it lay the only flaw in his rigorous probity. What collector, indeed, can re-

sist every temptation in the indulgence of his master-passion? I have known the most honorable men use trickery to gain possession of a coveted rare book or engraving. In like manner, though the archæologist would not for the world have robbed the Museo Bourbonico, it is probable that many a choice relic which should have adorned its cabinet came into his custody instead; he, with cautious reticence, forbearing to question too closely the government explorers who offered them to him for sale.

"For thirty years," the archæologist softly said, in evident continuation of the former topic, "have I here gazed wistfully into the face of the dead past, yet have I never seen any thing which could encourage a belief in the possession of a former existence to any one now living. This is the grave of nations. The Italians now, the Romans then; further back, the Greek colonies; and who beyond them in the far-distant past? The tomb of cities, too—Naples, Neapolis, Parthenope; and what before that? Something, we are sure, though now the record of it is lost. Daily we disinter these dead remains, but never is there any life-revival. Where else than here, in this lap of luxurious earthly beauty, would the past soul most wish to live again; or the soul which now lives be more easily led to remember a former life? Nay, the living simply succeed each other; they do not live again."

"But yet," remarked Estelle, the former flush again deepening upon her face, and the old expression of subtle thought stealing over it, as if from the influence of a fancy too firmly seated to be at once repulsed, "even as I now look upon this scene, it seems as though in past times I must have—"

"Think it not!" interrupted the other. "Let not such idle fancies gain dominion over you. They will only bring unsatisfactory longings by day and troublesome dreams by night. Rather turn to other things. Where have you lately been?"

She had been to Baïæ last, and the day before that had simply wandered

off on foot to Virgil's tomb. The previous week, to Capri and Sorrento. She had hoped to go to Paestum also; but the brigands had been heard of along that route, and it was said that they considered a young lady's ears worth full as large a ransom as those of coarse, commonplace men. And on Thursday she had taken her third ride to Pompeii.

"And there?"

There, of course, she had run over the amphitheatre again, and strolled through the street of tombs. Then, to the House of Diomede, where, however, she did not tarry long, having been there so often before. What did she admire the most? It was hard to tell. Every thing was pleasant to her eyes—the fountains, the altars, and the frescoes, and last, but not least, Signor Fiorelli's plaster restorations of buried bodies were—

"Not only not least, but greatest and most wonderful of all!" interrupted the archæologist, in an outburst of enthusiasm; for he felt a peculiar regard for these restorations, believing—with what truth I never could ascertain—that he himself had suggested the process. Certainly, whether entitled to any personal merit in the matter or not, he was correct in his estimate of the importance of the results, since for years there had not been any more interesting occurrence in the antiquarian world. To entertain the conception that those bodies which, so many centuries ago, had fallen asleep in the midst of mephitic fumes, might, in their subsequent decay and passing away into nothingness, have left in the surrounding ashes a hardened mould into which could be poured the liquid plaster, and thereby every line and feature of the originals be reproduced with faithful exactness, was a magnificent effort of human genius, deserving lasting credit even had the experiment failed, instead of culminating in such wonderful results.

"Greatest, indeed, of all!" he repeated; and for the instant he seemed lost in a reverie, his mind apparently dwelling again, as his actual vision al-

most daily did, upon that prostrate mother and daughter, who, at the Pompeian Museum, reenacted in snow-white plaster their death-stricken writhings of eighteen centuries ago. "But yet, there may be even greater results before us than these," he added, after a moment. "This morning there has been found at Pompeii still another mound, enclosing the empty mould of an once buried figure. To-morrow we will make the attempt to reproduce it. Would any of you care to witness the process? If so, I will conduct you thither with me."

We all at once spoke the word, for it was an offer which could not fail to please us; while to Estelle the suggestion seemed to give especial delight, since the proposed process was not only in itself a comparatively novel one, but there was the additional exclusive charm of witnessing a scene to which, from its nature, only a limited number of persons could have access. Therefore she gave way to an instant outburst of delight, and at once proceeded to make the requisite arrangements for the party.

But when the next morning came, her mood seemed to have changed. It was, above all others, a day in which to have enjoyed one's self. The sun was bright, the air clear, and a not too violent breeze rolled in from the sea; the streets were crowded with life; song and laughter were everywhere heard; wandering minstrels went about and gathered up unwonted contributions from cheerily disposed listeners; the Chiaja was thronged with carriages; even the yellow-jacketed prisoners who worked in the stone-quarries handled their picks with the air of persons who loved the occupation. Estelle alone seemed dull and unanimated. She had passed an unpleasant night, she explained. Dreadful dreams had disturbed her, though she could not now recall them. There was merely the dull, aching sense of having been assailed by some disagreeable influence. It would probably soon pass away. But, in the meantime, she would not go upon the excursion to Pompeii. It would be enough, after all, to learn of the result.

Hearing all this, I felt ill at heart, for

I had never before seen her in such a listless state, and it seemed to me that it could not altogether be imputed to a restless night. My own anticipated pleasure for the day was at once destroyed, and I could only think of the forced expression of cheerfulness with which she had bidden us good-by. It affected my spirits in every way, so that I took but little interest in the proceedings of the day, and must have made a poor appearance before the Signor, who must naturally have desired that the favored few spectators should be attentive and sympathetic. So that, when he had watched the last drop of the liquid plaster sink through the carefully prepared hole in the little ash-colored mound, and turning around, predicted success, I manifested but trifling interest, and merely accompanied the hopes and congratulations of the others with a faint, meaningless murmur. Nay, more; that sad expression of Estelle's seemed to accompany me during the whole journey back, like a ghostly visitor, making me lifeless and unappreciative in the midst of the prevailing exhilaration, and all I cared for was to see her again.

She lay upon a lounge, and was still desponding. Her face, which in the morning had been flushed, was now pale and death-like; yet she would not acknowledge that she was ill. At one time during the day, it is true, there had come a sudden chill upon her, lasting for several minutes, but that had passed away. Now she was well again—all except that strange heaviness of heart, which, doubtless, would soon disappear. As she spoke, I gazed at her intently, but beyond the paleness could detect no appearance of illness. Might not her loss of spirits be the premonition of Naples' fever? I privately consulted a physician, who, making a furtive visit, to my great relief attributed her condition to simple weariness, and predicted that rest and absence from excitement would soon restore her.

So for a few days, during which she seemed to have a partial recovery—that is to say, her bodily strength became

somewhat renewed, and she lost a little of the pallor of her complexion, though her face failed to regain its former fresh, healthy glow. She lost, also, much of her deep depression of spirits, though not entirely, since her usual gayety and elasticity failed to return. On the contrary, she became quiet and unimpulsive, appearing like one who, while under the influence of some deep-seated conviction that cannot be thrown off, yet remains sufficiently self-possessed to simulate an unfelt composure. Altogether, it was, perhaps, an improvement upon her former state, and yet almost equally distressing, since it seemed to betoken some permanent relapse from her customary vivacity.

Upon the fourth day the archæologist entered in a state of strong excitement, his eyes kindling with an unwonted gleam, while he threw his arms over his head, as though he would give vent to a husky cheer.

"Success! A great success!" he cried.

"In what?" I asked.

"In our late attempt—in the attempt of Signor Fiorelli and myself. Lo! the figure has come forth clear and bright as a coin from its die! And what a figure! Will you see it? Come, now, with me, and you shall have all the glory of a first inspection. The Signor is even now decorating it for its earliest public exhibition."

I looked at Estelle inquiringly, knowing how important it was that she should exert herself, but fearing lest she might refuse. But she, seeing my anxiety, made no objection; and quietly putting away her writing, expressed her willingness to gratify us. But how different, alas, was her sad, methodical air from the joyous tone with which, only a week before, she would have greeted the opportunity!

"It is well," said the archæologist. "And now, my dear young lady, regard this new acquisition of mine. How or whence I have obtained it I must not tell. We collectors do not too freely publish such things. It is sufficient that I possess the prize, and that there are

others who have failed to gain it, and will envy me all the rest of their lives."

With that he produced his treasure—an ancient ring, somewhat discolored and encrusted, but perfect in all its details. The band was of a commonplace pattern, representing the twisted serpent so often adopted for antique ornamentation; differing from any article of the kind which I had ever before seen only in this respect, that the serpent's jaws held a thin gold plate shaped like a painter's palette, upon the flat surface of which was engraved a mysterious hieroglyphic, which might have been a charm from evil, but more likely was simply some family monogram of the period. Handing this to Estelle, the archæologist awaited her judgment, not feeling at all hurt by the listless air with which she received it, for that had now come to be her recognized mood. But we were both greatly astonished at witnessing her sudden animation after her first hasty glance upon the trinket. In her eye there was a flash of intelligence, almost of recognition, as it seemed to me; dying out in an instant, however, and giving way to a look of keen, yet puzzled thoughtfulness, as though it had been driven away by some baffling, intricate conception. Then, in a tone of eager excitement, she exclaimed:

"Where—where did you obtain this?"

"And why do you ask?" he inquired.

"Because—it seems to me—no, it is all gone from me now;" and the gleam of quickened intelligence seemed to pass away from her face, as the sunlight fades off a wall, leaving there once more only her now usual expression of dull, rapid lifelessness. Whatever the nature of the thought that had just quickened her into this unlooked-for impulsiveness, it had evidently been too fleeting and transitory for her to grasp it understandingly.

"Does the ring please you? Would you wear it yourself?" said the archæologist. "Then do so. It is yours, my dear young lady. I care no longer for it."

Her only response was the sudden motion with which she slid the trinket

upon her forefinger; while it seemed as though she almost forgot to thank him for the sacrifice, unless by the eager pleasure which her face expressed. I was surprised at this singular impulsiveness which had led the archaeologist to yield up to her a relic so highly valued, that, in any ordinary mood, half a year's income would not have purchased it from him; knowing, too, that he now surrendered it to one who might not fully appreciate it, but might rather, with girlish wilfulness, admire it for a day only by reason of its oddity, and then most likely lose it, or destroy its identity by changing it into a breastpin or fastening for the hair. I was almost as greatly surprised that she could so readily, almost so graspingly, have accepted the gift; for I had always noticed that she was peculiarly reserved in such matters, never receiving favors from any others than those who had the natural right to bestow them. But I resolutely drove all idle speculations from my mind, and in a few minutes we set out for Pompeii.

There we found the Signor Fiorelli engaged in putting the finishing touches to his new treasure, preparatory to a more public exhibition of it. The figure was raised upon a stand breast-high, and some drapery had been suspended at a little distance behind, in order to control the light into additional effectiveness. Skilled workmen had artistically smoothed down a few irregularities upon the surface, conscientiously confining their labor, however, to such defects as had manifestly originated from an insufficiency in the flow of the liquid plaster, rather than from any blemish in the mould itself. But these irregularities were few; for the figure was far less imperfect than any which had already been thus prepared. The previous ones were mostly rough in appearance, displaying little more than a gnarled and distorted outline; but this figure, owing, probably, to some peculiar fineness and softness of the dust-deposit which had covered it, exhibited much of the smoothness of chiselled marble. Some portions had disappeared, it is

true. One hand was missing, and also certain folds of the dress; but these were trivial defects, altogether redeemed by the perfection with which the face, the most desirable portion of all, had been preserved.

It was the figure of a girl of some eighteen years. She lay upon her side, not with the limbs distorted or writhing, as in other instances, but stretched out in seemingly quiet repose. The fingers of the hand that had been preserved were gently relaxed, and the perfectly moulded face bore a sweet smile, as though she had fallen asleep with a pleasant dream. What must have been that dream, to have left its impress of serenity upon the mould for eighteen hundred years! It is probable that she had been thrown into a slumber by some soothing influence of the atmosphere, and from this state had known no awakening, but there had been quietly covered up with the fine dust, as with a mantle of falling snow. It was probable, also, that she had been of patrician rank; and this we conjectured from the apparent texture of her raiment, there being upon her neck and remaining hand no indication of jewelry or other rich adornments.

So entirely life-like were the features, that it was difficult to realize I stood not in the presence of a sleeping girl who might any moment awaken, but rather beside a mere effigy of what had been a human being so many centuries ago. Then, as I gazed, a startling thought began to creep stealthily into my mind. That low, broad forehead, partly shaded with voluminous curls, the aquiline nose, the full lips, the very shape of the face—of whom did all these remind me? But, happening to look towards Estelle, I saw at once the real truthfulness of the likeness, and my blood seemed to run cold with a premonition of something which could not be explained. Again I strove to calm myself. A mere coincidence, of course; what else could it be? And did any one besides me perceive the strange resemblance? Glancing stealthily at Estelle, I saw that she,

at least, was unaware of it. It is difficult, indeed, for any one to detect his own likeness to another. But even in Estelle there seemed to be some undeveloped, indefinable impression of a mystery, for she stood gazing steadfastly at the figure, her face instinct with certain subtle appearances of troubled and perplexed emotion, which swept over it in regular gradation, like the flux and reflux of the tide upon the seashore. Then I turned towards the archæologist, with little expectation, however, of finding any similar expression in his face. That man of mere fact, accustomed to decipher inscriptions upon broken columns and rusty coins, but, in his natural blindness and incapacity in other respects, unable to read the human countenance—what, indeed, would he be apt to notice? But I saw almost with horror that he also was observant of the singular likeness. He stood wonder-stricken and puzzled, turning alternately from the figure to Estelle and back again in mute comparison of the two. Surely it would not do for him thus to act, for he could not fail shortly to awaken her suspicions. With some feeble pretence of consultation upon the use or merits of other curiosities in the same room, I therefore drew him into a corner, when suddenly—

Even now, as I write, I can hear the sound ringing in my ears, so deeply has it left its vibrations upon my memory. For not only was it a loud, shrill cry, in its mingled terror and despair unlike any sound which I had ever before heard, but with it there darted into my mind, as with an electric shock, a fuller realization than ever of a possible tragedy hidden under all this mystery. Turning instantly, we saw Estelle lying senseless upon the floor at the side of the figure's pedestal. Even at that moment, though it was but a second before we lifted her, I could not fail to notice how the resemblance was increased; for it chanced that she lay almost in the same position as the figure, upon her side, with one arm fallen in front, her face turned partially upward, and

her hair slightly shading her forehead; while her eyes were closed, and her cheeks were now so deathly white as almost to vie with the senseless plaster.

Tenderly lifting her, we placed her in the carriage and drove home. For a while she continued insensible, but towards the end partially recovered, so that we could carry her into her own room without attracting unusual notice. There we laid her upon a sofa, and made to her father the most plausible statement of the affair that we could. For there was no need to tell that broken old man, himself travelling for his health, the whole story of the scene. He could not have comprehended it; in fact, had I striven to tell him only that which I myself comprehended, I could not have advanced much beyond the beginning. Therefore we made some commonplace pretence of a fainting from the heat of the gallery and the fatigue of the ride; and so, having seen her somewhat further restored, we left her to his care.

Hoping for the best, yet all the while fearing the worst. So that, when I again saw her, I was less surprised than shocked at the difference which a few hours had made in her appearance. She was stronger, indeed, and could converse calmly and collectedly; and though her color had not returned, she had lost something of that ghastly white tint which had so wonderfully completed her resemblance to the Pompeian figure. But her cheeks, which only a week before had been so full and rounded, were now sunken in as from a month's illness, and harsh lines appeared in her face—lines, seemingly, of sombre care and heart-sick weariness—and, worse than all, there was a settled rigid expression of hopelessness in her eyes, filling me with apprehension.

Assuming, however, a lively demeanor, I talked of the pleasure I felt at seeing her so far recovered, and the certainty that another day of rest would enable her to resume her customary excursions; dilated a little upon the culpability of the custodians of the mu-

seum in overheating it as they had yesterday done; wondered how any one could have endured that atmosphere; stated my firm conviction that, in a moment more, I also must have succumbed—and the like. She listened to me in silence, her large eyes dwelling with calm incredulity upon my face. Then, partially raising herself from the pillow, she said:

"All this, cousin, is but a kindly pretence upon your part. It may not seem gentle for me to say so, but why should I hide the truth, and thus let you go on in your vain attempts to cheer me? No, better let us at once come to an understanding. Since seeing you last, I have reflected much—have dreamed much—and I know for a certainty—"

"Know what?" I inquired, seeing that she hesitated.

"I know," she continued, as calmly as though she were stating some self-evident mathematical proposition, "that, centuries ago, I lived—that I was the original of that sleeping figure at the museum."

I started as though I had been stung; for she had been speaking so collectedly and deliberately, that nothing was further from my thoughts than to hear her promulgate any such mystery. Those must be the words of an unsettled mind, indeed; and I looked steadfastly into her eyes, searching there for the wild gleam of insanity, and wondering what would be her next errant impulse.

"You think me beside myself?" she continued. "Nay, never have I been more free from delusion than now. Only listen calmly. This is no new idea of mine. For years I have had it in my mind that I had long ago lived upon the earth. And last week, as I looked out over the bay, it seemed as though I had been here before in some distant age. How it was I could not tell, but all things appeared strangely familiar to me. Then, at night, I dreamed it out. I was on the bay, in a boat with silken sails and gilded oars; and there were cities all along the shore, some of them larger than those we see

here now. People in strange costumes moved about me, and I, too, was differently arrayed than at present. Singular strains of music swelled upon the air. The bay itself—it was almost the same, except that there was no crown of smoke upon Vesuvius, while the mountain-top was rounded and lower, rather than stretching up into a cone. Was it ever so, do you think? You will call this nothing but a dream, I know, rather than a revelation of the past, as I believe it to be."

"Surely, Estelle—"

"But let me give you further proof. Hand me, now, that worked canvas travelling-bag from off the table. It is for Robert. You know that I am betrothed to him. He is now in Rome, and I expect him here shortly. Last month I sought to invent some graceful arabesque figure to be here worked in, and, almost without care or thought, my fingers designed this piece of tracery. It is pretty, is it not? I was pleased with it myself, and imagined that it was a creation of my own. But now observe how, after all, it is the exact fac-simile of the cipher upon this antique ring! May it not be, therefore, that while I was flattering myself with having invented a new and pleasing design, I was merely unconsciously reproducing something from the stores of far-distant memories?"

"A mere coincidence!" I exclaimed, but not with bold assurance. For I could not but be a little troubled by the strange resemblance between the ciphers; and I felt, moreover, that she was watching my expression too intently to allow of successful pretence upon my part.

"But listen further," she continued. "Yesterday, as I stood beside the Pompeian figure—"

"There you have the key to the whole!" I exclaimed. "You were struck with its likeness to yourself, and, by long dwelling upon it, your dreams have been tinged with—"

"Was there, then, a likeness to myself? I had not noticed that," she said; and I bit my lip at having so rashly

betrayed the resemblance. "No, it was not respecting any likeness that I wished to speak. But I will tell you what occurred. When for a moment you left me alone, I saw the figure gaze earnestly upon me. There was no deceit or imagination about that, cousin. I stood as though frozen, and could not move. Then—you will not believe all this, I know—the figure seemed to see this ring upon my finger—the ring which your friend gave me—and slowly moved its hand as though to take it from me. Then I must have fallen to the ground, for I remember nothing more."

"You remember too much already," I exclaimed; "that is, if you call these foolish fancies by the name of memories. Give over these wild delusions, Estelle; close your eyes and take more rest. To-morrow you will be yourself again, and will laugh at what you have told me."

"But listen once more—"

"Not another word, Estelle—not another word!" I cried; and I left her, feeling as though my heart was rising in my throat to suffocate me. I could not believe her story, of course; those words must be simply the ravings of an unsettled mind. Yet I felt a dull apprehension of mystery of some kind, and I knew that I was in no mood to answer or argue with her. Therefore I departed; and passing hastily through the door, plunged headlong against the archæologist, who was on his way to inquire about Estelle.

"Do not go on," I whispered, "it is needless! She is mad—mad—mad!"

"Mad! do you say?" he gasped. Then leading him away, I told him what I had just heard, and how that immediate steps should be taken, lest her mind might be permanently affected. As I went on, I could see that the old man was visibly moved, though not in the way that I had expected. It was rather nervous terror than grief or sympathy which beset him, for I could feel that he trembled, and his fingers twitched convulsively.

"Is this really madness?" he muttered half to himself; "or is there truly

some mysterious influence over us, too subtle for us to comprehend? If so, is it the work of good spirits, or are devils let loose to torment us?"

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"I know not what I mean, or what to think," he said. "After all, it may—it must, indeed—be only coincidence and imagination. But let me tell you all. That ring which I gave her—it was the ring which the Pompeian girl had worn during her life. She must have worn it upon the hand which has crumbled away. There can be no doubt of it, for it was found among the *débris* below, after the plaster figure had been removed. One of the workmen picked it up and sold it to me, and I—. Here, too, is a strange thing about it," the old man continued. "You know how surprised you felt that I had made her a present of such a valuable relic. I was surprised myself, for such a circumstance had never happened to me before. But there was something about the way in which she gazed at the ring, so different from—it was as though it were her own, recognized by her as such, and that she was simply claiming her individual property. I can hardly say how it was, in fact; but there was an irresistible impulse in me, commanding me to surrender the relic to her. What, now, if about the figure at the museum there was some singular influence, recognizing in its turn the ring, and by a prior right desiring its relinquishment?"

"Let us look once more upon that figure!" I exclaimed, I scarcely know why. Certainly I did not expect to find in it any change, or hope to obtain any sign or revelation from it. But my cry seemed to touch some kindred spring in the breast of the archæologist, for he leaped at the suggestion, and we immediately set out for Pompeii. There we found Signor Fiorelli in the outer hall of the museum, and were cordially welcomed by him; but through all his studied courtesy I could see that he felt peevish and fretful.

"I am worried and disappointed, indeed," he said, after a few moments;

"for I find that my new figure—how it has happened I know not—but during the night it has seemed to shrink away. Such a result has never attended any of my other experiments. Could the liquid plaster have been improperly prepared? Was there moisture in it which is now slowly dying out? I cannot comprehend it, indeed. But you will come in and see for yourselves."

So saying, he led us into the inner hall. There the figure lay, calm and impassive as a marble statue. But, as the Signor had stated, it had suffered a change, even as a dead body will alter during a night. The cheeks had fallen away, the whole face had become thinner, and here and there had appeared faint lines like wrinkles, which, in a living body, might have been taken for lines of thought or of strong mental agitation. Possibly, indeed, the change might have been produced by the atmospheric shrinking of the material, and this was the view which the Signor seemed inclined to take; though he must confess, he said, that there was nothing in the scope of his physical or philosophical knowledge which could explain it. But to myself, the mystery had a deeper significance; for, whether it was accident, or coincidence, or what, I could not but observe that the alteration in the figure was precisely similar to that which had taken place in Estelle; so that, in every respect, the likeness to her which had existed the day before was still even more apparent. Could there actually be some sympathetic bond between the two? What philosophy could account for the phenomenon? As I gazed, a cold chill crept over me and my senses grew faint. I heard no longer the complaints of the Signor, except as one will be aware of a faint, indistinguishable, unmeaning buzz; and after a moment, feeling no longer able to control myself, I left the place abruptly, dragging the archæologist after me, and so returned to Naples.

Why should I now go on? I almost fear to do so, indeed, so strange and unaccountable is what from that time

took place. But as from the outset I have promised myself to omit no feature of my story, however improbable it may seem, it only remains for me now to state, that thenceforth, little by little, the mysterious process went on. Each day I saw that Estelle's face had changed, the cheeks yet further falling in, the eyes becoming deeper set, and the lines of thought and hopelessness growing more numerous. Constantly, in like proportion, the Pompeian figure also changed—hourly falling away—and still the singular likeness between the two seemed preserved with almost minute exactness. Meanwhile, as I held my peace and only thought the more, the Signor busied himself in vain to discover some natural explanation for the figure's change.

"The dampness—no, that can hardly be it," he said. "All this material have I prepared as in former experiments, none of which have failed me. Can it be that, in the circumambient mould, there was a deposit of some volcanic ingredient as yet unanalyzed, which—"

"May there not be some vitality in the figure itself, acting in sympathy with a living object?" I suggested. But, in doing so, I forebore to mention any name; for, not wishing to attract too open attention to Estelle, the archæologist and myself had so far refrained from speaking of her singular case.

"How?" exclaimed the Signor in amazement.

"It is but a mere supposition," I said. "You know that the ancients divided the incorporeal part of man into two branches, the soul and the mind; was not that the classification? Nay, may there not be a greater number of component elements? We know, of course, that when this young Pompeian girl was suffocated, her soul must have repaired to its appointed place. But might there not have been other elements—a spirit of intelligence, or reason, or memory, or some such attribute—which remained in the body, and so held possession of the mould after the body had decayed; and then, entering, as a matter of course, into the

composition with which you filled the mould, has, so to speak, incorporated itself with it, acting upon and controlling it, whereby—”

The Signor gazed at me with amazement, but held his peace until I had fairly come to an end—breaking down, indeed, beneath my inability to further express my crude, undigested reflections. Then he simply said,

“I do not understand what you mean.”

“A mere attempt at a suggestion,” I said, endeavoring to give vent to a careless laugh and wofully failing in it. “I scarcely know what I mean myself.”

With that I left him and returned to the hotel. There I found the archæologist just starting out.

“She remains the same,” he said; “but we hope for better things. For a young man whom they call Robert has just arrived, and it is thought that his visit may cheer her and prove the turning-point in the case.”

I was truly glad to hear of this. Ever since I had been first informed that her lover was expected, I had reflected upon the benefits which might be gained from his presence; for it was highly probable that the pleasure of meeting him, and the lively conversation in which they would naturally indulge after their somewhat protracted separation, would prove of great service in destroying her chimeras. Now that I heard of his arrival, my heart danced with joy, for it seemed as though at length we had been visited with good fortune.

The archæologist passed on, leaving me lazily leaning against the doorway and amusing myself with the scenes around me. It was too early for the throng of carriages to be whirling past, and the foliage of the Villa Reale shut out from me the bay; but there was much else of interest in individual incidents. The piper, with his pig-skin bag, dancing as he played; the funeral procession of white-shrouded holy brothers peeping out from their eyelet-holes; the conjurer supporting upon his chin a chair with an orange balanced upon the top of each leg; the gold-

laced nurses carrying babies shrouded in black, like young monks; the boy begging for coppers, and rubbing his stomach with one hand, while, with the other raised above his head, he counterfeited the pleasant process of eating macaroni—these and other kindred curiosities of human life cheerily entertained me. Looking inside the deep arch of the doorway, I could further amuse myself with the action of the hotel-porter, who stood alert to take off his gold-braided cap to each person passing him, and made it an especial matter of pride not to miss the smallest chance of the kind. He seemed happy to be thus employed; but, on the other hand, rather disconsolate and uneasy regarding myself, for I had not as yet advanced far enough inside to allow of his making me his official salute; and yet I was so near that it would have been possible, at the slightest turning of his back, to slip past and deprive him of his opportunity. While I thus stood mischievously watching for a chance to do so, and thereby make him miserable for the rest of the day, the spectacled Kentuckian and his two spectacled daughters emerged.

“We are going to buy some more lavas and things,” one of them said to me. “And how is the pretty young girl up-stairs? A little out of her head, they say—isn’t she? Thinks she is an Italian image-seller, or something of that sort, they tell me. Why don’t you try quinine? Good for almost any thing, and particularly for being out of one’s head.”

They swept past, and then appeared the English major of Life Guards with his wife. From a chance utterance as they drew near, I could gather that they had been talking about Estelle, whose case, as far as regarded the mere fact of her illness, was becoming known with the usual exaggerations concerning the cause of it; and I could also see that they were anxious to question me. Indeed, the major made a motion towards me, but his wife instantly restrained him with a little pull at the sleeve. What more likely than that, if

he had yielded to the impulse, I might claim acquaintance with them years hence in London? They therefore passed on in silence, contenting themselves with a patronizing smile upon the porter, who, of course, stood in no danger of being tempted by any condescension into unwarrantable liberties.

A moment after, the Oxford student came in, warm and almost breathless; and, having no fear of me, stopped to rest himself against my side of the doorway. He had gone over to Sorrento two days ago, and had taken the whim to walk back again around the bay. It was further than he had anticipated, but there had been much to see, and he was not so very tired; and, upon the whole, it had paid. And how about the poor young lady upon the second floor? Yesterday he had met some persons in Sorrento who had informed him that she was worse. They said, also, that she had some notion of having lived a great many years ago, and been Lucretia, or Virginia, or a Christian martyr, or something of that kind. Was it so?

With somewhat pardonable equivocation, I assured him that there were many untrue reports in this world.

"So I supposed," he answered, "although it would not have been a singular mania, after all. A great many people have had it, I presume. Even I have encouraged such fancies at idle moments; though, of course," he added with ingenuous forgetfulness, "I would never openly allude to them, for fear of putting strange ideas into other people. I believe, in fact, that I rather inherit such impressions. My great-grandfather once imagined that he had been Julius Cæsar; and it was noticed that, having read Hamlet, he had ever after a strong affinity for the bung-hole of a beer-barrel. Furthermore, I have a maiden aunt, enormously wealthy, whose heir I am, and who thinks that she was once Mary Queen of Scots. What is more, she believes that, in her next life, she will be a young and handsome queen again. But, somehow, she does not seem in a hurry about getting her promotion, though, by reason of her

rheumatism and her spine, her present existence is no comfort to her."

The Oxford student passed on, and then appeared Estelle's lover, Robert. Seeing him approach, I sprang forward, and my heart for the moment felt lighter than ever, for now I fully expected good news. But his downcast, troubled air struck me with sudden affright.

"Is she not better, then?" I inquired.

"She is worse," he said. "That is, I cannot tell how she was yesterday, but she is very ill now. She was glad to see me, but she says that it was because she wished to bid me farewell. She has an idea that she will not live long, and nothing that I can say has any power to cheer her. Indeed, there seems to be some delirium hanging over her—something about the past being the present, and the future the past, and the like. I could not make it out; neither does her father, poor old man, know any thing concerning it. Tell me, if you can, what is it all about?"

There was no use in keeping the truth from him, and I told him all, omitting and disguising nothing. He heard me in silence; but when I had finished, he drew himself up with an air of relief, and I saw a bright and encouraging gleam of hope in his eyes.

"I am glad I came hither," he said, "for I think that I have the clue to the whole enigma. Of course, it is this Pompeian image that is at the bottom of it; and it has so greatly encouraged her delirium, that even the rest of you have begun to yield and give assent to her fancies. Well, let that image be got away with, be destroyed, and then she will recover; for she will then know that it could have had no real connection with herself, and her mind will be relieved from its only actual nightmare and oppression."

"It is a thought that has already occurred to me," I responded. "But how can we put it to any practical effect?"

"We will purchase the figure from the Signor Fiorelli," he said.

"It is not his," I answered. "It is the property of the nation, and will not be sold."

"Then we will break into the room by night."

"The place is too strong and well guarded for that," I said.

"Then we will—Heaven help us! is there no way out of all this muddle and mystery? We will go ourselves with heavy canes, and destroy the figure in open daylight. We can break it into fragments in an instant, and before any one can interfere with us. There will be a scene, of course. We shall be arrested, imprisoned, fined, and what not. But the American Minister will get us out of trouble, in the end, and the good work will be done. Estelle will be saved; and will not that be worth all the rest?"

There was something in the animated spirit with which he spoke that electrified me. Yes, his was the feasible plan, after all! What mattered the danger of it, or the consequences to ourselves? Estelle would be saved—that would be enough to compensate for every thing! I reached out my hand to him in assent and promise of coöperation. He grasped it with fervor, speaking no word of thanks, but expressing in his eyes the gratitude he felt. Then, taking our canes, we jumped into the first cab and drove off to Pompeii.

I was now fully committed to the deed; there could be no withdrawal without a sacrifice of friendship and an imputation of cowardice. But I did not wish to withdraw, for the rash, tempestuous spirit which my companion had imparted to me still remained and held its sway. I knew that I was enlisted in a service of some danger, perhaps—certainly of terrible annoyance and confusion. We would be arrested, fined, imprisoned—of that there could be no doubt. It might even happen that our Minister would not be able to get us released again. More than all, it was not to be questioned but that all Europe would ring with the act, as one of gross vandalism—that the stigma of our wild act of destruction would be upon us for years; while we would never be able to explain the motives which had impelled us, since our tale

would be adjudged too incomprehensible and ridiculous for belief. But Estelle would be saved; what further reward could be desired for any thing that we might have to undergo?

Thus fortifying ourselves, the carriage stopped at the door of the museum. Grasping our heavy sticks, we descended, and were about to enter, when we saw Signor Fiorelli emerging. His countenance was troubled and sorrowful, and when we accosted him, the tears almost came into his eyes.

"Alas!" he said, "you have come too late, my friends!"

"What mean you?"

"My beautiful Pompeian figure—was it the fault of the material, or what, I cannot say; but you know how, day after day, it has seemed to waste away. And this morning—it was only a few minutes ago—it was just ten minutes after eleven, for I had that instant taken out my watch—"

"Well?"

"Exactly ten minutes after eleven, I say, there came a slight shiver of the figure, as though with the motion of an earthquake—though nothing else in the room shook—and, almost before I could speak, the whole figure lay in powdered dust upon its pedestal, not a vestige of form left to it. It is so incomprehensible! Could the material, do you think, have—"

We did not wait to hear more, but simultaneously plunged again into our vehicle; moved not only by the desire to return, but also by the fear lest the Signor might perceive the irrepressible look of gratitude and joy that flashed over our faces. For it was not to be expected that we should sympathize with him in his misfortune. Yes, the deed was done; some kind providence had interfered at the last moment, and saved us from the vandalism and its consequences! We were free to go; and Estelle—she, of course, was saved!

Never had greater or wilder exultation possessed us than as we drove rapidly back to Naples. Never had the city appeared more lovely, or our spirits been more in harmony with its charms.

How we grasped each other's hands and spoke cheerily about a future of well-assured happiness! What showers of coin we lavished upon the woman with the twisted hand at the turn of the Chiaja, and the bald-headed old man on his knees at the stone-coping by the bay! How we waved our handkerchiefs in frantic greeting as we approached the hotel, and saw the archæologist looking out from the doorway!

Until our carriage stopped and he came out, and we saw that his countenance was unusually grave and his manner hesitating, as though weighted with misfortune,—then, all at once,

we felt struck with sudden doubt, and leaned forward anxiously to listen to him.

"Where have you been?" he said. "We have looked everywhere for you. Our poor Estelle—"

"What of her? What news of her?"

"I was watching beside her. She was sleeping on her lounge, and seemed, I thought, a trifle better. But only a short time ago—it was just ten minutes after eleven by the mantel-clock—I noticed that there came a slight trembling over her frame, as though from a chill, and, before I could call for aid, she—she was dead!"

THE AMERICAN DOCTRINE OF NEUTRALITY.

THE question which we propose to discuss is not whether the struggling patriots of Cuba are entitled to our aid. It is whether Americans should be true or false to their own policy and traditions.

We have no sympathy with the American whose pulse has not beat quicker in response to the plea of a people oppressed beyond any Anglo-Saxon precedent. The man who owes all the glorious breadth of individual freedom in a Republic wholly disenthralled and towering in the very excess of imperial power, to the successful issue of what Henry Clay rightly termed "a revolution against the mere theory of tyranny," and who despises, or belittles, or treats coldly the long protracted efforts of the Cubans for freedom—such a man may be an American by birth and descent, but he inherits merely the material results won by better men; not the spirit which carried his ancestors through the birth-throes of revolution, or which made the men of 1812 stout to maintain the dignity of the young Republic against the world. Neither could he have shared aught of that noble inspiration which turned a million of loyal but peaceable citizens into heroic fighters for a purer, and higher, and broader nationality.

Our sympathy is doubly due to the Cu-

bans. They are following the example of our fathers in fighting against a colonial despotism, which since 1837 has held them under martial law, that is to say lawlessly, without intermission of wrongs. They are, also, following and improving on our own example of enfranchising a subject race. Our decree of emancipation was wrong from us by necessity—after long years, in which generations of trials and losses were condensed; after the negro had, in a thousand ways, proved himself indispensable to our success, and almost after we had exhausted God's patience by our tardiness in letting His poor go free, and as if in final despair of His help without thus appealing to His favor.

This, however, is aside from our more immediate purpose, which is to discuss the American doctrine of neutrality. The action of our Government and the debates in Congress in relation to what is called vaguely "The Cuban Question," make this discussion appropriate to a magazine which has never hesitated to handle living questions of domestic or foreign policy independently and fearlessly. We could not forbear a brief expression of sentiment as to the existing cause of the controversy, and may recur to the peculiar condition of affairs in Cuba more than once before we conclude; but our main

purpose is that which we have already indicated.

And, when we speak of neutrality, we must claim, at the outset, that in the modern, full, and honest sense of that much abused word, neutrality is an American invention. It could have found sincere recognition and the honor which is paid a principle by its use, nowhere else, and only within the last century. For it is only on our soil and since the foundation of our government that there has been any considerable nation extant which, first, last, and everywhere, has recognized justice and the inalienable rights of men as the only true basis of government and their maintenance as the only legitimate claim on the citizen for his obedience and support. The bearing of this central fact on the question we are discussing will, we trust, be made obvious as we proceed.

A government based on justice and the inalienable rights of men! This may not seem to some readers such a startling and peculiar fact. Yet it is the pervading element of our lives, of our laws, of our habits of thought and modes of action. It makes a difference in all the activities and passivities of our being between us and all other peoples on the face of the earth, which we cannot wholly estimate, even when, in other lands, we feel the pressure of power which comes not in the name of justice, but of some trumpery "legitimacy," or "divine right," or what-not, and which is never stayed by consideration of the rights of men as such.

Almost everywhere else men hold even what they call their rights by some fragile, or fickle, or fictitious tenure. It could not be otherwise. The roots of every European government strike down deep into mediæval soil and partake of its character. Beginning in the times when might really did make right, the progress towards the betterment of individuals has been through a series of hard won concessions of "privileges." Even in England the most glorious and fundamental of revolutions had to accomplish its ends by legal fictions, and to make nominal obeisance to the doctrine that

rights can be given to men by Governments.

Up to the time when the American Revolution revealed to the peoples of Europe the sublime truth that "governments were instituted for the benefit of the governed," the historical student will find great difficulty in developing principles of government as exemplified in practice. The feudal system gave a complete, thorough, and consistent classification of powers and duties. From the time when its fetters were first considerably unloosed by Louis XI. until the French Revolution, there were a succession of makeshifts to accommodate governments to the growing demands of the industrial and mercantile classes. But each step was a temporary expedient for conciliating to the "powers that be" classes too strong to be put down or despised. With each enlargement of the basis of the ruling class there came new security and strength for it as against the unrecognized "outsiders." But the principle that government, as such, was an end, and a thing having inherent rights and the power to bestow them, was never given up.

Was it to have been expected that governments which began by a denial of the rights of men, as men, should have risen to the height of conducting their relations with each other on principles of justice? If any one now believes that precedents of honest neutrality can be found anywhere prior to the time when America set the example, a brief search through the proper authorities will soon dispel the delusion. In our own researches we incidentally discovered a fact which, as "a negative pregnant," shows that the subject of neutrality, as a well-defined system, founded on principles of justice, has not yet been even considered—except by a few professional writers and on a few occasions in the English Parliament and by English diplomats—across the water. The fact was this, that in the indexes to the first hundred volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*, there are not half a dozen distinct allusions to the subject, and that, on examination, these were found fragmentary

and altogether short of a discussion of the question.

It was not until the inauguration of our government that the duty of an honest, impartial, and effectual neutrality was recognized. The influence of institutions founded on broad principles of justice and human rights was perceptible in all of the public deliberations and official acts of the early days of the Republic. No one who has not studied the tortuous and misty diplomacy of Europe can wholly appreciate the vital difference in the *tone* of all our state papers on international matters from that of those of the Old World. There we find endless citations of precedents agreeing on scarcely any fundamental principle, or more frequently ignoring principles of justice altogether. We find abuses and anomalies sanctioned because they are old; or convenient for immediate ends, or essential to the preservation of dynastic interests.

But this is partly a digression, or, at least, an amplification of our statement that from the outset our governmental system, whether considered in regard to our own citizens or our relations with foreign powers, was on a wholly different basis from that of any European nation. We recognized justice and equal rights as the God-given heritage of all our own citizens. Our government, having this adamant basis to rest on, asked no favors from other powers and had no special reasons for favoring or opposing the peculiar interests which supplied ninety-nine one-hundredths of the diplomatic controversies of Europe with material.

We had barely established our government, when we were called on to show the world how grandly impartial our position was to be among the nations, and how simple the diplomacy based on justice and common sense. England was at war with our old ally, stanch friend and savior, France. There was every temptation to serve the latter at the expense of the former. Nearly all of the opponents to Washington's administration were warm adherents of the French cause. Yet in his

second inaugural, he counselled a strict observance of neutrality between the belligerents, and on the 22d of April, 1793, he issued a proclamation, of whose spirit the following sentence will give a good conception. He said:

"I have given instructions to those officers to whom it belongs, to cause prosecutions to be instituted against all persons who shall, within the cognizance of the Courts of the United States, violate the law of nations with respect to the powers at war, or any of them."

This was followed up by practical measures of such vigilance that Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, denounced them as "setting up a system of espionage destructive to the peace of society." A French vessel, the *Little Sarah*, was seized on the mere suggestion of the British Minister that she was fitting out as a French privateer. The questionable expedient was resorted to of calling on the Governors of States to detect and prevent the sailing of possible privateers, and the Governor of New York actually did seize the sloop *Folly* on suspicion.

In 1794 our first Neutrality Act was passed. As to its stringent character, it is only necessary to refer to the compliments paid the Act by Mr. Canning, in the course of the debates on Lord Althorpe's petition for the repeal of the British Foreign Enlistment Act. Our Government even went to the extreme of undertaking to pay the English Government and English subjects for all the damages arising from the privateers fitted out in our ports. In 1803, Mr. Jefferson urged in his message that it should "be our endeavor, as it is our interest, to cultivate the friendship of the belligerent nations by every act of justice and innocent kindness; . . . and to punish severely those persons, citizens or aliens, who usurp our flag not entitled to it." In 1805, Mr. Jefferson, in another message, declared that the exigencies of the war on the ocean had compelled him "to equip a force, to cruise within our own seas, to arrest all vessels of this description found hovering on our coasts within the limits of the Gulf Stream,

and to bring in the offenders for trial as pirates."

Here we draw near the close of what we may call the revolutionary period of our history—that is, of the era controlled by the men of the Revolution. We find that our Government pursued from the first a clear, straightforward, and ingenuous policy of neutrality; so simple, honest, and efficient as to raise our diplomacy far above the level of that of the Old World, while the consistency and impartiality it derived from an honest adherence to the natural principles of equity saved us from all foreign complications.

The instances we have cited, however, only illustrate our policy in cases of wars between belligerent governments. There was another class of cases—much thought of as probable in the then near future—which required the extension of our doctrine to conform with the fundamental theory of our government.

We allude to the contingencies of wars between governments and peoples struggling to throw off the former. In 1810 the consideration of this class of cases was forced on our people and government by the successive revolts of the Spanish colonists in South America. The circumstances of the time were favorable to a direct issue between the policies of Europe and those of America. "Legitimacy" had triumphed in Europe, and the conspiracy of her rulers against all possible assertions of human rights had enveloped the whole Continent in its diplomatic meshes. Here, on the other hand, the ideas which had triumphed in the Revolution had become strengthened and incorporated into the national life.

Most of the leaders of the Revolution were still alive and influential. Weak as we were among the nations—even forced to make terms with Barbary corsairs and ransom their captives—these men uttered no doubtful opinions as to how America should bear herself in any case of open issue between her principles and those of Europe. Just after the Revolution, indeed, there was plainly

no course left us but that of extreme prudence. Still, the conservative and cautious Washington had no hesitation about using this style of language, in reply to the French Minister, in 1796:

He said that "his anxious recollections, his sympathetic feelings, and his best wishes, were irresistibly excited whenever he saw in any country a nation unfurl the banner of freedom; and that, above all, the events of the French Revolution had produced in him the deepest solicitude, as well as the highest admiration."

And, in a message to the Senate, he said: "I rejoice that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years have issued in the formation of a Constitution designed to give permanency to the great object for which you have contended." To which the Senate, with an enthusiasm which would have ruffled the composure of Mr. Sumner had he been a spectator, replied that it "united with Washington in all the feelings he had so ardently and so sublimely expressed." The Speaker of the House announced the message as "a communication which would excite the most pleasing satisfaction in every American heart," and felt constrained to caution the representatives and the people to confine their jubilations and keep within bounds. When the message was read the French colors were unfurled, and the House forgot all the cautions of the Speaker, and demeaned itself very much like one of the best of our audiences at a war-meeting of 1861.

Such was the glowing sympathy of the executive officers and legislators of that time with any movement for the realization of our own theory of government. The prudent policy actually adopted was perfectly accounted for by Washington, when he said:

"With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and constancy which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes."

A little later we find a fuller, more philosophical, and satisfactory exposition of the true attitude of America during the period when we "creeped" because we could not walk erect, in a remarkable letter written by Mr. Jefferson, under date of "Washington, October 3, 1801," to Mr. William Short. We quote:

"There is no point in which an American, long absent from his country, wanders so widely from its sentiments as on the subject of its foreign affairs. We have a perfect horror of every thing like connecting ourselves with the politics of Europe. It would, indeed, be advantageous to us to have neutral rights established on a broad ground; but no dependence can be placed in any European coalition for that. They have so many other by-interests of greater weight, that some one or other will always be bought off. *To be entangled with them would be a much greater evil than a temporary acquiescence in the false principles which have prevailed.* Peace is our important interest, and a recovery from debt. We feel ourselves strong and daily growing stronger. The census just now concluded, shows us to have added to our population a third of what it was ten years ago. This will be a duplication in twenty-three or twenty-four years. *If we can delay but for a few years the necessity of vindicating the laws of nations on the ocean, we shall be the more sure of doing it with effect. The day is within my time as well as yours, when we may say by what laws other nations shall treat us on the sea.* AND WE WILL SAY IT. In the meantime, we wish to let every treaty we have drop off without renewal. We call in our diplomatic missions, barely keeping up those to the most important nations."

This was not only a characteristic expression, but a prophecy whose fulfillment—to a good degree—its author lived to witness. He found a worthy successor, when the struggles of the South American revolutionists compelled the action of Congress, in the person of Henry Clay, then in the full flush of his young manhood, and with his broad and continental sympathies unconfined by the necessities of partisan leadership.

The Cuban contest has revived the

well-nigh faded memories of that eventful epoch in our history—eventful especially in the history of our policy of neutrality. By the light of the fires kindled by desperate Cuban patriots to deprive the spoiler of his gains, we can see with terrible vividness the force of that tremendously descriptive sentence in Webster's second Bunker Hill oration, when he said: "Spain swooped on South America, like a vulture on its prey." We can, also, realize, with a sense we never before had, how true was the indictment preferred against Spain by Mr. Clay, in his great speech of March 24, 1818.

Let us revive a part of this speech. Mr. Clay said:

"A main feature in her policy, is that which constantly elevates the European and depresses the American character. Out of upwards of seven hundred and fifty viceroys and captains-general whom she has appointed since the conquest of America, about eighteen only have been from the body of the American population. On all occasions she seeks to raise and promote her European subjects, and to degrade and humiliate the Creoles." . . . "Our Revolution was mainly directed against the mere theory of tyranny. We had suffered comparatively little; we had, in some respects, been kindly treated; but our intrepid and intelligent fathers saw, in the usurpation of the power to levy an inconsiderable tax, a long train of oppressive acts that were to follow. They rose; they breasted the storm; they achieved our freedom. Spanish America for centuries has been doomed to the practical effects of an odious tyranny. If we were justified, she is more than justified. I am no propagandist. I would not seek to force on other nations our principles and our liberty, if they did not want them. I would not disturb the repose even of a detestable despot. But if an abused and oppressed people will their freedom; if they seek to establish it; if, in truth, they have established it; we have a right, as a sovereign people, to notice the fact, and to act as circumstances and our interest require."

The whole question of neutrality was brought before Congress by a special message from President Madison, on the

26th of December, 1816.* It called attention to the necessity of remedying defects in the law of 1794, and of providing for all emergencies. The result of this recommendation was seen in the Act of 1817, the debates preceding and following whose passage show very clearly the purpose of Congress in its enactment. At the risk of being tedious, we will revert briefly to these important discussions, whose bearing will readily be seen.

Mr. Forsyth, the Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, on the 24th of January, 1817, reported from that Committee a bill for the improvement of our neutrality laws, and explained the ends it was designed to meet. The phrase, "district, colony, or people," was not included in this bill. No acknowledgment was made of the

rights of struggling peoples to recognition as belligerents. This deficiency seems to have suited John Randolph, who held then the same attitude toward the insurgent colonists of Spain as that more recently maintained by Mr. Sumner. The Virginian aristocrat followed Mr. Forsyth, and remarked that the latter "talked about the obligations of neutrality; but his doctrine did not apply," Mr. Randolph said, "to a portion of a nation in arms against another portion of it, until the revolted portion is acknowledged as free, sovereign, and independent."

This exposition aroused Mr. Sharp, of Kentucky, who said "he was aware of the distinction taken by the gentleman from Virginia between a civil war and a war between two independent nations; but it was laid down by writers on the law of nations, that when a civil war assumed a regular shape, the laws of war should prevail, &c. If so, had not a neutral nation, by a stronger reason, a right to show them the hospitalities due to their situation?" Mr. Clay said that "whenever a war exists, whether between two independent States or between parts of a common Empire, *he knew but two relations in which other powers could stand toward the belligerents: the one that of neutrality and the other that of a belligerent.*"

* John Quincy Adams, then our Minister at the Court of St. James, addressed to the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lord Castlereagh, on the 17th of September, 1816, a long communication on the general relations between the two countries. (American State Papers, Foreign Relations, vol. iv. p. 363.) Among other subjects discussed was that of neutrality, with regard to which Mr. Adams suggested that—"It is equally desirable, in the view of the American Government, to arrange, at this time, every question relating to neutral rights. . . . The tendency of discordant principles upon these points to embroil neutral and belligerent states with each other has been shown by the melancholy experience of ages. . . . A time of peace, when the feelings of both parties are free from the excitement of any momentary interest, and when the operation of the principles to be sanctioned by mutual compact depends upon contingencies which may give either party the first claim to the stipulated rights of the belligerent or the neutral, must be more favorable to the amicable adjustment of these questions than a time of actual war, under circumstances when the immediate interests of each party are engaged in opposition to those of the other."

A few years before the date of this communication—in 1810—a vessel, *The American Eagle*, fitted out for the service of Petion against Christopher, in St. Domingo, was seized in New York by our Government—these two rival chieftains disputing the possession of that island at that time, and neither being recognized. The case went into our courts and excited general attention. It was decided by the Court of Errors of the State of New York, that it was not unlawful to serve an *unrecognized* belligerent, it being only forbidden to serve such as were recognized as foreign Princes or States. We may add that this decision was sustained, the next year, by the Supreme Court of the United States. The New York decision suited the "fillibusters" of the day admirably, and the friends generally of the South American Republic.

In the next day's debates Mr. Calhoun alluded to the nature of the contest going on in the Spanish Provinces, and acknowledged that its analogy to our own conflict in 1776 enlisted our sympathies. But he said that "all that could be expected of us by the patriots was, *that we, being neutral, should do nothing to weaken their efforts or injure their cause.*" Mr. Hopkinson maintained that there was "no difference between our duty in this case and in a war between any other belligerents; he considered it precisely as he should a war between Spain and Portugal, Spain and England, or any other two Powers, and our duty required that we should observe a strict neutrality between them." Mr. Lowndes held that "the law of 1794 applying only to the case of war between two in

dependent states, it ought, no doubt, to be extended to comprehend the contest referred to between Spain and her colonies, and not, when prosecutions are carried up to court for breaches of the law, deny that redress we propose to give. It appeared to him by some inadvertence, however," Mr. Lowndes said, that "the Committee had not gone far enough in amending the Act of 1794—if it be amended so as to apply to governments not acknowledged to be independent."

It resulted from this discussion that the bill, on the 28th of January, 1817, was amended so as to make the obligations of our neutrality applicable to the case of "any prince or State, or of any colony, district, or people with whom, &c." The bill thus amended was, also, considerably amended in the Senate, and some of these latter amendments having been accepted, the bill became a law just at the last hours of the session.

The question was again brought before the House by Mr. Clay, at the opening of the winter session of 1817, on the 3d of December. Mr. Clay moved the passage of a resolution, which—after explaining its occasion and complaining of the partial conduct of the Administration toward the struggling patriots of South America—read: "And that the said Committee (on Foreign Relations) be instructed to inquire whether any, and, if any, what provisions of law were necessary to insure to the American colonies of Spain a just observance of the duties incident to the neutral relation in which the United States stand, in the existing war between them and Spain." He said: "I have brought the subject before the House thus promptly, because I trust that in *this House* the cause will find justice; that however treated elsewhere, on this floor will be found a guardian interest attending to our performance of the first obligations of neutrality. Hitherto, whatever might have been our intentions, our acts have all been on the other side. . . . Let us recollect the condition of the patriots: no Minister there to spur on our Government. . . . No, their unfortunate case was what ours had been in the

years 1778 and 1779; their Ministers, like our Franklins and Jays at that day, were skulking about Europe, imploring from *inevitable legitimacy* one kind look; some aid to terminate a war affecting to humanity. Nay, their situation was worse than ours; for we had our great and magnanimous ally to recognize us, but no nation had stepped forward to recognize any of these provinces." The South Americans were in a far more chaotic and unrecognizable shape than the Cubans of to-day, according to Mr. Clay's impassioned statement; but their forlorn condition seemed only to add to his zeal in their behalf.

The next day after Mr. Clay's motion and speech, Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana, took up the subject, and said that as far back as the year 1811, it had excited considerable interest: "that a committee had been raised; the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of Venezuela, with other information laid before it by the then President, and a report on them submitted to the House. The report, among other things, expressed much good-will to the Venezuelans, and an intention to acknowledge their independence whenever that independence should be achieved. From that time until the present silence has been observed in regard to the affairs of that part of the continent. . . . It is to be regretted," he continued, "that our acquaintance with the people of South America is not more particular and intimate than it is: we entertain but one sentiment about them—our feelings are all in unison: yet we differ and dispute on a variety of points which it is desirable should be no longer suffered to remain in doubt. Mexico, Peru, Chili, Buenos Ayres, Venezuela, New Granada—are they independent? Are they struggling for independence, or have they yielded to their European tyrant? Have they made known their situation to the Executive Department? Have they demanded to be recognized as independent sovereignties?" To Mr. Robertson's earnest plea for more light, Mr. Forsyth replied that "he was too well

acquainted with the temper of the people of the United States on this subject, to oppose any motion for inquiring into it."

On the 14th of the same month, Mr. Miller, of South Carolina, submitted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the fourth section of the Act passed on the 3d of March, 1817, entitled 'An Act more effectually to preserve the neutral relations of the United States,' as to embrace within the provisions thereof, the armed vessels of a government at peace with the United States, and at war with any colony, district, or people with whom the United States may be at peace."

Mr. Miller called the attention of the House to the Act of the last session, wherein it would be seen "that by an oversight,—certainly, because it could not have been the intention of the House—the vessels of old Spain might now enter our harbors and increase their force, while those of the colonies were prohibited from so doing. The omission of the words 'district or people' in this part of the Act gave to it force as to the vessels of the colonies, which it did not possess in regard to Spain." . . . "The operation of the law thus exclusively favored old Spain, which never could have been the intention of the House. The Act, as it originally passed this House, contained no such provision: and the error could only be accounted for, by its having passed when returned from the Senate, without due attention. It was the deliberate sense of Congress, at the last session, that the United States ought to assume an attitude entirely neutral, in the contest between Spain and her colonies: but this Act having a different aspect, he had thought it his duty to bring the subject before the House, that it might immediately act on this point."

Mr. Miller's remarks give a perfectly clear and satisfactory contemporary history of the neutrality legislation of 1817, of its object, and of its deficiencies. Mr. Forsyth, on the 20th of the

same month, "vindicated the Committee on Foreign Relations of last session, and the House, from participation in the error which was apparent in the Act; for, as the gentleman from South Carolina had truly stated, it was the object of the House of Representatives, and, he believed, of the Congress, to pass an Act to preserve to each party all its rights as a neutral nation. The bill which passed this House was passed for that special purpose, and would have answered it. The Senate, preferring a different form for the bill, had struck out the whole of it except the enacting clause, and passed the bill as the Act now stands. The bill which passed the Senate was brought into this House after ten o'clock of the last night of the session. At that hour it was impossible to give the bill so critical an examination as, under different circumstances, it would have received, and this verbal inaccuracy had been overlooked; for he was satisfied," he said, "that the error itself had been one of inadvertence merely." . . . He said, further, "If the House, indeed, thought it all-important that this error should be immediately corrected; that it was important to the interest of the colonies, and of the United States, that the error should be corrected the moment it was pointed out by Mr. Cobbett or by any body else, this resolution might have some claim to the favor of the House. But no evil had arisen, nor would arise, from the error, before it is corrected; he would say, without fear of contradiction, that no Spanish vessel had been armed, or had her armament increased, since the passage of that Act, or would be now."

Mr. Miller, on the 30th of December, said that he had received information that vessels of war were actually building in New York for the use of Spain, and he wanted Congress to rescue its reputation from the reproach of partiality. To which Mr. Forsyth replied, that, if Mr. Miller's information was correct, the case was already provided for by the Act of 1817. The section in which the error had been detected re-

ferred only to an increase of the armaments of foreign vessels already armed.

So the resolution was laid on the table as unnecessary.

On the 18th of the ensuing March (1818), Mr. Clay reopened the discussion. He said: "Does the Act of 1794 embrace the case of the Spanish patriots? That was the question, and it was not worth while to disguise it." "It becomes us," said Mr. Clay, "really and *bonâ fide* to perform our neutral obligations." . . . "The Act of 1794 being given up on all hands, and the Act of 1817 being, as he thought he had shown, unmeaning, he hoped his motion would prevail."

Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, on the same day, said that the Act of 1817 "had been framed with the view of extending the provisions of the Act of 1794, prohibiting our citizens from taking part in a war between two independent nations with whom we were at peace, to the case of the Spanish colonies and the mother-country. The Act spoke of 'a foreign prince or State;' and there had been in our courts a decision which seemed to indicate the necessity of using some further designation, in order to take in the case of the Spanish colonies. The first section of the Act of 1817 differs from that of 1794 in little else than the addition of the words 'colony, district, or people,' after the words 'prince or State.'"

Mr. Clay spoke again on the subject, on the same day. He said that, as it seemed to be the sense of the House that "until the southern independent Governments were recognized by the United States, they could not be by our courts," he would, therefore, move an amendment, "going to place the patriot Governments, in fact, on the footing of equality, on which it was the declared wish of the Executive to place them." . . . He moved: "That neither the persons nor the property of persons sailing under the flag of any colony, district, or people, in amity with the United States, should be subject to the penalties attaching to piracy in the courts of the United States, for or on

account of the Government of the United States having omitted to acknowledge the sovereignty and independence of such colony, district, or people."

On the next day, the 19th of March, Mr. Clay said he "declined taking up the time of the Committee any further on this motion. He would only say, that his object was to place the patriot flag on precisely the same footing as that of the opposite party. He disclaimed any intention, as, he learned, was presumed by some, of producing, by the motion, an indirect recognition of South American independence. Whenever he should bring that question before the House, as he assuredly meant to do, it would be in a way open, direct, and unambiguous."

Mr. Forsyth, in reply, opposed the motion with various arguments "to show the impropriety of placing upon this footing the flags of governments purporting to be organized and independent, which might have no existence, and to whom there could be no appeal for the misconduct of those acting under commissions from their pretended authority. As an example, he mentioned the Government of Venezuela, whose Government existed only in the camp of Bolivar." Mr. Lowndes, also, objected that "the words of the amendment would admit vessels under any flag, even such as that of a few individuals who should assemble on the obscure island of Juan Fernandez and fit out their corsairs." . . . "The amendment would, therefore, recognize the flag of any country, however ephemeral."

Mr. Forsyth then resumed his objections, and said that "the adoption of this section went to authorize every colony, district, or people whatsoever to issue commissions and to recognize such commissions in our ports. He wished that the section might be confined to responsible governments, and not recognize any handful of men who might embody and issue commissions to capture property on the high seas." Mr. Clay answered, that such a con-

struction might compel us to exclude from the benefits of our law Venezuela, "which had achieved an imperishable fame by its noble and unparalleled exertions in the cause of liberty." But Mr. Forsyth thought that the *courts could best decide as to the responsibility of these revolutionary governments.*

The discussion was renewed on the 25th of March, when Mr. Clay seemed to have become thoroughly roused, and maintained that "an oppressed people were authorized, whenever they could, to rise and break their fetters. This was the great principle of the English revolution. It was the great principle of our own. Vattel, if authority were wanting, expressly supports this right. We must pass sentence of condemnation upon the founders of our liberty—say that they were rebels, traitors, and that we are at this moment without competent powers, before we could condemn the cause of Spanish America."

As the result of all these debates, the Act of 1818 was passed, and our national attitude on the subject of neutrality was defined so clearly, so comprehensively, and so wholly in accord with public sentiment, with the views of our wisest statesmen, and with the fundamental theory and principles of our Government, that it has remained the law of the land ever since. How consistently it has been applied to various exigencies as they have arisen, was tersely demonstrated from the record by Mr. Carpenter, in his great speech on the Cuban question, delivered in the Senate on the 4th of February last.

It will be appropriate here to contrast the language of the Act of 1818 with that of 1794, in the passage where the essential difference between the two is most marked, as regards the parties to whom the obligations of neutrality are due. We take the section of each Act which relates to the fitting out of ships, &c., for this purpose. In the third section of the Act of 1794 we find penalties threatened to any person "concerned in the furnishing, fitting out, or arming of any ship or vessel with intent that such ship or vessel

shall be employed in the service of any foreign prince or State, to cruise or commit hostilities upon the subjects, citizens, or property of *another* foreign prince or State with whom the United States are at peace," &c. The Act of 1818, third section, reads: "be concerned in the furnishing, fitting out, or arming of any ship or vessel, with intent that such ship or vessel shall be employed in the service of any foreign prince or State, *or of any colony, district, or people*, to cruise or commit hostilities against the subjects, citizens, or property of any foreign prince or State, or of any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace," &c.

Our neutrality legislation of 1817-'18 formed the basis of the British Foreign Enlistment Act of the succeeding year. The history of the latter presents so many points of similarity with that of the former, that we must present a few extracts from Hansard's Debates in Parliament, beginning at vol. xl., p. 362. The Attorney-General said, on introducing the bill: "The object of that law (the statute of George II., then in force) was to prevent His Majesty's subjects from engaging in the service of any State at war with another State with which he is not at war. But it was important to the country, if neutrality was to be preserved, it should be preserved between States that claim to themselves the right to act as States, as between those that were acknowledged to be States." . . . "The object of this bill was, in a certain degree, to amend the statute by introducing, after the words 'king, prince, State, potentate,' &c., the words colony or district, who do assume the powers of a government." . . . "His purpose was to make the law equally applicable to acknowledged and unacknowledged powers."

Earl Bathurst, on moving the bill in the House of Lords—40 Hansard, 1st series, 1779-'82—made substantially the same statement, and commended our neutrality Act. He said that "the American legislature wished to realize

the neutrality they professed, and, in 1818, passed a bill extending the provisions of the Act of 1794 to every description of State or Power, whether regularly recognized or not. . . . A measure of similar equity was proposed by this bill." By the Enlistment Act, thus explained and understood, it was forbidden, in sec. vii. of the Act, to equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, &c., "any ship or vessel, with intent or in order that such ship or vessel shall be employed in the service of any foreign prince, State, or potentate, or of any foreign colony, province, or people, or of any person or persons exercising, or assuming to exercise, any powers of government in or over any foreign State, colony, province, or part of any province or people," &c.

Thus, by our own action and through the influence of our example, we came very near realizing the prophecy of Mr. Jefferson, which we have before quoted.

Until within the past eighteen months we have not, for over a generation, had an occasion for the enforcement of the neutrality legislation of 1817-'18 in a case like those which were the immediate occasions of that legislation. The South American republics, whose cause inspired our fathers with such noble and American sympathy, have not fulfilled the expectations of their friends. Yet not one of them has suffered misfortune to be compared with that of Cuba in her passive and degrading endurance of the contemptible, grasping, and meanly cruel rule of Spain. The noblest, most intelligent and cultivated, and richest of all the peoples whom Spain has cursed on this continent, remained submissive until they saw what they had a right to consider two supreme opportunities of asserting their natural claims.

One of these opportunities was the revolution in Spain, which, by all sound logic, relegated the peoples of all her domains to their inalienable rights as men to choose their own form of government. The other was afforded by the emancipation and enfranchisement of the hitherto servile race in the United

States, which made it possible for us to welcome Cuba as a sovereign State of the Union. So long as slavery remained among us, there was no possibility of gaining the consent of the North to the admission of Cuba as a slave State, or that of the South to her admission as a free State. Our Act of Emancipation solved the problem, as the Cubans thought, and on the right side, for they had long considered emancipation an inseparable concomitant of their own freedom.

How earnestly the leaders of the revolution there have longed, and planned, and worked for Emancipation, has of late been so frequently, so overwhelmingly, and so clearly proved by various statements, that the man who still affects to deny the fact places himself in the pitiable position of seeming incapable of appreciating evidence, or of appearing too grossly prejudiced to deserve the compliment of controversy.

Grand as was the occasion for the enforcement of our neutrality laws afforded us by this righteous revolution at our very doors, it has—we say it with shame and the deepest regret—found our Government humiliatingly unequal to the opportunity it had of executing those laws in accordance with their obvious meaning, with the intentions of the men who framed them, and with the natural instincts of the American people. The time will come when the course pursued by our Government in relation to the Spanish gunboats will be regarded by all Americans with the same feelings as those with which we look back upon Mr. Buchanan's one-sided "neutrality" in the struggle between freedom and slavery in Kansas.

Our policy, as especially developed in regard to those Spanish bloodhounds of the sea, is due to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, Mr. Sumner, and to our Secretary of State, Mr. Fish. It is a fresh and sad illustration of the tendency of great leaders of reform to degenerate in their convictions. The same able senator who recognized in the pro-slavery com-

batants on the blood-stained fields of Kansas no rights which he was bound to respect, and who claimed for freedom every advantage in the contest, seems now to have so enveloped himself in the swaddling-clothes of an impracticable theory of international law, as to be able to see in the Cuban struggle for freedom no noble or generous element.

It is true that he has sought to escape the obvious meaning of our law by declaring that the cases it was intended to meet were unlike that of the Cuban insurgents; but this statement is a pure piece of assumption, in the light of the history of the law—and of the same character as his still unrevoked denial that the Cuban constitution provides for the emancipation of the slaves of the island.

Both he and Mr. Fish have also affected to deny the existence in Cuba of such hostilities as entitle the insurgents to the name of belligerents. In Mr. Fish's case, his own official declarations have so committed him that it must have required a good deal of a peculiar kind of courage for him to falsify the only really creditable part of his official record on the Cuban question. On the 18th of October, 1869, he wrote to Mr. Roberts, the Spanish Minister:

"The civil war in Cuba has continued for a year; battle after battle has been fought, thousands of lives have been sacrificed, and the result is still in suspense."

Since the writing of which memorable and truthful bit of official history, Spain has reinforced her army in Cuba by at least twenty thousand additional soldiers; has received the powerful and essential reinforcement of the thirty gunboats which Mr. Fish's diplomacy allowed to be sent in aid of the war against a yet struggling and defiant people; has conducted a costly and bloody winter campaign to a fruitless close, and still is not—according to our Premier's present vision of facts—carrying on the "civil war" which had raged in Cuba for a year prior to Mr. Fish's official recognition of the fact!

Seeing, perhaps, the absurdity of his

position, Mr. Fish has sought to escape from his own official statement by saying that the revolution, if it was such, is virtually at an end. Unfortunately, he has since been called on by Congress to give such information as might justify this excuse for his policy. His replies to these demands have been published. We have read them very carefully, and we defy any one to find in them any information tending to support the later views of our Secretary of State. In fact, the most positive, precise, and trustworthy information is that furnished in the shape of affidavits of citizens of Cuba, prominent at home and personally known and honored by our own citizens. These affidavits cover the whole history of the war; are uncontradicted by any other testimony included in Mr. Fish's budgets, and are confirmed by the correspondence of Mr. Phillips, the American consul at Santiago de Cuba—the principal town within the revolted district.

These failures and shortcomings on the part of Mr. Fish, unfortunately, involve us all in their disgrace, and may at some future time involve us in serious trouble, for judgment against a nation which—as represented by its official servants—"knows its duty and does it not," is certain to be executed. Our only salvation from the consequences of executive blunders lies in the speedy adoption by Congress of a policy which is not blind to facts, deaf to the appeals of a struggling people, or dumb to express the generous sympathies of Americans. It may be an unwelcome task for the majority in Congress to array itself in opposition against an Administration of the same political faith, but the President has lately shown his promptness to accept the friendly censures of a leading Republican Congressman against bureaucratic extravagance. We believe he would be still more ready to receive on the Cuban question a strong Congressional support of the views he is known to have entertained, and of which his closest and dearest counsellor was the most earnest advocate, even in the last agonies of death.

Moreover, the Republican party is in need of new and living issues which shall appeal to the same generous instincts as those which gave the party its first triumphs. The appeal of Cuba comes to it just in time to quicken and to give scope for the same noble sympathies which inspired it with all-conquering zeal fourteen years ago. The divine rule of justice metes out eternal blessings to the individuals who see and love the divine image in the poor, the afflicted, and the imprisoned. The same law applies

to free and strong nations which have opportunity to give at least moral sympathy to those whose bonds are not unloosed. If we fail to help Cuba, as we have helped all of her sister colonies in revolt against the accursed Spanish tyranny, the Republican party will incur the responsibility of violating not only its own traditions but those of our government. And a party, or a nation, which is false to its own principles, ought to perish from off the face of the earth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN WRITING.

— It cannot be said that we are without literary activity such as it is: the country teems with writers; the magazines and newspapers have no want of aid. Our own box, at least, is crammed. We have essays, tales, travels, sketches, poems, and the rest in abundance—the most of it, we are sorry to say, not good,—or good only in such an indifferent way, as to be quite as bad as bad. Nor is it for the want of talent that it is not better. In many cases the topics chosen are fresh and interesting; the manner of treating them original; the thoughts and sentiments often of a kind worthy of being reproduced; and yet useless. Why? For two reasons, not relating to the matter so much as to the manner. Our writers want independence, boldness, incisiveness, individuality. They seem to be afraid of something or somebody, and do not trust to their personality. They seem to be trying to keep on the safe side of an imaginary opinion; they want an authority for what they are doing; they pattern after some conscious or unconscious model. This is the more strange, because we here boast of our liberty so much, and say we are not like others. Then again, there is such a manifest absence of care, of study, of labor, of persistent, painstaking accuracy in what we do. As we have artists who do not

know how to draw the simplest forms, so we have writers who do not know the elements of rhetoric or even grammar. Not many weeks ago, we received a poem,—quite original in conception, often vigorous in language,—picturesque in epithet; and yet of the hundred lines or more, not twenty conformed to any known or accepted measure. It was thoroughly ruined for the want of a little patience of study. The same thoughts and words in the head of a man who knew his art, would almost make a writer's fortune.

We had written thus far, when, taking up an old number of this Magazine, we found in the same place these words:

“The great defect in it (American writing), is want of maturity and haste. Our writers do not take time to learn the secret of their own powers, to husband them with discretion, and to apply them with the most effectiveness and concentration. As the general life of the nation, so the literary life is hurried. A certain rawness and want of depth, a certain superficial elegance, in lieu of true beauty, marks too many of our efforts. But there is great strength at the bottom of us—a luxuriance of force even—which shows that there is no deficiency of genius, and only the absence of culture and care. We are an intense people, and intensity passes with us, often, for real vigor, for that calm and masterly control of the powers which is the sign of true greatness of mind. The mistake lies in supposing spasmodic vio-

lence an indication of strength, whereas it is rather an indication of disease."

That was said thirteen years ago: have we not improved in the interval? Hear what an ardent young friend writes us, at this very moment: "Now, my dear Mr. Editor, the time has come to give us a new and bold expression in narrative fiction. The public would welcome it; for the Irving *genre*, the Hawthorne *genre*, the Beecher Stowe *genre*, the Taylor *genre*, etc., etc., is complete for it; any repetition of them is incapable of giving a sensation of either delight or disgust. Our life has changed. Turbulent forces,—alarming us with the crimes and lawlessness of the most desperate and wretched in the cities,—are palpitating in our society. Meanwhile, our current literature shows no word drawn from the intensely individual life, which is making such havoc, and which, delivered from its ancient rulers, must now discover a natural law of subordination, or spend itself in endless anarchy. This force, so significant, so present in our life, is not in our literature, which in the magazine writing seems fed with turnip-juice rather than blood. How far is it from corresponding with the body and spirit of our secular life, which now gets utterance only in the daily papers,—gets a common and debasing expression in them; common and debasing because without a touch of poetry, or without a redemption of the ideal, which ennobles every outbreak, and lessens the harm of every transgression."

So far our young friend, whose insight seems to us keen and penetrating, and whose pluck we admire. We do not agree with him that the Irving or Hawthorne *genre* is passed or will pass: for, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever;" old Homer is still fresh, and the Antinous not superseded. But we certainly do agree with him that each age and country has its special life, and the true literature of that age and country must burst out of that life. Burst out of the old shell and then grow, as it can! The bursting, doubtless, will be painful,—

to the shell; but the growth pleasant to every body.

THEMES FOR WRITERS.

—Thirteen years ago, too, we wrote in this very place that our "young writers had no need to despair of proper and original themes whereon to exercise their talent." "Our American life," we said, "is comparatively untrodden ground, covered all over with rich and suggestive material." Uncle Tom had just then worked up one of the rich veins: "But," we asked, "were not the experiences of the emigrant and the settler full of stirring adventure, full of tragic incident, full of pathos, and not without their humorous side?" Who had broached even, much less exhausted them? Our uneasy, active, turbulent societies, with their peculiar extravagances, humors, crimes, littlenesses and greatneses, unlike in their littleness and greatness any others,—who has yet expressed, in truth or fiction, the new life swelling and coursing through them? There, O young poet of the day, find your inspiration; there, O young novelists, take your scenes, and characters, and plots. Human nature is now what it was in Homer's time, in Dante's, in Rabelais', in Shakespeare's; its passions as strong and deep,—its fun as fine or boisterous,—the dramas of its life as complicated and mighty.

That was thirteen years ago, and what a tremendous history have we not enacted since; the grandest civil war of all time, to which the siege of Troy, the Republican revolutions of Italy, the Wars of the Roses, even the French volcanic outburst, were but trifles? What enthusiasms and heroisms, what sufferings, what darings, what meekness, what devotion,—what complicities and dislocations,—what ruptures of family ties, what breaches of personal friendships,—what heart-aches, and what rejoicings,—have we not seen; and so we say again, it is there, O artist, that your canvas can best be covered with deathless forms,—there, O singer, that you may catch the tones that will go echoing on forever.

LITERARY VITALITY.

— We gave some account last month of Mr. Bryant's fine translation of Homer, but we did not remark then, as we propose to do now, upon the wonderful instance of intellectual vitality that it furnishes. Mr. Bryant is in his seventy-sixth year,—a time of life at which most men retire from all active pursuits, and set themselves to nursing their various infirmities of body or mind. But he seems only to have ripened and mellowed with time. His faculties are just as vigorous now as they were in his prime, while his temperament has become far more genial. We remember the days in which the poet was supposed to be a little too saturnine,—cold, reserved, severe,—some folks who were not intimate with him said, sour,—but those days have passed. He has softened with the suns; his sympathies, while they have broadened, have also deepened; and his old age, hale and hearty, is yet fresh, tender, impressible.

This tenacity of vigor is the more remarkable in Mr. Bryant because he began so early. He was a precocious child, almost a prodigy, but, unlike most prodigies, did not fade with his infancy. Like Pope, "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." At thirteen years of age he was already an author. A little thin volume of his, issued in Boston, as long ago as 1807, contained a satire, a long poem on a Spanish subject, several occasional pieces, and translations from Horace,—all exhibiting unusual maturity of thought, and no little skill in versification. It was in fact so remarkable a production, that when a second edition came to be published, his neighbors were obliged, in order to convince public incredulity, to prefix a certificate that the poems had been actually written by the boy.

After an active literary life of more than sixty years, this boy has got to be an old man, whose self-allotted task each day is fifty lines of Homer. As a relief from domestic sorrow,—for something to do to divert his mind, he turns the *Iliad*—twenty-four books of it, are there not?—into English, and such En-

glish, we venture to say, as after two dozen trials at least, it has never before found.

The late venerable Josiah Quincy used to relate that he once asked John Adams how he managed to keep up his activity to so late a period of life. The answer was, that an old man is like an old horse; to get any thing out of him you must keep him going all the while. That is apparently the philosophy of Mr. Bryant. The only parallel to his intellectual vigor that we now recall is the imperial Goethe,—who from mere childhood, when he wrote tales and poems for his playmates, up to his eightieth year, when he had just completed the second part of *Faust*, never allowed a day to go without its line, never a year without its book of some kind. May our laureate go on, in the same way, to the same advanced period, and far beyond!

WANTED FOR NEW YORK.

— First of all, a government, for it has none now; then a good government, for a bad government is quite as bad as none at all; and finally self-government, which is the only government that is good. Self-government should be the cry of all parties; but the first requisite, the indispensable condition of self-government, is the purity of elections. If the ballot-box does not record the public voice, but the wishes and desires of the rascals in the community, self-government is worse than a wretched farce. It is the most dangerous of impositions. Parties may debate the comparative merits of commissions or charters; but the preliminary question is the franchise. Neither commissions nor charters are worth a straw, if we cannot have honest suffrage. The Democratic party now in power may give us the best of charters, but if it does not give us a fair and free choice at the polls, its best of charters will be a mockery and a snare. For the suffrage here in New York City affects the suffrage in New York State; the suffrage in New York State may turn the scale in a presidential election; and a Presidential election determined by fraud, would be the first step to civil

war. We have had enough of that, but we shall have more, incontinently, unless the good men of all parties unite against the ruffians and scoundrels. So we say very frankly to Messieurs the politicians, —no matter what party they are of,—that if they don't give us "Honesty at the Polls," we, the plain people, who don't care much for their parties, will put them out of office, in a way they will not like.

THE NEW SOUTH.

— The Virginian of old times was a man who sat eternally in the shade of his veranda, smoking cigars, drinking mint juleps, and reading the Richmond *Enquirer*, of which three solid pages at least were filled with communications from "Senex," "Publicola," "Decius," and "Aristides," on the true meaning of "the principles of '98." When he was not reading the *Enquirer* he was discussing the same subject with his neighbors, or a chance guest. But all that has changed: the war which grew out of the aforesaid "principles of '98" has swept away its votaries; and if we may believe our contributor in another place, the talk now is only of emigration and railroads. Virginia, like all the other Southern States, has discovered, by hard experience, that her true interests lie in the direction of diversified labor. All of them want, and they demand, more men, and more money. They want agriculturists, they want mechanics, they want miners, they want manufacturers, they want roads, they want teachers; in short, men of means, of brains, and of energy of all kinds.

But what an opportunity for us of the North is thus offered. A ride of twelve hours will carry us into a State which, as to the development of its inexhaustible resources of wealth, is to-day not so old as California, and which offers a more certain prospect of success. There is a rich soil to be tilled, mines to dig, railroads to be built, manufactories to be operated, and a thousand avenues open and daily opening, to a certain independence for the laborer.

To the capitalist who seeks an investment in legitimate enterprise, the South

presents the most tempting inducements. Heretofore the production of sugar, cotton, and tobacco engaged nearly all its industry and capital actively employed. The system of forced labor necessarily confined its efforts to a comparatively narrow sphere. Cotton and wool were sent away to be spun and woven into fabrics, but the prolific supplies of iron, coal, lead, copper, have lain untouched till now.

JOURNALISM.

— The feature of this age is not so much democracy as journalism. It is aggressive, usurping, monopolizing. Here are four months of *Nature*, a weekly newspaper devoted to science. Twenty years ago the world would have expected as soon to see a morning journal of the Integral Calculus, or a Quarterly Review of the Asteroids. But even these would scarcely surprise now. Daily, weekly, and monthly, periodical literature presses into every field of thought, and libraries grow mainly by what is sifted out of it as worth storing up. The effects of this revolution in the republic of letters remain to be studied; will it help the coming of the dead-level period, when all men will be equal in intelligence as in rights, or will the broader fields of mind thus sown with thought-germs, give richer, fresher flowers and fruits of genius?

The result is certain: history, which is really made up of the changes in public opinion, quickens its pace. New questions arise, are fought over, and decided, in the press, before an elaborate book can get written. Disputants strike at the heart of a subject; broad principles tell, general methods of thought control every thing, details disappear, learning is diffused, differences of knowledge equalized; but mental vigor and breadth, the power to grasp and apply principles, and the literary force which gives to its words the character of events, only come into greater prominence. Vast learning is essentially aristocratic, but nothing is so democratic as genius; and as the authority of mere scholarship declines, the leadership of intellect becomes more pronounced.

FUNNY PAPERS.

— Practical art and science are yoked together before the car of civilization, but the former often gets ahead. So it is in journalism, which is a growth out of daily needs, and like other institutions, has grown at random, without a plan. Is it not time it had a theory—a science—defining its objects and adapting its forms to them? Are there no general laws which determine success and failure; or must its experiments go on endlessly, as blindly as now? For instance, it is announced that a new journal of fun is about to appear, a regular issue, at stated periods, of so many pages of jokes. Is there a place for it? Surely the only tediousness on earth that is “chemically pure,”—elementary dreariness without dilution—is that of professional wits. Do you ask how it is that “funny papers” are the least amusing? How could it be otherwise? Reading the best of them is like dining on pepper or living in an atmosphere of nitrous oxide. And those which are not the best! Punch is an agreeable mixture at times; but punch, with some acid and some sweetness and a little that is stimulating, always has for its largest ingredient water; and even punch is soon insipid alone.

There is one huge joke in the history of comic journals in this country that quite overshadows their contents; it is their profits, recorded in the same chapter which describes the snakes in Iceland and the cities in the moon. The conditions of a genuine success in such an enterprise are hard to fulfil; the first of them is, that life shall become a pantomime and society a burlesque. Fun alone is fun out of place. Ridicule is often a useful edge to the weapon argument, or a happy ornament in literary art; but it is a poor sword that is all edge; a house built of mouldings won't sell, nor a daughter that is all dress get a husband. Wit plays on the surface of argument as humor on that of passion; both are of the temporary and external, rather than of the essential and enduring, and must grow upon what is permanent of itself, in order to live. “Shadow and shine is

life,” and the art that speaks truly of life must present them together. Hence it is that Mercutio and Jack Falstaff are immortal; that Thackeray is a greater humorist than Hood; that the Gothic Cathedral, with its grim absurdities in odd corners, impresses the general imagination more deeply than the Grecian temple; and that art, standing on the broader thought of these days, may look forward to a future greater than its past.

POETRY NOT DEAD.

— It is nonsense to say that industrial and scientific activity excludes the artistic and kills poetry. No one branch of true human culture impedes another; as a strong arm is no hindrance to healthy lungs or a clear head. There are symptoms of an actual revival of poetry, on a grand scale. Never before was poetic taste so widely diffused; never was there such an audience for great singers; never did the echoes of true poets, which fill newspaper corners and ladies' albums, tell of so high a standard, and so earnest a longing for imaginative satisfactions. Great poems take their form and tone less from individual genius than from the age in which it takes root. The Homer or Shakespeare born to-day could not write Iliads or Hamlets, but he would find his own work not less glorious, and the world is waiting for him.

BAD BOOK-MAKING.

— Among those poets whose fame rests rather on what they might have been than on what they were, those melancholy wrecks of sublime possibilities, scattered through history, as if to display the wantonness of Nature in her superfluity—among those whom he himself calls

“The inheritors of unfulfilled renown,”

Shelley is doubtless the most wonderful. He died in his thirtieth year, and left the Prometheus, the Cenci, the Ode to Liberty, the Adonais. Were he living to-day, a dozen of the active public men of England could still be his seniors, as would Pope Pius IX. and our useful fellow-citizen, Professor S. F. B. Morse. What might not English poetry have

been, had he reached the age of calm and masterly production?

What he actually wrote deserves at least careful and respectful editing. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has just published Shelley's collected works, with a dull memoir and trashy notes, all of which might be pardoned had he honestly given us his author's text. But what is to be said of an editor who knows his place so little, as to change a poet's lines according to his own standard of English grammar, versification, and taste! In scores of places, Mr. Rossetti points out his own changes and defends them; and he makes a general confession of many more, in which not even a note enables

the reader to restore the original. This is the sadder, since the editor had the materials for making his book thoroughly illustrative of Shelley's poetry; and having made one of the worst editions of any modern English poet in existence, he has probably closed this field against more competent men for an indefinite time. The memoir contains few important facts in Shelley's life not known before! When shall we have, either of him or of Byron, the best subjects for such works in this century, a biography that is trustworthy and readable? To a masterly writer, this is one of the most tempting patches of untilled or badly tilled land in all the world of letters.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

— If any thing can be considered curious in the history of literature, it is the fact that some English writers have made reputations in America years before they have made them in England, and that others have preserved reputations in America years after they have lost them in England. If we may credit the statements of her biographer, the juvenile poems of Miss Mitford were more widely read among us than among her own countrymen; while the early poetical collections of Leigh Hunt, as "The Masque of Liberty" and "Foliage," were reprinted here, and popular, when they were only sneered at in the literary circles of London. As regards Hunt's prose, if it is not quite true that its first popularity was achieved here, it is true that its popularity has increased here as it has diminished elsewhere—a circumstance which would have delighted Hunt, if he could have foreseen it, for he was proud of the little American blood that was in his veins. His books are not exactly the kind which no gentleman's library should be without, but they are of the kind which one is sure to find among the best class of readers; a great library may be complete without Hunt, but he is indispensable to a

small book-case. Whatever he writes we read with pleasure and profit—the pleasure which comes from contact with a hopeful, sunny nature, and the profit we derive from an addition to our knowledge and our taste from the stores of a thoughtful, scholarly man. Of no modern writer can it be said with more truth than of Hunt,

"Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety."

Of this variety, we have just had a further instalment in the shape of *A Day by the Fire, and other Papers Hitherto Uncollected*, by Leigh Hunt, of which Messrs. Roberts Brothers are the publishers. These papers (there are twenty-six of them) were originally published in "The Reflector," "The Examiner," "The Indicator," "The Monthly Chronicle," and "The New Monthly Magazine." Why they were not collected by Hunt himself when he was making up volumes of similar papers we are left to conjecture, but it could hardly have been because he regarded them as inferior to the bulk of his essays. Some were probably overlooked in pure carelessness, others were probably rejected as containing material used in other forms, while a third class was evidently

laid aside as portions of a work he intended to complete some day. Among the last are the eight or ten papers on mythology and mythological personages—as fairies, genii, satyrs, nymphs, syrens, mermaids, &c., in other words, "The Fabulous World," which, by the way, was the title that Hunt meant to bestow upon the series when it was finished. He proposed at one time to complete it (he wrote to his friend John Forster), "and to add the miraculous goods and chattels belonging to my fabulous people, such as Enchanted Spears, Flying Sophas, Illimitable Tents that pack up in nutshells," &c.,—additions which would have been delightful, if Hunt had only made them. No other work with which we are acquainted contains so much information on the special subjects mentioned as these papers, which have all the grace and sweetness of Hunt's best manner. "A Day by the Fire" is printed as Hazlitt's, in a late English reprint of "The Round Table," but Hunt's claim to it appears the strongest. It is certainly not in Hazlitt's vein. In the paper on the "Retrospective Review" we are once more in company with the old English poets, Crashaw and Ford, each of whom tells us, in his own fashion, the beautiful story of the duel between the musician and the nightingale, the original of which may be found in Strada's "Pro-lusions." In the paper on "Fairies" we go back to Randolph's "Amyntas," with its most fairy-like of fairy songs in Latin. Hunt has published a translation of this sparkling little ditty in his Poetical Works, but it is not an entire one, as we remember, for there are three more stanzas, two of which we copy, as a necessary pendant to the received version:

"Now for such a stock of apples
Laud me with the voice of chapels.
Fays, methinks, were gotten solely
To keep orchard-robbing holy.

"Hence then, hence, and let's delight us
With the maids whose croams invite us,
Kissing them, like proper fairies,
All amidst their fruits and dairies."

If we have not said that we are glad to have this charming volume, we say so

now, and add the wish to have whatever else of Hunt's prose the anonymous editor of "A Day by the Fire" may discover yet uncollected.

— No poet who has appeared of late in England has shown a better claim to the laurel than William Morris, and no poet has shown less sympathy with the tastes and the powers of endurance of modern readers. That he is an epical poet Mr. Morris probably knows as well as we do, but that he is living in the least epical age of English poetry he does not seem to know at all. Would that he did, and were content to mould his creations on a smaller scale; or, that being impossible for him, would that we could be content to take him and them as they are. "The Ring and the Book" is rather a long poem, if we are to consider it one poem, and not twelve different poems on one theme; "Paradise Lost" is rather a long poem, and as Byron said,

"A little heavy, though no less divine;"

"The Canterbury Tales" make rather a long poem, though not a heavy or divine one; but neither "The Canterbury Tales," nor "Paradise Lost," nor "The Ring and the Book" will compare for length with Mr. Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, of which Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just published the third part. Though it fills a volume of 382 closely printed pages, it covers only three of the twelve months in which the wanderers are supposed to relate stories, and contains only six of their stories. Now as the volume which preceded it, and which contained twelve stories, and covered six months, was only about fifty pages longer, it is difficult to say to what length "The Earthly Paradise" may extend before it is finished. We have finished what we could of it, and that was not much, we frankly own; but what we have finished has convinced us that Mr. Morris is, if not the greatest, certainly the most beautiful of all the epical poets of England, not even excepting his master Chaucer, whose kindly, hearty, gracious spirit breathes through all that Mr. Morris has written. When to Chaucer's genius

for narrative we add Spenser's genius for versification, we indicate in few words the merits and defects of "The Earthly Paradise."

— That a great poet like Tennyson should have imitators is not to be wondered at, since no great poet was ever without them; but that a small poet like Patmore should have an imitator is to be wondered at, since no small poet before ever had them. Tupper is without imitators, outside his family of daughters, who reflect the lambent sweetness of their sire, like the gentle Tupperides they are; and Mackay is without imitators, unless there has risen some new people's poet, of whom we have not heard. But Patmore is luckier, for his "Angel in the House" has wakened the woman in some other man's house, who has written *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal*, which has attracted attention enough in England to justify Messrs. Scribner & Co. in reprinting it. It is "The Angel in the House" over again, with a difference and a weakness for which Patmore is not responsible, or no more responsible than a gentleman may be supposed to be for the fit of his small-clothes on his valet,—we ought to say, in this case, on his wife's maid. "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" is a watery dilution of "The Angel in the House," but, unlike that diluted production, which extended to three or four volumes, it is complete in one, and a thin one at that. It is, in brief, the heart-history of a young person who is married to a man older than herself; who flirts and is punished for flirting; and, finally, who recovers the heart of her husband, who has loved her all along as husbands do not always love their wives in modern poems. The outline of a little novel is therein, and if we could read it as the outline of a little novel it might pass muster,—but not otherwise. Not when read as a *bona fide* Journal, and certainly not when read as a poem. The reader of this, however, is not obliged to read it, and in this immunity from yawning is happier than the present writer, who, having to take small poetic beer occasionally, prefers

to have it fresh from the original cask, rather than stale and flat from such a second-hand mug as this.

— It is to be regretted that writers who have once made "hits" have kept on endeavoring to repeat those "hits" until there was nothing left to strike, except, perhaps, their own reputations, which these literary boomerangs are very apt to demolish. This tendency of the guild is one into which the writers of America generally fall, especially the writers of American humor. We have two series of "Biglow Papers," at least two series of Autocritical and Professorial Papers; and we forget how many series of the sayings and doings of Davy Crockett, Jack Downing, Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Josh Billings. We hoped that the author of the "Hans Breiman Ballads" (Mr. Charles G. Leland) would keep his place among the select but honorable few who know how to let well enough alone, but our hope has been disappointed, for here we have a new venture of his, *Hans Breiman in Church*, from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. It makes a handsome pamphlet of fifty pages, or thereabouts, and contains six new ballads, one narrating the adventures of the hero in Dixie's Land during the Rebellion, another the mishaps, so to speak, which attended a friend of the author's in his attempt to have the original "Breiman Ballads" set up for a first edition which never appeared. The remainder consists of "I Gili Romanesko," a gipsy ballad, with a translation into German-English; "Stenli von Slang," a burlesque on the romantic balladry of Germany: "To a Friend Learning German," and "A Love Gong." To say that we have not been amused by these grotesque trifles would be untrue, and to say that they have satisfied us, even as contributions to the peculiar humor of our German-English-speaking population, would be untrue. They are amusing, and they are tedious. They are also false,—a fault we find with most volumes of American humor (no matter in what dialect, real or imaginary, they

are written) which lack the small merit of interesting, sometimes of being intelligible to, the people who are rendered ridiculous. It is but a poor sort of humor which is successful only abroad, and which depends for its success on bad spelling, as does that of Ward and Billings, and upon a heterogeneous and evanescent jargon, like that of the "Breitman Ballads," of which we hope we have now seen the last.

— If the world of elderly readers have much to rejoice at in the excellence of their fictions as compared with those they read of old, the greater world of younger readers have more to rejoice at in the excellence of the stories that are now written for them. The difference is not so great between the novels of Maria Regina Roche, and Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and those of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, as between "Evenings at Home," "Sandford and Merton," and the incomparable little tales of Hans Christian Andersen. We thought so when we first read them in the English editions, and we think so now that we have just read them in the complete American edition, of which the initial volume, *Wonder-Stories Told for Children*, has lately been issued by Hurd & Houghton. They are happily named, for among the various elements which enter into their composition the element of wonder is most prominent, holding the same place in them that it does in the romantic epics of Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser, and that its more vigorous development, Imagination, does in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest." What Shakespeare is in the drama, that Andersen is in fairy-lore, of which he is the greatest master that ever lived. The fairy-story tellers of France, Charles Perrault, Madame D'Aulnoy, and their followers, occupy but a scanty plot of ground in Fairy Land beside his possessions,—a mere strip of barren, workaday soil on the hither edge of his fruitful, enchanted kingdom. They who most resemble him are the nameless tellers of German *Märchen*, and to him the best of these "Are as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine."

It was observed of Swift by Stella that he could write beautifully about a broomstick, but Anderson exceeds Swift, in that he can write beautifully about many a smaller thing than a broomstick,—a pack of cards, a pen and an inkstand, a tinder-box, a tin soldier, a slate-pencil,—in short, about any thing that we can name. His invention is inexhaustible.

— No biography of an American man of letters was ever received with such favor as "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving," by his nephew Pierre Irving, and, if the value of a work of the kind depends on the freedom with which the author delineates himself and his pursuits therein, no biography of an American man of letters ever deserved to be received with such favor. Of the many who have in some sort followed authorship here, few are worthy to be considered authors, and of those few Irving was the one above all others who was most an author. He lived and had his being in an atmosphere of books; his choicest companions were bookish men like himself. No American ever knew so many English authors, and no American was ever held in such high esteem by them. They were his friends as well as his correspondents, and his reputation was as dear to them as their own. The biography of such a man, even when the materials for it are scanty, is likely to be entertaining, and when they are as abundant as in Irving's case, it is certain to be so. Popular when it was first published, the biography of Irving is popular still, if the sale of several editions may be regarded as a test; and if the usual test of a cheap edition is to be trusted, it is destined to be still more popular. So, at least, think the publishers (G. P. Putnam & Son), who have just issued a new edition of *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*. It is in three volumes (eighteenmos, or thereabouts), each of which is illustrated with a portrait of Irving. The printing of these little volumes is every thing that ought to be looked for in a cheap edition of a favorite book: of this there are also two finer editions in different sizes.

LITERATURE AND ART ABROAD.

MONTHLY NOTES PREPARED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

— A NOTABLE feature of the English literary journals, which certainly will not diminish their interest for readers on this side of the Atlantic, is the increasing space which they devote to notices of American works. This is a necessary result, not only of the greater practical nearness of the two countries, but also of the growth of their mutual acquaintance, in the best intellectual sense. Perhaps the publishing arrangements which have been established, perforce, through the absence of any international copyright, have further conduced to give the two kindred literatures a common field of circulation. The result, imperfectly as it is still manifested, is one to which no author of either country can be indifferent. There is nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, much to be gained on both sides, through the contrast and reciprocal study of contemporaneous thought and modes of expression. Intelligent criticism is valuable in proportion as it is impersonal, and perhaps the writers to whom the material and tone of a work is most foreign are best qualified to judge of its artistic merits. The difference between the higher literary culture of the two countries is one of quantity rather than of quality, and their mutual criticism will tend towards the better development of each, without affecting that individuality which is based upon the diverging life of the people.

We find a notice of General Lee's edition of his grandfather's book in the *Saturday Review*, wherein the following curious sentence occurs: "The honest family pride displayed in the account of the ancestry of the Lees, . . . and which incidentally vindicates against Northern sneers the claims of the leading families of Virginia to an illustrious origin, is an interesting trait in a character so perfectly free from personal vanity or ambition!" The same journal asserts that the novel of "Fair Harvard" is "as far superior to Verdant Green in one way as to Tom Brown in another," though it seems, singularly enough, to consider both the athletic sports and the fagging system of Harvard as much more brutal than any thing

known to the students of English universities. Further, the reviewer, in speaking of Mr. Bryant's "Letters from the East," claims that the charge of "coldness, polish, and severity," made against the author in America, is a proof of his literary excellence. The *Pall-Mall Gazette* has a good-natured though sharp review of Mrs. Whitney's "Hitherto," showing (what many reviews do not) an actual acquaintance with the work and a careful estimate of its merits and blemishes. It is a good specimen of the manner in which a writer may be honestly and gently castigated, without showing ill-humor or prejudice. The Rev. J. S. C. Abbott is taken to task by the same journal for having, in his "Romance of Spanish History," made Don John of Austria Prime Minister of Spain in 1677, or 131 years after he was born. The *Athenæum* heartily commends Hans Breitmann's new volume, and reviews at some length Mr. Noyes' "History of American Socialisms," *apropos* of which it says: "The story of American failures in communism is a melancholy and yet suggestive narrative of human presumption and imbecility." Low & Co.'s *Monthly Bulletin* publishes a highly complimentary letter from the late Dean Milman to Mr. H. C. Lea, of Philadelphia, whose "Studies in Church History" has just appeared.

— Gustave Flaubert, the author of "Madame Bovary" and "Salambo," has just published a new romance—"L'Education Sentimentale." The story is absolutely nothing, being simply a record of the transition by which a sentimental French youth, with some cleverness, much power of sensation, and no principle, passes from his early innocence to a state of complete *ennui* and indifference. To our race, such a character is despicable; to the French reader, we suppose, it must present some kind of psychological interest. M. Flaubert seems to be a disciple of Balzac, with one of the latter's peculiar talents—he is an unrivalled word-painter of external life. Before writing "Salambo" he went to Tunis to study the scenery around ancient Carthage, and the clearness, precision, and fulness of his de-

scriptions, in that work, is almost painful. This last romance has the same merits, which—so highly is the French taste developed in regard to style, without reference to sentiment—are quite enough to insure its popularity.

— The life of Alexander Herzen, whose death has been recently announced, is intimately connected with the intellectual development of Russia, and belongs, in some measure, to the history of that Empire. He was born in Moscow, in 1812, of a Russian father and a German mother. As a student the expression of liberal views brought upon him a temporary banishment to Siberia, after which he entered the Russian civil service. In 1842 he received permission to travel, and in the same year published his first work, which was soon followed by two novels of Russian society, "Doctor Crupow" and "Whose is the Guilt?" He then settled in London, established a printing-office for the Russian language, and commenced the publication of his celebrated journal, *Kolokol* (The Bell), the success of which was phenomenal. Although prohibited, it was smuggled by thousands in Russia, read everywhere, and supported by such powerful friends, that every secret of the Russian Court was betrayed to its editor, yet all attempts either to suppress it, or to detect its sources of information, were powerless. For many years, the *Kolokol* was a power in Russia: it is difficult to say how much of the recent development of the nation is not justly due to Alexander Herzen. As the Russian press became free, the influence of his journal diminished, and it gradually passed out of existence. Herzen then retired to Paris, where he died.

— Gustav Freytag's last work is the "Biography of Karl Mathy," a statesman of Baden, whose life was none the less important for Germany from the fact that his field of activity was limited, but whose name and history are hardly known except to those of his own race and language. The biography has excited much interest (of a political nature) in Germany. With regard to its literary character there can be but one opinion: no living author writes better German prose than Freytag.

— The German papers state that the historian Gregorovius has recently discovered, among the archives of the house of Este in Modena, many valuable documents which throw new light on the history of the Borgia family. His "History of Rome in the Middle

Ages" has been so enriched by his recent researches that he has already projected an additional volume—the eighth. Six volumes have appeared, and have passed to a second edition, before the publication of the seventh. New editions of the Italian sketches of Gregorovius—exquisite prose idyls—are also about to appear.

— Mr. William Morris has a foreign rival in Paul Heyse, whose romances in verse have just been published in Berlin. They consist of detached stories, not connected by a common thread of narrative, like those of the English poet. The titles are "The Bride of Cyprus," "Urica," "King and Musician," "Michel Angelo," "Raphael," "Syritha," etc. Some are Italian, some Chinese, and some Scandinavian. It seems impossible to exhaust the productive power of the modern German poets. The last number of the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung* brings us reviews of nine new dramatic poems, besides a volume belonging to the class which Tennyson would style "Experiments"—an attempt to rhyme the ancient classic metres. Some of the specimens quoted are not wholly unsuccessful. The Sapphic and the Alcaic measures, in particular, adapt themselves easily to rhyme; but we cannot say that they are an acquisition of much value. In English, we must first naturalize the hexameter, before we can make any such doubtful ventures.

— The last representative of the first literary period of Russia died recently in Moscow, at the age of eighty. As Ivan Ivanowitch Lashetchnikoff, his name is better known at home than abroad. He was born at Kolomna, in the interior of Russia, fought in the war of 1812, afterwards devoted himself to literature, but produced nothing before his thirty-fifth year. His first work was an historical novel, "The Conquest of Livonia," followed by a second, "The Palace of Ice," both of which established his reputation. He afterwards wrote other historical romances, and dramas which were less successful. As the intimate friend of Puschkkin, Belinsky, and the other great poets and critics of the last generation, he will be greatly missed by the present, which has only the names of Turgenieff, Zagoskin, and a very few others, as the inadequate successors of the classic period.

— In the little city of Oldenburg, the four historical dramas of Shakespeare, Richard III., Henry IV., Parts I. and II., and Henry

V., were performed, not long since, on four successive evenings. This experiment, the result of which might not be so certain in New York, was brilliantly successful in Oldenburg.

— The first newspaper in Central Asia has just been issued in the city of Tashkend, in Turkostan. It is called the *Türkistanskaja Vjedemosti* (Turkestan News), and will contain articles in three Tartar dialects, as well as in the Russian language.

— Four Greek letters of the Emperor Frederick II. accidentally discovered in the Laurentian Library at Florence, have been published in Naples. They were apparently written during the last year of the Emperor's reign, and have a biographical if not an historical value.

ART.

— THE Museum of the Louvre has lately recovered a work of art to which a singular history is attached. It is a group of "Venus, fettered by Cupid," executed by a French sculptor in the seventeenth century. Louis XIV. gave it to a French ambassador to China, as a present to the Emperor. For two centuries it stood in the Summer Palace at Peking, and finally became part of the booty of a French soldier, at the taking of the Palace, a few years ago. An officer purchased it for a hundred francs, sold it for five thousand, and it has now been purchased for the Louvre for thirty-five thousand.

— Castellani the younger, in Naples, whose private museum of antique gold, glass, and porcelain (commenced by his father in Rome) is unique among European collections, has recently undertaken to reproduce the art of majolica painting. A careful study of the splendid specimens in his possession has already enabled him to attain the same brilliancy, and apparent permanence, of color.

— The City Hall at Crefeld is to be decorated with historical fresco-painting. A prize of 200 thalers was offered for the best design, the judges to be—whom does the American reader think? The City Council of Crefeld? A committee of private gentlemen? Or perhaps the North-German Parliament? Not at all:—a Committee chosen by the *Art Union* of Westphalia and the Rhine! They have a curious way of managing such matters in Germany: these subjects "of the despot and the tyrant" consider that those who select painting or sculpture for the adornment of public edifices, should know something of Art! The consequence was, they

gave the prize to the best design: the lucky artist, Jansen, is further to receive 6,000 thalers for the execution of his cartoons in fresco, the subject being the history of Hermann, the deliverer of Northern Germany from Rome.

— A Vienna journal gives the details of a regular system of manufacturing antique furniture, weapons, jewelry, fayence, and majolica, which, we imagine, will carry grief to the hearts of many American collectors. It seems that in Cologne, Paris, Brussels, Venice, and other cities, there are permanent manufactories for the production of these articles, employing a great number, not only of ordinary workmen, but also of second-rate artists. The wood for the ancient furniture is carefully chosen and carved, the worm-holes artificially produced by puncture, the corners and sharp outlines rubbed with sand-paper, dented, bruised, and chipped, a rich, dark color added, and then dust thrown into all the sunken parts. Frequently a genuine piece of old furniture is taken, divided into many parts, and each part made the foundation for an artificial reproduction of the whole. The effect, of course, is exactly the same, and for all practical purposes, the furniture is as good as the genuine,—but, then, there's the price that one pays!

— Johanna Codecasa, *née* Saller, who sang the part of *Zerlina* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," when the great composer first produced that opera in Prague (about the year 1788 or '90), died in Milan, last November, aged 100 years. Lorenzo Da Ponte, well known in New York, who wrote the libretto of the opera, was also almost a centenarian at the time of his death. The composer, only, was loved of the gods.

— The venerable sculptor Tenerani, who recently died in Rome, is one of the few artists of his day, who had both the intelligence and the courage to dispute the assumed dictatorship of Canova. He left that master as a young man, and attached himself to Thorwaldson, whose purer influence is manifest in all his works. Taste, harmony, and a fine appreciation of classic art, rather than originality of genius, characterize Tenerani's sculpture. He deserves to be remembered for his admirable arrangement of the statues in the Roman museums, and his careful restoration of imperfect antiques.

— The English residents of Simla—a sanitarium in the Himalayas, on the borders of Cashmere—have recently held an art exhibition, the artists being the officers of the

post, the civilian residents, and their wives. Both the oil and water-color schools were represented, and some of the pictures exhibited genuine artistic merit. But fancy the result, if the guests at Long Branch, Saratoga, or Newport, during the season, were to attempt the same thing!

— The famous church of Santa Croce, in Florence, is now almost completely renovated. All the old whitewash and dust of centuries has been scraped away, and the original face of the walls brought to light, in which process many interesting discoveries have been made. In a chapel of the right transept, a series of frescoes, dating from the fourteenth century, and supposed to have been painted by the pupils of Giotto, is now revealed. Everywhere in Italy, there seems to be a renaissance of the spirit of restoration and research. Societies have been formed for carrying on excavations in hitherto neglected localities, money is subscribed, and the assistance of the Italian Government has been secured. Great as are the treasures which the soil of Italy has already yielded, they are probably but a small proportion of those which may yet be recovered.

— The great Cathedral of Cologne is steadily approaching completion. During the year 1869, the southern tower grew thirty, and the northern twenty, feet in height. It is believed that by the end of 1871, both towers will have reached the base of the pointed octagonal lanterns, after which the labor will be greatly diminished. In the meantime the decoration of the interior and the growth of the immense main portal have not been neglected.

— A curious form of religious intolerance has recently been manifested in Munich. The painter Kaulbach exhibited a new picture, representing the inquisitor Peter Arbues, in the act of sentencing a heretical family to be burned. He immediately received threatening letters, to which he at first paid no attention, but the indications soon became so strong that the picture would be destroyed unless it were withdrawn from exhibition, that Kaulbach was finally compelled to remove it. This is another triumph of that spirit which canonized certain inquisitors a few years ago, and would now restore the Inquisition, were such a thing possible.

— This year is to witness a renewal of the celebrated Miracle-Plays, at Ammergau, in Bavaria, the last exhibition (which was attended by an immense crowd of foreign tourists) having occurred in 1860. The plays, representing the Creation, the Life of Christ, and various other Mediæval mysteries, will be given at intervals, lasting from May until September. Arrangements have been made to entertain an immense number of strangers.

— The literary and artistic journals of Germany give prominent reports of the steps taken towards the foundation of a Metropolitan Art-Museum in New York. The progress of the undertaking is followed with the deepest interest, and probably no other movement in the direction of a higher culture would awaken such a hearty sympathy abroad.

— The destruction of ancient monuments in Turkey goes on at a rate that awakes the lamentations of civilized Europe. That the old walls of Constantinople should be torn down, is perhaps inevitable; but when we hear that the so-called "Palace of Priam" at Assos is nearly destroyed for the sake of building-stone, and that the aqueducts of Ephesus have been levelled to make a railroad, the impression is not favorable either to the Turkish Government or its foreign advisers. When all of Asia Minor is opened to travel by the railways now projected, the doom of the ancient cities will be sealed.

— A very interesting discovery has been made near Gythion (Sparta). It is a square-hewn stone, on the top of which five conical holes have been carefully cut. Each of these holes is of different capacity, and each has engraved near it the name of the liquid measure, for which it furnished a normal standard. This, we believe, is the first instance of the actual liquid measure of the Greeks having been restored.

— The Swiss archaeologists are excited over the discovery of a Druid altar in Canton Zurich. A careful inspection of this and other Druidical stones in the neighborhood has led to the discovery of about 60 hieroglyphical figures, which have not been deciphered. Without doubt these remains date from the ante-Roman times.

P U T N A M ' S M A G A Z I N E

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. V.—MAY—1870.—No. XXIX.

OUR CELTIC INHERITANCE.

ONE of the oldest specimens of Gaelic poetry tells how Oisín was once enticed by fairies into a cavern, where, by some of their magical arts, he was for a long time imprisoned. To amuse himself during his confinement, he was accustomed to whittle the handle of his spear, and cast the shavings into a stream which flowed at his feet. His father, Finn, after many vain attempts to find him, came one day to the stream, and, recognizing the shavings floating on its surface as portions of Oisín's spear, followed the stream to its source and discovered his son.

The legend may illustrate the fate of the people to whose literature it belongs. It has been a perplexing question, what became of that old Titan, who led the van in the migrations of races westward, and whom Aristotle describes "as dreading neither earthquakes nor inundations; as rushing armed into the waves; as plunging their new-born infants into cold water"—a custom still common among the Irish—"or clothing them in scanty garments."

Two thousand years ago, we know from Ephorus and other classic geographers, the Celts occupied more territory than Teuton, Greek, and Latin combined. They were wonderful explorers; brave, enterprising, delighting in

the unknown and marvellous, they pushed eagerly forward, over mountain and river, through forest and morass, until their dominion extended from the western coasts of Ireland, France, and Spain, to the marshes around St. Petersburg and the frontiers of Cappadocia: in fact, they were masters of all Europe, except the little promontories of Italy and Greece; and these were not safe from their incursions. Six centuries before Christ, we find them invading Northern Italy, founding Milan, Verona, Brixia, and inspiring them with a spirit of independence which Roman tyranny could never entirely subdue. Two centuries later, they descend from their northern homes as far as Rome, become masters of the city, kill the Senate, and would have taken the capitol, had not Camillus finally repulsed them. A century later, they pour into Greece in a similar way, and would surely have overrun that country, had not their profound reverence for the supernatural—a characteristic not yet lost—led them to turn back awed by the sacred rites of Delphos. Their last and most formidable appearance among the classics was in that famous campaign—a century before Cæsar—when the skill and bravery of Marius saved the Roman republic.

Entered, in the year 1870, by G. F. PUTNAM & SON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of N. Y.

Then the scales turn : the Romans become the invaders, and the Celts suffer ruinous defeats. In that great battle with Quintus Fabius Maximus, Cæsar tells the Gauls two hundred thousand of their countrymen were slain. Through nearly all the vast territory they once inhabited, the Roman empire became supreme; and where Rome failed to gain the supremacy, the persistent Teutons, pressing closely on their rear, generally completed the conquest. Everywhere, at the commencement of the Christian era,—except in the comparatively insignificant provinces of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Armorica,—this great Celtic people vanish so suddenly and so completely from history, that their former existence soon seems like one of the myths of a pre-historic age. In those regions where the Celts retained their identity, prolonged political and religious animosities have tended to throw into still greater oblivion all mementoes of their early greatness. Their English rulers have treated them as members of an inferior race. Glorifying in his popular misnomer, the Anglo-Saxon has generally ignored all kinship with those Britons whom his ancestors subdued.

"Little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands;"—says Lord Macaulay in his positive way, and dismisses the subject as unworthy farther notice. "When the Saxons arrived, the ancient Britons were all slain, or driven into the mountains of Wales;"—say our common school histories. "Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood;"—says Lord Lyndhurst, with traditional virulence, in that speech which Sheil so ably answered.

Still, scraps from Oisín's spear have been floating down the current of Anglo-Saxon life. In language, words have arisen; in politics, literature, and religion, ideas and sentiments have been expressed, bearing unmistakably the impress of the old Titan, and showing conclusively that his spirit, although so long concealed, was still influencing and inspiring even the descendants of Hengist and Horsa.

These evidences of a Celtic presence

in the Anglo-Saxon the wonderful discoveries of modern science have made so manifest, that men are beginning at last to recognize them; and, during the past century, some of our most noted scholars have been patiently endeavoring to trace them to their original source.

Philology, although one of the youngest of our sciences, has been of the greatest service in putting us on the right track in our search after this pioneer of nations. By its subtle art of drawing from words—those oldest palimpsestic monuments of men, their original inscriptions—it has cleared up many a mystery in which the old Celt seemed hopelessly enveloped. Those adventurous tribes who first forced their way through the western European wilderness, left memorials of their presence which no succeeding invaders have been able to efface, in the names they gave to prominent landmarks; so that "the mountains and rivers,"—to use a metaphor of Palgrave's,—"still murmur voices" of this denationalized people. The Alps, Apennines, Pyrenees, the Rhine, Oder, and Avon,—all bear witness to the extensive dominion of the race by whom these epithets were first bestowed. By means of these epithets, the Celts have been traced from their original home in Central Asia in two diverging lines of migrations. Certain tribes, forcing their way through northern Europe, seem to have passed from the Cimbric Chersonese—or Denmark—into the north of Ireland and Scotland; others, taking a southerly route, finally entered the south of Great Britain from the northern coasts of France and Spain. The British Isles became thus the terminus of two widely-diverging Celtic migrations.

Naturally, the different climatic influences to which they were subject during their separate wanderings, tended to produce a variety of dialects and popular characteristics. Those old Britons, however, whom Cæsar first introduces to history, all belonged substantially to one people. Zeuss, after a patient drudgery of thirteen years in

investigating the oldest Celtic manuscripts, has proved beyond question, in his *Grammatica Celtica*, not only that the Cymry, or modern Welsh, are of the same family with the Gael or modern Irish and Scotch, but that all the Celtic people are only another division of that great Indo-European family out of which the nations of Europe originally sprang. More extensive philological investigations have indicated a still nearer relationship between the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon. In Great Britain, Celtic names linger not only upon all the mountains and rivers, with scarcely an exception, but upon hundreds and hundreds of the towns and villages, valleys and brooks, and the more insignificant localities of the country.

How frequently Aber and Inver, Bod and Caer or Car, Strath and Ard, appear in combination as the eye glances over a map of England. Is not this fact most naturally explained by the supposition that Briton and Saxon grew up together in the same localities so intimately, that the latter found it most convenient to adopt the names of places which the former had already bestowed? The Celtic root with Saxon suffix or prefix, so often greeting us in any description of English topography, certainly hints at a closer amalgamation of the two races than school histories are wont to admit. So the language we daily speak, frequently as it has been denied, is found strongly impregnated with Celtic words, and many of these our most idiomatic and expressive. Balderdash, banner, barley, basket, bicker, bother, bully, carol, cudgel, dastard, fudge, grudge, grumble, harlot, hawker, hoyden, loafer, lubber, nudge, trudge,—may serve as specimens. The unwritten dialects which prevail in so many parts of England, give still more numerous examples of this Celtic element.

If we turn now to our family surnames, we shall also find indications of a similar race amalgamation. The Cymric Joneses are only equalled by the Saxon Smiths. Take any of our ordinary directories, and how many Cymric

names you find like Lewis, Morgan, Jenkins, Davis, Owen, Evans, Hughes, Bowen, Griffiths, Powel, and Williams. Scarcely less numerous are the Gaelic Camerons, Campbells, Craigs, Cunninghams, Dixons, Douglasses, Duffis, Duncans, Grahams, Grants, Gordons, Macdonalds, Macleans, Munros, Murrays, Reids, Robertsons, and Scotts.

Although the application of these surnames has been a custom only during the past four hundred years, still they show that, at some period, we must have received a large infusion of Celtic blood.

Physiology has also something to say on this subject. A careful comparison of the different physical types has shown that the Celtic is found almost as frequently among the English as the Saxon. The typical Saxon of olden times had the broad, short oval skull, with yellowish or tawny red hair. The old Celt had the long oval skull, with black hair. Climate undoubtedly modified to some extent these types, the northern tribes of the Celts possessing lighter hair than the southern; still, these were generally the distinguishing physical characteristics of the two races.

How, then, have these characteristics been perpetuated? Retzius, one of the best Swedish ethnologists, after making extensive observations and comparisons, gives it as his opinion that the prevailing form of the skull found throughout England is the long oval, or the same which is found still in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. His statements are confirmed by many other ethnologists. Somehow, after crossing the German Ocean, the broad, roundish-headed Saxon became "long-headed." And his hair changed. Yellow, or tawny red, is by no means now the prevailing color among the Anglo-Saxons. Any English assembly will show a much greater proportion of dark-haired than light-haired people. Different habits and occupations have undoubtedly contributed somewhat to effect this change. Germans and English have alike grown darker during the past one thousand

years; still, the marked difference which to-day exists between the Anglo-Saxon and his brethren on the continent is too great to be accounted for,—except through some decided modification of the race relation. The Celts are the only race to whom such modifications can with any propriety be attributed.

Whence came, then, this popular opinion that the old Britons were either destroyed or expelled from the country by their Saxon conquerors? Are the statements of history and the conclusions of modern science so contradictory in this matter? Let us see. At the Roman invasion, 55 B. C., Great Britain seems to have been thickly settled. Caesar says: "The population is infinite, and the houses very numerous." In one battle, 80,000 Britons were left dead on the field; and in one campaign the Romans lost 50,000 soldiers. It took the Roman legions nearly three hundred years to bring the southern portion of the island under subjection;—and then that great wall of Severus—seventy-four miles long, eight feet thick, twelve feet high, with eighty-one castles and three hundred and thirty turrets,—was erected to secure the conquest from the warlike tribes of the north—a stupendous undertaking, surely, to protect a province so worthless as Macaulay asserts!

Ptolemy enumerates no less than twenty British confederacies—with great resources—south of this wall, and eighteen upon the north. During the five centuries of Roman dominion, they steadily increased. There was not sufficient admixture of Latin blood to change essentially the Celtic character of the race. The Latins came to control, not to colonize. When Rome, for her own protection, was obliged to recall her legions, thus relinquishing the province which had cost so much time and treasure to secure, we are distinctly told most of the Latins returned, taking their treasures with them.

What, then, became of the numerous Britons who remained? Their condition was deplorable. Accustomed to rely upon Roman arms for defense and

Roman magistrates for the administration of law, they were suddenly deprived of both defenders and rulers. While Latin civilization had developed their resources enough to make them a more tempting prize to their warlike neighbors, it had rendered them almost incapable of guarding the treasures they had gained. They had grown unwarlike—had lost both weapons and their use.

Moreover, a crowd of rival aspirants at once began a contest for the vacant throne. It is not difficult to believe the statements of our earliest historians, that many, thus threatened by external foes and internal dissensions, were ready to welcome as allies the Saxon marauders, preferring to receive them as friends than to resist them as foes. The Saxons evidently were determined to come; and the Briton,—with characteristic craft,—concluded to array Pict and Saxon against each other, hoping, doubtless, both would thus become less formidable.

Those Saxons also came in detachments, and at different intervals. They were generally warriors, the picked men of their tribes. Finding a better country, and a people without rulers, they quietly determined to take possession of both. Their final ascendancy was gained, not by superiority of numbers, but by superiority of will and of arms. It seems utterly incredible to suppose, that, in their little open boats, they could have transported across the German Ocean a multitude great enough to outnumber the original British inhabitants. All accounts indicate that they were numerically inferior. Nearly one hundred and fifty years of hard fighting were necessary before Saxon authority could take the place of the Roman.

The Welsh historical Triads tells us that whole bodies of the Britons entered into "confederacy with their conquerors"—became Saxons. The Saxon Chronicle, which, meagre and dry as it is, still gives the truest account we have of those dark periods, states that whole counties, and numerous towns within the limits of the Heptarchy,—nearly five

hundred years after the first Saxon invasion,—were occupied almost entirely by Britons; and that there were many insurrections of semi-Saxonized subjects in the different kingdoms. Bede, speaking of Ethelfred as the most cruel of the Saxon chieftains, says he compelled the Britons to be “tributary,” or to leave the country. The great mass of the people seem to have chosen the former condition, and to have accepted their new rulers as they had done the old. There is not the slightest evidence of any wholesale extermination by the Saxons, or of any extensive Celtic emigration, except two passages found in Gildas, our earliest historian. In one of these, he speaks of the Britons as having been slain like wolves, or driven into mountains; and in the other, of a company of British monks guiding an entire tribe of men and women to Armorica, singing,—as they crossed the channel in their vessels of skin,—“Thou hast given us as sheep to the slaughter.”

Gildas' statements are so contradictory and erroneous, as every historical student knows, that they must be received with great allowance. He evidently hated the Saxons, and shows a disposition, in all his descriptions, to exaggerate the injuries his countrymen had received. Undoubtedly the Saxons often exhibited the savage ferocity common in those days, killing and enslaving their enemies without much compunction; undoubtedly many of the British, who had been Christianized, fled from the pagan violence of their conquerors to the more congenial countries of Armorica and Wales; but that most of them were obliged thus to choose between a violent death or exile, is sufficiently disproved, I think, by the evidence already given.

The adoption of the Saxon language is also sometimes cited as evidence of the destruction of the old Britons; but conquerors have very often given language to their subjects, even when the subjects were more numerous than themselves. Thus the Latin was adopted in Gaul; thus the Arabic followed the conquests of the Mussul-

mans. Yet there is nothing but this argument from language and the statements of Gildas—which later historians have so blindly copied—to give any foundation to the common opinion of an unmixed Saxon population. All other historical records and inferences indicate that the Anglo-Saxon—when that name was first applied, in the ninth century—represented as large a proportion of Celtic as of Teutonic blood.

Future invasions effected little change in this proportion. The Danes, indeed, increased somewhat the Teutonic element, although they made fearful havoc among the old Saxons; but the Normans brought with them fully as many Gauls as Norsemen; and since the Norman conquest, the Celtic element has rather increased than diminished.

It is fitting that the Lia Fail, or stone of destiny, which Edward I. brought from Scotland, and upon which the Celtic kings for many generations had been crowned, should still form the seat of the English throne, and thus become a symbol—although undesigned—of that Celtic basis which really underlies the whole structure of Anglo-Saxon dominion.

If it be admitted, then, that the Celt formed so large a proportion of those races out of which the English people were finally composed, it becomes an interesting question whether any of their spiritual characteristics became also the property of their conquerors. What were these old Celts? Did their blood enrich, or impoverish, the Saxon? Did they leave us any inheritance beyond certain modifications of speech and form? An answer to these questions may also serve to confirm the conclusions already stated.

We do not get much satisfaction to such inquiries from contemporary historians in other lands. The self-complacent classic troubled himself little about neighboring barbarians, provided they did not endanger his safety or tempt his cupidity. That they traded in tin with the seafaring Phœnicians, three hundred years before

Christ; that, in the time of Cæsar and Augustus, they had many barbarous customs, but had also their chariots, fleets, currency, commerce, poets, and an order of priests who were supreme in all matters pertaining to religion, education, and government;—these, in brief, are the principal facts gleaned from the meagre accounts of Greek and Roman writers concerning the inhabitants of the Ultima Thule of the ancient world. Saxon historians add little to this information. From the time of Gildas to Macaulay, they have generally viewed the Celt through the distorted medium of their popular prejudices.

The Celt, then, must be his own interpreter; yet the Celt of to-day, after suffering for so many centuries a treatment which has tended to blunt and destroy his best talent, and after long association with foreign thoughts and customs, is by no means the best representative of his pagan ancestors.

In some way—through their own productions, if possible—we must get at the old Celts themselves before we can determine with any certainty how many of our popular characteristics can be attributed with any propriety to such a source. Aside from their language, which we have already alluded to, their oldest works are those weird megalithic ruins—scattered all over western Europe, and most numerous in Brittany and Great Britain. That these were of Celtic origin, seems indicated both by their greater number and perfection in those countries where the Celt retained longest his identity, and by certain correspondences in form and masonry with the earliest known Celtic structures,—the cells of Irish monks, and the famous round towers of Ireland.

Those round towers,—after being variously explained as fire-towers, astronomical observatories, phallic emblems, stylite columns, &c.,—Dr. Petrie has very clearly proved were of ecclesiastical origin, built between the fifth and thirteenth centuries, and designed for bell-towers, strongholds, and watch-towers. Yet these cells and towers alike exhibit the same circular form and dome roof,

the same ignorance of the arch and cement, which are revealed in many of the older and more mysterious ruins.

If we suppose a mythical people of the stone age preceded the Indo-Europeans in their wanderings,—and there seems no need of such a supposition, since it has been so clearly shown by some of our best pre-historic archæologists, that the transition from implements of stone to iron has frequently taken place among the same people,—it may still be said these ruins are entirely dissimilar to the productions of such a people in other lands: they mark a higher degree of civilization, and show clearly, in certain cases, the use of metallic instruments. Some of them reveal also great mechanical skill, forethought, and extraordinary command of labor. Most of these ruins are at least two thousand years old. They have been exposed constantly to the destructive influences of a northern climate;—and any one who has noticed the ravages which merely six centuries have wrought upon even the protected stonework of English cathedrals, can appreciate the power of these atmospheric vandals;—they have suffered even greater injury from successive invaders; and still few can gaze upon them to-day without being impressed with their massive grandeur.

Of the vast ruins of Carnac, in Brittany, four thousand great triliths still remain; some of these are twenty-two feet high, twelve feet broad, and six feet thick, and are estimated to weigh singly 256,800 pounds. Says M. Cambray: "These stones have a most extraordinary appearance. They are isolated in a great plain without trees or bushes; not a flint or fragment of stone is to be seen on the sand which supports them; they are poised without foundation, several of them being movable." In Abury and Stonehenge there are similar structures, not as extensive, indeed, but giving evidence of much greater architectural and mechanical skill. They are found also in different parts of Great Britain and the Orkney Islands and the Hebrides.

How were these immense stones transported—for there are no quarries within several miles—and by what machinery could the great lintels of Stonehenge, for instance, have been raised to their present position?

We may smile incredulously at the learned systems of Oriental mythology which enthusiastic antiquaries have discovered in these voiceless sentinels of forgotten builders, but can we question the evidence they give of scientific proficiency—superior to any ever attained by a “race of savages”?

Their cromlechs, or tombs, exhibit clearly the same massiveness. The Irish people still call them “giant beds,” but they give us no additional information concerning the people whose skeletons they contain;—unless there be a suggestion in the kneeling posture in which their dead were generally buried, of that religious reverence which characterized them when alive.

In the Barrows—or great mounds of earth—which they seem to have used at a later period as sepulchres, we do get a few more interesting hints concerning their early condition. In these, large numbers of necklaces, swords, and various ornaments and weapons in gold and bronze,—some of exquisite workmanship and original design,—have been found, showing at least that they had the art of working metals, and many of the customs of a comparatively civilized life. All these relics, however, although interesting in themselves, and confirming the few statements of classic historians, only serve to correct the popular notion concerning the savage condition of the old Britons. They leave us still in ignorance of those mental and spiritual characteristics which we are most anxious to discover.

By far the most extensive and valuable material for determining the character of the ancient Celt, although the most neglected, is presented in their literature. Few persons I imagine who have given the subject no special investigation, are aware how extensive this literature is, as found in the Gaelic and Cymric tongues. In the library of Trinity

College, Dublin, there are one hundred and forty manuscript volumes. A still more extensive collection is in the Royal Irish Academy. There are also large collections in the British Museum, and in the Bodleian Library and Imperial libraries of France and Belgium, and in the Vatican;—besides numerous private collections in the possession of the nobility of Ireland, Great Britain, and on the continent.

To give an idea of these old manuscripts, O’Curry has taken as a standard of comparison the Annals of the Four Masters, which was published in 1851, in seven large quarto volumes containing 4,215 closely-printed pages. There are, in the same library, sixteen other vellum volumes, which, if similarly published, would make 17,400 pages; and six hundred paper manuscripts, comprising 80,000 pages. Mac Firbis’ great book of genealogies would alone fill 1,800 similar pages; and the old Brehon laws, it is calculated, when published, will contain 8,000 pages.

The Cymric collection, although less extensive, still comprises more than one thousand volumes. Some of these, indeed, are only transcripts of the same productions, yet many of them are original works.

A private collection at Peniath numbers upward of four hundred manuscripts; and a large number are in the British Museum, in Jesus College, and in the libraries of various noblemen of England and Wales.

The Myvyrian manuscripts, collected by Owen Jones, and now deposited in the British Museum, alone amount to forty-seven volumes of poetry, in 16,000 pages, and fifty-three volumes of prose, in about 15,300 pages; and these comprise only a small portion of the manuscripts now existing. Extensive as are these collections, we know, from trustworthy accounts, the Danish invaders of Ireland, in the ninth and tenth centuries, made it a special business to tear, burn, and drown—to quote the exact word—all books and records which were found in any of the churches, dwellings, or monasteries of the island.

The great wars of the seventeenth century proved still more destructive to the Irish manuscripts. The jealous Protestant conquerors burnt all they could find among the Catholics. A great number of undiscovered manuscripts are referred to and quoted in those which now exist. From their titles, we judge more have been lost than preserved. So late as the sixteenth century, many were referred to as then in existence, of which no trace can now be found. Some of them may still be hidden in the old monasteries and castles. The finding of the book of Lismore is an illustration of what may have been the fate of many. In 1814, while the Duke of Devonshire was repairing his ancient castle of Lismore, the workmen had occasion to reopen a doorway which had been long closed, in the interior of the castle. They found concealed within it a box containing an old manuscript and a superb old crozier. The manuscript had been somewhat injured by the dampness, and portions of it had been gnawed by rats. Moreover, when it was discovered, the workmen carried off several leaves as mementoes. Some of these were afterward recovered, and enough now remains to give us valuable additions to our knowledge of Irish customs and traditions. It is by no means improbable that others, similarly secreted in monasteries and private dwellings, may still be discovered.

In O'Clery's preface to the "Succession of Kings"—one of the most valuable of the Irish annals—he says: "Strangers have taken the principal books of Erin into strange countries and among unknown people." And again, in the preface to the "Book of Invasions": "Sad evil! Short was the time until dispersion and decay overtook the churches of the saints, their relics, and their books; for there is not to be found of them now that has not been carried away into distant countries and foreign nations; carried away, so that their fate is not known from that time hither."

When we consider, thus, the number

of literary productions which have been either lost or destroyed, and the number still remaining, we must admit that there has been, at some period, great intellectual activity among the Celtic people. How far back these productions may be traced, is a question which cannot now be discussed properly, without transgressing the limits assigned to this article. We can do little more, at present, than call attention to the extent of these writings, and their importance. Many of them are unquestionably older than the *Canterbury Tales*; they give us the clearest insight into the character of a people once great and famous, but now almost lost in oblivion; and, although containing a large amount of literary rubbish, they still comprise numerous poems, voluminous codes of ancient laws, extensive annals—older than any existing European nation can exhibit in its own tongue, and a body of romance which no ancient literature has ever excelled, and from which modern fiction drew its first inspiration.

Had this literature no special relation to our own history, we might naturally suppose it would repay investigation for the curious information it contains of a bygone age, and the intellectual stimulus it might impart. The condition of Ireland, to-day, is also of such importance to England and America—the Irish Celt, in this nineteenth century, enters so prominently into our politics and questions of reform, that every thing is worth investigating which can reveal to us more clearly his character and capacity.

But these productions of his ancestors have for us a still deeper significance. They are peculiarly our inheritance. Celt or Teuton, or both, we must mainly be; our ancestry can naturally be assigned to no other races. Much in us is manifestly not Teutonic. The Anglo-Saxon is quite a different being from all other Saxons. Climate and occupation may explain, in a measure, the difference, but not entirely. Some of the prominent traits which Englishmen and Americans alike possess, belong so clearly to the German,

or Teutonic people, in every land, that we do not hesitate to ascribe them at once to our Saxon blood;—but what shall we do with others equally prominent, and naturally foreign to Teutons everywhere?

Were these found peculiarly characterizing the Celts from their earliest history, might we not—must we not—with equal propriety also ascribe them to our Celtic blood?

If, then, it can be shown—and we think it can—that, not only before the time of Gower and Chaucer, but also before Caedmon uttered the first note of English song, Celtic wits and poets were busy expressing in prose and verse

the sentiments of their people, then these old manuscripts become of incalculable value in explaining our indebtedness to those Britons, who, as history and science alike indicate, contributed so essentially to our popular formation.

On some future occasion, we may present such illustrations of their antiquity and general character, as will make it appear still more clearly that the Anglo-Saxon is—what we might expect the offspring of two such varied races to become—the union of the varied characteristics of Celt and Teuton, stronger, braver, more complete in every respect, for his diverse parentage.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

IN TWO PARTS: I.

"Rerum natura sacra sua non simul tradit. Initiatos nos credimus; in vestibulo ejus hæc omnia."
SENECA. Nat. Quest. vii.

I.—THE PROFESSOR'S LETTER.

THE year in which the comet came I was living by myself, at the windmill. Early in May I received from my friend the Professor the following letter:

"COLLEGE OBSERVATORY, May 5.

"MY DEAR BERNARD,—I want to ask a favor, which, if you please to grant it, I honestly think will contribute sensibly to the advancement of science, without causing much disorder to your bachelor life. I want you, in fact, to take a pupil. There has come to us a very strange young man, who knows nothing but the mathematics; but knows them so thoroughly and with such remarkable and intuitive insight, that I am persuaded he is destined to become the wonder of this age. His name is Raimond Letoile; he is about twenty years old, and his nature, so far as I can determine upon slight acquaintance, is singularly amiable, pure, and unsophisticated. His recommendations are good, he has money sufficient for all his purposes, and I think you will find him a companion as well as a pupil, who, while giving you but little trouble, will reward you for your care by the contemplation of his unexampled progress. I want you to take charge of this

young man, my dear Bernard, because I have confidence in the evenness of your disposition, and the steady foothold you have obtained upon the middle way of life. He is an anomaly, and therefore must be treated with prudence, and a tender reserve such as we need not exercise toward the rough-and-tumble youth of the crowd. In fact, this young man Raimond Letoile is a unique and perfect specimen of that rare order of beings, which, not being able to anatomize and classify, owing to the infrequency of their occurrence, we men of Science carelessly label under the name of *Genius*, and put away upon our shelves for future examination. Letoile is certainly a genius, and when properly instructed, I believe he will develop a faculty for the operations of pure science such as has no parallel, unless we turn to the arts and compare him with Raphael and Mozart. He is a born mathematician. And when I say this, I do not mean that he simply has an extraordinary power of calculation, like Colburn and those other prodigies who have proved but pigmies after all—I mean that he possesses an intuitive faculty for the higher analysis, and possesses it to such a wonderful degree that all of us here stand before him in genuine amaze-

ment. He knows apparently but little about our systems of formulation, though every day rapidly advancing in technical knowledge. And yet, by processes not in the books, processes apparently original with himself, and which he is not able to explain, he has worked out with ease results such as have most violently exercised the highest order of mathematical minds. In a word, this extraordinary youth may be said to think in figures and symbols—the ordinary career of his reason is along the pathway of scientific formulæ. More than all this, his mind seems to have grasped at processes and solved problems which we cannot compass with all our skill, and which, with his present deficient powers of expression, he is incapable of interpreting to us.

"In all other respects, Letoile is utterly ignorant and unsophisticated—in effect, a mere infant. Of applied science, of history, of those simple matters which are the first steps of every school-boy, he knows nothing. Of the common phenomena of nature he has surprising small knowledge; nor is he much better informed about the ordinary observances of social life. To use the language of our venerable President, he could not seem less one of our own people had he been dropped upon this earth, a full-grown stranger, accidentally snatched from some other sphere where the customary interchange of thought is through the medium of mathematical formulæ.

"It is in order to obtain for him instruction in these things of which he knows nothing that we wish you to take him. I would myself teach him, gladly, but, as you know, my duties are already too many for me to hope to do him justice; and besides, the gregarious halls of a large college are hardly fit schools of life to a person so inexperienced and unsophisticated. We are confident that, if you will accept the charge of his education for a year or so, our young man will learn to walk so securely in the right paths that there will be no danger of his going amiss hereafter. We feel a responsibility toward him that is measured by the extraordinary character of his talents, and by his helpless, confiding nature. We are sure that, in asking you to share this responsibility with us, we are doing our duty by the young man, and at the same time are giving you an opportunity to do good which you will be glad to embrace.

"Should you accept this charge, my dear Bernard, you must treasure it sa-

credly, and administer it with rare judgment and tender solicitude; for I need not tell you, men like this Letoile are of too fragile and delicate a constitution to endure rough usage. We can send our earthenware to the well, but we must keep our finer porcelains indoors. And if any mental or moral hurt should come to the young man, we could not fail to be deeply grieved. Our Faculty look upon him as the professors of a musical academy are said to look upon a child possessed of one of those rare voices which do not appear more than once in a century—something to be treasured more zealously than the Sibelius's books.

"It has been well observed by one of the deepest thinkers of our century, that there is nothing in the nature of mathematical science which prescribes any boundaries to its infinite progress. There is no limit to the applicability of mathematics, for there is no inquiry which may not finally be reduced to a mere question of numbers, as notative functions of quantities and their relations. The limitation that *does* exist is in ourselves, in the imperfections of our intelligence, and the absence of power in our minds to go beyond certain processes and degrees of comparison and abstraction.

"It is only by the discovery of new and simpler methods that the human intellect is able to grapple with the overpowering multitude of new relations and conditions which come up as knowledge advances. And this rank growth of strange weeds in the garden of Science will always run beyond our capacity to eradicate them; for it is part of our unhappy constitution that we are more apt at imagining than we are at reasoning. Hence, we do right to look abroad for new methods and better processes of high analysis; for, while these subtler processes will of course open up to us a vast new field of questions beyond our grasp, they will at the same time give us power to solve many problems already presented, but as yet impracticable to our imperfect algebra.

"I need not tell you that the present advanced condition of mathematical science, as compared with other sciences, has not resulted from a methodical progression, but has been reached *per saltum*. It is not coördinate with the advancement of the race, but due to the sublime flights of individual genius. Our science has not crept along with common men on the face of the earth, but has leaped from point to point up the

giddy heights, under the impulses given to it by the minds of such uncommon men as Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, Pappus, Diophantus, Vieta, Descartes, Kepler, Newton, Leibnitz, Napier, Laplace, and the many other illustrious names which we delight to honor.

"A new genius, therefore, in giving us new methods, may virtually enrich the world with a new mathematics. Hence the sense of responsibility which we feel toward this young man, who seems to have at his control, could we contrive to develop them, new processes in our science of as great utility to us now as were those of Diophantus to the geometers of his day.

"In the light of these facts, should you consent to receive Rainond Letoile, you will understand the nature of the guardianship we wish you to assume, and will know how to bring him under such a general discipline as will best enable him to develop his rare gifts.

"Be kind enough to reply at once, and, if you will receive the pupil, let us know when he is to come, and how we are to send him.

"Sincerely your friend,
"CANOPUS PARALLAX."

I made answer to Professor Parallax that, though I did not feel very competent to teach ordinary pupils, much less such a transcendent genius as he described, and though, sooth to say, I had very little faith in meteors of that kind, I could not refuse to oblige gentlemen to whom I owed so much of my own education, and who expressed their desires in such complimentary terms. If the young man was willing to dwell in a windmill and put up with bachelor comforts and country fare, I was quite willing to receive him, whenever he was ready to come.

II.—CHERRY.

When I say that I lived in a windmill, I mean in what had once been a windmill. But its rotary powers had got crank, its sails were no longer patchable, even in a beggarly way,* the rats had gnawed the service out of its bolting-cloth, and all its functions had quite surceased in favor of the steam mill further down the river, long before I saw it.

* "Patch beside patch is neighborly,
But patch upon patch is beggarly."

When I did see it, it was little else than a clapboard ruin; but the independent attitude with which it lifted its burly figure, like a stout athlete squared for fight, suited my whim, and I rented it at once. The roof was all bemossed, but did not leak, and, without much expense, I fitted up a bedroom, a study (in which I took my meals), and had under the roof an ample chamber in which to adjust my telescope. Old black Nanny, who lived in a cleanly cabin close by, was my cook, my housemaid, and also my washerwoman. My books were numerous and select; the dear, delightful river was just at hand, and, when I was lonesome, or needed recreation, there was Cherry, only across the stream.

Perhaps Cherry had quite as much to do with my lease of the old windmill as Astronomy. For, though I was the same bookworm then as now, my heart was considerably younger, and my head not gray. I had just left college, and was so little used to beautiful women or indeed to women of any sort, that when I met Cherry I fell so under the charm of her frank, innocent loveliness, that it seemed I could never be done seeing her. So I rented the windmill. I could prosecute my studies there to great advantage, and then—
O Cherry!

She dwelt in a little low-roofed cottage, so close, indeed, that if there had not been so many trees and vines and honeysuckles and roses about it, I could have looked into the windows of her dainty room. The mill stood over against a point—"Windmill Point" 'twas called—on a little round knob of land, the only thing approaching to a hill in all that region. At its base was a scrap of road, no longer used, but white with splintered oyster-shells and pebbles; beyond this, a skirt of wiry grass, intergrown with wild asparagus and tangled with sea-weed, marking the limits of the tide; then, the river's margin, sand and pebbles intermingled, white and clean; next, the river, a limpid, clear, lake-like green width of fifty yards, which I could overcome with a dozen strokes of the paddle when I had

unloosed my little canoe from the platform made of two planks which I called my wharf. Once across, I used to tie my boat to the trunk of one of two graceful green willows that stood there dipping their long tresses in the water like mermaids bathing; and then, it was but a step up the bank—a sloping wave of the greenest sward—across the lawn, and up to the cottage-porch. I am quite sure grass never grew so green as it grew on that little lawn; nor could honeysuckles have been sweeter, nor roses more perfect, than Cherry's always were. I used to tell her it was her smiles made these things so sweet and perfect; and when I told her, she used to smile again!

The cottage was not much to speak of—that is to say, would not have been much without Cherry. It was ill-construed, old, leaky, and weather-stained, with small mean windows, and uneven rickety floors. There was nevertheless an appearance of quaint beauty about it such as I never saw in any other house, besides an air of that homely comfort which money cannot purchase, nor architect design. I never crossed the lawn, shady with various trees that grew how they would, nor stepped upon the low-roofed porch, hedged in and twined about with vines and flowers in all the careless grace of nature, but I was reminded how aptly all the scene fitted itself to Cherry, and chimed with her artless freedom and frank innocence of look.

One end of the porch was latticed, and on the frame a prairie-rose and a microphylla climbed in emulous rivalry which should first rest its topmost blossoms on the sill of Cherry's window, to sparkle back decoy responses to her morning salutations. All summer long, two great, high-backed, hickory arm-chairs stood on this porch, like sentinels, on either side of the hall-door, and in them, unless the weather prevented, the old people used to sit, Cherry's grandparents; for she was an orphan, and they were her only guardians. Two old, old people, so old you would not have had to stretch your fancy much to imagine that they came over in the first ship;

and here, the livelong day, they used to sit, dozing, nodding, or cackling out to one another or the person who was by, some little trifle left them by memory out of the forgotten past, a thin, withered joke, or a scrap of homemade wisdom, as solid and as frost-bitten as a grindstone apple. The old man smoked his pipe now and then, when Cherry would fill and light it for him; and the old lady knitted white yarn stockings, careless about the stitches she dropped in her dreams, for she knew that Cherry would take them up for her. Cherry, smiling, busy Cherry, was their good providence; and they sat there securely under her protection, very certain she would never fail them. A nice, old-fashioned, quiet, cleanly couple as you ever saw, with manners brought over from the last century, and garments to suit. There never was whiter cambric than that of the old lady's inside handkerchiefs, nor ever shoes that could shine in rivalry to the old gentleman's—which, indeed, must have been fashioned upon the same last with the shoes of the Reverend Mr. Primrose, of Wakefield.

It was a very pretty sight indeed, of an evening after tea, to see Cherry sit down in the low doorway between her grandparents, like a rosy *Pomme d'Api* betwixt two shrivelled, frosted pippins. She was the beau ideal of serene and happy maidenhood. One would have thought that, leading such a quiet life in the company of two decayed old people, she must have caught their silent, old-fashioned manners. But Cherry escaped these influences by the very innocence of her nature, and the innate deep joyousness of her heart. Besides, she had much to do, and lively companionship in it. There was her housekeeping and superintendence of the blowzy, but big-hearted maid of all work. There was her poultry—her foolish geese with their spraddling goslings; her chickens; her young ducks; her simple, confiding little turkeys, that would follow her about all day, lifting their bills and crying peep! peep! and hovering under her petticoat, and clambering upon her lap whenever they had a chance. There were her

flowers, and her kitchen-garden. Cherry was a true country-girl; she knew every tree and shrub, and all the wild flowers, and could tell you something about all the various inhabitants of the river—the crabs and the king-crabs, the oysters on the bar, the terrapins, the fish, the sticklebacks and toad-fish and shrimp; and also when it was time to catch them, and where were the good fishing stakes, what was the proper bait, and what state of tide and weather was most favorable for their cajolement. From infancy she had sat beneath the willows, and rambled along the shore, until she had come to feel a sisterly interest in each object, even to the toothsome man-anosays that squirted water up through the sand what time the tides were out, and the round milky-white pebbles that clustered on the shore like eggs in a basket.

Cherry did not observe exactly a city toilette, yet there was always something indescribably fresh and pure and womanly in her dress. I need not tell you she was pretty. She had not a figure to please the concoctors of heroines, being rather short and plump; but her healthy, springy gait, her peach-blossom cheek, her breezy hair, her soft brown eye full of goodness and sparkling with life, and her sweet, sweet mouth, in the dimples of which laughter lingered like a rippling eddy by a brook—these were better far than any heroic traits. Her even, lustrous teeth, gleaming out so often from between the smile-parted lips, and her wide, innocent, importunate eyes, made her seem more childlike than she really was. For Cherry was quite a grown woman, and, though to appearance simply a pretty, fond, domestic maiden, there was in her a lofty ideal, something that more than made up for the absence of artificial graces. She was a woman of perfect love and of perfect faith, and the grandest martyrs were no more than this. She had precisely that "heavenly beauty of soul" which awes us in Cordelia, and moreover, under the commonplace veil of her round of daily duties kindly done, and the shy reserve of a retired country

girl, she concealed an imagination warm and vivid, and that sacred fire of enthusiasm whose steady flame will only blaze upon the high altar of self-abnegation.

Does any one wonder that my canoe was often tied up at the willow trees, or that I tired of star-gazing, lorn bachelor that I was?"

III.—RAIMOND LETOILE.

In a few days my pupil came to me,—the handsomest youth that ever stepped upon this earth. A tall, statuesque figure, full of ease and grace,—an Antinous, carved first with careful chisels out of the purest marble, then, with some divine touch, warmed into shell-tints and the gleam and glow of life. And, though its tones were rich and soft, there was yet always a certain severe quality about this young man's beauty which prevented you from forgetting the marble from which he was carved. A touch had stirred him with the breath of life—it needed but another touch to crystallize him again forever, white and dumb, an image to make despairing sculptors break their tools.

I have never seen a face so free from every mark and trace of passion. There was not one feature, one line, one shade on which the sensuous instincts of man could place a smutchy finger. All was pure as virginity's self—purer, for its immaculate quality was not contingent, but a necessity. The fault of the face, indeed—if I may so express myself—lay in its very faultlessness. There was no expression you could dwell upon, no character, where each feature was but the perfectly proportioned part of a perfectly proportioned whole. Character means contrasts, discords, if you will, of various degrees, that combine to bring out harmony—this face expressed simple melody, too elemental to be analyzed.

From the very first of my intercourse with Raimond Letoile, there was a vague, confused impression made upon my mind of something lacking in him—some little link wanting to complete the chain which bound him to humanity. I do not know how to define this impression: indeed, 'twas like those shadowy dreams which melt out of our consciousness when we

waken in the morning, as the mists melt off from the meadows after the sun has risen above the trees. It was not intellect he lacked, for there he was clear and bright; nor truth, nor correct principles, nor purity of soul, nor a kindly, amiable, patient disposition; all these he had, in as ample measure as ever human being had them. But—was that human goodness which never seemed to be bearing up against any strain of temptation? Was that human kindliness, which knew no prejudices where it shed its light? Was that human sympathy which was—which was no sympathy at all, for it waked no responsive chord in the hearts of others? What was this puzzling something, for his deficiency in which I blamed and shrank away from this serene and lovely youth, who yet seemed to possess all the good qualities to which I could give a name? There he was, rich in mental power, full of all the virtues, easy, courteous, kind, the best and most tractable of pupils, the most complaisant of inmates, and yet—I could not understand my feelings toward him.

The best and most tractable of pupils he certainly was, but the most difficult of all pupils to instruct. For, how to teach a man who seemed to know everything in its essence and nothing in its appearance? who walked with the steps of a master amid the deepest arcana of Nature, yet had scarcely been taught his A B C? But, if it was hard to know how to teach him, it was not hard for him to learn. I had but to repair his ignorance of forms—the substance was already there, and ample grasp of mind to seize it. Strange scholar! taking a lesson in simple grammar and geography from me, suitable to a boy of eight, then turning to work out original solutions of the abstrusest problems in the higher geometry—problems which he solved as the young Pascal solved Euclid, before he had mastered the terms in which to express them, or the symbol by which to write them down!

In speech, Raimond was very fluent and pure. His vocabulary was rich and full, lacking only technical terms, and these he supplied periphrastically with

great readiness. Yet, it was different from our speech. Not different as a foreigner's would be, for his tones and accents were highly correct—but different because entirely free from idiom, because cold and faultless as that universal language must be, when men shall agree upon one that is to supplant the home-speech of the universal human race.

This young man knew what he did know by intellection, and not by experience. His senses had taught him comparatively nothing. If he saw a flower, and you told him 'twas a rose, you had further to tell him that the rose was a flower. Of space, except when mathematically considered, of color, of sounds, of all the various phenomena of things of which the senses take perpetual cognizance, and equally of all the various relations of man to man, he knew surprisingly little. Yet, as soon as he had acquired a few elements, his knowledge flowed in swiftly, for his faculty of observation was as alert as that of a child. I had but to lead him up the steps of any temple whatsoever of art or science—he needed no further help to find his way within, aye, even to those innermost, remotest shrines, to which only the most enthusiastic devotees may penetrate, and these but rarely.

I was not alone in receiving a certain impression of this young man's singularity—singularity not such as that which strikes us in the foreigner, unacquainted with our customs but practised in those of his own people, but singularity as of one who had dwelt altogether apart, who was not experienced in any modes whatever of human life—the singularity of an infant full grown, of a man newly born into the world. Other persons who encountered him received precisely the same impression. Poor old black Nanny, while shyly fond of him, and treating him as she might have treated a forlorn orphan girl fallen to her sole charge, was yet wofully afraid of him, and shudderingly sensible of the *aeris* atmosphere in which he dwelt.

"I don't believe he'd harm a fly, ef he knowed it," she would say to me; "but dars rael sperits guards ober him, onbe-

knownst to him, an' dey'd quick enough settle wid you and me ef we was to stroke him agin de grain. I knows people when I sees 'em, an' ef dat ar young man don't see ghosts and hold comflaburations wid sperits all de time arter dark when he goes mumbling about de house, den my name ain't Ann Eliza Simmons—dat's all!"

Of course Raimond Letoile had not been my pupil long before I took him across the water with me. Cherry had expressed much curiosity to see him ever since I had showed her the professor's letter; and besides, I wanted to see Cherry, and it would not have been courteous to leave the young man at home. The old people, in their dim, drowy way, welcomed him as my friend, and thought very well of him, as a nice young man who didn't make much noise about the house—a good trait, by the way, which they flattered me by supposing I possessed, sober old bachelor that I was!

But Oherry's reception of him was very much warmer. His rare and noble beauty, his evident purity of soul, his cold and lofty manners, his surpassing power of thought and speech, his remarkable introduction to me, and the whole deepmystery which seemed to engird him, were more than enough to entrance her, and startle her simple ways with a flood of new and thrilling experiences. Her faith more than made up for any doubts and suspicions I may have entertained. From the first hour of seeing him she *believed* in the youth, believed him to be the wonderful coming Genius for whom the good Professor was waiting—the Columbus who was to discover new worlds to Science—and, in her warm, enthusiastic fashion, congratulated me on the glorious privilege that had been accorded to me of teaching his *a b abs* to a young prince of wonders, whose shoe-latchet—I feel very confident—she thought I was not worthy to unloose. I must needs confess, this thing of being made the pedestal upon which my pupil might rear his figure with more commanding grace, did not suit me very well; but, what could one do? Oherry was a woman, and had a woman's faith—

a faith which pays no respect to reason, and defies the trammels of experience. She looked up to the stranger, saw in him that which she could not explain, which excited her wonder and her awe, and straightway she began to reverence and to worship. I could not help her doing so. I might indeed have pulled down the altar, but I could not have destroyed the idol, for that was engraven upon a woman's heart, and so was indelible forever.

But, how did the object of this enthusiasm and this worship receive them? How did he conduct himself toward his little devotee who had so promptly come to bow at his shrine? Sooth to say, his reception of it was the strangest part of this worship. To her, in her creative faith, he was one whom

"Fancy fetch'd,

Even from the blazing charlot of the sun,
A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
And fill'd the illumined grove with ravishment."

To him, on the contrary, she was apparently a very common person indeed, a mere simple girl, whom he had not looked at closely enough or thought sufficiently about to know whether she was even ugly or pretty. He treated her as we treat the *vin ordinaire* upon our tables, something not worth talking about, or even sipping daintily. Was he blind? was he insensible? Was his conversion from the chill marble a process not quite completed? Or, was he too proud to let one see what impression her grace and loveliness *must* have made upon him? I could not tell. All I knew was that his indifference provoked my anger, and I almost told her that her admiration and worship were paid to a stock and a stone. Even had Cherry felt this to be so, however, it would have made no difference in the degree of that admiration and worship. Her religion was self-rewarding.

I have spoken of Raimond's mathematical *studies*—but indeed that is scarcely the proper word. What he did in this way seemed done not by process of reasoning, but by pure evolution of consciousness. During the day his thoughts were bestowed in other directions, but,

after the sun was down and the stars had come out, he began, as old Nanny said, to go "mumbling about the house," not, as she fancied, in conversation with hobgoblins and spooks, but in a sort of intimate communion with abstract principles—I have to use paradoxical language to express paradoxical things—in a terminology which he could only feebly and faintly translate into our common algebraic formulation. You have perhaps noticed the constant habit which musical devotees have of emphasizing as it were the harmonious fancies that perpetually float through their brains, by drumming with their fingers upon whatever thing is nigh at hand. In the same way, as soon as night was fallen, Raimond Letoile's lips seemed to be counting off fugues from and variations upon the grand harmonies of the spheres, and the mystical properties of motion and number, in their widest and most transcendent generalizations. Now and then, as he advanced in knowledge of our common symbols, he would, by way of exercise as it were, set down fragments from these essentially *rhythmical* reveries—abstruse developments of the properties of recondite curves, unguessed corollaries and scholia from the general laws of the stellar spaces, and speculations within the profoundest twilight of the Calculus—demonstrations always complete and exemplary so far as I could understand them, but often, even when most carefully written out, as much too difficult for me, as the propositions of the *Principia* or the *Mécanique Celeste* would be to an ordinary schoolboy.

The room under the pyramidal roof of the windmill which I have called my observatory, was Raimond's favorite resort. I had pierced each face of the roof with a long sliding window, like the frame of a greenhouse, so that there was a good view of the whole celestial hemisphere, and, through my little telescope, good chance to study the more conspicuous objects of astronomical science. In this room Raimond spent the most part of every night, both when I was observing, and when I slept. If the night was cloudy, he also went to bed

and slept, a dull, leaden sort of sleep, as if the clouds upon the sky were casting their reflex shadows darkly over his soul. But when it was clear above, and the starry gems of night sparkled with fervor, there was no longer any cloud over his face, nor the vestige of any drowsy sigh. Then, indeed, a fine responsive fervor lightened up his brow, and he stood looking out and upward with unwearied, steady eyes, murmuring to himself like one in a trance—his murmurs growing deeper, his abstraction more profound, and his fervor wilder, as the night advanced. He must have had a very clear vision, for, on all these occasions, he would refuse the aid of the telescope, which, indeed, he never used, saying he did not need it. He seemed to have but little knowledge of our system of apportioning the stars into various constellations. He gave them names according to his fancy, and grouped them according to some recondite system of his own, which he could not explain to me in terms definite enough for me to comprehend.

I do not know that any one will be able to gather a clear idea of this youth from the few traits I have set down. My own notions about him were not clear, and, as the sequel will show, I had but scant opportunity to improve them. There were times, and especially at night, and while he was muttering to the stars, when I suspected that his intellect was diseased. But I could not look at him by daylight, nor converse with him, and find it possible to retain the suspicion. How could he be in any degree mad or distraught, whose brain was clear as glass and strong as steel, and whose soul was absolutely unmoved by any turmoil of emotion or temptation of passion?

VI.—ON THE PORCH.

Spring tripped away gladly, like a maiden to the dance, and summer came, with all its fruits and flushes. The heats streamed down, but Zephyr had always a breath to lend to the beautiful river, to ripple its green lustre withal, and teach it to remember May. Raimond and I quietly studied in the silent

old tower, and often, when evening came down with its opaline lustre upon the river, we would cross it to visit Cherry. And always we found her, dear Lady Apple betwixt the withered Pippins, sitting with the old folks upon the porch, dressed in some cool, airy lawn or muslin, and ready to greet us with bright, eager eyes.

One evening, after a very hot day, as we were lingering by her, while the old people nodded, and we rather mused in company with her cheerful prattle than replied to it or followed it, I suddenly bethought me to ask her for a song. And then, remembering she had not sung to me for a long time, I pressed her all the more. Cherry was not a "performer;" she possessed neither piano nor guitar; but she had a sweet, tender voice, with a thrill in it as clear and gushing as a wren's, and she sang with expression and feeling. So, after a glance toward Raimond as he sat indifferent in the moonlight, she took up the strain of a sort of half hymn, half ballad—a pure little melody such as mothers use to win their weary babes to slumber, by night, in the darkened nursery, when their reverent thoughts turn naturally to prayer and praise. Cherry sang sweeter than I had ever heard her sing before, I thought, and, as she sang, Raimond, listening, seemed just like one wakened out of a long, deep trance, who hears a celestial voice bidding him rise, and trembles lest he should lose some one of its strange, sweet vibrations. I gazed upon him with surprise as he sat there, motionless, attent, while his countenance was transfigured with a sort of divine rapture, and his eyes dilated in ecstacy; and, as I watched him, I said to myself: "Now at last he looks like a man!"

When the song ended he was silent a long while, gazing out upon the stars, which shone pale and dim in the light of the half-moon. At last he turned to Cherry, and said:

"That song has awakened strange memories in me! It is a voice from my home; a voice I have not heard before since I came here! You have been

there, Cherry; surely you have been at my home!"

"I am afraid not," answered Cherry, timidly; "I am but a little home-body, and have not travelled much."

"Your home!" said I—"where is it, Raimond?" for I had never heard him refer to the subject before.

He stretched out his hand toward the clustering stars, and turned again to Cherry.

"There!" he cried, "there is my home, in the cycles of yonder bright wilderness of spheres which you call Arcturus! There is my home; and since I was sent from thence I have had no word from home, until Cherry's voice uttered it just now, with such a familiar accent. Surely you are one of our denizens, Cherry, wandering, like me, a little while from home."

"Cherry's whole life is a poem, Raimond," I answered for her; "and a very sweet one. But it is only set to earthly music, after all, and I do not imagine she understands the language of the spheres."

"Yet she speaks to me in that language," responded Raimond, musingly.

"I do not know," was all that Cherry said; "I do not know, Bernard; but Raimond does know, far better than we."

"Raimond ought to know better than to let his fancy go astray, to bewilder poor little girls' brains with mystic metaphors."

"Metaphors?" answered he again, as if in doubt. "Is it all a mere metaphor, then, and am I merely one of you, and simply as you are? It cannot be! Tonight a long veil has been rent asunder betwixt me and the past, and I can trace myself far backward along dim distant paths, where I have never heard any mortal say he travelled. How should I read the language of the spheres, unless I pertained to them? Cherry has spoken our tongue also, she must needs be of our kindred. What I have always read in the numbers, I now seem to see plainly before me, like a vivid dream out of which I have just waked. The touch of her voice roused me to con-

sciousness again, as it was meant to do, for I have slept long. It was meant to rouse me, that thrilling, tender song! See there!" he cried, suddenly pointing; "did I not tell you 'twas time for me to be awake? See, there comes a messenger! It has sprung into view, like my vision, at the very sound of her voice! See it!"

"A messenger! What do you mean?"

"O Bernard!" cried Cherry, tremulously—"look! look! it is a comet—a new comet, that has just come into view!"

It was so.

Remote and dim, a mere faint, feeble, nebulous star, low down in the region of the Great Bear, with a long, streaming, shadowy dim veil, the new comet showed itself.

"Raimond," I asked, "have you ever seen this before?"

"Never," he answered; "it has but just appeared. It was wandering at will among the spaces, until her song reached it, and bade it come hither, for that we were here! It is a messenger from the cycles of Arcturus!"

Cherry had risen from her seat, and now stood close beside me, resting her hand timidly upon my arm. I saw that she was frightened, and full of awe.

"Why do you tremble, Cherry?" said I, "it is but a simple comet, as natural an appearance, as harmless, and quite as beneficent, did we know its uses, as yonder familiar moon."

"A comet!" said the old man, waking up out of his doze—"a new comet!" He shook his head with ominous gravity. "I do not like comets. I have always noticed that they bring war with them, and all sorts of calamity. The last comet we had my wheat was ruined by the rust. Where is it?"

He came to the steps of the porch where we were and gazed out toward the north, but his poor old eyes were too feeble to grasp so dim an object.

"I cannot see it," said he, returning at last to his chair; "wife, I cannot see the comet."

"It must be a poor sort of a comet, then," retorted she, disdainfully, "if you

cannot see it, for you always was famous for being far-sighted! Don't you remember the ducks you saw flying so far, when everybody else said they were quite gone out of sight?"

"I feel a sort of vague terror," said Cherry, with a shiver; "I do not like to think of these strange sights in the Heavens. Suppose one should fall upon our earth?"

"Not probable, Cherry," answered I. "They have their orbits just as other bodies in our system; they are as much part and parcel of that system as the round earth itself—nebulous bodies with wandering habits and uncertain hours, like men of genius I could name, but with good principles, nevertheless."

"Nebulæ!" rejoined Raimond Letoile, in a tone of strong protest—"messengers, I tell you, intelligent existences with souls of flame and lightning wings, set on to do the bidding of the superior spheres!"

"Pray tell me something about these wandering mysteries, Raimond," said Cherry, eagerly; "I am sure that if any body knows about them, you do."

"But, do you not know as well as I?" asked Raimond, lifting his beautiful head with swan-like grace, and turning his eyes toward her inquiringly. "You sang their song."

"It was only a simple ballad I learned from my grandmamma. I scarcely know about the little flowers of earth, much less the bright and beautiful beings of space. How should I know about them?"

"How should I know about them?" he said; "unless they are my kindred—free thoughts of the sublime spaces, as I am an imprisoned thought!" He went on, seemingly talking more to himself than to us: "I was yesterday reading in one of Bernard's books an Arabian tale of the Genie that was kept pent up within a narrow vase by the spell of a magic seal, until a fisherman came that way to drag his nets, and broke the seal, and let the spirit float aloof in a great cloud of vapor. Such a cloud, wandering free, and lighted up by a spark of the illumining universal thought, might

be one of those existences we call comets. What is thought? What is space?" he continued, with a certain rapture. "Only names which you bestow upon forces stirring within the Universal All—names for designation, but not for definition! Existence, substance, are but comparative degrees, after all, and that which is volatile and immaterial here in this dense, cross atmosphere, may well glow forth like a blazing, radiant world rolled grandly upon the more attenuated floors of yonder mighty Space."

"But I do not understand all that," said Cherry, naively.

"It is rank Spinozism, Cherry;" said I; "and if you could understand it, would only bewilder you the more. Do not quit your flowers for philosophy like that."

"I do not know what Spinozism is," Raimond replied; "what I have told you is simple truth, and Cherry will understand it, too, when she shall have gone thither to her home."

"Her home?"

"In the cycles of the radiant Arcturus!" said he, "whence sprung the thought whom you call Cherry."

"They must have beautiful thoughts there, then," I said, glancing at the girl who listened to him so eager and intent. But he did not notice how she was absorbed in him. He only said:

"They do indeed have beautiful thoughts there—thoughts too dazzling, bright, and warm for this poor, pallid air! I call to mind such a thought, even now—a thought flung forth from those mighty, mystic cycles, ages on ages ago. It was a little naked thought, like a new-born babe, scarce able to struggle with the immensity of space into which it was flung, and the immensity of being that ran thrilling before it like the long echoing vibrations of a harp. But even the little naked thoughts, unequal forces though they be, cannot perish, and this thought found the elements not unkindly. It wandered forth, a wee, tiny spark, and as it went it grew, until, like a long star-ray—like one of those long rays now streaming down from Vega, overhead—

it left its track along the wondrous spaces, far and bright and free. And the vital power within it spirited it on and on, with rushing speed, yet softly as the evening wind will waft you fragrance from the flowers. And ever as it came it waxed brighter and brighter still, and spread its radiance higher, a self-lighted, rosy mist, sailing among the spaces on seraphic wings. Ah! what a happy play-time had that infant thought, at its little sports among the spaces and the ages! Anon, however, a strange sadness seized it, a strange darkness overcame it, and the mysterious elder forces, gray and cheerless powers over which it had no control, caught it as it wandered, and dragged it downward to the face of earth, and imprisoned it there for ages. But, for all its sadness, the little thought was too pure and bright to have a darkling prison, so it was melted into the substance of a crystal spar, where it might shine and glisten at its will. And presently, when its time was ripe, a kindred ray from those far-off cycles glanced through it with a message, and gave it new powers, so that it rent its prison-house again, and, after strange transformations, walked the earth a full-grown man. Yet this man knew not who he was, nor why, until, this very evening, a kindred voice, singing, touched on the chord of memory, so that it thrilled with a million responsive echoes, and then the blinding veil passed upward, and all was very clear. Cherry! the new-born wandering thought was a thought from the cycles of Arcturus, and the ray that rent its prison-house in the crystal spar came from thence, also, and the voice that sweetly undoes the casket of memory has a like origin! Cherry, yonder is your home, and we will go back thither, you and I."

"A pretty myth! You have a poetic fancy, my pupil," said I. Then, seeing how Cherry stood before him, leaning toward him like one magnetized and entranced—seeing all her faith in him and enthusiasm for him—seeing how absolutely she accepted his mystic utterances for truth—seeing how, in her un-

conscious frankness, she was without concealment putting me away from her forever, like a thing of no account—me who loved her better than I loved my own soul—and suffering this unknown stranger to absorb her very being, as a flower's cup absorbs the dew—seeing all this, I cried out in the bitterness of my soul:

"Truly a pretty myth, little Cherry, but you must not let it create within you longings for Aroturus! For, spite of all he says, Cherry, you and I are

mere beings of this world, and we must not venture, even in thought, into regions where these 'superior intelligences' may look down upon us from their lofty heights, and treat us with contumely and neglect!"

But she did not heed me. She did not hear me. She only gazed still earnestly into his eyes, and cried, clasping her hands with rapture:

"Oh! what a beautiful life, Raymond! what a beautiful life is yours!"

NOTUS IGNOTO.

I.

Though mine be to give and yours to take,
 Mine to wander and watch and wake,
 Seeking for you a house of pleasure,
 Which you, as it chances, idly measure,
 Free to inhabit or forsake;—
 Mine to snatch the fancies flying,
 To paint with colors evanescent,
 So that the picture seems undying,—
 Bound, for you, to the task incessant,—
 Yet who shall say, that mine achieving
 Hath more desert than your receiving?
 Who shall decide, if Fate so chooses
 That one creates, and the other uses?

II.

I pine for the word that is not spoken,
 And perchance I speak it to you;
 The brittle thread of my dream is broken,
 And you have caught the clew.
 I strive for the inaccessible summit,
 I fathom the sea with a falling plummet,
 And yet I may lead you higher, deeper,
 To waters darker and mountains steeper,
 Than I can sound or climb:
 And the bird I loosen has power to pilot
 Your way to the fairest and farthest islet,—
 The bird of my brooded rhyme!

III.

Balance your loss with the chance of gain!
 One may beckon, and one attain:
 One fill the cup, and the other drain.
 One may struggle, and pant, and falter
 Open the temple-door and fall;
 While the other is set at the foot of it
 At once, by the guiding call!

Then, where his effortless feet are planted,
 Forth he walks through the realms enchanted,
 Fresh his eyes for the joy of seeing,
 His nostrils warm with the breath of being!

IV.

Song is the voice of the spirit's passion,
 The speech of a splendid dream:
 But all that my lips shall fail to fashion
 You may hear with a sense supreme.
 As the nightingale, in the twilight bushes,
 Soothes herself with melodious gushes,
 So is my song to me:
 But, as my soul from her chanting flushes,
 Till a thousand dreams go free,
 I, like the nightingale, may win me
 A glory beyond the song within me,
 Waking the soul in you,—
 And you thrill and tremble with thoughts undying,
 Your grander speech to my chant replying
 From the height of the stars, while I am lying
 In the darkness and the dew!

V.

Ah, yes! the beauty that brims existence
 Is not a wraith of the formless distance:
 But, near us ever, each moment misses
 The arms that fold and the mouth that kisses!
 With a simple word we may snare its blisses,—
 With a breath, a tone,
 An odor, blown
 From a bud the winds at our feet have thrown;
 And, Soul unknown, however thou starvest,
 One grain shall give thee the whole rich harvest!

VI.

An arrow carved on the rock am I:
 A cloud that points, in the lonely sky,
 The way the invisible breezes fly:
 Awhile to herald the holy places,
 Ere the sun dispels, or the moss effaces!
 Unknowing whose is the footstep fleeter
 That follows, overtakes and passes
 To the founts afar of waters sweeter,
 And the meads beyond of softer grasses!—
 Unknowing gladly, uncaring ever,
 How others may mount from mine endeavor,
 To the beauty whereof my brows are lorn,—
 The greener crown
 Of the dear renown,
 Silently woven and secretly worn,
 Whose leaves are bright from the raptures tasted
 By a living Soul in a Life unwasted!

PICTURES IN THE PRIVATE GALLERIES OF NEW YORK.

I.

GALLERIES OF BELMONT AND BLODGETT.

ART in our country, if not in modern society, seems to belong to our domestic life; and, instead of looking for it in public buildings and in the chapels of churches, we have to seek for it in private galleries and parlors: in a word, we find the best of it within the limits of the household. But perhaps only those who are exclusively interested in art know the extent and value of the art-treasures which are a part of the opulence of our wealthy men.

We propose to give a brief review of some of the finest private art-collections in New York, and we shall confine ourselves, in the present article, to the notable pictures in the galleries of Messrs. Belmont and Blodgett. Many persons interested in art will recall the vivid sensations of pleasure and the sudden revelation of modern art which the first exhibition of Mr. Belmont's collection afforded our New York public. We saw for the first time pictures by masters then celebrated, or since celebrated on the continent, but which at the time were almost unknown to us. Every department of painting was illustrated by contemporary painters of the French, Belgian, and German schools. Since that first memorable exhibition of the Belmont gallery, the taste and love of art have been much improved and extended in New York; and, to-day, we count fewer private gentlemen who spend money on doubtful or inferior old masters, more who buy examples of art from leading painters of the modern French school, and a few who understand that we have American masters whose works suffer no diminution of worth or of merit next to foreign landscape and *genre* painting.

Since Mr. Belmont's collection was placed before the public most of the no-

blest examples of American art have been produced. Since then, too, what striking specimens of French art have reached us; so that, what we just tasted in Mr. Belmont's gallery, we have nourished, if we have not satiated ourselves with, in the unstinted importations of our best picture dealers. We have been really able to make the acquaintance of the modern French mind through imported works of art; and, without crossing the ocean, have been able to see the elegant and correct and spirited work of men who are masters of the best methods of painting. If to most of us Delacroix and Millet and Flandrin are yet only names, thanks to Mr. Belmont and Mr. Blodgett and Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. John Taylor Johnson and Mr. Webb and Mr. Roberts, thanks also to Mr. Knoedler and Mr. Schaus, we directly know the actual character of the works of such men as Gérôme and Leys and Decamps and Merle and Meissonier, and all the French *genre* painters; and we can thank Mr. Avery for always having in his art-rooms some specimen of Boughton. How much zest, how much illumination has been communicated through the works of these renowned painters, but which so soon seem to be placed beyond the reach of the public. A little of all this zest and illumination may come to us again in renewing our acquaintance with Mr. Belmont's pictures. A fine specimen of Rousseau, two good pictures of Troyon, two admirable Meissoniers, a fine example of Baron Henri Leys, one Robert Fleury, three Willems, and—but instead of a catalogue of several hundred paintings, let us give our personal impressions of those of the first merit in the collection.

Painting is at its highest level when the artist has attained the most vivid

and harmonious and refined combinations of color in well-understood forms; and, for this reason, we are arrested first by a little picture by Decamps. It is simply an old barnyard after sundown; a golden glow of color is in the sky. How warm and luminous and harmonious and deep-toned is this picture! No opacity, no heaviness, no blackness; nothing thin nor cold. This old barnyard at twilight is, by the incommunicable gift of the painter, instinct with poetry—poetry such as touches us in the magic of Rembrandt's brush, and plunges us into melancholy reverie, or gives us a shock of pleasure like a thing of life.

It is but seldom that we meet with a picture by a pure colorist, or even by a fine tonist,—if the distinction is exacted. So few persons know what is color, so few have been educated to appreciate the fact that rank color, without quality or refinement and vividness, is not enough—is nothing better than the shrieking reds and blues of Horace Vernet's work—that it is difficult to make known the rare excellence of such a little canvas as this example of Decamps' art. Cálame and Louis Meyer are thin and heavy and cold;—the first is merely positive, and the last opaque in color compared with Decamps' picture; neither of these celebrated painters have any of the *magic* which makes us marvel before a Rembrandt or a Delacroix or a Rousseau. This little Decamps is certainly very insignificant by its subject, but how remarkable by its art. A man with any sense of the real triumphs of painting, of the mystery and genius which finds expression in painting, will turn from Louis Meyer's Christ on the Sea of Galilee, just as he would turn from the reading of Young's "Night Thoughts," or Pollok's "Course of Time," and palpitate with pleasure and surprise on hearing a line of Shelley, or of Burns, expressive of intercourse with nature. As the two last are full of what we call genius, of something that is personal and magical and moving, so the former are the pushed up and pompous expression of natures without natural sensibility and self-surrender, or are merely the cold

and positive result of the intelligence whose manifestation is always prosaic.

From Decamps' we go to Gallait's picture, which represents the "Duke of Alva and the Council of Blood." Nothing more concentrated and admirable is to be found in modern art than this specimen of Gallait's power. Memorable and intense as a dramatic and historical work, rich and luminous in color, low-toned, and executed with a free and conscientious touch, showing perfect mastery of form and color, it principally affects us as a dramatic conception admirably set before us, and fixes itself in our memory as one of the greatest examples of historic character thoroughly and nobly realized. It is as studied as Delacroche's finest things, but in point of color and depth of tone beyond Delacroche's most celebrated pictures. It is not a large picture, but how suggestive of that crushing despotism of Church and State which found in Alva and in the Inquisition its ablest, most inflexible, cruel, and remorseless agent and instrument! Gallait has painted that Duke of Alva whom Motley portrayed for us. Severe, able, vindictive, determined, so Gallait has painted him; a large, iron-like man, a man intent to find some weakness or resistance on which he can lay his crushing hand, and drown laughter and pride of life in sobs of blood, or hush both in the silence of prisons, or change them in the anguish of torture. Observe how well-considered is his action in Gallait's picture. He sits, one hand on his face, finger pressed unconsciously against his swarthy cheek, and his deep-set, but penetrating, steel-cold eyes look out from under gray, shaggy eyebrows; the other rests on the sword's hilt. Will, strength, force is in that face, but no sign of human tenderness, mercy, or love. In Gallait's picture there is a free and masterly understanding of form, and the rendering of the texture of flesh is such as is rarely found in works of so much interest to the literary and historical mind. The portraiture of character equals in interest the situation. But it is not Alva alone that is so strikingly placed before us, but here is that typical

monk, fanatical as though hell-flames were burning within him, impelling him, like a machine, to go straight onward to do the devil's work; and then we have a large, gross-jawed, heavy-lipped, sensual priest. How we detest both! The one white and bloodless as his victims; the other red and coarse, with a vitality as of an animal. The meaning of these faces is something quite beyond verbal expression. The painter has gone beyond the limitations of language; and it is a witness to the force of his work that we view each face and figure as actualities, and execrate them as we must. They do not suffer us to remain indifferent. We are their friends or we are their judges. Looking at this picture we recall some of Robert Browning's dramatic creations, and we think how intensely and vividly Gallait could place them before us.

From Gallait we turn to a little landscape by Theodore Rousseau—a little pond, a grove, a stony, broken country, a low horizon, and a sky full of formless clouds, but soft, vapory, and light. What a lesson this little picture is to us! The subject is in no way imposing; neither peaks, passes, nor famed rivers and lakes,—only the soil, a few trees, and the sky; but here, too, is poetry, the still, small voice of things speaks to us, the infinite is here; sadness and silence, and the subdued harmonies and natural look of objects. The manner is fine, the tones are deep, the color very transparent. Poor and noble Rousseau! it is the true expression of his own lonely and impoverished days of struggle and neglect; no doubt he painted it when, withdrawn in spirit as in body from the festivities of life, he sought in nature for that which corresponded with his moral experience. It is so that every unconventional painter seeks his subject. The experience of his soul determines what his eyes shall see and his hand reproduce—whether it be the passionless calm of basking hours under a summer's sun and an Italian sky, the glory of autumn in the gorges of mountains, or the forbidding solitudes of lonely ravines, or desolate moors under gray mists.

A picture of incontestable merit, and far more likely to be generally appreciated than Rousseau's landscape, is Achenbach's "Moonrise on the Coast." Mr. Belmont has no finer picture than this in his collection; it lacks only a certain tenderness of color which no German or Prussian has ever been able to get in his work. The feeble side of German and Prussian art is color. They are apt to be both earthy and artificial, deficient in sweetness and light and vividness. But they are vigorous and effective in method; witness the two examples of Achenbach's genius—coast-scene under an afternoon sky, storm-clouds broken up and light bursting forth, and a boiling surf—in fine contrast with the placid evening on the coast, with fishermen coming from the boats, which is the subject of the companion picture. Achenbach is one of the great painters of the world, and he has given us the poetry and life of the shores of the sea.

From so great a master of the northern school we naturally turn to another German, Knaus, who is probably the first *genre* painter now living. No one has excelled him in variety of character, naturalness, and humor. Mr. Belmont has one of his finest pictures, which represents a crowd of men, women, and children coming out of the town-gate, with fife and drum, about to keep holiday. Everything is in movement but the walls of the houses; a flock of geese scatter, cackling and flurried, ahead of the boys and musicians; the boys turn head over heels with happiness; the burly innkeeper carries his keg of beer, and laughs at his glad little boy, who trips along by his side; and back of him follows the village Adonis with two pretty girls. In spite of the types of poverty and suffering, which the artist has also rendered, the whole group seems alive with merriment and expectation. Just look at that crying baby, his little face red and swollen with vexation; he is not the most insignificant personage present. How individual is each character! How positive the type is put before us! And then, too, how pervasive is the music and jollity and movement of the figures

of this village procession! The painting and drawing is admirable; but, like Achenbach's work, the feeble side is color. But who is the Dusseldorf painter that has a fine sense of color? Our own painters are better endowed with that sense.

Mr. Belmont's gallery enables us to understand justly most of the art activity of the French and German and Belgian schools. It offers us nothing of American art to speak of but a Johnson and two Boughtons. The Belgian school is represented by Gallait and Leys—Gallait so romantic and natural, and Leys so homely and real in his art. If you wish to discover how a man can be a great painter without any sense of the beautiful, you must look at and think a long time before Leys' "Margaret and Faust," at the entrance of a cathedral. You might think that only in Bâle or in Nuremberg a painter could reproduce such homely figures and faces without being rejected and mocked; but honors have been won by Henri Leys even in Paris and in England, and criticism, such as it is, has paid him the tribute of sincere appreciation and discussion even here, where the *faces* of American women teach us the pretty. Nothing pretty, nothing beautiful is in Leys' figures and faces. They are the homeliest and saddest looking people ever put on canvas. They look sullen, grim, subdued, resigned; capable of endurance, and accustomed to a serious life. None of them show the least affinity with fresh and vivid and joyous things. The mild radiance of beautiful faces, the voluptuous forms of Greek goddesses and Venetian women, seem to be unknown to the painter of "Faust and Margaret," but his whole study has been the ugly actualities of his country and the stiff and starved figures cut by the medieval stone-cutters, or painted in missals or for the windows of churches—faces and figures such as Holbein's sad and sincere genius has portrayed, such as we meet to-day in German Switzerland—faces not illuminated by art nor transfigured by the ideal—faces which are the sign of lives that have never been liberated from sor-

did sadness and pious preoccupations. How can a man interest us with people who have no grace, no pleasure of joy, no grandeur and glory in their life? How sincere, how deep and searching must be that talent which in using means that are addressed to the eye, yet can dispense with its craving for perfection, and by a sad sincerity, an unimpeachable naturalness, occupy us with the being of plain people. If they are plain, they are not prosaic; and it is because we must watch with interest anything that really corresponds with our common experience; it is because our intelligence recognizes something apart from the pleasure of the senses, and welcomes reality when it cannot get beauty. These people that Leys paints are real beings; they are individuals. The mystery of suffering and the majesty of patience are Leys' men and women. Mr. Belmont's example of Leys is not so fine in color as some of the pictures which we have seen by the same master, but it is characteristic.

We must forego a more extended examination of Mr. Belmont's valuable collection, to call attention to some of Mr. Blodgett's finest pictures. But before leaving Mr. Belmont's gallery, you will observe that he has three Troyons; two Meissoniers; two pictures by Knaus; a charming picture called *The Good Sister*, by Merle; one limpid and lovely picture of Venice, by Zeim; two fine examples of Stevens; three pictures by L. Meyer; two specimens of Rosa Bonheur, one of which is not second to any picture which we have seen from her studio; three Willems; three by De Haas; two by Calâme; two by Chavet; one by Belangé; a very perfect *genre* picture by Meyerheim; two examples of Bougereau; one Horace Vernet; one Gérôme; a sketch by Delaroche; a fine example of Robert Fleury; and, in addition to these most noteworthy pictures, examples of admirable art from painters who are either in vogue or of high merit in Paris.

Mr. Blodgett's collection is not so large as Mr. Belmont's, but it contains fine examples of foreign and some of the most

renowned specimens of American art. Mr. Blodgett has Church's "Heart of the Andes," and one of his "Niagaras;" a family group by Eastman Johnson; a fine interior by Whittredge, and a McEntee. Doré, Troyon, Gérôme, Fromentin, Dupré, Decamps, Toulemouche, and Rosa Bonheur, are admirably represented in Mr. Blodgett's gallery. We cannot see a Decamps and a Dupré and a Fromentin every day. The picture-dealers do not often get them on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Blodgett's Decamps is a very powerful picture, deep and transparent in tone, and very effective. The subject itself is one we are not accustomed to in art—common as it is to the French public. A poor suicide, a young man, lies dead on a cot in his room. It is a fellow-being stretched in miserable and untimely death—a fellow-being, like Chatterton, dead in his pride, now sheltered from abject poverty and fierce revolt—a fellow-being too poor to feed the fluctuating flame of his life,—a life dedicated to the beautiful, not to the utilities. Did Decamps paint this forlorn and stranded boy, dead in his attic, simply to show us how brown and deep and transparent he can paint the shadows, how luminous he can make the tone of a startling scene, how striking he can render the effect of a dirty-white shirt upon which the light is focused, and how skilful he is to carry so much white off into the dark tone of the background? Because he was an artist the picturesque had full place, but because he was also a man of heart he painted for the *salon* this sign of neglect and despair. A greater artist than Decamps, the immortal Rembrandt, would have made more of the helpless hand that lies on the breast of the suicide; but he would hardly have rendered the subject with more force in the general effect. This subject placed before us without something in it to gratify our sense of pleasure would simply shock us. But this light, so brilliant and beautiful, these transparent and harmonious tones, please us; and, as artists, we think of them rather than of the poor dead fellow who in an instant closed the gates of life, shut

himself in silence and untroubled oblivion from all the pageantry and pleasure as well as from the misery and despair that besets us in this vast and mighty world. Such a picture as this is very suggestive. It shows how broadened and changed is the function of art. Here Art goes to Opulence with the image of his neglected brother, and admonishes him of his lonely struggle and feeble hope and final despair. It does not limit itself to the beautiful, as in Greece, to the serene or joyous types of perfect physical life. Civilization has changed its home, and our cities afford no such free and untroubled life as in Greece. To-day we have to be reminded in our comfort and luxury how cruel is life in crowded cities, and where struggle is incessant. It is not the majesty and loveliness of serene ideals, but the awfulness and fascination of suffering and the horror of poverty to the victims of life or of civilization, which art illustrates. Cæsar struck dead amid the grandeurs and after the magnificent development and full use of his powers, we can understand; but Chatterton in his attic, with so much music in him which, like a bubbling spring, is plunged back into its dark bed of earth, and Decamps' *rapin* perhaps with a refreshing sense of things, snuffed out in an instant, makes us helpless questioners.

As art, Decamps' picture demonstrates how inadequate is criticism—for criticism, prior to the rise of the Romantic school in France, would have rejected it; it is a witness that art is a flexible and responsive and living expression, that ideas and conceptions of human suffering are to us what ideas and conceptions of beauty and pleasure were to the Greeks. Our modern art is at the service of sorrowing humanity. Think of what the most vital and original of the French painters have given us within the last thirty years—types or suggestions of affliction in figure-painting, and of melancholy in landscape art—all the tormenting dramas of Delacroix's stormy and flame-like genius; all the sadness of Scheffer's melancholy mind, his *Francesca di Rimini*, for example;

then the pensiveness of Breton's peasants; last, Decamps' "Suicide." Modern art has no youth; it is touched with reflectiveness; it gives back to us the images of our mournfulest experience. A change has come over the temper of the high world. Instead of pleasing itself with Watteau's rosy and happy girls and gallants embarking for the Cytherian islands, instead of asking for the sunny voluptuousness of Titian's beautiful women, it accepts the ministrations of artists who place in the homes of rich men mere illustrations of travel; or, who set before us pictorial combinations that correspond with our broadened and deepened and easily-moved sympathies; such, for example, as we see in the works of the leading romantic painters of France.

And this change, so striking and significant in art, is not less pronounced in literature. Passion of love, of despair, of aspiration, palpitates in modern literature, and lends interest to every form of art but novels of English society. But this mighty change which makes us sympathetic and solicitous before things that the Athenian was happily ignorant of, or which he would have excluded from art, has not touched us all alike. Ingres in France never responded to this change of art and this new need of our nature; he held fast to the worship of the beautiful. We have one painter among us who seems likewise intrenched by the struggles and anguish of life in our modern society. Sadness and unrest which we all share with our fellows, and which we give forth again in our expression, this one painter, however much he feels it as a man, does not let it invade his life as an artist. He alone comes to us with his vision-like pictures, so rarely and serenely beautiful, so placid, so like the world we wish to inhabit, that we let ourselves bask in the basking places of Italy, which he portrays, or of our American mountains and skies, which he paints.

But to go back to Mr. Blodgett's pictures, let us remark that he has two Troyons, one very admirable; a good Couture;

a beautiful drawing of sheep by Rosa Bonheur, and several crayon heads by Lawrence—one of which represents Robert Browning, and it must afford pleasure to whoever loves the magnificent poetry of that splendidly-gifted thinker. Mr. Blodgett has also, what is quite rare, a specimen of Fromentin—one of his Algeria subjects, with which his name is exclusively associated. The composition, the grouping of the figures, and the luminous and mellow tone of the picture, must elicit the highest praise. Since painting this picture Fromentin has become one of the first painters in Paris. Every form of written eulogium has been lavished upon him. Critics praise his color, his drawing, his composition; they admire the fineness and elegance of his style, the spirit of his figures, the neatness of his touch. A very instructive comparison was recently made by the critic of the *Revue Internationale* between Fromentin's and Gérôme's pictures. He wrote: "Gérôme, whose pictures form a perfect contrast with those of Fromentin, obtains a success in the *salon* to which we are accustomed. A long time yet the mass of the public will continue to take a certain skill for the highest work of art. Fromentin places his personages in the open air, and gives to his canvas a general and true tone. Gérôme represents his personages under some arbitrary light, and renders them in a conventional russet tint; Fromentin shows them in motion, and as in Delacroix, by the gesticulation which they make, you may guess that which will follow. Gérôme shows them in a motionless attitude that would delight a photographer; the touch of one is spirited and free—that of the other is only precise, and the good fellows of Gérôme's pictures always have the aspect of ivory statues, whose precision of form charms certain people." These words let us know the interest with which Fromentin's work is considered in Paris, and how closely he presses the most successful artist now living in France. Mr. Blodgett is to be congratulated on having a Fromentin, and for these reasons: Fromentin and Millet—

since Rousseau and Delacroix are no more—are the most admirable and boasted painters of the French school. They are the most thoroughly sincere and original—Millet poet-painter, and Fromentin pure and elegant artist. Fromentin lacks but one element to be a *grand* painter; lacking passion, he yet has all the qualities of a man of the world which imply fine and sure powers but no grandeur. Fromentin as a man and artist is elegant, exquisite, brilliant, just; his touch is precise and spirited like Teniers; he composes with a skill second only to Horace Vernet; he is a colorist to be compared with, although he does not equal the force and variety of the great Delacroix; and yet ten years ago Fromentin could not determine whether he was a painter who writes or a writer who paints.

But we must leave all the fine things in Mr. Blodgett's collection to those who may have the privilege of leisurely and repeatedly renewing their acquaintance with them. There is no better foreign art in New York than on Mr. Blodgett's walls. On another occasion we shall speak of what Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. J. T. Johnson have in their galleries. The art-wealth in our New York private galleries is very great, but with the sole exception of Mr. R. M. Oliphant's admirable collection, none of these galleries are either chiefly or exclusively composed of American pictures; and in Mr. Belmont's gallery American art is barely admitted. The best examples of American art seem to have found less hospitality in the galleries than in the parlors of discriminating gentlemen. While we could wish, for the sake of a direct influence upon us, that we could always know where to find the best works of our

American painters, we can only recollect them and question where they are hidden from us; what family has the pleasure of those scattered and precious examples of American art which we boast of? where all the fine Giffords and Inness's that have arrested attention in successive exhibitions of the Academy of Design? * Instead of a prominent and accessible collection of the best pictures which represent American art, and inform our wealthy men of the excellence of what has been done; instead of being able to reach the most beautiful renderings of our own painters' best experience with nature, we have to forego it all, and thank our most opulent and liberal fellow-citizens for foreign art; while we consent to ignore the fact, that real sensibility to the beautiful and personal discrimination in matters of art, would make a man as quick to covet an Inness as a Rousseau, a Gifford as a Turner or a Zeim, a Johnson as a Kraus; and that Winslow Homer and LaFarge and Homer Martin and Gray and Kensett and Wyant and Griswold and Hunt and Coleman and Whittredge and Dana and Vedder are more or less the peers of the landscape and *genre* painters of France and Germany, however much their works may fall below the rank of the representative and learned and dramatic productions of such men as Gérôme, Delaroche, Delacroix, Gallait, and Couture, and the primitive poet-painter Millet of Barbizon.

* [Our contributor was not perhaps aware, that in the Appendix to Mr. Tuckerman's Book of the Artists, is a complete list of nearly all the American pictures of any note painted up to the time of its publication, together with the names of the owners of them, or of the institutions to which they belong. The new Museum of Art just projected, will, we trust, soon take away from our city the reproach implied in this passage.—Ed.]

PERNICKITTY PEOPLE.

WHEN I was in Edinburgh—that most picturesque city—I was dining with a friend one evening, who said to me, “I have two very pernickitty old aunts who wish to know you.”

“What do you mean by that odd word?” I asked.

“Go and see them, and you will soon find out. They are douce sonsie bodies, but extremely pernickitty. You must call upon them, for they rarely go beyond their own door-stone save to kirk.”

Stimulated by curiosity, and waiving etiquette, my daughter Alice and I drove out the next morning to make the visit. Our road was that beautiful one called “The Queen’s Drive.” We passed Calton Hill, on the top of which Lord Nelson’s monument shoots up into the sky, then through massive gates which took us past the front of Holyrood Castle, and up gentle slopes with the green and lovely Arthur’s Seat and Salisbury Crag on the right, where the birds and sheep and lads and lassies were rejoicing together in the sunshine.

The gradual rise in the “Queen’s Drive” soon showed us the little fishing town of New Haven, two miles away, where some of the young fish-wives in their quaint costumes are as beautiful as Christie Johnston. Beyond, the swelling tide of the Atlantic was lost in the horizon.

We sat silent, enjoying to our hearts’ content the sensations awakened by the delicious mingling of the present loveliness with the storied souvenirs which crowded and covered every rood of ground, and after four or five miles of this pleasant driving, we arrived, in a most cheerful frame of mind, at the mansion of the pernickitty ladies.

The house stood alone. A grass plot was on either side of a straight and very narrow paved walk, which with two stone steps led up to the front door. I observed that there were no flower beds;

that the stone steps were artificially whitened; and that the door glared painfully white in the sunbeams. There were both bell and knocker, and being used to the former, I rang.

A neat little maid-servant opened the door, and instantly said, “Haud up your feet, ma’am, please, a wee bit minute.”

I did so, and she carefully rubbed my boots with a coarse cloth. Alice had to submit to the same somewhat mortifying purification, and then the little maid looked anxiously at the door-bell. Pulling another and finer cloth out of her pocket, she polished the knob energetically, and turning to us with a relieved but flushed face, said, “Weel, that’s a’. Wad ye be seekin’ the leddies?”

“That’s a’!” If I had not been led to expect something unusual, I should have marched off then and there in a fine rage, that our very touch was considered a defilement; but a dawning perception crossing my brain that the pernickitty business was beginning, I swallowed—so to say—my boots and the bell-knob, and sweetening my face and my temper, signified my desire to see the Misses McCrae. I gave the maid my card and walked up-stairs into the drawing-room.

It was a large apartment, with all the sun severely shut out of it. Every chair was set hard against the wall like bad boys. The books on the centre-table were arranged with mathematical precision, and looked like the spokes of a wheel around an axle formed by a lamp. There were no pictures on the walls, perhaps because the frames might leave an outline mark. There was no comfortable tabby—such as all nice old ladies ought to have—purring on the rug, but a hard china cat squinted at us from the mantel-shelf, which was about two feet from the ceiling. Two little hand fire-screens flanked the cat on either side; they were of a square shape, and were embroidered in brown and gray squares.

The carpet was of a pattern also in squares like a checker-board, and Hogarth's famous line of beauty was nowhere to be seen.

I got fidgetty gazing at all this grim order. I felt a desire to stir up the chairs to revolt. I did make an intrepid foray on the wheel of books, pulling two of the spokes out of line, and had just regained my seat, when the old ladies entered.

They were two small neat little women, with high-cheek bones and angular elbows; and they were dressed precisely alike, in immaculate gray silks, snowy lace caps, and black mitts.

They approached us with mild and gracious smiles, prinking this way and that, with quick darting movements of their heads like canary birds. Their eyes seemed to look "seven ways for Sunday," and inevitably and simultaneously they saw the destruction of the harmonious wheel on the table. A faint color mounted into their small faces, one of them sprang forward and replaced the spokes, while the other extended her hand to me with her eyes fixed on her sister's movements.

"A wee mair th' ither side, Jeannette," said she. "Which way, Elsie, sae?" "Na, na! O, I can thole it nae langer," and Miss Elsie, forgetting me, ran to the table and moved a book the twentieth part of an inch, patted it—then both shaking hands with us, they sat down flushed and flustered.

"They ca' us ower muckle pernickitty," said Miss Elsie, trying to smile graciously, "but what kind o' place wad Heaven be, I wad like to ken, if the mansions aboon were na keppit in order?"

"And dustit," added Miss Jeannette. "It's a mercy that we needna lie waken o' nights in Heaven thinking o' the cobwebs which that hizzy, Ann, leaves in a' the corners."

To witness unconscious revealing of points of character was always great fun for me, and I was keenly enjoying the present display, when a knock at the front door arrested the conversation. A moment after we heard a slight scuffle

and a loud "let my boots alone!" and a bright looking boy of sixteen entered the room.

"Why, Archie," said Miss Jeannette, "the sight o' you is gude for sair een." She was looking up in his handsome face as she spoke, but Miss Elsie when she gave him her hand looked down, and suddenly her face stiffened into an expression of mixed dignity and indignation. Following her eyes I noticed a bit of mud the size of a pea sticking to the outer edge of one of the young man's boots.

"Who can control his fate?" as Othello says. I saw in a moment that Archie's doom was fixed! his character gone forever! It was enough to move one to tears, or it would have been had I known at the moment that he was a favorite great-nephew of the old ladies, and they had intended to leave him the most of their money.

Miss Elsie sat down, her face pale, her hands nervously twitching—taking very little part in the conversation, and soon after the little maid entered with a salver of cake and wine.

By this time Archie had discovered the dreadful scrap of mud which had made ruin of his prospects, and wrecked his aunts' pernickitty peace of mind. It was in vain that he tried to be unconcerned and jolly—he knew too well the deadly nature of the offence he had committed. The scrap of mud seemed to grow larger every time he looked at it, and he was fast getting into a stuttering and confused state of mind and conversation.

We each took a glass of wine, and Aunt Elsie was just raising hers to her lips, when she spied a big brown caterpillar mounting up the strings of the maid's cap, its horned head turning and twisting the better to view the company.

The intrusion of this abominable beast was past endurance. Miss Elsie's fingers immediately got a stroke of pernickitty paralysis, her glass suddenly turned upside down, and the wine was splashed all over the front of the spotless gray silk.

Archie flew to catch the glass; when the unlucky boot, sliding along the car-

pet, left a muddy, streaky line in his wake, the sight of which caused Miss Jeannette to scream as if she had been stabbed.

"Wha' hae ye dune, ye gowk?" she cried. "Ichabod! the decency hae departed frae' us a'!"

It was high time that we departed, too, for the agitation and bow-wow were fast increasing. Miss Elsie's terrible misfortune had steadied her nerves and aroused her spleen. With a look like an ogress, as if she would swallow maid, caterpillar, and all, she clawed the terrified, hapless servant and dragged her out of the room—"the snake" still wriggling up her cap-strings.

I believed that they could harbor no pernickitty sin against me, but Alice disgraced herself forever by letting three crumbs fall on the carpet as she rose, and thus deprived us of the slightest chance of ever being invited to that house again.

As we drove away I looked back; the last thing I saw was the poor little maid, her face all puckered with crying, hurrying out with a bucket of steaming hot water, and a brush, with which she proceeded to scrub off the door-steps.

Since my return to my beloved country, I have heard of other pernickitty people—I have visited them—and what follows, is a full and true account of one of these visits:

There is at this moment a pretty little village in the wooden-nutmeg and shoepeg, melon-seed State—so far removed from railroads as to retain that delicious primitiveness which is becoming more rare every day, with the march of improvement—and more's the pity!

This village consists of just nineteen houses, nestling in a sheltered basin, with knarled old trees and the high hills rising up on every side. Of course it boasts a minister, a lawyer, a doctor, and a postmaster. They are all well-to-do and well educated, but no one keeps a servant, and consequently thrift and neatness reign triumphant.

I spent two weeks in this sylvan spot, and soon discovered, to my intense satisfaction, another pernickitty wonder in

the minister's wife. She had no children, let me premise, for a childless house must be an inevitable *sine quâ non*, if you desire successfully to practise this—virtue!

One evening, or rather afternoon, the pretty daughter of my hostess was away taking tea at the parsonage; her brother was to go for her in the evening. It was, as I have mentioned, a strangely primitive place for these high-polish and high-pressure days, so I did not hesitate to offer to accompany him, and make a call.

When we got to the garden-gate, Gath—for this was his Scriptural name—solemnly drew off his boots.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Never do to wear 'em in," he answered; "I did it once—and *horresco referens!*"

Stepping up the path in his stockinged feet, he took out his pocket-handkerchief and proceeded vigorously to polish his knuckles, with which he knocked on the door. The minister opened it, welcomed us, and ushered us into the parlor, where some romping game seemed to be going on.

Romping! No indeed! A very serious business was in progress. We found Gath's sister with a large towel in her hand, and the minister's wife had another. One towel was wet, the other dry. A FLY—just one—was in the room. Wherever this awful monster alighted, there pounced the minister's wife to scrub out the—I—don't—know—what—spot—Shakespeare does perhaps—with might and main—Gath's sister instantly following to complete the purification with the dry towel.

Oh the appalling villany of that fly! It was beyond belief! He reduced his mad antics to a science, the better to torment those two heated, breathless women. He challenged them to—"come on, Macduff," etc. He made "sights" at them with his legs on his nose. He darted away each time at a different angle, so that the flapping towels invariably hit only the injured and insulted walls in their endeavor to circumvent him by following the course of the last

flight; he did not intend them to profit by experience; he might have been the transmigrated soul of Coleridge, who compares experience to the "stern-lights of a ship, which illumine the path that has been traversed, but throw no light on that which is to come."

When the minister's wife and Gath's sister were on the point of fainting with exhaustion, the depraved fly rose on level wings to a corner of the ceiling, and sat there coolly washing his face, and making mouths at his baffled pursuers.

Why is it that people make the most astounding confidences to me?

That evening the minister offered to wait upon me home. I accepted his service with alacrity, for there had been very little conversation during the battle with the fly, and I wanted to know him better. His very plain but intelligent face interested me. It had "a charity-which-suffereth-long" expression. It reminded me of one of the pictures in "Fox's Book of Martyrs," the martyr whose feet are toasting on a gridiron.

His feet, let me hasten to say, were not toasting on a gridiron, unless you should choose to consider a pair of nice carpet-slippers as an allegorical symbol of this culinary utensil, because they were worn, without a doubt, under marital, not to say inquisitorial law. I forgot to mention that he had supplied Gath, on his entrance, with a pair of the same sort, who danced around in them, after the plunging and leaping women, laughing and singing "Shoo-fly don't bodder me," to their extreme annoyance, while the minister and I tried to converse, as I said before, with very little success; for I saw that he was exceedingly mortified at the entertainment the stranger was receiving within his gates.

When we left, the minister brought with him to the garden-gate a pair of boots, took off the slippers, hid them in a currant-bush, drew on the boots, and then offered me his arm.

"My dear wife," he began the very first sentence, "my dear wife carries her virtues of neatness and carefulness

to—I had almost said—the verge of vice; truly she is 'cumbered about much serving.' It is much too serious to be a jest—it pervades all hours of the day and night. In her really affectionate solicitude for my comfort, she awakens me out of my first sleep every night with—'Dear, are you comfortable?'

"Quite so.'

"Won't you have another blanket?'

"Oh, no.'

"Perhaps you are too warm—shall I open the window a little more?'

"No, thank you, my dear.'

"Shall I get up and give you a drink of water?'

"I am not thirsty, dear. Good-night.'

"Are you quite sure you are perfectly comfortable?' and so on, until I have to use almost superhuman exertion to keep my temper, because I know she loves me with all her careful heart."

"I have met such people before," I observed. "They are called 'pernickitty people' in Scotland;" and I gave him an account of my visit to the old ladies, at which he laughed heartily.

"It is a wonderful exception," he said, "if I can eat a meal in peace. This morning my plate was snatched away just as I had put a crisp brown sausage on it, because my wife saw some marks, invisible to me, which showed that it (the plate) had not been washed in boiling water. My study chair is kept at a rigorous right angle with the writing-table, and I am afraid my sermons are, from affinity, as rigid as a poker, and dull as a door-post. Bless her kind heart! if she would only take Mary instead of Martha as a model—if she would only cultivate a little carelessness—we should be the happiest couple in the world."

Poor fellow! a minister grievously tormented with too much pernickitty virtue in his wife!

Before I left the village the good man was invited to the ten years' meeting of his own class at Yale, and joyfully made his preparations to go.

His wife also made preparations, and Gath's sister helped her. "Now, dear,"

she harangued him the previous evening, "now look! here are eleven pocket-handkerchiefs. I have labelled them as you see. This one"—reading the label—"is for you to use in the cars; this large one is to tie round your neck if any nasty selfish people open a window near you; this is to spread over your knees to keep the grimy dust from soiling your clothes; this large colored one—quite old you see—is in case you have the nose-bleed (which he never had, by the way); this other old colored one is to spread over the back of the seat—people are always rubbing their greasy heads on the backs of the seats; this very fine one dear—now don't forget it—is for you to carry when you call upon President Woolsey; this is for a night-cap. You must wear a night-cap in a strange bedroom, nobody can tell what dangerous draughts there are flying round. This other very nice one is to use when you go to the class supper; I have embroi-

dered your initials in the corner, and be sure if you have to wave it, and cry Hurrah! that you let *that* corner fly. There are three left, for accidents, contingencies, and possible losses—for you are s—o careless!"

"Oh!" sighed he to Gath, who accompanied him to the cars—"oh, thank goodness! I shall sleep all night safe from killing kindness."

"And oh!" sighed his wife to Gath's sister, "I shall have a good night's sleep, but who will see that he is comfortable?"

There is a moral to be deduced from all this, my patient reader, but I have a delicacy about sticking it out at the end of my article like a horny toe.

Children always skip the moral; most grown folk do sometimes, to save me the trouble of telling you that it is only a peculiar cropping out of "innate depravity" to be Pernickitty People, such as those of whom I have been writing.

MADAME ROLAND.

THREE separate works, comprising four volumes octavo of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pages each, have been published, since January, 1857, in Paris, two of which have reached a third and the other a fourth edition, on the life and times of Madame Roland. This fact attests the interest that Frenchmen still have in her history. Her autobiography, written during five months' confinement in prison, was first printed in the third year of the Republic, and though known to have been expurgated and altered, has passed, within seventy years, through more than half that number of editions, each succeeding one, however, being scarcely more than an imprint of its predecessors. By the testament of her daughter, Theresa Eudora Roland, widow of M. Ohampagneux, dated in 1846, the Imperial Library came into possession of the original manuscript in 1863, and after authenticating its

genuineness, made it accessible to the literary public three years ago. Two of the three works—the third being a "Study of her Life"—conform to the text of the manuscript, the only difference being, that, whilst one, in the interests of modesty, permits expurgation, the other scrupulously reproduces the whole. Both the works contain the recently-discovered letters of Madame Roland to Buzot, about which there is the following story: In November, 1866, a young man, employed by the booksellers as a collector of autographs, presented himself at a shop on the Quai Voltaire with a bundle of old manuscripts. They were declined at first, but after being examined were purchased for fifty francs, having been found to be original letters from Madame Roland.

The knowledge gained from these new sources of the most remarkable woman of modern times,—remarkable

not less for her virile intellect than her womanly heart, her free thinking than her purity of action, her peerless beauty than her tragic fate—has corrected much of history and given new zest to the alleged *liaisons* of the Republic. That the warmth and *abandon* of the autobiography will prevent its translation into English notwithstanding its rich material, and that the "Bazot letters," which make out of literal fact a love tragedy wilder than romance, and present psychical phenomena such as the upheaving of society alone could reveal, will never be literally translated, seem reason enough for a Magazine sketch of her life. Besides her singular destiny and her great political power, Madame Roland, like Mary Stuart, attracts not only by union of heart-weakness with mind-brilliance, but by a mystery that involves her life. She herself speaks of "passions, which, with the strength of an athlete, she hardly controlled," and her enemies charged her with "coquetting with the bailiffs of the guillotine and flirting with the victims of the triumvirate." And yet—her life was surrendered for France, purer patriotism never was, and in a wanton age she was mistress of herself and loyal to the obligations of wife and mother.

Marie Jeanne Phlipon, born in Paris, March 18, 1754, was the only child of a wood-carver. In writing from prison, thirty-nine years afterward, she describes her childhood as spent in the midst of fine arts, nourished by books, conscious of no superiority but merit and no greatness but virtue. Manon, her pet name, learned to read so early and easily that she could never recall the process. At the age of seven she was accustomed to rise at 5 A. M., creep in her night gown, without shoes or stockings, to her table in the corner of her mother's bedroom, and there to commit her lessons, read her story books, and write poetry, till called to her task in her father's workshop. No restraint was imposed upon her reading; she devoured every book she could obtain; and it furnishes her a theme

for remarks which that age permitted, that at ten she had added to her knowledge of ancient and modern history the Confessions of Rousseau and the *Cæciliæ* of Voltaire. Her lively intelligence appropriated every thing presented to her senses—green fields, crowded streets, gay shop-windows, decayed manors and royal palaces, public gardens and Gothic cathedrals; the Seine with its forest of masts and the Champ de Mars flooded with soldiery. The love of flowers was a passion so intense that a rosebud kindled her imagination till she "revelled in the voluptuous consciousness of existence." In her religious education she learned the creed, catechism, and pater-noster; was prepared by the priest for confirmation and duly received the rite; and at eight years of age, amidst the gorgeous ceremonial of Notre Dame, partook of her first communion, "bathed in tears and ravished with celestial love." At ten she went to the convent, from which she returned five years afterward, in the fullness of health expanding into womanhood, beautiful both in reality and promise, and rich in the exuberance of girlish sensibility. She describes the apartment to which she came back as offering from its windows to her "romantic and vagabond fancy a boundless field. The vast deserts of blue heavens were familiar as books, while my heart, suffused with unutterable motion, rejoicing in life and thankful for existence, offered God pure and worthy homage."

During her next twelve years we have the often-told history of maidenhood. At the convent she had formed friendships with Sophie and Henriette Cannel, sisters, six and ten years her seniors, with whom she corresponded till her marriage. Then, at M. Roland's request, no reason being assigned, she ceased to answer their letters; but she said afterward, "It was a wrong view; marriage is grave enough, and if you make it more so by taking from a wife the sweetness of female friendship, you run risks not anticipated."

The picture of these years, as painted in the correspondence, is full of inter-

est. Not personal topics only, but court intrigues, as they were whispered by the people; the alleged impotency or coldness of the King, the favorites of the Queen, the escapades of the ladies of honor, the destitution among the peasantry—all, with hundreds more, come up for comment. The strange charm of these letters, with their unequalled brilliancy, where topics stale and trite are vivified, and the common joys and sorrows of a bourgeoisie girl interest like romance, is in the intense womanhood of the woman. Her heart impels every thing. Her opinions echo both the Encyclopedists and the Convent. A husband, "that unknown Conqueror in the future," is at one moment the mind's idol, whilst the next she is indignant "that women should shamelessly sell their liberty by marriage vows." "I could make," she writes to Sophie, "a model of the man I could love, but it would be shattered the moment he became my master." She continues, "I see in marriage great losses to every woman,—losses that are compensated only by the gain of giving to the world useful men. In love our opponents are more brisk, impetuous, and vigorous than we, less tender and faithful, but possessing the ardor, activity, and pliancy which strong desires give, without the impressibility which refines and perpetuates regard, solicitude, and deference. Their attentions are interested in behalf of an immediate end, and their love the effect of a momentary frame of mind, whilst with us love is a requirement of the heart."

Among the numerous suitors for her hand, one only, M. Lablancherie, an aspirant for literary fame, touched her heart. He brought her his works and she was delighted in reading them. "I dare not judge this young man," she writes, "for he is too much like myself; but I can say of his writings, as I said to M. Wenzel of his paintings, that, if I had not loved excellence before, they would have made me crave it. But I repent already. A droll little body, my feelings varying every hour, I say over my books, 'Adieu, love, I am

free;' but at a knock at the door, my heart goes pit a pat, and my imagination conquers me." She shortly gave her lover his dismissal, because, with senses most susceptible, she "doubts if any one as fitted for voluptuousness ever tasted it less. I only consider pleasure to be a happiness in the union of what will regale both mind and body without the cost of regret."

It has been said already that after her marriage her correspondence with the Cannets ceased. From 1789 to 1792 they did not exchange a word.* Politics, as well as the command of her husband, separated them. But—to the honor of woman's fidelity to friendship let the story be told—when, years afterward, the news of Madame Roland's arrest reached the old château, Henriette hastened to Paris, with perseverance that would not accept denial gained access to her cell, and urged her with earnest implorings to escape in the disguise she had brought. "I was a widow," Henriette says, "without children, whilst my friend had a husband and a daughter. What more natural than that I should expose my life to save hers? I proposed a change of garments, and that she should escape while I remained. My prayers and tears availed nothing. 'They will kill you,' she continually repeated. 'Your blood will set back against me. Better suffer a thousand deaths myself than to reproach myself with yours.'"

But to return to our narrative. On the 5th of February, 1780, Marie Phlipon became the wife of Roland. He was forty-six years old, she twenty-six. She had known him several years as a literary friend, had learned to esteem him as a man of probity old enough to be her father, and had been flattered by his interest in her studies. But she did not love him, he fell short of her idea of a husband, and in marrying him she "charged herself with both his happiness and her own." Still she was alone, her mother dead, her father estranged, her means cramped, her future unremunerative toil, and she gave herself to the sacrifice. "I have known

all grief," she writes on her wedding-day, "and am able to defy all evil. Life is only a *chaîne de bizarreries*—I can endure it without impatience and end it without fear. Men are either fools who abuse, or knaves who deceive themselves, more deserving pity than hatred; the passions are cheats; science is only vanity; virtue alone is substantial, and, when accompanied by friendship, may make life endurable. In wedding M. Roland I reduce my expectations to a measure where there can be no disappointment." What an epithalamium to be composed by the bride!

She said of him afterward, in that delicate irony of which she was queen, "He was a man fond of ancient history, and more like the ancients than moderns; about seven-and-forty, tall, stooping, and awkward, but simple and sincere; thin in flesh, yellow, partially bald, and with manners respectable rather than pleasing. He had, however, a sweet smile and an expressive face; his conversation was full of facts, but, owing to an unmodulated voice, more pleasant to recall than to hear."

During the first nine years that followed their marriage, Roland occupied several public positions and made two considerable journeys, his wife accompanying him, to England and to Switzerland. One child only, a daughter, was born to them, which, but for his cold temperament and exacting disposition, might have become a bond of union between husband and wife. With more than common devotion nevertheless, the devotion of duty, Madame Roland partook of the occupations of her husband, editing his notes, re-writing his journals, and reviewing his articles for encyclopædias and newspapers. "Working with him became as natural as eating with him." During a long illness she never left his bedside, for months depriving herself of air and exercise until he was out of danger. Through their whole united life, she prepared the dyspeptic's food with her own hands. In his sickness she never permitted his serial contributions for the Academy to be delayed, and of the

notice which those composed by herself received, she naively remarks, that her "husband enjoyed the perusal, persuading himself that he was in an unusually good vein when they were written."

During these years she corresponded by letters with Bosc, Issarts, and Lanthenas. Friendship was as necessary to her as air. Communication of thought was the safety valve of her life. Deprived of intimacy with her own sex, she found it in the other. Bosc was six years her junior; Issarts four her senior. It is to her letters to these two eminent men—those to Lanthenas being lost—letters wonderful in life, tone, and power, filled with anecdote and repartee, free from secrecy and cant, now in tenderness of womanly feeling touching the very core of sympathy, and anon arousing the mind to patriotic devotion, everywhere herself, sometimes playful in coquetry, severe in satire, and almost girlish in fickleness, and again the dignified and noble woman who knew no measure to the law of right her inspired genius laid down for her devotees: it is to these letters we are to look for the secret of that power which for two years made her, in after-days, the real power of France. In contact with such men her mind grew. To cope with difficulties, be equal to emergencies, infuse life into dead theories, and rule minds then startling the world by audacity of doubt, was a woman's triumph. Free as these letters are, they never exceed her self-imposed rule of morals. And it is no small proof of her sincerity and truthfulness of character, that she kept her friends to the last. It was Bosc, who, at the risk of his life, left his retreat in the forest of Montmorency, and, clothed as a wood-cutter, gained admission to her cell, received and preserved her journal, which he concealed for months in the cleft of a rock, and followed the cart which took her to the scaffold, thus complying with her request that he would see her die.

Roland arrived in Paris in February, 1791. Madame Roland accompanied him. Here she shortly made the ac-

quaintance of Brissot, Pétion, Buzot, and other leading Republicans, and her lodgings became the rendezvous of the foremost men of the Convention. Describing the reunions in her rooms, she writes: "I knew the place that became my sex and did not quit it. In the debates I took no part. Seated near the work-table, outside the circle, I sewed or wrote while they deliberated, losing not a word, but never speaking or seeming to listen."

Madame Roland was now thirty-six years old; her husband fifty-seven. The prime of that beauty, which compelled homage from friend and foe alike, was just reached. The Heinsius portrait at Versailles represents her in morning dress, her abundant black hair, confined by a ribbon in front, falling from the back head in ringlets, her dark eyes large and liquid, her nose wide nostrilled, and the red full lips and rounded chin voluptuous. It is a face alive with expression; and when there are added the small tapering hands, the rounded arms, and the bust swelling in dazzling whiteness as it comes in sight under the folds of the shawl, it requires little effort to imagine the queen of the Mansion of the Interior, surrounded by the wits of the Revolution, charming by a sagacity which, under womanly ways, knew how to make the intonation of a word an invincible spell.

Tissot describes her as without regularity of features, "but possessed of elegance of form, grace of movement, easy presence, a winning smile of transparent sincerity, and large black eyes so full of vivacity under pencilled lashes of brown, that they reflected in varying expression every thought and emotion. Endowed with a masculine character tempered by womanly graces, a perception always acute, voice soft and flexible, conversation full of life heart, soul aglow with enthusiasm, and unequalled charms of manner, she ruled the husband whose intellect she inspired, governed the Girondists by an irresistible ascendancy, and remained in the midst of a circle of modern Athenians a chaste Aspasia."

A score of eulogies of her wonderful beauty have been left, coming as often from enemies as friends. Camille Desmoulins expressed surprise that, at her age, she should have so many admirers; "but I never spoke to him," is her *naïve* remark, "and his vanity was wounded." It was evidently not so much the beauty of person as of the soul that irradiated it, and only in conversation, when her eyes, full of life, now mild and loving, anon flashing indignation, lighted her countenance, that she compelled universal homage.

The character of Madame Roland must be judged by her times. During the last half of the eighteenth century throne, altar, and family in France, had fallen into one common ruin. Over the desolation there was not one hopeful outlook. The sacred was superstitious, the revered ridiculous. Virtue received no praise, and the lapse from it incurred no censure. Social obligations were denounced as tyrannical burdens. Foundling hospitals provided for children, the fancy of the moment, were accepted as an excuse for adultery, and divorces kept pace with marriages. The brand of *prejudice* was stamped on every social institution. Inherited property, legitimate birth, subordination of woman in the home circle, faithfulness to wedded vows, chastity when the affections were won, celibacy against inclination, and purity either in man or woman, were traditions cast off in the progress of human reason. Of course there are not two codes of moral law. The bond that unites husband and wife in virtue of the marriage covenant is sacred in every age. But the moral law receives a sanction more or less sacred from the spirit of the age, and individual character is affected by public opinion.

Reviewing her married life at this time, she remarks, that having "wedded M. Roland in all the seriousness of reason, I did not hesitate to devote all my powers to his happiness. Never for an instant have I ceased to respect him, or failed to honor him, as my husband. But there has never been equality between us, nor could there be with his

love of command joined to twenty years greater age. When we live in the country my time is spent mostly alone, and when we come to town I am noticed by men of mark with whom I dare not be intimate."

With such feelings, when what of love there may have ever been, when respect, gratitude, common interest, constant association, and mutual help were reduced in the solvent of pity—what wonder that such a woman, in such an age, should have loved another! The chief element in Madame Roland, in all that made her what she was in *physique* and *morale*, was *life*. The vitality of a score of women animated her being. What she demanded in the man she could love was a corresponding *life*. This Roland had not. At forty she would have been younger than he at twenty-five. Was it strange, then, that when "the lover, whom she did not desire and never expected to see," appeared, with warmth, delicacy, probity, courage, a cultivated mind, and grace of person and address, appreciating her qualities, quickened by her spirit and kindled by her beauty, that he should have won what she had never given to her husband?

Buzot was four years her junior. He was the leader of her party. Correct, pure, serious, faithful, and implacable, known in the Assembly by unyielding decision and consistent conduct, sensitive, ardent, a passionate admirer of nature, and capable of intense sympathies, he added to all, freedom from the libertinage and hatred of the debauchery that fouled the age. His wife was below his level. The families were neighbors. In the Roland reunions he was always present. He possessed a fine figure and graceful address, and was nice to excess in dress. What a contrast to Roland, who was so negligent of his personal appearance that even Marat said of him: "This Puritan, who no doubt has stolen millions of the public funds, shows himself in the streets afoot in a threadbare coat and darned stockings;" and Camille Desmoulins had immortalized him as

"The venerable man whom excessive slovenliness renders more venerable." It was the disparity of natures, not years, that alienated Madame Roland from her husband; it was their parity that drew her toward Buzot. Four years juniority in the husband is counted a greater objection in society than twenty in the wife; but society does not measure natures nor count pulsations. If it did, there would be more both of virtue and happiness in married life. What the soul of Madame Roland was, we have seen; what her physique was, Bertin, a royalist, who diverted suspicion by attending the daily executions, and who stood near enough to have touched Madame Roland on the scaffold, shows by extraordinary proof when he testifies, "that the axe had no sooner cut off her head than two large jets of blood sprang from the trunk, an unprecedented sight, inasmuch as almost always when the head falls a drop or two only of blood oozes from the wound." She died in the flush of life and health; but, in all the elements that constitute youth, she would have been young had she lived three-score-and-ten.

"Age could not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

We now reach the last two years of Madame Roland's life. Roland was made Minister of the Interior in March, 1792. From the time he accepted office, it was his purpose to overthrow the throne. His wife seconded him. Differences with Louis, want of deference to the Queen, disregard of court traditions, were all suggested by her. It was she who advised the omission of the salutation upon entering the royal chamber, who ridiculed the antique dress, and who protested against the profound courtesy and bent knee. In every stage of that momentous quarrel which came to an end so tragic as to cause empires to quake, Madame Roland manifested an opposition to all kingly authority unaccountable by any hypothesis but that of bitter personal hostility to Marie Antoinette.

It was now that she began to rise to the height of her great power. Her

assemblies, as wife of the Minister, surpassed in brilliancy the splendid entertainments of the Regency. It was there the Girondists discussed the civil list over their wine, and plotted the ruin of the monarchy amidst the measures of the dance. It was the high-day of unscrupulous democracy. The blandishments of the present concealed the future. Ministers arranged their mansions as if for life. The bourgeoisie had usurped the place of the nobles, political economy was studied in the maxims of Rousseau and the dramas of Voltaire, and the new era of approaching liberty was gilded by rays of hope that appeared the morning of an eternal day for France.

On the question of forming a camp in Paris, the King dismissed his Ministers on the 13th of June, 1792. Servan, Minister of War, entering Madame's apartment, said, "I am dismissed. Congratulate me!" "I am piqued," she replied, "that you have precedence in the honor." Roland's followed, and he became the idol of the French people.

The revolution of August 10th succeeded, and the Minister was reinstated. The events of the next few weeks, the vain attempts of those in power to stop the wheel they had set in motion, the rise of the "Mountain" in the Convention, the growing audacity of the mob, the September massacres, and the initiation of the triumvirate, do not come within our scope. We only see Madame Roland, wise, earnest, self-contained, courageous, industrious, fruitful in resource, equal to emergency, and various as the sternest demands of every hour—the grand heroine of the Revolution. The "proclamation of the Executive Council," signed by all the Ministers, she wrote. The "Circular to the Departments" was hers, as was also the exhaustive paper on "Subsistence," quoted during our late Rebellion by every writer in the Commissary Department. She prepared the "Letter to the King," composed the "Appeals against the Assassins," which were placarded over France, wrote the "Demand for Justice" against the Septembrists, and col-

lated the masterly "Reports" which Roland made to the Assembly. These five months, from August 15, 1792, to January 23, 1793, were the one platform in world-history up to that time where was exhibited what a woman could do and suffer. She flung back the jeers of Danton with stinging irony, treated the ribald blackguardism of Pêre Duchesne with lofty contempt, branded the insinuations of Marat, all over her own name in the *Moniteur*, as falsehoods known to the utterers, and exposed the vanity of Robespierre to the roars of laughter of all the sans-culottes of Paris. The party leaders in the Assembly drew their inspiration from her ever-active brain. She kindled the eloquence of Barbaroux, directed the attacks of Pétion, nerved the courage of Lasource, and cemented the union of the twenty-two Girondists who stood with Spartan bravery against the assaults of an infuriated populace.

In reference to this part of her life, she afterward wrote: "It is so true that appearances are deceitful, that those periods in my life when I have experienced the greatest pleasures or tasted the bitterest chagrins, have seemed to observers just the contrary. It is our disposition that affects us, rather than events. When attacks upon my character were most audacious, and I was in hourly danger of assassination, I tasted more of the sweetness of life than ever before or since."

It is difficult to understand how events hurled themselves along in that age of madness. In spite of her rule, perhaps in consequence of it, Madame Roland was abandoned by her party. The times had become frightful. Every public interest was menaced. Roland resigned. The most sagacious could not foresee whither events were driving them. The King was deposed. The triumvirate ruled. The power of the Girondists was departing, and self-preservation became the first law.

At three in the morning of June 2, 1792, the tocsin announced insurrection in Paris. An immense army took possession of the streets and five thousand

picked soldiers surrounded the Convention Hall. A *mandat* was issued against Roland. Madame arose from a sickbed in the dusk and started for the Assembly. "It is overthrown," said a friend she met, "and you must escape." She returned instantly, but was arrested within an hour and conducted to the Abbaye. Her associates fled from Paris and became vagabonds over France. Terror marched at double-quick.

To follow Madame Roland through the next five months would fill a volume. In various prisons; crowded among felons and harlots; cramped in stifling wards; exposed to daily insults; shut out from friends and correspondence; cheated with false promises; her power departed and her good name defamed; she conquered misfortune. In the face of all she composed those incomparable Memoirs which will never cease to be read. There is nothing in French history to compare with them. She never lost her self-control. Once released, only to be rearrested before nightfall, she writes Buzot a cool account of the atrocity. Nowhere does she appear in truer greatness, love-letters though they are, than in these epistles to her beloved. Behind prison walls she is present with him, urging new sacrifices for the fatherland.

It is impossible to quote at large from these autographs, but they cannot in fairness be passed entirely over. "They will be less cruel to Roland," she writes, "if I remain. I can better sustain his reputation. In doing this I acquit myself of a debt I owe to the unhappiness I have caused him. But do you not see, that in being absent from him, I live with you? By my imprisonment I sacrifice myself for my husband, and keep myself for you. Thanks to my jailers for reconciling duty and love."

Again, when declining escape, she writes: "Yes, I would brave every danger to fly to you, but it is to Roland, old, impotent, and peevish that my duty would compel me, and I prefer this cell. Here I can keep myself for you."

And still again, in her most ardent fer-

vor of love—the last of her letters that reached Buzot—she writes: "Events have placed within my reach what I could else have procured only by crime. These irons make me free to love you without hindrance. I will not seek to fathom the designs of God, nor suffer an indecorous vow to escape my lips, but I thank Him for having substituted these chains for the intangible fetters I have worn so long."

During her imprisonment she appears never to have lost her serenity of mind. Not a complaint escaped her. "My cell is large enough for a chair near my bed, where, with my table before me, I read, draw, and write." A fellow-prisoner describes her as always cheerful, and possessed of such self-control that the most revolting scenes failed to disturb her. In the *conciergerie*, where were mixed women of quality and petty thieves, sisters of charity and courtizans,—where pure-minded women, mothers and daughters, heard the vilest language and witnessed the most revolting scenes, Madame Roland created for herself a little empire. Her cell was an asylum of peace. When she went into the court, her very presence produced order, and abandoned women, whom no punishment could tame, became gentle in fear of displeasing her. To the needy she gave money, to all counsel and consolation. When taking her daily promenade, the poor unfortunates would press around her as if she were a tutelary divinity.

One who was her companion in misfortune speaks thus of her beauty: "It was not the well-shaped hand and graceful figure, not the liquid eye and rounded bust, so much as her manner, that won hearts. She spoke with ease and elegance, giving to her native tongue the rhythm of the Italian. To this sweetness of voice she added an attraction of manner and a countenance full of life, holding listeners as if by a spell."

Upon the morning of her trial she dressed herself with unusual care. She wore a dress of white muslin, trimmed with lace, and fastened by a black velvet girdle. Her hair, parted so as to

show her low, broad forehead, fell in ringlets on her shoulders. She was uncommonly vivacious. Holding the train of her dress in one hand as she walked toward the prison door, she gave the other to the women crowding around her, who covered it with kisses. She could not be certain of her return, and so bade adieu, with counsels and gentle admonitions, to all. Fontenay, the old jailer, as he turned the key, burst into tears. She whispered to her nearest friend in the prison, "Courage," and passed out of the gates.

She was twice before the Tribunal. The clear account of her examination, protracted for nine hours, which she wrote from memory on the evening of the first day, corresponding almost word for word with the official record, is a marvel of self-possession. The Attorney-General, angry that he could not embarrass her, said at last, "that with such a habbler the trial would never end." "I pardon your rudeness," she replied; "you can condemn me, but you cannot destroy my good conscience, nor my conviction that the future will justify me, while it covers you with infamy."

When she reëntered the prison after the second day, her eyes were red with weeping. In passing toward her cell, she indicated, by an expressive sign, that she was condemned to death. Her spirits quickly returned, however, and she sat conversing with her usual sprightliness until her name was called.

It was 4 P. M., November 10, 1793, when the tumbril, carrying herself and a man named Lamarque, former Director of Assignats, aged about thirty-five, left the Conciergerie and took the usual route toward the place of execution. A crowd followed, shouting her name. Lamarque excited her pity by his unmanly fears, and true to her woman's instincts, though he was an entire stranger, she addressed him encouragingly. Her manner during the ordeal of this terrible hour, while the mob were heaping upon her scandalous outrages, is one of the bravest recollections of the Revolution. Tissot, writing his

history at the age of sixty-seven, ten years afterward, describes the scene as the most impressive he ever witnessed. "Dressed in white, with rose-color trimmings, the day being bright and warm, she sat undemonstrative as the cart fared slowly forward, the obscene shouts producing no change in her manner. There was high color in her face, adding greatly to its beauty." Arrived at the guillotine, the vehicle was backed to the steps. "Go up first," she said to Lamarque, "you have not the courage to see me die!" "You, Madame, are named first in the warrant," replied Sampson. "But you will not contend precedence with a woman, Monsieur?" she rejoined, and her companion ascended. Her turn came in a moment. As they bound her to the plank, catching sight of the great statue before her, she exclaimed, "O Liberty, how they mock thee!" and the axe fell.*

Her husband survived her only five days. Taking leave of his friends, one of whom furnished him a sword-cane, on the evening the sad news reached him, he went out on the Paris road, turned into a lane, seated himself, and drove the steel into his heart. Her lover, hunted like a wild beast from covert to covert, lived nearly seven months longer, and was torn in pieces a prey to wolves. Her friends, the Girondists, wandering over mountains and through deserts, exposed to all inclemencies of weather, often ill, and without money, food, or clothing, nearly all perished within the year.

Among the curious phenomena of that day was that of indifference to death. Adam Lux prayed that his

* Carlyle, in his *French Revolution*, says that Madame Roland requested "for Lamarque's (*Lamarque's*) sake, to die first." We give, therefore, the text of Tissot: "La charrette s'était arrêtée, adossée à l'échelle courte et roide qui conduisait de son plancher à la plate-forme de l'échafaud. Madame Roland, usant de son droit de femme, pouvait abrégier son supplice de quelques minutes. Elle dit à Lamarque, 'Montez le premier, vous n'auriez pas la force de me voir mourir.' L'exécuteur hésitait à donner son consentement à une déposition contraire aux ordres qu'il avait reçus: 'Pouvez-vous,' lui dit-elle avec une sourire, 'refuser à une femme sa dernière requête?' Son tour vint enfin."

head might fall by the same axe that was wet with Charlotte Corday's blood. Dupré desired nothing more than to die with his friends, and went singing to the scaffold. Philippe Égalité, with the charm of manner that never forsook him, begged the favor that his execution should not be postponed till evening. The guillotine was a lottery from which the numbers were always drawing; last week your wife's, yesterday your father's, to-day yours,—why quarrel with the inevitable? Akin to this

indifference was the desire that grew among high and low to witness the daily executions. Men of letters, birth, wealth, wearing the red cap, crowded with the masses close to the victims, that no circumstance of the tragedy should be lost. It is from one of these that we hear of Madame Roland's coolness on the scaffold, and of the jets of blood which sprang from her headless body. "*Ainsi les peintres font mourir les martyrs,—le sang s'élançait vers le ciel avec leur dernière pensée.*"

A MUSICAL MYSTERY.

ONE chilly, windy evening, in the month of December, 1831, three young men sat around a tall office-stove in Mr. Simon Shrowdwell's establishment, No. 307 Dyer-street, in the town of Boggsville.

Mr. Simon Shrowdwell was a model undertaker, about fifty years of age, and the most exemplary and polite of sextons in the old Dutch church just round the corner. He was a musical man, too, and led the choir, and sang in the choruses of oratorios that were sometimes given in the town-hall. He was a smooth-shaven, sleek man, dressed in decorous black, wore a white cravat, and looked not unlike a second-hand copy of the clergyman. He had the fixed, pleasant expression customary to a profession whose business it was to look sympathetic on grief, especially in rich men's houses. Still it was a kind expression; and the rest of his features indicated that he did not lack firmness in emergencies. During the cholera season of the year aforesaid he had done a thriving business, and had considerably enlarged his store and his supply of ready-made mortuary furnishings. His rooms were spacious and neat. Rows of handsome coffins, of various sizes, stood around the walls in shining array, some of them studded with silver-headed nails, and everything about the establishment looked as cheerful as the nature of his business permitted.

On this December evening Mr. Shrowdwell and his wife, whose quarters were on the floor above, happened to be out visiting some friends. His young man, William Spindles, and two of his friends who had come in to keep him company, sat by the ruddy stove, smoking their pipes, and chatting as cheerily as if these cases for the dead that surrounded them were simply ornamental panels. Gas at that time hadn't been introduced into the town of Boggsville; but a cheerful Argand-lamp did its best to light up the shop.

Their talk was gay and airy, about all sorts of small matters; and people who passed the street-window looked in and smiled to see the contrast between the social smoking and chatting of these youngsters and the grim but neat proprieties of their environment.

One of the young men had smoked out his pipe, and rapped it three times on the stove, to knock out the ashes.

There was an answering knocking—somewhere near; but it didn't seem to come from the street-door. They were a little startled, and Spindles called out: "Come in!"

Again came the rapping, in another part of the room.

"Come in!" roared Spindles, getting up and laying his pipe down.

The street-door slowly opened, and in glided a tall, thin man. He was a stranger. He wore a tall, broad-brim-

med hat, and a long, dark, old-fashioned cloak. His eyes were sunken, his face cadaverous, his hands long and bony.

He came forward. "I wish to see Mr. Shrowdwell."

"He is out," said Spindles. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I would rather see Mr. Shrowdwell," said the stranger.

"He will not be home till late this evening. If you have any message, I can deliver it; or you will find him here in the morning."

The stranger hesitated. "Perhaps you can do it as well as Shrowdwell . . . I want a coffin."

"All right," said Spindles; "step this way, please. Is it for a grown person or a child? Perhaps you can find something here that will suit you. For some relative, I presume?"

"No, no, no! I have no relatives," said the stranger. Then, in a hoarse whisper: "*It's for myself!*"

Spindles started back, and looked at his friends. He had been used to customers' ordering coffins; but this was something new. He looked hard at the pale stranger. A queer, uncomfortable chill crept over him. As he glanced around, the lamp seemed to be burning very dimly.

"You don't mean to say you are in earnest?" he stammered. And yet, he thought, this isn't a business to joke about. . . . He looked at the mysterious stranger again, and said to himself: "Perhaps he's deranged—poor man!"

Meanwhile the visitor was looking around at the rows of coffins shining gloomily in the lamp light. But he soon turned about, and said:

"These won't do. They are not the right shape or size. . . . *You must measure me for one!*"

"You don't mean—" gasped Spindles.

"Come, this is carrying a joke too far."

"I am not joking," said the stranger; "I never joke. I want you to take my measure. . . . And I want it made of a particular shape."

Spindles looked toward the stove. His companions had heard part of the conversation, and, gazing nervously at

each other, they had put on their hats and overcoats, pocketed their pipes, and taken French leave.

Spindles found himself alone with the cadaverous stranger, and feeling very queer. He began to say that the gentleman had better come in the morning, when Mr. Shrowdwell was in—Shrowdwell understood this business. But the stranger fixed his cold black eyes on him, and whispered:

"I can't wait. *You must do it—tonight. . . . Come, take my measure!*"

Spindles was held by a sort of fascination, and mechanically set about taking his measure, as a tailor would have done for a coat and trousers.

"Have you finished?" said the stranger.

"Y—y—es, sir; that will do," said Spindles. "What name did you say, sir?"

"No matter about my name. I have no name. Yet I might have had one, if the fates had permitted. Now for the style of the coffin I want."

And taking a pencil and card from his pocket, he made a rough draft of what he wanted. And the lines of the drawing appeared to burn in the dark like phosphorus.

"I must have a lid and hinges—so, you see—and a lock *on the inside*, and plenty of room for my arms."

"All r—r—ight," said Spindles; "we'll make it. But it's not exactly in our line—to m—m—ake co—co—coffins in this style." And the youth stared at the drawing. It was for all the world like a violoncello-case.

"When can I have it?" said the stranger, paying no attention to Spindles' remark.

"Day after to-morrow, I sup—p—ose. But I—will have to—ask Shrowdwell—about it."

"I want it three days from now. I'll call for it about this time Friday evening. But as you don't know me, I'll pay in advance. This will cover all expenses, I think," producing a \$50 banknote.

"Certainly," stammered Spindles.

"I want you to be particular about the lid and the locks. I was buried once

before, you see; and this time I want to have my own way. I have one coffin, but it's too small for me. I keep it under my bed, and use it for a trunk. Good-evening. Friday night—remember!"

Spindles thought there would be little danger of his forgetting it. But he didn't relish the idea of seeing him again, especially at night. "However, Shrowdwell will be here then," he said.

When the mysterious stranger had gone, Spindles put the bankbill in his pocket-book, paced up and down, looked out of the window, and wished Shrowdwell would come home.

"After all," he said, "it's only a crazy man. And yet what made the lamp burn so dim? And what strange raps those were before he entered! And that drawing with a phosphoric pencil! And how like a dead man he looked! Pshaw! I'll smoke another pipe."

And he sat down by the stove, with his back to the coffins. At last the town-clock struck nine, and he shut up the shop, glad to get away and go home.

Next morning he told Shrowdwell the story, handed him the \$50 bankbill as corroboration, and showed him the drawing, the lines of which were very faint by daylight. Shrowdwell took the money gleefully, and locked it in his safe.

"What do you think of this affair, Mr. Shrowdwell?" Spindles asked.

"This is some poor deranged gentleman, Spindle. I have made coffins for deranged men—but this is something unusual—ha! ha!—for a man to come and order his own coffin, and be measured for it! This is a new and interesting case, Spindles—one that I think has never come within my experience. But let me see that drawing again. How faint it is. I must put on my specs. Why, it is nothing but a big fiddle-case—a double-bass box. He's probably some poor distracted musician, and has taken this strange fancy into his head—perhaps imagines himself a big fiddle—eh, Spindles?" And he laughed softly at his own conceit. "'Pon my soul, this is a queer case—and a fiddle-case, too—

ha! ha! But we must set about fulfilling his order."

By Friday noon the coffin of the new pattern was finished. All the workmen were mystified about it, and nearly all cracked jokes at its queer shape. But Spindles was very grave. As the hour approached when the stranger was to call for it, he became more and more agitated. He would have liked to be away, and yet his curiosity got the better of his nervousness. He asked his two friends to come in, and they agreed to do so, on Spindles' promise to go first to an oyster saloon and order something hot to fortify their courage. They didn't say anything about this to Shrowdwell, for he was a temperance man and a sexton.

They sat around the blazing stove, all four of them, waiting for the insane man to appear. It wanted a few minutes of eight.

"What's the matter with that lamp?" said Shrowdwell. "How dim it burns! It wants oil."

"I filled it to-day," said Spindles.

"I feel a chill all down my back," said Barker.

"And there's that rapping again," said O'Brien.

There *was* a rapping, as if underneath the floor. Then it seemed to come from the coffins on the other side of the room; then it was at the window panes, and at last at the door. They all looked bewildered, and thought it very strange.

Presently the street door opened slowly. They saw no one, but heard a deep sigh.

"Pshaw, it's only the wind," said Shrowdwell, and rose to shut the door—when right before them stood the cadaverous stranger. They were all so startled that not a word was spoken.

"I have come for my coffin," the stranger said, in a sepulchral whisper. "Is it done?"

"Yes, sir," said Shrowdwell. "It's all ready. Where shall we send it?"

"I take it with me," said the stranger, in the same whisper. "Where is it?"

"But it's too heavy for you to carry," said the undertaker.

"That's my affair," he answered.

"Well, of course you are the best judge whether you can carry it or not. But perhaps you have a cart outside, or a porter?"

All this while the lamp had burned so dim that they couldn't see the features of the unknown. But suddenly, as he drew nearer, it flared up with a sudden blaze, as if possessed, and they saw that his face was like the face of a corpse. At the same instant an old cat which had been purring quietly by the stove—usually the most grave and decorous of tabbies—started up and glared, and then sprang to the farthest part of the room, her tail puffed out to twice its ordinary size.

They said nothing, but drew back and let him pass toward the strange-looking coffin. He glided toward it, and taking it under his arm, as if it were no heavier than a small basket, moved toward the door, which seemed to open of its own accord, and he vanished into the street.

"Let's follow him," said the undertaker, "and see where he's going. You know I don't believe in ghosts. I've seen too many dead bodies for that. This is some crazy gentleman, depend on it; and we ought to see that he doesn't do himself any harm. Come!"

The three young men didn't like the idea of following this stranger in the dark, whether he were living or dead. And yet they liked no better being left in the dimly-lighted room among the coffins. So they all sallied out, and caught a glimpse of the visitor, just turning the corner.

They walked quickly in that direction.

"He's going to the church," said Spindles. "No, he's turning toward the graveyard. See, he has gone right through the iron gate! And yet it was locked! He has disappeared among the trees!"

"We'll wait here at this corner, and watch," said Shrowdwell.

They waited fifteen or twenty minutes, but saw no more of him. They then advanced and peered through the iron railings of the cemetery. The moon was hidden in clouds, which drifted in great

masses across the sky, into which rose the tall, dim church steeple. The wind blew drearily among the leafless trees of the burial ground. They thought they saw a dark figure moving down toward the northwest corner. Then they heard some of the vault doors creak open and shut with a heavy thud.

"Those are the tombs of the musicians," whispered the undertaker. "I have seen several of our Handel-and-Hayden Society buried there—two of them, you remember, were taken off by cholera last summer. Ah well, in the midst of life we are in death; we none of us know when we shall be taken. I have a lot there myself, and expect to lay my bones in it some day."

Presently strange sounds were heard, seeming to come from the corner spoken of. They were like the confused tuning of an orchestra before a concert—with discords and chromatic runs, up and down, from at least twenty instruments, but all muffled and pent in, as if under ground.

Yet, thought the undertaker, this may be only the wind in the trees. "I wish the moon would come out," he said, "so we could see something. Anyhow, I think it's a Christian duty to go in there, and see after that poor man. He may have taken a notion, you know, to shut himself up in his big fiddle-case, and we ought to see that he don't do himself any injury. Come, will you go?"

"Not I, thank you—nor I—nor I," said they all. "We are going home—we've had enough of this."

"Very well," said the undertaker. "As you please; I'll go alone."

Mr. Shrowdwell was a veritable Sadducee. He believed in death firmly. The only resurrection he acknowledged was the resurrection of a tangible body at some far-off Judgment Day. He had no fear of ghosts. But this was not so much a matter of reasoning with him, as temperament, and the constant contact with lifeless bodies.

"When a man's dead," said Shrowdwell, "he's dead, I take it. I never see a man or woman come to life again. Don't the Scriptures say 'Dust to dust'?"

It's true that with the Lord nothing is impossible, and at the last day he will summon his elect to meet him in the clouds; but that's a mystery."

And yet he couldn't account for this mysterious visitor passing through the tall iron railings of the gate—if he really *did* pass—for after all it may have been an ocular illusion.

But he determined to go in and see what he could see. He had the key of the cemetery in his pocket. He opened the iron gate and passed in, while the other men stood at a distance. They knew the sexton was proof against spirits of all sorts, airy or liquid; and after waiting a little, they concluded to go home, for the night was cold and dreary—and ghost or no ghost, they couldn't do much good there.

As Shrowdwell approached the northwest corner of the graveyard, he heard those singular musical sounds again. They seemed to come from the vaults and graves, but they mingled so with the rush and moaning of the wind, that he still thought he might be mistaken.

In the farthest corner there stood a large old family vault. It had belonged to a family with an Italian name, the last member of which had been buried there many years ago—and since then had not been opened. The vines and shrubbery had grown around and over it, partly concealing it.

As he approached it, Shrowdwell observed with amazement that the door was open, and a dense phosphorescent light lit up the interior.

"Oh," he said, "the poor insane gentleman has contrived somehow to get a key to this vault, and has gone in there to commit suicide, and bury himself in his queer coffin—and save the expense of having an undertaker. I must save him, if possible, from such a fate."

As he stood deliberating he heard the musical sounds again. They came not only from the vault, but from all around. There was the hoarse groaning of a double-bass, answered now and then by a low muffled wail of horns and a scream of flutes, mingled with the pathetic complainings of a violin. Shrowd-

well began to think he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes and his ears to see if he were awake. After considerable tuning and running up and down the scales, the instruments fell into an accompaniment to the Double Bass in Beethoven's celebrated song—

In questa tempe oscura
Lasciarmi riposar!
Quando vivevo, ingrata,
Dovevi a me pensar.
Lascia che l'ombra ignada
Godansi in pace almer—
E non bagnar mie onere
D'inutile vellen!

The tone was as if the air were played on the harmonic intervals of the instrument, and yet was so weirdly and so wonderfully like a human voice, that Shrowdwell felt as if he had got into some enchanted circle. As the solo drew to its conclusion, the voice that seemed to be in it broke into sobs, and ended in a deep groan.

But the undertaker summoned up his courage, and determined to probe this mystery to the bottom. Coming nearer the vault and looking in, what should he see but the big musical coffin of the cadaverous stranger lying just inside the entrance of the tomb.

The undertaker was convinced that the strange gentleman was the performer of the solo. But where was the instrument? He mustered courage to speak, and was about to offer some comforting and encouraging words. But at the first sound of his voice the lid of the musical coffin, which had been open, slammed to, so suddenly, that the sexton jumped back three feet, and came near tumbling over a tombstone behind him. At the same time the dim phosphorescent light in the vault was extinguished, and there was another groan from the double-bass in the coffin. The sexton determined to open the case. He stooped over it and listened. He thought he heard inside a sound like putting a key into a padlock. "He mustn't lock himself in," he said, and instantly wrenched open the cover.

Immediately there was a noise like the snapping of strings and the cracking of light wood—then a strange sizzling

sound—and then a loud explosion. And the undertaker lay senseless on the ground.

Mrs. Shrowdwell waited for her husband till a late hour, but he did not return. She grew very anxious, and at last determined to put on her bonnet and shawl and step over to Mr. Spindles' boarding-house to know where he could be. That young gentleman was just about retiring, in a very nervous state, after having taken a strong nipper of brandy and water to restore his equanimity. Mrs. Shrowdwell stated her anxieties, and Spindles told her something of the occurrences of the evening. She then urged him to go at once to a police station and obtain two or three of the town watchmen to visit the graveyard with lanterns and pistols; which, after some delay and demurring on the part of the guardians of the night, and a promise of a reward on the part of Mrs. Shrowdwell, they consented to do.

After some searching the watchmen found the vault, and in front of it poor Shrowdwell lying on his back in a senseless state. They sent for a physician, who administered some stimulants, and gradually brought him to his senses, and upon his legs. He couldn't give any clear account of the adventure. The vault door was closed, and the moonlight lay calm upon the white stones, and no sounds were heard but the wind, now softly purring among the pines and cedars.

They got him home, and, to his wife's joy, found him uninjured. He made light of the affair—told her of the fifty-dollar note he had received for the musical coffin, and soon fell soundly asleep.

Next morning he went to his iron safe to reassure himself about the fifty-dollar bill—for he had had an uncanny dream about it. To his amazement and grief it was gone, and in its place was a piece of charred paper.

The undertaker lost himself in endless speculations about this strange adventure, and began to think there was diabolical witchcraft in the whole business, after all.

One day, however, looking over the parish record, he came upon some facts with regard to the Italian family who had owned that vault. On comparing these notes with the reminiscences of one or two of the older inhabitants of Boggsville, he made out something like the following history:

Signor Domerico Pietri, an Italian exile of noble family, had lived in that town some fifty years since. He was of an unsocial, morose disposition, and very proud. His income was small, and his only son Ludovico, who had decided musical talent, determined to seek his fortune in the larger cities, as a performer on the double-bass. It was said his execution on the *harmonic notes* was something marvellous. But his father opposed his course, either from motives of family pride or wishing him to engage in commerce; and one day, during an angry dispute with him, banished him from his house.

Very little was known of Ludovico Pietri. He lived a wandering life, and suffered from poverty. Finally all trace was lost of him. The old man died, and was buried, along with other relatives, in the Italian vault. The authorities of the Dutch Church had permitted this, on Signor Domerico's renouncing Romanism, and joining the Protestants.

But there was a story told of a performer on the double-bass, who played such wild, passionate music, and with such skill, that in his lonely garret, one night, the devil appeared, and offered him a great bag of gold for his big fiddle—proposing, at the same time, that he should sign a contract that he would not play any more *during his lifetime*—except at his (the fiend's) bidding. The musician being very poor accepted the offer and signed the contract, and the devil vanished with his big fiddle. But afterward the poor musician repented the step he had taken, and took it so to heart that he became insane and died.

Now, whether this strange visitor to Mr. Shrowdwell's coffin establishment, who walked the earth in this unhappy frame of mind, was a live man, or the ghost of the poor maniac, was a question

which could not be satisfactorily settled.

Some hopeless unbelievers said that the strange big fiddle-case was a box of nitro-glycerine or fulminating powder, or an infernal machine; while others as firmly believed that there was something supernatural and uncanny about the affair, but ventured no philosophical theory in the case.

And as for the undertaker, he was such a hopeless sceptic all his life, that he at last came to the conclusion that he must have been dreaming, when he had that adventure in the graveyard; and this notwithstanding William Spindles' repeated declarations, and those of the two other young men (none of whom accompanied Shrowdwell in this visit), that everything happened just as I have related it.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

GONE are the friends my boyhood knew,
Gone threescore years since childhood's morn;
A lonely stalk I stand where grew
And proudly waved the Summer corn.

Scanning the record of my years
How blank, how meagre seems the page,
How small the sum of good appears
Wrought by these hands from youth to age.

Yet, 'midst the toils and cares of life,
I've tried to keep a cheerful heart;
To curb my fiercer passions' strife,
And as a man to act my part.

And I repine not at my lot,
Glad to have lived in times like these,
When mystic cords of human thought
Bind realm to realm across the seas.

When this dear land, Time's latest birth,
Smites every chain from human hands,
And 'midst the nations of the earth
The greatest, freest, noblest stands.

When progress in material things
Leads upward immaterial mind,
And into nearer prospect brings
The perfect life of all mankind.

Kindly, as yet, life's autumn sun
Gilds the green precincts of my home;
Softly, though fast, the moments run,
And fleeting seasons go and come.

Yet nearer moans the wintry blast,
The chilling wind of Age that blows,
Through darkening storms with cloud o'ercast,
With blinding sleet and drifting snows.

Ho! gleaner on life's wintry lea,
 I hear thy steps 'mid rustling leaves,
 And soon this withered stalk will be
 Close garnered with the autumn sheaves.

And then will He, beneath whose eye
 Each act of right and wrong appears,
 Aught of untarnished grain desery
 Among these husks of wasted years?

Haply these mustering clouds that lower
 On the low sky in seeming wrath
 May vanish, and life's sunset hour
 Shed a calm radiance o'er my path.

Then may the clear horizon bring
 Those glorious summits to the eye,
 Where, flanked by fields of endless Spring,
 The Cities of the Blessèd lie.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

V.

EIRENE'S SUMMER.

IN the Spring, Eirene left the house of Mr. Mallane and went to live with her friend, Tilda Stade, in the family of Brother Goodlove, John Mallane's foreman. From the advent of the store and the pictures, Eirene felt that she must go away from the presence of Mrs. Mallane, for she had every reason to feel that she was only a tolerated member of that lady's household.

"She dislikes me," said the child, "because she thinks that I am trying to make myself more than God intended I should be. And she thinks that is the trouble with all my poor family, that we are not contented with our condition, and yet are not efficient enough to better it. 'Poor and shiftless,' she called us; *that* sounds hard. Poor father don't know how to get on, but he has always worked hard; sowed, and others have reaped his harvests. Oh, if he could only get on well once! But I must go away from here. It hurts me to stay where I am not wanted. Father thought it would be so nice for me to live here, because Mr. Mallane seemed so pleasant.

VOL. V—37

Mr. Mallane is pleasant; he doesn't seem to think so poorly of us. I noticed he was very kind to father the other day; urged him to stay to dinner. I said nothing, because I feared that Mrs. Mallane would not like it. I will go to the boarding-house. I have dreaded to go there because it is so noisy. But I will give up my French. I *can* give it up, although I like it so well. I never studied it because I thought it fine, but because I love the language. I will tell Tilda, to-morrow, and see if I can room with her."

Tilda Stade worked next to Eirene in the shop. She was a good girl—a zealous Methodist, whose piety held her apart from her more rude and boisterous companions. Although she regarded Eirene as an unconverted sinner, still "in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity," she had become personally warmly attached to her. Her gentleness and refinement, showing in such striking contrast to many of those around her, were very attractive to Tilda, and from the first she established herself as the uncompromising friend

of the new hand upon every possible occasion.

When Eirene told her that she was going to leave the house of Mr. Mallane, she replied that she was glad of it, and there was something better in store for her than that wicked boarding-house, where she herself could scarcely find a moment's quiet for secret meditation and prayer. Brother Goodlove had offered her the front chamber in his house, and she had only been waiting to find a quiet girl to share it with her, so that she could afford to take it.

Eirene, who had a terror of the boarding-house, was made quite happy by this proposition.

Thus, one May evening not long after, Brother Goodlove himself carried her small trunk across the street to his story-and-a-half house, which stood in a gay little garden beside the shops. Eirene followed, carrying Moses Loplolly's parrot, which, for the sake of the giver, she had named Momo. Momo was as pretty and prating as ever, and, greatly to Eirene's discomfiture, went out of the house crying: "Paul! Paul! Pretty Rene! Mother! mother! no you don't! Pretty Paul!"

Mrs. Mallane had never objected to the presence of Momo, because he afforded much amusement to the children. He had a remarkably facile tongue even for a parrot, and caught new words and phrases from the little ones every day. Tabitha Mallane had heard him sing out "Paul," hundreds of times, but it never sounded as it did to-night, coming back through the street, and even from Brother Goodlove's door. She stood in the open window, with the baby in her arms, watching Eirene's departure. And as she heard the parrot's cry, her whole face darkened.

"Oh, the hateful huzzy, to teach the bird such talk as that! And she'll hang the little wretch in her window, to call my boy in, will she!"

"Mother! mother! no you don't!" screamed the parrot.

"She taught it that in my own house!"

Tabitha Mallane, in her anger, was entirely forgetful of the fact that Momo

had learned this precious bit of satire from her youngest son, her own little impish Jack.

"Well, she's gone," the mother went on, "out of my house, at least, but only across the street. She is cunning. She knows that she will have a better chance to see him there than here. But you have a long head, young lady, if you think you will outwit me."

If Tabitha Mallane's hate had allowed her reason any action, her own good sense would have told her that all her accusations were false. She knew better even when she made them. She knew enough of the simplicity of this girl's nature, to know that she had laid no traps to entice her son; that all such devices were unknown to her thoughts. She knew, in her inmost heart, that she only hated Eirene because there was that in her face and in her nature which would be attractive to Paul; that she hated her because she was lovely, and because her loveliness was in the way; and the more conscious she felt of her own injustice, the more bitterly she accused its object.

Eirene reached her little chamber, with Mr. Momo screaming at his utmost voice. She gave the cage a very humane and positive little shake as she set it down, and said:

"Momo, how can you—how can you be so naughty?"

Momo, conscious that he was in disgrace, thrust his bill into his breast, shook his head, and blinked solemnly, first with one eye, then with the other, and at last said, in a very subdued voice, "Pretty Paul!"

"Who taught him *that*?" asked Tilda, abruptly.

"He learned it of the children. You can't think how soon he picks up words. The first thing we know, he will be repeating our talk."

"Well, if I were you, I would rather have him repeat any thing than 'Paul.' In my estimation, Mr. Paul Mallane is a very wicked young man, and I shouldn't want any bird of mine calling out his name."

"Oh, I hope he is not wicked," said

Eirene, with feeling, as she looked at the two pictures which he had sent her, already hanging in their assigned places. "His father and mother seem to live in him; they would never get over it, if he were to disappoint them."

"Oh, he won't disappoint *them*! Haven't they brought him up to be what he is?—though, how they can, they both praying and speaking in meeting, is more than I can understand. If Sister Mallane had spent her time praying for his soul and fitting him for the itinerant ministry, instead of bringing him up as she has done, then she would have done her duty. Jack's to be the minister, I believe. They'll give the first son to the world and the devil, and the last one to the Lord."

"How do you mean that they have brought him up?" asked Eirene, doubtfully. Notwithstanding his thoughtful kindness to her, she felt an unwilling consciousness that Mr. Paul Mallane might not be quite as good as he ought to be, and she was naturally anxious to lay the fault to his parental training.

"I mean," said Tilda, "that they have always indulged him in every thing. They have made him feel that nobody else is quite as handsome or quite as smart as he is. He has grown to think that nothing in the world is quite good enough for him, and has come to look down even on his own flesh and blood. If the other girls felt as I do, they wouldn't seem so pleased and flattered every time he comes into the shop and notices them. His very notice there is an insult, for he never speaks to one of them outside of it. He knows better than to make any of his fine speeches to *me*. I want nobody to speak to me in the shop, that can't speak to me out of it. I don't believe he'd turn his white hand over to help a shop-girl if she were dying."

"Oh, you judge him too hardly," said Eirene. "He can be very kind. He sent me those two pictures which you admire so much, and I am nothing to him at all. He never spoke to me but once, and then it was through a mistake. You know I have not the slight-

est claim upon him, and it seemed very good of him to remember me in such a way."

Tilda looked amazed and exceedingly displeased.

"Eirene Vale!" she said, with deep solemnity, "if Mr. Paul Mallane sends you presents, he does it for no good purpose. If you had known what is due to yourself, you would have sent them back as soon as they came."

"I did not know who sent them when they came, nor for a long time after," said Eirene, her voice trembling slightly, as it always did when she was frightened. "I only knew that Mr. Paul sent them to me, when the first number of this magazine came. On it was written, 'From Paul Mallane,' and then I saw that it was the same hand which directed the pictures. If it was wrong to keep them, I am sorry that I did; but nobody but father ever made me a present before. It does not seem as if a person who thought any harm would send me such a picture as 'Faith.'"

"You know nothing of the wickedness of men," said Tilda, compassionately, in a tone which indicated that *she* knew all about it. "Mr. Paul Mallane is very old for his years. Of course, he can see what you are; any one with half an eye could see that. If he sent you anything, it would be something which he knew would please you. What are the magazines? Trifles,—full of foolish travels and fashions and comic pictures, to make you laugh and forget your soul's salvation. When the next one comes, I advise you to send it back. Show him there's one shop-girl that don't want any of his attentions."

Eirene made no answer. Her gaze was fixed upon "Faith," and, as she looked, she seemed to be far away.

Tilda turned toward her her small, keen eyes, and narrow, perceptive forehead, which had no power of reflection in it, and came to two conclusions. The first was, that the beauty of the face before her, without doubt, was very attractive to Mr. Paul Mallane. The second was, that she, Tilda Stade, in virtue of six years' seniority and vastly superior

knowledge of men, would defend and save this innocent lamb from the impending wolf, even when he came in the unexceptional clothing of a young gentleman of the world.

Brother Goodlove's front chamber did not prove to be a paradise. The afternoon sun shone full upon its low roof and unsheltered windows, fading its cotton carpet, blistering its cheap furniture, and making its air stifling with heat. In the evening, when their day's work was done, Eirene found it scarcely easier to breathe there than in the close atmosphere of the overcrowded shop. Weary with her ten hours' toil, she would sit on a low chair by the open window, vainly waiting for a breeze to come in to cool her throbbing temples, and rest her a little for the lesson which she so much desired to learn. Across the street, through the boughs of the apricot tree, she saw the window where she used to sit, half hidden within its cool curtains of summer vines; and she might have wished herself back again in the bare little room, if it had not been for the memory of Tabitha Mallane's unfriendly face.

Tilda Stade said that *she* "desired only the wisdom which cometh from on high," and, therefore, had very little sympathy with Eirene's pursuit of earthly knowledge. Indeed, it was only on class-meeting and prayer-meeting nights, when Tilda was absent telling "what the Lord had done for her soul," that Eirene could study at all. Tilda's favorite anxiety was for Eirene's conversion; and as her zeal was not at all according to knowledge, she felt it to be her duty to labor perpetually for this much-desired object. No matter how high the thermometer stood, nor how tired Eirene might be, nor how hard she herself might have worked, this devout young woman always had vitality enough left to exhort her friend by the hour to repent of her sins and "give her heart to Jesus." She acknowledged to herself that she did not understand Eirene's case; and the more it puzzled her, the more extreme grew her unction, and the more fearfully long her lectures. While Eirene

sat beside one window, she usually sat by the other, on a high, straight-backed chair, ostensibly to sew. But in a very few moments the work was sure to drop into her lap, and, with her feet firmly fixed on a high stool before her, she would plant her elbows upon her knees, thrust her chin in her hands, and set her sharp, inquiring eyes upon the face drooping below the level of the stand which divided them. It never remained for any length of time a silent gaze. The large, patient look fixed upon the difficult page always provoked Tilda to exhortation, and all the more because it in no way coincided with the expression which she thought an unconverted sinner's countenance ought to wear.

"How you can look like *that* over a Catholic French book, is more than I can understand," she would exclaim. "If it was your Testament, Rene, and you were reading about your Saviour, then I should know."

At the first exclamation, Eirene always laid her book down, knowing well that any further attempt to study would be useless.

"If you would only fall down before your Saviour, confess your sins, and get the evidence that you were accepted, I shouldn't be troubled about you any longer," Tilda would say.

"I have prayed ever since I can remember, and every day ask my Saviour to forgive my sins, and give me strength to do right," Eirene answered.

"That makes you all the worse. You pray in your own strength. As long as you are not converted and haven't received the witness, your prayers don't get through the ceiling."

Eirene did not understand these fine points in Tilda's theology. The faith of the gospel, as it had been taught to her by her mother, was very simple. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," were words which she believed with unquestioning faith, and obeyed with the simplicity of a child. Almost from babyhood she had been accustomed to carry all her little

sins and sorrows to this Saviour, whom she had been taught to regard as an Elder Brother, who loved little children, and who was interested in all that concerned their happiness. Now, to be told that He cared nothing for her, and would pay no attention whatever to her prayers because she was so wicked, was to her a view of Christ unprecedented and appalling. The lack of self-poise was a weakness in her character. Her delicate, work-worn nerves, her tender and humble heart, were no match for Tilda's pugnacious persistency. Thus this devoted missionary often enjoyed the partial satisfaction of seeing the eyes before her suffused with tears, and the head bowed in bewildered sorrow. For, after all, Eirene knew no other way than to go on praying and believing, just as she had always done.

Then Tilda would exclaim, in joyful enthusiasm:

"You are almost in the kingdom, Rene. If you were only under conviction, and would give up all for Jesus—if you could only feel that you were willing to be lost, if it were His will, then you would *have* the evidence. But your own goodness is only filthy rags. It'll *never* save you. Are you willing to give up every vanity for the Saviour?"

"I hope so," was the humble reply.

"Are you willing to take that ribbon out of your hair?"

"Oh, yes."

"Are you willing to have the small-pox, and look like a fright?"

"I—don't know."

"Then you are NOT a Christian, and you won't be till you are willing," was Tilda's conclusive rejoinder.

"Yet she is outwardly more consistent than many professors," Tilda would ejaculate to herself. "But, then, that's natural goodness; it won't save her; she has never been under conviction—never received the witness. She is in a state of nature. She can't be saved any more than I could before Christ pardoned me."

In order to feel certain of Eirene's safety, she wished to see her pass through precisely the same spiritual travail and

triumph which had been vouchsafed to herself. Her mind could comprehend no reason why Eirene's finer mental and spiritual organism would receive religion through the process of silent growth, rather than by any sudden and violent demonstration such as she herself had experienced. The great object of her daily labors was to make Eirene feel as she did. To gain this end, she would tell over and over her own religious experience: how the sudden death of her cousin, a gay young man, had transfixed her with terror in the midst of her winter dissipations of quilting-bees and apple-parings; how she suddenly discovered that she had loved nothing in the world so well as this young man; how she had lived for him and for herself; how she had done all in her power to injure Betsey Boyd, because she feared that this young man loved Betsey better than he loved herself; how, over his coffin, she was suddenly overcome with a consciousness of her sinfulness, and the fear of hell, whose terrors she did not feel willing to share even with the gay young man; how, for weeks, she was under conviction; how she wept and prayed at protracted meeting; how she wrestled day and night, yet saw only the blackness of darkness, and God seemed to have forsaken her; how, at last, at the "anxious seat," she cried out, "O Lord! I deserve to be lost!" And, with these words, a great light shone about her. All the brethren and sisters shouted "Glory!" She herself cried, "Praise the Lord!" fell down in a vision, and had the "power." In which she saw her Saviour come down from the skies, with a white book in His hand, on whose front leaf, in gold letters, she read: "Tilda Stade, thy sins are forgiven thee." How, when she came to herself, she felt peace unspeakable, and knew that she had received the white stone and the new name. She had received the witness. Thus she could point Eirene to the spot—to the very moment when the Saviour forgave her sins; and this Eirene must be able to do before she would be fit for the kingdom of heaven.

Eirene, whose childish moods had been of a milder sort, who had never tried to injure any young woman, and had never been violently in love with any young man—who had never experienced any of Tilda's vehement passions—naturally felt a less violent though no less sincere sorrow for her sins. As she listened wondering to Tilda's spiritual story, she felt sure that she could never feel like *that*; she did not believe that anything so wonderful could ever happen to her. In conclusion, she would drive Tilda almost distracted, by saying that she never felt that she herself was good—she knew that she was not—but when she went to her Saviour, He always seemed near and ready to help her, and that she trusted in Him for strength to do right.

In August there was to be a camp-meeting in the woods of Southerly, and this became Tilda's final hope for Eirene's salvation.

"I'll take her there," she said, with an energetic jerk, as if the taking would involve corporeal lifting, and Eirene was to be carried in her arms to the camp ground. "I'll take her there, and when the Spirit of the Lord comes down, as it did at Pentecost, it will pierce her through and through. Then she'll see her sinfulness, but not before. Such blindness! such blindness! But when she is a Christian, she will be a bright and shining light. I haven't a doubt but she'll receive the blessing of sanctification."

PAUL'S SUMMER.

Paul had not been at home all summer. He had a strong will, and it had kept him away from Busyville. During the winter the desire to go there, the desire to see Eirene, had often rushed through his heart. Head and heart wrestled together, but in the end the head had always been victorious. More than once he sat over his meerschaum gazing into the fire till he saw the face that he sought rise and look forth on him through its heart of flame. Once as he beheld it thus, he turned aside to his table, took his pen and began a letter to Eirene; more, he wrote on to the end, a long

letter into which he poured his heart at flood-tide. He told her how she seemed to him in her innocence; how different from the young ladies of the world; how her face and her presence rested and satisfied him; how it made him happier and better, indeed how it made all goodness seem possible even to him!

For he was not good, he told her; he was guilty of sins of which she had no comprehension; but that the look in her eyes made the pleasures of the world hateful to his very thought.

He needed the influence of such a nature in his life. She could do everything for him, if she only would; if she would only care for him, if she would only care for him a little; if she would think of him, and write to him sometime. And he hoped that he could do something for her—it pained him to think that she, a young and delicate girl, was struggling against such hard odds for an education, while he, a young man, had opportunities given him which he did not improve. He could assist her a little at least in the way of books. Would she let him? Would she let him be her brother? Would she be to him a sister? Paul had never written anything in his life so purely noble and sincere as this letter, till he came to the last sentence. "Sister! brother! Pshaw! A pretty brother I'd make to *her*! I dare say she could be my sister, but I never could be her brother. To her I can only be a lover or nothing. I cannot be her lover. Then I will be nothing. But I won't send *her* any such lying humbug." And in his self disgust Paul tossed into the fire the letter in which he had put the very best of his heart.

Instead of the letter he sent her a magazine! Paul's shrewd, worldly head domineered over his passionate and importunate heart. Thus he carried in himself two conflicting and keenly-defined natures which were constantly warring with each other. Like all men of intellect eager for power and distinction in the world, his plan of life was distinctly marked out, and in the end he meant to fulfil it at any cost to mere affection. In his cool moments he was

quite as ambitious for himself as his mother was for him.

But she knew him well when she said: "It will be hard for you to be true to your position till you are older."

Now life was eager within him. His youth was in the way. It was the youth in his heart which cried out and would not be defrauded of its right.

But as the winter wore on, Paul found it easier to submit to what he called his "reason," and he began once more with a will to bend all his desires to his old plan of life.

Time dropped its barrier between him and the fair presence which for a single month had so pervaded and possessed him. The sweet face began to seem picture-like, something to remember and half worship as he did the Evangeline before him.

As it grew more dreamlike, he found it easier to reason over his feelings, and began to console himself with the conclusion that he had not been such a foolish fellow after all.

"I never saw a face that moved me like that, and I don't believe that I ever shall another," he would say to himself. "I came very near falling in love. But I left Busyville just in season. I knew enough to know my danger, and I have had sense enough to keep out of it. I shan't go home again till I am sure I can look at that face without a single flutter, and criticise it as coolly as any other."

Paul found Marlboro Hill a valuable assistant to his sensible resolutions. He accepted all Dick's invitations, and spent his Saturdays and Sundays there. Like most men, he was powerfully controlled by his senses. What he saw and felt this moment moved him more than what he remembered.

We have no gauge which can measure the power of personal contact,—the influence of voice and eye, of look and touch, laying siege to the soul through the outworks of the senses.

We do not half realize how potent is the subtle atmosphere of presence sheathing every human body, repelling or attracting with inevitable magnetism.

Rare as wonderful is the personality

of that being who can so pervade another,—that neither time nor absence nor rivals, the cruelest foes to love, can dethrone or banish it from the heart into which it has entered and in which it is enshrined. Not more than one man in a thousand is strong enough to be perfectly loyal in thought and in deed to the absent love, when beguiled by the looks and words and tones of a charmer whose living presence makes the absent one pale into a memory and a dream.

Paul would have been a very different Paul from what he was had he proved to be an exception to his sex. Besides, bound by no vow, feeling himself subject to no law but that of his own nature, he threw himself with all the force of his will into that side of the balance which held the whole of his interest, if only a part of his feeling.

Feeling is usually a rebel against mere expediency. And Miss Isabella Prescott's cause would have prospered more surely if Paul's practical head had not been constantly reiterating to his rebellious heart: "You must fall in love with Bell Prescott, because it is for your interest to do so." As he had made up his mind to obey his head, he did it as far as he was able, and he would not have been Paul if he had found that obedience wholly disagreeable.

To a young man of his tastes it was by no means an irksome task to be the escort of a belle, a beauty, and an heiress. It pleased his vanity to roll about the country with her in a showy carriage; or on a mettled thoroughbred to canter through the streets of Cambridge by her side; or to promenade with her down Beacon street, and thus send a pang through Helena Maynard's heart as she beheld them seemingly absorbed in each other, from the windows of her stately home. Paul attended Miss Prescott to church, he waited upon her to the opera. He danced with her, sung with her, in fine flirted with her, and the world looking on said that it was a high game that either one, or both were playing, and wondered which would win.

And yet every week Paul spent one evening at least with Helena Maynard,

in which he neither waltzed nor sung—but sat in cosy tête-à-tête in a classical and luxuriant library, talking metaphysics and ethica, ethnology, psychology, theology, art, poetry, and love, with one of the most noted girls in Boston. Not a week but one or more of her exquisitely scented missives, witty, sentimental, dashing, to the verge of coarseness, free beyond the conventional limit of maidenly freedom, yet certainly clever, and unmistakably tender, found its way to the law student's parlor in Cambridge. Paul would read it over more than once, and say thoughtfully: "With all her conquests, and all her offers, she undoubtedly loves *me*. And she writes the cleverest letters that I ever read—they are really company." And in proportion to his estimate of their cleverness, he felt flattered by their homage. And what kind of letters did he write in reply? Not love letters in the openly declared sense, and yet love letters still, in all subtle and undefined expression.

No single sentence committed him to any positive declaration, yet every word was full of implied interest, sympathy, and tenderness toward her, and all that concerned her happiness. Helena made him her confidant. She uncovered to his vision her inner life;—told him of her many lovers, of the numerous offers of marriage made her;—of her refusals of every one;—revelations not at all unpleasant to a vain young man, when the inevitable conclusion was, that these refusals were all made by a heart preoccupied with his own absorbing self. It pleased him to call himself and Helena "friends." He believed in men cherishing female friends *à la* Récamier, and thought it of immense value to his own development to be the intimate companion of a gifted woman of society. Besides it afforded him a flattering estimate of his own superior strength and wisdom, to be able to accept this unequivocal homage unveiled even of maidenly reserve, and yet to be strong to inform her, in return, that his heart was not his own—that he was her true and devoted friend, but could be no more. And yet while making this avowal in words in a thousand

ways more expressive than all language, he made her feel constantly, after all, that if less than a lover, he was more than a friend.

He would say to himself: "I shall never love Helena Maynard. Her nature is too exaggerated, too over-wrought. She is too full of passionate unrest, it would worry me to death to live with it; but I admire her, and I am not going to give up such letters."

Poor Paul! he did not know that it was almost impossible for him to give up any thing which in the slightest degree ministered to his own pleasure. These letters were a gratification to himself. He did not think to inquire how far they might grow to compromise the peace of their writer.

Still, his intercourse with Helena Maynard was only the side play of life, its positive entertainment was derived from the society of Bell Prescott. To him, in this, there was just enough of the play of passion to make it pleasant. There was no deep yearning of heart, no sympathy of spirit, no holy love, but there was personal attraction hovering in look and gesture; fluttering in the touch of her dainty hands, and in the twinkling of her dancing feet.

She played about him perpetually, and fascinated his senses. If he sat by her side he wanted to touch the jewel quivering in her ear, or to toy with the golden chains fettering her delicate wrists: or he felt an insane desire to catch some tiny feather of a curl floating out from all the rest. The pretty hand so playfully yet coyly given, so quickly withdrawn, he liked to take it in his, and hold it an instant longer than necessary. He liked to dance with this airy sylph—for she swayed him with her movement, now dreamy and languid, now sprightly and gay. And for the time being she would fascinate him with her eyes,—one moment languishing with tenderness, the next sparkling and teasing with merriment. Then she was so full of pretty pranks and whims which are as charming in a youthful beauty as they are tedious and irritating in a plain, elderly woman.

One moment she would say she "could waltz forever," and the next would declare she was "so tired she could not take another step. Mr. Mallane *must* take her fan and bouquet, her vinaigrette and her *mouchoir*." But as soon as she saw him fairly laden she wanted them all back again.

When Dick remonstrated, and told her that she was "silly," as he always did when he was about, she would look at him with an audacious twinkle in her cunning eyes, and a vexed pout on her childish mouth, and tell him that she "liked to be silly, it was vastly pleasanter than being wise," which was very true in her case. She was too perfect an artiste in her art not to know precisely the effect of all these foolish, yet bewitching ways. She had practised those charming gestures and made those pretty mouths too long not to know exactly their influence upon susceptible young men.

Her prophecy was already fulfilled—Paul no longer sat by her side unmoved as his "grandfather carved in alabaster." Indeed, her moods were so full of contrast, such a perpetual surprise, that he was in a half-astonished, half-admiring, and wholly-bewildered state whenever he was in her presence. But her empire did not extend beyond her personal atmosphere. Fairly outside of that, Paul was alone with himself, and then it was not of her that he thought. Or if he did, strange to say, he felt no longing to return to her side—and it was with a feeling of vexation toward himself, that while he was conscious that she fascinated him, he was equally conscious that he did not love this girl.

He would sit and wonder if Eirene had translated Telemaque yet, or if she had read all of Bossuet's sermons; or if she liked the Magazine, or the copy of Beranger's songs which he had sent her.

He would think of her as he saw her once standing by the window, at the end of the long shop, the sunshine falling on her hair touching its brown with gold.

He wondered if she ever fancied where her pictures and books came from, and if she ever thought of him! Then came

the thought which always came at last, and which was a longing also—that the pictured eyes could only look on him once more from the living face.

"Bell Prescott is the gayest of all company," he would say to himself; "and her ways are fascinating, very, and when I am with her I don't know whether I am in love with her or not; but as soon as I get away I know that I am not. It looks cunning in a girl of her features—but I don't think that I should fancy having my wife winking at me out of the corner of one eye, or making mouths at me—as she does. It's odd, but what one thinks very charming in a coquette, and a young lady of fashion, is not at all what one would fancy in one's wife! These are the eyes to spend one's life with!" he said, looking down into the face of his Evangeline—eyes that would never upbraid except with their tenderness, that would never mock save with their purity. "These are the only eyes to save *me* from the world and the devil. If I could look down into them and see them full of love for me, the eyes of my wife! and see them looking up at me again, some day, from the eyes of my children—that would be joy enough! How I could love that girl! What a cursed fate! What a cursed nature that will not be satisfied with less than all!"

When he reached this climax Paul usually snatched Blackstone and went to studying with all his might; or if he could, he did what was better still for self-forgetfulness, he went to sleep, and in a short time found himself in his dreams perfectly happy, living like a king at Marlboro Hill; but, strange to say, the queen who shared all fortune and beauty with him was not Bell Prescott, but a shop-girl named Eirene Vale.

Bell Prescott was perfectly certain that she had made great advances in his favor since Paul's first visit to Marlboro Hill—indeed that she had gained a positive power over him; still she was equally certain that it was only a partial power, and therefore she by no means felt satisfied. Notwithstanding she made her presence so engrossing, there were mo-

ments, perhaps when she was most brilliant and fantastical, when an absent look would creep over his face as if he saw something far distant. It is true at these times another face did rise before his vision by sheer force of contrast to the one before him.

This look never escaped Bell's quick eyes, and she would inwardly say: "There! he is thinking of that shop-girl! It seems very hard to get *her* out of his head. If I can't, nobody can." Sometimes while toying with her jewels he would drop them suddenly, with a sense of self-disgust, and a look of positive weariness. He was playing with the charms in her *chatelaine* one day, when he let them fall listlessly, and this look so unwelcome to his companion stole over his face.

"Who are you thinking of, Sir Knight?" she asked in her softest voice. This unexpected question, the first of the kind which she had ever put to him, brought the color into Paul's cheek.

"Ah!" she said archly, "you are thinking of some Busyville beauty. It's nobody very near I know, for your thoughts seem a long way off. Come, Sir Knight, tell me. *Have* you a little loveliness?"

"No indeed, *ma belle*. I am solitary, with no lady to love me. But I *was* thinking of a lovely girl, one of the loveliest that I ever saw, and she does live in Busyville."

"Indeed!" was the involuntary exclamation, and this time the pouting of the little mouth was real not affected. Miss Bella was not quite prepared for this unanticipated confession. The vexation of lip and tone were not to be mistaken, and for an instant Paul experienced the keen masculine delight of making one woman miserable by praising another.

His triumph was only momentary. Miss Prescott was quite as well aware of his weakness as he was of hers, and before Paul could choose any new adjective of praise for the unknown rival with which to torment her, she had recovered all her wonted art and exclaimed:

"Oh, I know who it is! Dick told me all about her. He said you were in love

with her; she works in your father's shop."

This was extremely mortifying, and would have seemed almost rude if it had not been uttered in the most innocent and charming tone in the world.

Paul never mentioned the "shop" at Marlboro Hill. The Prescotts had never been "in business;" and Paul himself felt a repugnance to trade which was rather at variance with his New England origin. When he heard his companions boasting of their pedigree, he often wished that he could refer to a long line of illustrious ancestors whose white hands had never been soiled by coming in contact with gross products; and whose lofty intellects had never come down to accounts in stock, but who had lived and died in the practice of high and wise pursuits, or in the serene atmosphere of affluence and leisure.

It was but a partial consolation for him to remember that the Bards had always been freeholders and rich, while he could not forget that the grandfather whose name he bore, had been only an honest, industrious carpenter, and that his father's wealth had all been acquired in the shops where in earlier days that same father had worked with his own hands. This false pride, ever alert, stung him once more at Bella Prescott's words; but he was too haughty to betray his weakness for more than an instant, and thus said very deliberately: "Yes, she does work in one of my father's shops. But she is very superior to her condition. Indeed, I have reason to think that she comes from an old and educated family who have become reduced," and his mind referred to the little antique testament with its Latin phrase. "But, Miss Prescott, personally she is nothing in the world to me, and never will be. Her face comes back to me like pictures that I have seen and admired, and as it has a peculiar kind of loveliness I like to look at it, that is all. She makes a pretty picture, and yet she has not the style of beauty that I most admire in a woman, you may know, for her eyes are brown." He said this with a look of unmistakable meaning fixed upon her eyes.

"Are you sure that is all?"

At the very beginning of this question the gay voice melted into a tender vibration which must have been irresistible, for Paul answered quickly: "Yes, I am sure. Don't you think that I am old enough to know my own mind? Brown eyes may be lovely in a picture, but in the living woman give me the blue."

A moment afterward Paul despised himself for a liar, and Miss Prescott, feeling the emanation of his discontent, mused silently over his words. "I don't believe it! No man would ever spend so much time in growing absent-minded over a picture. He has told me a fib, and dotes on brown eyes, and has told *her* so."

THE ORGAN.

ALTHOUGH I am not about to preach a sermon, I propose to commence this paper with a text or two from Scripture; to wit, Genesis iv. 21: "And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Again, Job xxi. 12: "They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ." And again, Job xxx. 31: "My harp also is turned into mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep."

Now, the word "organ," used in these and other places in the Old Testament, which I might quote, must not be confounded with the noble instrument at present bearing that name. The term was taken from the Greek translation, but the ancient Greeks had no particular instrument called an organ: the word which has been so translated was a general name for an instrument, a work, or an implement of any kind.

The instrument which was the origin of the organ, or at least furnished the first hint, is still in common use, and is known as the "Pan Pipes," or mouth-organ. Thus, the pipes were the first in order of invention of the various parts of which an organ is composed.

The next in order was the wind-chest, at first composed of a wooden box, which was invented to obviate the fatiguing motion of the head and hands while inflating the pipes. The pipes stood on this box, and it was filled with wind by being blown into through a tube. Now, in order to prevent a simultaneous intonation of all the pipes,

a slider was placed under the aperture of each one, which either opened or stopped the entrance of the wind into the pipes. This was the origin of the "stops" that are ranged on either side of the key-board.

An increase of the number of pipes on the wind-chest, and the necessary enlargement thereof, made it impossible for human breath to supply sufficient wind to fill the instrument; and so the bellows was invented.

The ancient organs were not provided with finger-keys, and were played by pulling down small rods which caused the pipes to speak. This, of course, was a very inconvenient way of playing, and so, in course of time, the key-board was invented.

All these successive improvements and additions were, however, the work of centuries; and it was not until the close of the eleventh century that this last improvement was made.

In the earlier organs the number of notes was very limited. From nine to eleven was nearly their greatest extent, and the execution of ancient music did not require more. "Harmony," of course, was unknown.

The first keys were not "finger" keys, but were often as large as five and a half inches wide, and the manner of performing on them was, of course, conformable to their size. They were struck down by the fist of the performer, and the organist was called the "organ-beater."

The bellows, and the mode of oper-

ating the same, were equally clumsy. In the old church at Winchester, in England, there was a monster organ (according to the times), described by the monk Woolston in a poem which he wrote, and dedicated to Bishop Elphege, by whose order the organ was built, toward the close of the tenth century. This instrument required the force of seventy men to blow the bellows; and the portion of the poem relating thereto is as follows:

"Twelve pair of bellows, rang'd in stated row,
Are joined above, and fourteen more below.
These the full force of seventy men require,
Who ceaseless toil, and plentifully perspire.
Each aiding each, till all the wind be prest
In the close confines of th' incumbent chest;
On which four hundred pipes in order rise,
To bellow forth the blast that chest supplies."

The next epoch in the history of the organ is the invention of the pedals. This took place between the years 1470 and 1480, and is commonly attributed to Bernhard, organist to the Doge of Venice. And the next and last fundamental department of the instrument invented was the swell, which was introduced about one hundred and sixty years ago; and the first organ provided with that beautiful and effective feature was erected by Abraham Jordan, in St. Magnus' church, at the foot of London Bridge. Jordan's invention was undoubtedly suggested by the "echo," used in many English organs before his time. The echo consisted of a duplication of the treble portion of some of the stops in the other manuals, closed in a wooden box to give their tone softness and the effect of distance. The name plainly indicates the purpose for which it was originally designed.

Jordan's invention was to cause the sounds from the pipes in the echo to increase or decrease in strength by using shutters or leaves arranged much like those of common Venetian window-blinds, and closing or opening by means of a pedal.

Thus I have sketched the history of the invention and improvement of this noble instrument, from the first ages down to modern times. I will now consider its structure.

The mechanism of an organ, though apparently so complex, is yet, in its main features, comparatively simple. We see the keys, and, on their being touched, hear the pipes speak. The connection between them is easy of comprehension. The key moves on a centre, and, on being pressed down, of course the other end (technically called "the tail") rises. This lifts up a short rod about the size of a lead-pencil, called a "sticker." This sticker in turn operates on one end of a lever called "a back-fall," the other end of which, dropping, pulls down, by a connecting wire or "tracker," the "pallet" or valve, over which the pipe stands. The pallet admits the wind from the bellows into the pipe, and causes it to speak. So you have the whole art and mystery of organ-building; and if any lady or gentleman, after my description, think they can make an organ, all they have to do is to try.

Things may sometimes be carried to extremes, and certainly the excessive ornamentation of organ-cases in the olden time was an illustration of this truth. In the course of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, great industry and expense were bestowed on the external decoration of the organ. The entire case was ornamented with statues, heads of angels, vases, foliage, and even figures of animals. Sometimes the front pipes were painted with grotesque figures, and the lips of the pipes made to resemble lions' jaws. Among these ornaments the figures of angels played a very conspicuous part. Trumpets were placed in their hands, which, by means of mechanism, could be moved to and from the mouth. Carrillons, too, and kettle-drums, were performed upon by the movable arms of angels. In the midst of this heavenly host, sometimes a gigantic angel would be exhibited hovering in a glory above the organ, beating time with his baton, as the conductor of this super-earthly orchestra. Under such circumstances, the firmament, of course, could not be dispensed with. So we had wandering suns and moons

and jingling stars in motion. Even the animal kingdom was summoned into activity. Cuckoos, nightingales, and every species of bird, singing, or rather chirping, added their notes to the ludicrous effect, and, with the other absurd monstrosities, succeeded in turning this noble instrument into a perfect raree-show.

But if men went to the extreme of decoration and patronage of the organ, so did they afterwards go to the other extreme of condemnation and neglect. What I am going to speak of now may be called the age of organ persecution.

In 1644 an ordinance was passed in the English Parliament establishing a new form of Divine worship, in which no music was allowed except plain psalm-singing. It was thought necessary, for the promotion of true religion, that no organs should be suffered to remain in the churches; that choral-books should be torn, painted glass windows broken, sepulchral brass inscriptions defaced, and, in short, that the cathedral service should be totally abolished.

In the civil war which followed, organs were among the especial objects of puritanic wrath. At Westminster, in 1647, some of Cromwell's soldiers were quartered in the Abbey church. They broke down the altar-rail, and burned it on the spot. They also broke down the organ, and pawned the pipes at neighboring public houses for pots of ale. At Exeter Cathedral they threw down the organ, and, taking the pipes, went up and down the streets piping with them. At Peterborough, at Canterbury, at Chichester, at Norwich, and at Winchester, the like depredations were committed. When the Parliamentary army, in 1651, under the command of the Earl of Essex, entered Worcester, they rode up through the body of the cathedral, tore down the altar-rail, broke the stained glass windows, and destroyed the organ. At the Nunnery at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, the same scenes were repeated. The soldiers of the Parliament, resolving to suppress the establishment, manifested a particular spite against the organ.

This they broke in pieces, of which they made a large fire, and at it roasted several sheep foraged in the neighborhood.

After the Parliamentary ordinance of 1644, and the zeal of the puritanical party in putting their orders in force, it is somewhat remarkable that any church organs should have escaped demolition. Some instruments were, however, suffered to remain; nevertheless, the devastation committed upon these innocent victims was not easily remedied. It was not until some time after the Restoration that the instruments could be reinstated.

Among the Continental organ-builders who established themselves in England, attracted thither by the revival in organ-building, was one Christopher Schrider, who erected several organs in that country, and among them the noble instrument for Westminster Abbey, which is still in that church. At his death, a monument was erected to his memory, on which was engraved the following curious epitaph:

"Here rests the musical Kit Schrider,
Who organs built when he did bide here.
With nicest care he tuned 'em up;
But Death has pulled the cruel stop;
Tho' breath to others he conveyed,
Breathless, alas! himself is laid.
May he who us such keys has given,
Meet with St. Peter's keys of heaven.
His *cornet*, *twelffth*, and *diapason*,
Could not with air supply his weasand.
Bass, tenor, treble, unison,
The loss of tuneful Kit bemoan."

He, however, was not the only one of eminence in his profession who visited England at that time. I have only singled him out on account of his quaint epitaph. The names of "Father" Smith and Renuus Harris will ever hold an honorable place in the annals of organ-building. These two artists had a contention over the merits of their organs, which attracted considerable attention in their day. The authorities of the Temple church, in London, were desirous of having the best organ attainable erected in their church, and accordingly invited proposals from both these eminent men. But their respective claims were backed by the recommendations

of such an equal number of powerful friends and celebrated organists, that they were unable to determine which to employ. They therefore told the candidates that, if each of them would erect an organ in different parts of the church, they would retain that which in the greatest number of excellences should be allowed to deserve the preference. Smith and Harris, agreeing to this proposal, devoted their utmost skill to the work; and, in about eight or nine months, each had an organ ready for trial. Smith engaged the services of the celebrated organists and composers, Doctors Blow and Purcell; and Harris secured those of Signor Baptiste Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine, wife of Charles II. Such, however, were the merits of the instruments and the skill of the performers, that a choice was rendered more difficult than ever; and at last the controversy was brought into court, where a decision was given in Smith's favor by the notorious Judge Jeffries.

It was about this period that art in organ-building began steadily to progress, until it has arrived at its present perfection.

In 1630 the fine-toned organ in the magnificent church of St. Ouen, at Rouen, was erected, and is still in existence. It has five rows of keys, a pedal organ, forty-nine stops, and twelve bellows. In 1670 the noble instrument in St. Sepulchre's church, in London (the bell of which edifice has so often tolled the knell of departing criminals from Newgate), was erected by Rhenus Harris, and is supposed to be the oldest instrument of his make now existing in London. In the early part of the last century, the celebrated organ in the Cathedral at Haarlem was erected. It has long been famous as one of the largest and finest instruments in the world. It was built by Christopher Müller, of Amsterdam, and was nearly three years and a half in course of construction. Some of the front pipes are thirty to forty feet in length, and are of pure English tin, burnished. It has sixty stops and nearly five thousand

pipes, and, with its magnificent case, cost altogether about \$50,000.

About the same time, the organ in St. Michael's church, Hamburg, was erected. The case of this instrument is sixty feet high and sixty in width. The front pipes are arranged to represent pillars, being furnished with bases and Corinthian capitals, the pipes themselves, with their burnished surfaces, forming the shafts. The organ is finely laid out inside in four stories, to each of which free access is obtained by wide staircases with hand-rails. Some of the pipes are so large that a light sieve of wire with large meshes is placed over the top, to keep out the birds.

One of the largest, if not the largest organ in the world, is in St. George's Hall, Liverpool. This immense instrument contains one hundred sounding stops, besides the accessory stops, couplers, &c. The wind is supplied from fourteen bellows, blown by a steam-engine. There are eight thousand pipes, varying in length from thirty-two feet to three eighths of an inch, ten octaves apart. The "trackers," if laid out in a straight line, would reach six miles. The largest pipe is twelve feet in circumference, and its interior measurement two hundred and twenty-four cubic feet. The timber alone weighs thirty tons; and the metal and other materials employed in its formation rise to a total weight of over forty tons.

In giving these instances of the masterpieces of art in organ-building, I have selected those as remarkable for size as for excellence. There are many organs in this country, as well as in Europe, which, though not of such vast dimensions, take no second rank (except in point of mere size) with any of these I have mentioned. And among them may be enumerated the fine instruments in the Music Hall, Boston; in Trinity Church, the Tabernacle, and the Temple Emmanuel, in the city of New York; in St. John's M. E. Church in Williamsburg, and Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the two latter blown by hydraulic engines.

The application of hydraulic power

for the purpose of supplying wind to the organ, is destined to come into very general use, not only for instruments erected in churches and music halls, but even for parlor organs. The facility with which the power can be applied, the small space required for the engine, and the ready command of water in all great cities, afford opportunities for the introduction of this motor that will soon bring it into extensive employment.

The organ in St. John's M. E. Church in Williamsburg, is seventy feet above tide water; but as the Ridgewood reservoir is one hundred and ninety feet above the same level, the water has a head of one hundred and twenty feet, which gives a pressure of forty-three pounds to the square inch. The diameter of the cylinder of the hydraulic engine here used is seven inches, and the stroke of the piston ten inches.

The bellows are provided with levers, to be used in case of accident to the engine or water-supply; and although these levers require the united force of four men at the *end* to operate, the engine, connected near the *centre*, moves them with ease and steadiness. The engine itself is set in motion and regulated by a horizontal hand-wheel placed near the performer.

It may not be out of place here to invite the attention of committees having in charge the purchase of organs for churches or music halls, to a few important considerations.

In the first place, an organ is destined to stand in its allotted position for years and years. Some have stood for centuries. And there it is to remain, for better or for worse, either an object of pride for all concerned, or else a great and mortifying failure, offensive to the eye and distracting to the ear of every one obliged to look upon or listen to it. Parties interested should beware how they trifle or tamper with the matter.

To quote the words of that eminent scholar and musician, the late Dr. Edward Hodges, formerly organist of Trinity Church, New York:

"The good organ-builder is not a

mere manufacturer of organs made to sell as per list. He is not even a merely clever mechanic or artisan, who has learned to perform certain manipulations, and can perform them dexterously. But he is, in his own department, an *artist*, as every organ-builder should be. Himself a good workman, he knows what good work is. That, however, is not enough to enable a man to rank with the organ-builders who live in history; an organ-builder must know how to contrive, adapt, and accommodate, according to the varying circumstances under which his instruments may be put in requisition. He should be well acquainted with theoretical and practical mechanics, and have insight into the kindred science of architecture, with which his operations are connected. Moreover, he must have some inventive genius, or his organs will turn out but stereotyped reproductions of one or two unvarying ideas."

Such being the character of the man whom "organ committees" should consult, is it well—indeed, is it *economy*—to force him into competition with some cheap but incompetent builder? Persons charged with awarding an organ contract are, of course, bound to study the pecuniary interests of those they represent; and they sometimes think they do so when they save a few dollars on the price of the instrument; but they eventually find themselves woefully mistaken, when they discover that they are burdened with an apparatus that will, in the course of time, cost for repairs as much as, if not more than, the original amount of the purchase; and which, in the end, they will be glad to get rid of at any sacrifice.

Then, while it is right and proper for such a committee to insist on a faithful performance of the contract, let them select none but a builder of known reputation, who, by the very necessity of the case, is a man of honor, and then deal with him fairly, and even liberally, remembering that they are not paying for so many cubic feet of work merely, but reimbursing him for the product of a lifetime of artistic education and scientific study.

But in no department of his profession are these qualifications so absolute-

ly essential as in the voicing and tuning of the organ. The former of these is a most delicate operation, and, to attain success, long experience and a refined ear must be brought to its accomplishment. The process is, indeed, so delicate, that it is impossible to describe or even to teach. Success can only be attained by a long course of individual experiment, combined with a consummate judgment and a most sensitive ear. Results only can be described. Each pipe must be voiced with reference to its distinctive character, and to the "stop" to which it belongs. The flute, the trumpet, the piccolo, the horn, the flageolet, the trombone, the clarinet, &c., &c., must each possess the various characteristics appropriate to their names. These, again, must be voiced with reference to the position they occupy in the instrument, whether in the great, the choir, the swell, or the pedal organ; and, finally, they must all be subordinated to the general effect, so as to secure individual diversity with general harmony.

The art of tuning the organ is more simple, and can be attained by any one, patience and the possession of a discriminating ear, of course, being understood.

The first step taken in "laying the bearings" (*i. e.*, adjusting an initial or normal stop, from which all the rest of the organ may be tuned), is to adjust the starting sound (middle C) to the pitch of the tuning-fork, and then tuning the remaining eleven sounds of the octave by intervals of third, fourth, fifth, sixth, or octave, up or down as the case may be, and at the same time making those intervals "bear" nearer towards, or farther from, the sounds from which they are being calculated, than if they were being tuned absolutely perfect. All the thirds, fourths, and sixths that are tuned upwards are made a little sharp, and those that are tuned downwards rather flat. The fifths, on the contrary, are tuned a slight degree flat upwards, and sharp downwards. As the tuner proceeds with his work, he occasionally tries the temperament

of a note just tuned with some other not previously adjusted, to ascertain whether the bearings are being laid correctly. These references are called *trials*, or *proofs*, and are made by adding the major third, fourth, or sixth, above or below, to the note just tuned. If the intervals upwards appear to be rather greater than perfect in all cases, except between C sharp and F sharp, which should be rather flat, all is right; but if otherwise, then some of the previous bearings are not quite correct.

The stop usually selected for this process is the "principal," the pitch of that stop being the medium one of those generally contained in the organ.

The bearings having been laid, the remainder of the stop is tuned in octaves to the pipes already adjusted, and then the rest of the stops in the organ are tuned to the principal.

We have seen that the noble instrument of which we have been speaking is the monarch of all beside; for it embraces and improves upon them all. The trumpet, the trombone, the clarinet, the flute, the violin, the bass viol, the violoncello, the oboe, the bassoon, the horn, the flageolet, the piccolo, the cornet, even the fife and drum, are all here, and with a sustained power, fullness, and richness of tone that the orchestra in vain endeavors to follow. It goes further; the human voice is imitated with startling fidelity; nay more, the "Voix Celeste," as its name implies, conveys to the ravished senses the impression of a distant choir of angelic voices, bearing up, for acceptance at the gates of heaven, the praises of the faithful here below.

The noblest use to which this masterpiece of art can be devoted, is in the service of the Most High. Who does not bow in almost involuntary devotion, as, under the touch of a master, the glorious tones of the organ come floating through the air, filling every corner of the temple of Deity, the waves surging onward and onward, bursting forth beyond the walls which cannot confine them, far out into the open air, until the very soul is lost in a sea of harmony.

Listening to such inspiring sounds, we are reminded of a beautiful description of organ-music in a cathedral, by Lowell, in his "Legend of Brittany":

"Then swelled the organ; up through choir and nave

The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss, at its own grandeur; wave on wave,
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hush'd air shivered with the throb it gave.

Then, poised for a moment, it stood still,
And sank, and rose again, to burst in spray,
That wandered into silence far away.

"Like to a mighty heart, the music seemed;
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak:
Until, in grand despair of what it dreamed,
In the agony of effort, it doth break;
Yet triumphs, breaking. On it rushed, and
streamed,

And wanted in its might: as when a lake,
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls,
And in one crowding gush, leaps forth and falls.

"Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge bass kept gathering heavily;
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky.
It grew up like a darkness, everywhere
Filling the vast cathedral—."

POLYGLOTS.

THE study of modern languages being more generally prevalent than it has been at any former period of the world's history, and the tendency being so strong in that direction that we may safely predict a still farther extension of this pursuit, the reader is likely to take some interest in the question whether it is possible to learn a foreign language or not. I have been on the lookout, during the last ten years, for a person who knew two languages perfectly, and I have found *one*. As for the man who knows three languages, I have not found him yet, and do not believe that he exists upon the surface of this planet. There are many instances of people who have learned a foreign language so as to speak it exactly like a native; but in all such cases that have come under my own observation, except the one just alluded to, the acquisition has been paid for by the loss, total or partial, of the mother-tongue. I remember meeting with a bookseller in the north of England who spoke English with a strong foreign accent, but he spoke the French well; he had lived ten years in Paris, where he had been in business, during which time he had acquired a good French accent, and a bad English one. An American lady, who is a friend of mine, and has lived fourteen years in France, always speaks French with me because she finds it easier than English. She speaks English correctly still, or nearly so, but with evident embarrassment, and it is

VOL. V.—38

clear that she does not feel at home in it; her English vocabulary, too, has become limited through the loss of words which have gradually dropped out of her recollection.

But one of the most curious instances of the loss of the mother-tongue occurred in a case about which I can give the best possible testimony, since it was the case of my own eldest son. He spoke English at one time as perfectly as any other English child of his age, but we migrated to France, and for some months he lived in the house of some French friends of ours in the south of France, not very far from Avignon. Notwithstanding the fact that two of the ladies in the family spoke English (and spoke it uncommonly well for Frenchwomen), the child had not been more than a week or two in the house before he ceased speaking English altogether, and began to speak, not French, but the purest Provençal, which he heard the servants and work-people speaking about him. The next time I met him there was no longer any means of communication between us. He could not understand one word of English, nor of French either, and I was equally ignorant of the beautiful and poetical language of Provence. Since then he has acquired French and forgotten his Provençal, but he has not yet recovered his lost English, and will only do so by learning it as a foreign tongue. He is at a French public school, and speaks French

as well as any of his schoolfellows, but he has paid his English for it, exactly as an Englishman pays a sovereign for twenty-five francs.

The solitary instance that I have known of a person knowing perfectly two languages is that of a distinguished English landscape-painter, William Wyld. Mr. Wyld came to live in France at the age of nineteen, and has therefore lived in the country about forty years. He speaks English *quite* perfectly still, without the faintest trace of a foreign accent, and his French is equally perfect. I took a French lady one day to his studio (a born Parisienne), and begged her to listen to Mr. Wyld's French, and detect a fault in it if she could. When we left, she said that during the first half-hour she had been quite unable to detect any thing, but that afterwards she became aware of something, and for some time could not make out what it was; finally, however, she hit upon a slight defect, not in grammar or the choice of expressions, but in the vibration of the letter *r*. I take the case of Mr. Wyld, therefore, as a proof—the solitary proof which after much searching I have hitherto been able to discover—that it is possible to possess two languages in the full sense of possession, that is, so as to have the perfect use of both. The only other instance which may possibly be as conclusive as this, is that of an assistant in M. Goupil's shop in Paris. I went there one day to transact some business for a London publisher, and in M. Goupil's absence had to deal with one of his clerks. After a long conversation, during which I had not the slightest suspicion that he was an Englishman, I happened to mention the name of the English publisher I for the moment represented. "I think, sir," he said, "there has been a mutual mistake; we have been taking each other for Frenchmen." As our business was then virtually at an end, I heard very little of his English, but it did not appear to be defective. I know a French lady, who has written two English books, and speaks English well enough for her nationality to be a matter of doubt, well enough to be often

taken for an Englishwoman, yet not absolutely well. Her style in speaking is the style of a highly-cultivated Englishwoman, but there are occasional traces of gallicisms enough to betray her to an attentive and critical hearer. In addition to these instances, I used to count that of an Italian who spoke French in perfection. He was the late M. Bixio, formerly French ambassador at Turin, &c., and a great friend of ours. Since M. Bixio was an Italian by birth, we used to believe that his Italian must necessarily be faultless; but I have since learned that he did not speak Italian at all, having abandoned his native tongue since his residence in France. During his frequent visits to Italy on financial and political business, he made use of the French language only. Instances of the perfect acquisition of a foreign language are usually accompanied by the total or partial loss of the native tongue. The only modern to whom classical Latin was the language of childhood, the essayist Montaigne, failed to keep Latin and French to the same point simultaneously.

Every instance of any thing even approaching the perfect acquisition of a foreign language which has come under my own observation, has been accompanied by peculiar family conditions. The person has either married a person of the other nation, or is of mixed blood. When the father is English and the mother French, the children may know the two languages; but even then it is highly improbable that they will do so unless they live alternately in the two countries. I could mention an Italian family in Manchester which does not know a word of Italian; but I reserve this instance for the present, because it will be valuable as an illustration of another part of our subject.

Even intermarriage, however, by no means insures the acquisition of the other language. There are very numerous examples of wives who have never learned the native language of their husbands. Instances of the converse are more rare: a man generally learns his wife's language, but not always. I know in-

stances of both kinds, in which one of the two is absolutely ignorant of the other's native tongue, and willing, apparently, to remain so. So in the case of children: it by no means follows that because you speak English your children will speak it too, if they are living in a foreign country. The language they are quite sure to acquire is the slang or dialect of the district, because that, so to speak, is in the air. Children receive a language from the medium which surrounds them, as a piece of cloth is stained by being plunged in the dyer's vat.

There appear to be certain insuperable difficulties of pronunciation that stand in the way of particular races of mankind. For example, I never heard a German pronounce French even tolerably; and, though constantly in the habit of making inquiries on this subject, have never met with a Frenchman who had heard a German pronounce tolerably. There may, of course, be exceptions, but I naturally conclude that they must be very rare. Germans usually pronounce *joli*, "choli," *ensemble*, "ensemble," and so on; nor does any length of residence in France seem to produce the least amelioration in this respect. Again, I never heard a German pronounce English *perfectly*, though they usually succeed much better with English than with French, and one or two instances have come in my way of Germans whose English accent was fairly good; but in these instances the speaker had intermarried with an English family, or was himself of mixed blood.

In speaking thus, of course, I set aside the usual complimentary estimates altogether. In every country, people will tell you that you have a perfect accent, that you speak wonderfully, that you might easily be taken for a native, and other civil nonsense of that kind. Then, after you leave the room, they will laugh at you and their own lies. The consequence of compliments of this kind is, that most people rest contented with a very low degree of acquirement—with a much lower degree than might be attainable by them. In many instances there is not so much the intention to pay

undeserved compliments as an inexact, though not insincere, use of language. People tell you that you speak well, meaning well for a foreigner; which is about as much as to say that you are barely intelligible.

But although to speak a foreign language really well is a matter of all but superhuman difficulty, and a thing only possible under rare and peculiar conditions, people might speak foreign languages incomparably better than they do, if they would set about it in the right way. Nothing is more surprising than the resisting faculty which grown-up people possess, and by which they are capable of remaining any length of time in a country without learning the language which they hear every day around them. There is a story of a Frenchman who had lived in England fifty years without acquiring any English, and who excused himself by asking, "What's fifty years to learn English in?" his impression being that such a vast undertaking required a century or two. The story may be a true one, or it may not; but I know an Englishman who has lived in Paris permanently for many years, who has no intention of living anywhere else, and who is utterly and absolutely ignorant of French, and will forever remain so. I spoke just now of "the resisting faculty which grown-up people possess," because children do not possess it at all. A child is sure to learn the language of the country he lives in, but then he is almost as sure to forget his native tongue, unless the greatest precautions are taken to keep it up. The adult, on the other hand, resists in the most astonishing manner; so that it does not in the least follow that an Englishman or a German will speak French enduringly because he has lived twenty years in France. The German will call a *Boulevard* a "Poulevard," and an *église* an "église," and a *Juif* a "Chuit," and praise the "chénie" of an author and the "peauté" of a lady till Death puts a period to his crimes. So the Englishman talks boldly about the "Roo Santonnoy" and the "Chong de Marz," and remains all his life in

dubious uncertainty whether a famous picture-gallery ought to be called the "Louve" or the "Louver."

A class of Englishmen who never *can* learn how to pronounce French are the English swells. In using this slang word I do not mean English gentlemen of high rank, but men with the aristocratic affectations. There are many gentlemen in England, of very high rank indeed, who are absolutely devoid of the aristocratic affectations; but there are others, both of high rank and of little or no rank at all, who have them in a marked degree. In a word, these affectations are more an affair of character than of rank. They affect a man's manners, but that is not our present concern; they affect also his pronunciation, they vitiate it. Charles Dickens made some very severe observations about a year ago on the non-pronunciation which distinguishes England beyond other nations, and the English swell beyond other Englishmen. The supposed acme of elegance is not to pronounce at all. Listen, for example, to a young Londoner when he intends to say, "I don't know." The sounds which really issue from his lips are "oidanow." When he intends to say, "It is the sort of thing to do," he says, "itsawtathingtdoo;" for "How are you, old fellow?" he says, "haïyaol-fulla." He calls a horse a "hoce," and a carriage a "caidge," and Ireland "Ah-Ind," and York "Yoke." I remember Mr. Ruskin says, in a chapter on vulgarity, that you may know a man to be not a gentleman by the accuracy of his pronunciation. In England this is true, but how lamentable it is that it should be true!

The English swell, with his notion that a gentleman ought not to condescend to pronounce any thing, goes into France, where people think that a gentleman ought to pronounce with more studied and perfect accuracy than any body else. He has no notion of such a thing as an accurate study of sound, he despises it. The consequence is that he carries the habits of a non-pronounced language into a language which requires the most exquisite truth of pronuncia-

tion; and the effect on the ears of his audience is like the effect of the worst violin-playing when every note is out of tune. It is far more a moral affair, belonging to character, than a physical hindrance, that disqualifies him. It is the pride of a swell who has always thought it beneath him to pronounce his own language, and who is still less likely to condescend to study accuracy in another. I never met with an English swell who could pronounce French at all. The Englishmen who do come to pronounce French, are either men of comparatively humble position, without affectations, or else, if they are men of rank, they are very simple in character and destitute of the pride of caste.

There are many proofs that French is an accurately pronounced language, but one of the most striking is the variety of sound given to the letter *e*—a variety strictly regulated and most delicately observed. A nation which sets itself four ways of pronouncing the letter *e* (*e é ê ê*), and which, having settled these four ways by rule, sticks to them quite faithfully whenever the letter occurs in the most rapid conversation, is a nation which respects its phonic laws, and has phonic laws to respect. The only letter about which the English are severe is the letter *λ*. It is much to be regretted that we are not equally severe about every letter in the alphabet. For instance, there is that unfortunate letter *r*, which would be of the utmost use in giving a distinctive character to the words in which it occurs—a letter which is especially precious because there is not another in the least resembling it. The *t* is only a *d* hardened, the *v* is only a softer *f* and the *δ* a softer *p*; *δ* and *ú* have precisely the same sound; but *r* is unique, being the only vibrated letter in the whole alphabet. Well, what have the English swells done with this most valuable letter? Here was a letter which really required to be pronounced; there was no getting over it, pride must condescend to learn it, and laziness exert itself to make the necessary little vibration. So the English swells made up their minds that they would not be bothered

to pronounce this letter at all, and they have actually abolished it! The letter *r* does not exist in swell-English! But unfortunately it *does* exist in France, and the swell Englishman cannot abolish it in that country, so he is placed in a strange dilemma. Either he must learn to pronounce the letter *r*—a piece of condescension which the swell-mind feels to be humiliating and degrading—or else he must remain forever incapable of pronouncing the French tongue. He invariably prefers the latter alternative. As for studying the four sounds of the letter *a*, he has no notion that accents have any thing to do with pronunciation at all; he believes them to be useless, and put there for the purpose of plaguing him every time he tries to write a letter.

The same combination of laziness and pride which prevents the swell Englishman from learning a foreign pronunciation, hinders equally his acquisition of the verbs and genders. His scorn of servile accuracy, his feeling of personal superiority to foreigners, and his general objection to taking trouble, are quite sufficient to insure his permanent and irremediable ignorance on these points. The swell Englishman *never* masters the French genders; they are sometimes mastered by an Englishman, though very, very rarely, but never by a swell. What hinders him most, both in pronunciation and grammar, is the notion that in order to prove himself to be a gentleman, he must carry into French the disdainful habits which command respect in England. It is a perfect comedy to hear him giving himself airs in French. The defects of pronunciation which in London are supposed to be an evidence of social status, are in Paris only evidence of pure ignorance, and the affectations of one country are a sort of coin which does not pass current in another. The French swell has his affectations also, and very absurd affectations they are; but then they are different affectations.

If it is so rare to find a man who can speak two languages perfectly, what are we to say about polyglots?

There is a natural provision by which every generation has its regular supply

of polyglots. I know several. I know one who has studied eleven languages, and the reader will no doubt remember instances which are on record of men who have studied, and even in a certain sense mastered, many more than eleven languages. As it is the business of an author to know one language thoroughly well, to be able to use it as an organist uses an organ and not merely to possess it as a collector possesses his curiosities, so, on the other hand, it is the business of the polyglot to be not so much an artist in one language as a collector of several. His head is a museum of words and phrases, useful for reference, useful more especially for comparison. The whole science of comparative philology—a science which has already rendered various and most unexpected services—is due to the polyglots. Another practical service which they continually render is in teaching the rudiments of languages which without their help would never be taught at all in certain isolated localities. It is a great convenience to have a man in a remote little town who can teach your children correctly the rudiments of four or five languages, because you can select the one which is most likely to be useful. The most accomplished polyglots go, of course, much farther than the mere collecting of phrases. They arrive at a comparative knowledge of the spirit of the different nations whose languages they have studied, and they become comparers, not merely of words but of literatures. It is obvious, also, that to be a polyglot is practically a great help to a man in travelling. The American polyglot, when he goes to Europe, picks up a great deal that the monoglot necessarily misses.

The limits of the attainments of polyglots lie much less in the number of the languages which they learn than in the degree of mastery which is possible for them in each of those languages. It is easier to learn twenty languages imperfectly than two perfectly. Any one with a good memory and that knack of language-learning which no doubt is a special gift, but not a rare gift, could learn a new language every year, if he devoted

his time to that pursuit, and retain the elements of eight or ten languages at once. He could read and construe ten languages with the help of dictionaries, but he could not write and speak them with any approach to *correct* fluency, though he might be fluent without correctness. It is always easy to do many things badly. For instance, what is easier than to play badly on many instruments, what more difficult than to play excellently on one? The polyglot is like a musician who plays badly upon all the instruments in a band, with the difference, however, that the polyglot is really a useful personage, whereas the other is not.

There appears, however, to exist usually a certain degree of confusion in the polyglot mind. Polyglots seldom use a language without painful hesitation, even when they are men of culture, and it does not follow that a polyglot need be a man of culture at all. The mere acquisition of the rudiments of many languages does little or nothing for culture; if it is culture at all, it is culture of a very low order. But even those polyglots who *are* men of culture seem to have the greatest difficulty in making any practical use of the languages in their armory. They are like collectors of many weapons, who may indeed boast of possessing them, but are unskilled in their use. I know a Frenchman who possesses, in his memory, every word in the English language, except of course the technical and scientific vocabularies; yet he speaks most incorrectly and with the most painful hesitation, in fact in such a manner as to be altogether unintelligible at times. The bishops who went to the Ecumenical Council at Rome are said to have found out the wonderful difference which there is between having learnt a language and being able to use it. They all know Latin, in a certain sense; but as for debating in Latin, or, still worse, talking freely in Latin with each other, they find that quite impossible.

There is a large class of uneducated and uncultivated polyglots, servants, couriers, waiters, &c., and very useful

their acquirements are. What would Europe do without the polyglot waiter? Thousands of travellers would be embarrassed at every turn without his valuable help. He is generally a German, and retains the frank accent of the fatherland. Though he speaks quite fluently, his vocabulary is wonderfully limited; but he knows all the phrases which are necessary in his situation, and by constantly using the same expressions has acquired that fluency which we admire. He can tell you when the train starts in four languages, but his mind is not the more cultivated on that account, for, after all, the fact that the train starts is always exactly the same fact, calling forth exactly the same reflections, whether one affirms it in English, or French, or German, or Italian. So it is with all the other facts which habitually come in the polyglot waiter's way. He can announce them to four nations, but after all they are not the greater facts on that account, any more than a book can be made deeper or better by being translated into four tongues.

I once knew a polyglot servant, who in his old age ended by knowing no language on the face of the earth. He was a Neapolitan by birth, and had become travelling-servant to an English marquis, in whose family he ever afterwards remained. He was supposed to have learned English and French, but never understood either, and, what was still worse, totally forgot his Italian. At the time I knew him the man had no means of communication with his species. When his master told him to do any thing, he made a guess at what was likely to be for the moment his master's most probable want, and sometimes hit the mark, but more generally missed it. The man's name was Alberino, and I remember on one occasion profiting by a mistaken guess of his. After a visit to Alberino's master, my servant brought forth a magnificent basket of trout, which greatly surprised me, as nothing had been said about them. However, we ate them, and only discovered afterwards that the present was due to an illusion of Alberino's. His master had never

told him to give me the trout, but he had interpreted some other order in that sense. Any attempt at conversation with Alberino was sure to lead to a perfect comedy of misunderstandings. He never had the remotest idea of what his interlocutor was talking about; but he pretended to catch your meaning, and answered at hap-hazard. He had a habit of talking aloud to himself—

“But in a tongue no man could understand.”

It is to be feared that many more cultivated polyglots are much in the same position, with the difference that they usually remember their native tongue. Ladies and gentlemen who know several languages, or are supposed to know them, rarely succeed in speaking them even intelligibly. But it must also be acknowledged that a language may be studied for other purposes than that of speech. A man may be well acquainted with our literature without being able to speak our language, and it is not rare to meet with cultivated foreigners who know our authors better than we do. Yet, after all, they know them better only in the sense of having read them more, not in the sense of a deeper and more perfect understanding. The pedant's knowledge of books is very different from that more perfect knowledge to which a happy sympathy with the author can alone lead us; and this sympathy is scarcely attainable without a colloquial knowledge of his language. This is one of the causes for the very different estimates of literary reputations which exist in foreign countries, and in the countries where the writer's own language is the language usually spoken. In speaking upon this subject, I am upon rather dangerous ground, because every one who has learned a foreign language in the privacy of his own study is disposed to believe that his knowledge of it is perfectly sure. He trusts the dictionaries; but what is a dictionary? The constant observation of the manner in which a word is actually used by the living inhabitants of the country, can alone convey to the mind a precise idea of its value and of its use. You want a foreign word, and

seek in the dictionary the English word you already know. The more conscientious the dictionary-maker has been, the more he will embarrass you. Out of the string of meanings which he gives, which are you to choose? Suppose you choose the right one: it is after all only the nearest, which by no means proves that you have found a true equivalent, or any thing like one. And the dictionaries are generally so rough and clumsy—it is so rarely that they explain, or can explain, those shades of meaning which constitute all the delicacy and beauty of a language. When you have learned all that the dictionary can tell you, the study of *nuances* is still to be begun. I never knew a Frenchman, whose knowledge of English had been acquired exclusively by reading, who understood our authors as we ourselves can understand them. For a Frenchman to do that, he must have lived in England or America, or else with English people or Americans. And yet there are many Frenchmen who study English without ever speaking it, and who arrive at the possession of an extensive vocabulary, which they never really understand. So it is with English people who study French in England. They know all the words, but miss the delicate sense, and it is no use reading to them any thing really exquisite.

The reader may guess, from what has just been said, that my belief in classical scholarship is not of the strongest. The utmost knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics which is attainable by any modern is about the same as the knowledge of English literature which is attainable by a provincial Frenchman who has never been in England, or spoken to an Englishman in his life. I know from personal observation what that amounts to. And the most discouraging thing about what is called “classical education” is, that it prescribes for us just those languages which we have no opportunity of learning, in any genuine and perfect sense. Those who teach them are not natives of the countries where they were spoken, and never heard them spoken. It is wonderful

that they should know even as much about these languages as they do know, but it is not wonderful that their knowledge of them should still be merely of the nature of erudition, not that true and intimate knowledge which we may acquire of a living tongue, amidst the people for whom it satisfies all the needs of human existence. And I think that any one who fully realizes the satisfaction of knowing a language well, and the feelings of vexation which attend the commission of a blunder, would feel deterred from reading any dead language aloud by the consciousness of his own horrible and abominable pronunciation. For our pronunciation of Greek and Latin must be truly horrible and abominable! What cultivated Roman or Athenian could endure to listen to us?

To sum up. It does not appear to be possible to learn more than one language perfectly, in addition to the native tongue, but many languages may be acquired to such a degree as to be useful for certain purposes, and polyglots are in the order of nature, and often valuable members of society. It may be added, however, in conclusion, that polyglots are rarely intellectual, which may be easily accounted for. They are occupied, not with thoughts, but with languages, which are merely the vehicles of thought, and a man whose business it is to know eight or ten languages up to a certain point, cannot keep them up without constantly going over their rudiments. The polyglot, in a word, cannot retain his accomplishment without making himself a perpetual schoolboy.

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN AND ART-EDUCATION.

THE recent reforms in the National Academy of Design are a satisfactory sign of a real and intelligent appreciation of the necessity of art-education. The promised increase of the means of study, the more comprehensive and liberal organization of the schools, will do much to bring them in keeping with the dignity and pretensions of a National Academy of Art, and without which it is nothing more than an institution for the exhibition of pictures and sculptures. The new organization, or expansion, of the schools of design at the Academy does not hold the promise of the best art, for no school of design has been able to give us that; but it certainly does assure us of the possibility of forming a number of young men for the practice of painting, with more care than the Academy has hitherto been able or willing to bestow upon students. But the question is not whether any system of instruction will make original artists; the question is not of the value of the best results of academical training, as in a Delaroche or a Kaulbach, compared with the results of art-man-

ifestation independent of Academies, as in a Rembrandt, a Delacroix, and a Rousseau; although, in passing, we may say that the real and permanent glory of the art of a people is in the number of works or of men who are original, who have made a personal revelation, as Rembrandt did in effect and character, as Da Vinci did in expression, even as the unambitious and charming Corot does in sentiment.

The question which our Academy had to meet was not as to the value of the largest conception of art-study to be derived from the best-organized school of instruction, for as an Academy it assumed the paramount importance of instruction. The business of the Academy was, and is, to meet the wants of the student whom it invites to study art. Thanks to the agitation of those most impatient with the postponement or feeble response to this obligation, thanks to those most solicitous about art-education, the Academy of Design will offer a course of study of art, at stated hours, next Fall, in the Academy halls, such as we have long wished for, such

as it has not been ready to give us until now.

In the Academy, naturally, the *practices* of art is more than the philosophy or theory of art; and yet lectures on the history and philosophy of art do more to furnish the minds of students than any thing short of the long experience of a well-nourished life. It is therefore of no little importance that the Academy, in maintaining the ascendancy of art as a practice to the professional student, above art as an æsthetic influence in society, should not neglect to instruct students in the history and theory of art in society. The object is to invest the student-mind with art in all its relations, and this can be done only by *interpreting* whatever is representative in the art of the past. But mere lectures on the art of different epochs and schools are not likely to be of more value, nor of higher merit, than the average of lectures on literature; and the student of art will probably rarely hear the most capable man of his time on art, as the student of *Belles-Lettres* rarely gets the best word about literature from his professor. In France, the students of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* were exceptionally favored and perhaps stimulated by the lectures of Henri Taine on the history and philosophy of art; in England, at this late day, Ruskin is called to the chair of professor of art at Oxford.

Now, in proportion to their personal ascendancy or magnetism, Ruskin and Taine will give direction to the powerless and submissive minds of students, who, instead of stumbling forward in their own more or less weak and groping way, will advance like trained mediocrities, potent because of unity of aim, which they have derived from a clever and harmonious statement of art. On the other hand, these must obstruct the development of more individual and unsubmitive minds, and, by the prestige which they derive from following official instruction and easily maintain themselves in the ascendant, while a Rousseau outside of the Academy, and a Decamps in revolt against official systems, can exist only by virtue of an

indomptable constitution, and a most pronounced genius for art.

A generation under the teaching of a literary critic like Mathew Arnold, for instance, would disdain any such expression of graphic and vital power, any such conception of history, as Carlyle's "French Revolution." A generation under the teaching of the Ruskin of the first two volumes of "Modern Painters," would be sincerely unjust and narrowly true in its understanding of some great historic examples of painting. This being so, the difficulty of official instruction reaching positive force without being narrow and intolerant, or the difficulty of official instruction being any thing but negative, and therefore unsatisfactory, seems insurmountable. The function of an organization for practice and instruction in the fine arts is to provide guidance and illumination for the feeblest and most docile minds. How shall the Academy of Design fill the chair of history and philosophy of art? And, justly appreciating the place of art in education, really wishing to occupy the whole mind of the student with art, ought it not to provide lectures on architecture, sculpture, historical, genre and landscape-painting, as well as the obviously practical instruction in anatomy, perspective, painting, and modelling? What student, and even what artist, but would like to hear H. K. Brown, or J. Quincy Ward, give his understanding of ancient and modern sculpture; Page or Gray on the Italian masters of painting; Gifford, or Kensett, or any of our chief landscapists, on landscape-art? A dozen artists of course are ready to stop us and say: Ward, Brown, Page, Gifford, Kensett, and La Farge, have something more important to do than talk to artists and students about their predilections in art; that they paint or model as they do, precisely because they are exclusively devoted to painting or modelling. The reply is more plausible than satisfactory; for it cannot be supposed that these artists, who have devoted a good part of their maturest study to the practice of a special department of art, are not able to make a statement in the course of one

or two hours' talk, before persons really interested in art, without draining or unduly taxing their strength; and we maintain that a large and generous sympathy for art in a society and among young men so much in need of it as our own, would speedily place the experience and understanding of individuals, of men of real ability, before students and fellow-artists. We do not ask from our most honored painters, sculptors, and architects, the pretension to or solicitude about literary graces, or the skill of the rhetorician; we ask from them an hour's talk which shall impart to students the personal experience and understanding of what landscape-art or sculpture or architecture may be to the particular landscapist, sculptor, or architect or portrait-painter, who may be called to give others the benefit of his experience simply as he would to a student in his studio.

If the studios of our best painters were open to students as the studios of French painters are open to French students, students would get the benefit of such instruction—of such personal *communicativeness* as that which in the studios of French painters feeds the flame of art, making it so bright and lively in the life of the French student. Here the more feasible plan would be to get our artists to put all that has interested them before students and artists in the lecture-room of the Academy of Design. From this mixed but genuine and vital teaching, the intelligent student could glean from the experience of another what now possibly he may pick up by chance, or not pick up at all.

The best artists have come from the special and personal teaching of particular masters. It seems to us that this personal intercourse between artists and students at the Academy is the only way to quicken in the latter the slow growth of a broad and deep sense of the worth and meaning of art in all its aspects. It would do more to beget respect and modesty in them; it would do more to quicken and enliven the intelligence than any means of instruction, beyond the practice of the hand and eye, that we know of.

The object is to establish a closer relation between the old and the new, between experience and expectation, than has hitherto existed in the little art-world of New York.

While education is undergoing so many changes as to method and object, while it is becoming so much more obviously and immediately practical, we have no reason to displace art as dealing with the illusions and fictions of the human mind. The teaching at the bottom of all art-education is very practical. It is a training of all the faculties; it deals with actual things; it exacts an acquaintance with the form and appearance of things, and implies no mean amount of science, although the ultimate object of the artist is simply to elevate us by the rank and order of beautiful combinations, which he is charged to make the permanent possession of humanity.

This claim for art is not confined to architecture, sculpture, and painting, but extends to the equally precious art of verbal expression, so much neglected in this age of hasty writing and hasty reading. Works of great literary artists correspond in influence and aim with cathedrals, statues, and paintings. They serve to expand and elevate our conceptions; they educe poetry from facts, and music from words; they liberate our emotions from the prison-house of the unsympathetic or the *unconscious* mind, which seems the most common and potent result of a life formed more by journalism than by art.

Great artists—literary or plastic—are the historic pledges of the dignity and beauty there is in the expression of the being of man, and they are honored by and address the same sentiment that is awakened in us when we walk in cathedrals, or by the sea-shore, or in pine forests, or listen to the music of great masters, or contemplate the solitudes of mountains.

To quote Keats, we may say that we are not taught to *envisage* this subject as we should. We commonly look at it without indulgence for the particular organization or temperament of the artist, and without ever having been under the

influence of the great and moving examples of art. We cannot appeal to the chaste coldness and wonderful beauty of the antique marbles; we have not the dazzling and *silencing* beauty of Titian's women to make us feel and see the wonder and majesty of art. We have only the works of contemporary painters, occasionally to be seen,—works of very different degrees of merit, imposing to the general public only as they are the production of fashionable painters. All this urges us to the conclusion that we must have a museum of art, and that the Academy of Design cannot do too much for the education of students of art.

The Cathedrals of the twelfth century are the noble and immortal symbols of the awakening of Europe from the cloistral life of the dark ages, not of its degradation; the statues of Angelo and the poems of Dante are the culminating expression of the life of Italy; the *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet and the *Reflections* of Fénelon are the expression of the pride and dignity and charming tenderness of heart, voiceful in the seventeenth century; and so for us there must be an art, whether verbal or plastic, not of mere literalism or imitation, not of the mere understanding, but which shall utter the emotional experiences of the modern man.

THE GREAT GOLD FLURRY.

THE existence of the New York Gold Board, as the Gold Exchange is popularly called, with the institutions pertaining to it, is certainly not the least curious of the many curious facts left us by the recent civil war. That a club of gentlemen, most of them young, and many of them far from rich, should meet from day to day to lay wagers on any event of daily occurrence, might be considered an eccentric but silly amusement, did not their betting affect the values of every piece of property, great or small, in the whole country. But such being the case, the people at large are interested; and what was the unimportant amusement of idle men rises to the dignity of a business meriting the attention of rich and poor, high and low. Stripped of all illusory epithets, the Gold Exchange is exactly what we have described—a club of persons who meet daily to bet on the fluctuations in price of the national currency as compared with gold.

How gold rose in value, thus making these fluctuations possible, it is not necessary to tell. The tale is not a new one in the history of wars, and it has been only too well learned in this country. The suspension of specie payment was an

undoubted necessity for the Government, and so was the killing of men in battle; but the effect was none the less disastrous in either case because of the necessity.

Mere suspension cannot be made, however, to bear the whole blame for the fluctuations in gold, for England suspended in 1797, and did not resume for twenty-three years; yet in all that time the highest point reached by gold, as compared with Bank of England notes, was a fraction over 32 per cent. premium.

Many causes have undoubtedly combined to make our case different from that of England, but, whatever the cause, there cannot be much doubt that—

The greatest public harm has been caused by the fluctuations in the price of gold:

That the most violent and disastrous of these fluctuations have been purely speculative and unnecessary:

That the Gold Exchange, and its ally the Gold Exchange Bank, have furnished the machinery whereby the speculators were enabled to carry out their schemes.

The Gold Exchange is composed of about five hundred members, some of

whom are and some are not also members of the Stock Exchange. The business of the Exchange is transacted in a dingy room on New-street, not at all remarkable for any attention to either beauty or comfort. Its members are probably as heterogeneous a collection of men as could well be brought together for any business purpose. One looks in vain among them for any un-failing indication of their calling; they exhibit no more uniformity of face, form, or expression, than of dress. A phrenologist might possibly be able to give a reason why they should all be found there, but it puzzles any observer of a less occult school of philosophy. Even the strained, eager look which has been ascribed to them is difficult to recognize in the room—is not seen out of it—and seems to be only put on, as a soldier takes up his weapon on going into battle to throw it aside at the first opportunity. Not less different are these men from one another in respect to their previous occupations than in regard to their present appearance. Pretty nearly all classes and occupations are represented, and it is not unworthy of remark that the pulpit furnished two of the acknowledged leaders who, if they formerly served God as energetically as they since have Mammon, must have been very Boanerges in the desk.

It is a fact, not perhaps thoroughly appreciated, that the men doing business in Wall-street have greatly changed, both in number and character, within the last ten years. Then there was only one board of brokers,—the old Stock Exchange,—and the members of this only numbered about one hundred and twenty-five, all of whom had served a regular apprenticeship to the business in the office of some reputable broker. Now there are over eleven hundred members, many of them mere boys, and perhaps most of them men who have made natural shrewdness and audacity serve them in place of experience. This fact has had no little to do in the production of the panics of the last four years, for, before the war, the bold plans, the extensive combinations, and the magnificent

audacity in execution necessary, would have been to a great extent wanting.

Such were the contestants, and such a portion of the battle-field, of the memorable contest of the "Black Friday," as it has not inaptly been called. We say a portion of the field; for, if the Gold Board was the Gettysburg, the Gold Exchange Bank was certainly the Cemetery Ridge; and the comparison is not much forced, for it has indeed proved a burying-place to more than one combatant.

This Bank was chartered, and is used only, as a Clearing House for transactions at the Gold Board, though its charter is said to confer other important privileges. Its workings, though from their extent complicated, are, in outline, exceedingly simple. All transactions at the Gold Exchange are, unless otherwise specified, settled the following morning. To effect this, each broker sends to the Bank at night a statement of all the gold he has bought during the day, from whom, and at what price it was purchased, as well as a similar account of his sales. If the balance be against him, he also sends a check for the amount. The Bank receives these statements, compares them with one another, and, if they are found to agree, pays over next morning to the brokers who have made money, the balances due them. It will be easily seen that the Bank is a great convenience, and that it is of greatest service to the men who have least money. Were every purchaser of gold obliged to receive it and pay for it in cash, it is plain that a man with only five thousand dollars could not indulge in any extensive speculations; whereas, by the aid of the Bank, a man who is careful to have his daily balance in his favor, or not too much against him, may do as much business on a capital of five hundred as of five million dollars. It is simply the application to the Exchange of the principles of the betting-ring: a man who can "make a good book" on a race can do an unlimited business in gold on a limited capital.

How the battle of September, 1869, the most gigantic of all the speculations in gold, was brought about, has

been discussed fully enough by the press and the people, not only of this but of other countries; it has been made the subject of congressional investigation, and has furnished the basis for more than one suit at law; yet it may be doubted whether the real history has been told, or whether, in all its details, it will ever be fully known. Perhaps it is neither necessary nor desirable that the whole affair should be made more plain; there are scenes not fitted for close inspection. Enough is known to show that if the combination which brought about the panic differed at all from other affairs of the sort, it was chiefly in magnitude and audacity. Conspiracies for speculative purposes have not been uncommon in Wall-street, in the Stock Exchange as well as in the Gold Room; and this one, if worse than others, was so rather in degree than in kind.

Who were the leaders in this movement it is not necessary to tell here; their names have become only too notorious in every hamlet of the country. If the fame they have gained is not pleasant to them, they have at any rate only themselves to thank; they certainly worked industriously enough to acquire it, as they also did to secure good company in their schemes, though in this they were disappointed. That the President was in any way concerned in the conspiracy no one now believes; that he should ever have been accused of complicity is an illustration alike of the evil days upon which we are fallen, and of the magnificent impudence of some, at least, of the conspirators. Indeed, it is difficult to see precisely what good end was to be accomplished by his assistance. A President of the United States who could lend himself to a stock-jobbing operation would be likely to charge a price for his services which would make him an expensive ally.

The tactics adopted by those concerned in the movement were sufficiently simple, and as old as the history of human greed. Men once bought corn and stored it up, that the famine which brought death to others might bring gain to them. So these schemers bought all,

or nearly all, the gold in market, that they who wanted that article should be compelled to buy from them, and of course at their own prices. This was not all, however, for this action alone would have insured them little or no profit. Were it the custom in Wall-street to buy only what one needs, and sell only what one really owns, no such thing as a panic would be possible. In such a state of things the holders of gold might indeed charge a high price for what they sold, but that amount would be too small to afford them much interest on the enormous sum they had piled up in unproductive idleness. Fortunately for them, however, no such Spartan virtue was known on the street, and they could plan their financial campaign secure in the active coöperation of their adversaries. They had looked the ground well over, and had counted carefully each step to be taken, and success seemed a foregone conclusion.

Precisely when the purchases of gold were begun, if accurately known outside the clique who made them, is not material. They did not particularly affect the price of gold, which declined all through the summer, closing on the afternoon of August 31st at $133\frac{7}{8}$, and opening next morning one half of one per cent. lower. From this point it rose to $137\frac{3}{8}$, and fell so low as 135, varying between those two points in a fitful way until the great rise began. During all this time it was well known that the clique were buying, or had bought, all the gold actually in market, and that their object was, of course, to raise the price. The papers commented on the fact, and when, early in September, the Secretary of the Treasury visited the city and had interviews with leading merchants and financiers, the subject was laid before him. It was even asserted in the newspapers, without denial, that some of those most opposed to the rise in gold, taking advantage of the proverbially mollifying influence of a good dinner, approached the Secretary on the subject at a banquet given in his honor. The Finance Minister, however, gave his interlocutors as little information as his superior had given to a leader

of the opposite faction on a memorable occasion. In fact, both President and Secretary seem to have viewed the contentions of the speculators with much of the sublime indifference with which a dweller on the frontier would look upon the wars of rival Indian tribes—not at all caring which side got most scalps. The course to be pursued in regard to the finances of the country had been decided upon, and duly proclaimed, and no encouragement was given to any one that it would be at all altered.

Meantime the clique went on quietly enough with their purchases, with the effect we have given, until at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d, gold sold at 137 $\frac{3}{4}$, and fifteen minutes later at 139 $\frac{1}{2}$. At 3 o'clock, 140 $\frac{1}{2}$ had been reached, and the struggle had fairly begun. Long after the closing hour for the Board the room was occupied by an excited crowd of dealers, buying and selling as if existence here and hereafter depended on their labors. Darkness hardly stopped the struggle and did not lessen the excitement. Next morning gold opened at 141 $\frac{1}{2}$, and rose before noon to 144. The clique bought, through their many brokers, enormous amounts, and their opponents, gallantly contesting every fraction, were as willing to sell as they to buy. We use the words buy and sell as they were used on the street, though in reality one side had bought and the other had sold many times more gold than there was in the city, as will be seen when we state that the balances adjusted at the Gold Exchange Bank for that day's transactions amounted to the enormous sum of *three hundred and twenty-five million dollars*.

Throughout this day the opponents of the clique were not without hopes of ultimate success. If they could sell more gold than the combination could receive and pay for, or pay the differences on, all might yet go well—and it must be owned that they fought manfully. At 3 o'clock they had reduced the price to 143 $\frac{1}{4}$, and many of them began to think they were yet destined to win. As on the previous day, the bargaining was continued until a

late hour, and resumed early next morning, the 24th.

The excitement of this day has seldom if ever been equalled in the history of financial commotions in this country. From the Gold Room it had spread until the whole community, not only of New York but also of every large city in the country, had become infected with the fever. The press had taken the matter up, and the daily journals were discussing the effects of the movement, and what should or should not be done by the Government. Not a few were clamorous to have the gold in the Sub-Treasury put on the market at once, to break down the alliance, while on the other hand it was claimed that such interference with private speculations would be impolitic and wrong. The *Evening Post*, on the afternoon of the 23d, took, in its leading editorial, a very decided stand upon this side of the question.

The excitement among the people at large was clearly shown by the presence in Wall and Broad streets, on Friday morning, of crowds of strange faces, of persons many of whom had probably never before visited the place. Business among the wholesale merchants was brought virtually to a stand-still. The merchants found their way to the offices of their brokers, and those in their employ, from clerks to errand-boys, were employed in discussing the situation. Labor was suspended on ships which were loading at the wharves, and among the crowds which gathered around the indicators and bulletin-boards whenever the prices of gold were recorded, was not a small percentage of stevedores and cartmen who would hardly be supposed to have heard of the Gold Room.

The story of this day is more graphically told in a photograph now lying before the writer, than it could be by pen. It is a picture, made in Boston, of the blackboard in the telegraph office, whereon were recorded the quotations, as fast as received from the Gold Room in New York. Here we can trace, recorded in the not too symmetrical figures of the operator, the fluctuations of the

day, and mark the course of the combat as it has been so often described. In one corner are written the prices obtained before the meeting of the Board. Beginning with "8.50: 44½ bid," we have the upward progress to 150 (9.27), at which price operations at the Board began.

From this time the changes come thick and fast, vividly recalling the frantic, yelling crowd in the Gold Room, the swaying crowds in the street outside, and the anxious faces in the different offices waiting for news of the fray. For once, even electricity was at fault, and the instruments used to record the prices in the different offices were found practically useless, not, as some newspapers gravely reported, from *over-heating of the wires*, but from the inability of the apparatus used to receive such rapid changes.

The figures recorded in our photograph, however, were transmitted by the ordinary Morse instrument, which is capable of faster work, and we have them here as they were announced in the Board, varying every minute, and sometimes coming in groups of two and three. The course of the quotations is steadily upward, until, at 32 minutes past 11, we find 162½ had been reached. This was the highest point attained; in twenty minutes the price had fallen to 140, and though it rallied spasmodically, and sales were even made as high as 160, the battle was practically ended, and before 1 o'clock the premium had fallen to 34 per cent., and night found it a fraction lower.

It was during the time from half-past eleven to twelve o'clock that the extraordinary spectacle was presented of brokers selling gold on one side the circular railing in the Gold-Room for 140, while other brokers on the opposite side were bidding 160 for it, both being employed by the same principals!

It was during this time, too, that the Government announced its intention to sell \$4,000,000—the act which, it has been claimed, defeated the clique.

The battle was over, as we have said; but with which side the victory remain-

ed it was difficult to tell. The forces on both sides were pretty well scattered, and neither was in any hurry to begin the ungracious task of counting up the dead and wounded. In more appropriate phrase, settling-day was yet to come; and if ever unfortunate accountants were entitled to use the hackneyed quotation, "*Hic labor, hoc opus est*," it was certainly those upon whom devolved the task of balancing the accounts of that day's transactions. Precisely how much they amounted to is not known. They are not given in the statement of balances published by the Bank, for the excellent reason that a large part of them were settled privately. Enough is known, however, to make it safe to put them at over four hundred millions of dollars.

We have said that the buying of gold was only one of the means used by the clique to enable them to put up the price and keep it up; and before speaking of the settlement-day, we must go back a little and explain our meaning. The leaders in the upward movement (the "Bulls," in Wall-street slang), knew very well that they could no more receive and hold the gold they had bought than the other party could deliver it, and it was a question which should be ruined. In this dilemma they resorted to the expedient of lending their gold to the very persons from whom they had bought it, or to others of the same side.

This, at first sight puzzling, transaction, is not an uncommon one. Dealers who require a certain amount of gold, or of a particular stock, when the price is high often borrow what they need instead of buying it, in the hope that when it becomes necessary to repay, the price will be lower and they can buy cheaper. By this means the clique were actually making their adversaries pay interest on their own money—a thing usually not easy to accomplish. We shall see how this condition of things affected the settling of the transactions of these two days.

This settlement was to be effected by the agency of the Gold Exchange Bank to which we have referred, and it is at this stage of the affair that matters began

to be most vitally interesting to outsiders, if not to the actors themselves. While the battle was raging the scene had not been without a certain picturesqueness, and the excitement of the combatants had proved not a little contagious; but it had been, after all, more or less unintelligible. Men's hopes and fears had followed very closely the price, but chiefly because they dreaded a high price for gold. They were now to learn what extensive mischief the Gold Room was capable of working upon the country at large by the aid of its Clearing House—the Bank.

Not even those most deeply interested fully understood the difficulties which would be encountered in the process of adjusting their accounts. We have already given the amount of Thursday's balances, and have said that those of Friday were much larger. From their amount and their great number, it was found that the task of adjusting them in the time allowed for the settlement, was almost an impossible one. Added to the intrinsic arithmetical difficulties involved were those produced by the failure of a number of firms whose names had to be stricken from all the balance-sheets on which they occurred, thus rendering necessary an entire re-making of the statements affected. Finally, after working day and night, the Bank-officers were obliged to announce, on the 25th, that they could make no adjustment of even Thursday's balances before the Monday following.

Thereupon the Gold Board adjourned on Saturday without doing any business, and the ordinary business was not resumed until the 30th, and but very few transactions were made for a long time.

Meantime the clamor for settlements, which had commenced before noon on Friday, continued, and the street presented a scene of anxiety, strife, and vehement discussion seldom witnessed. Many of the transactions with the clique had been settled on Friday at prices varying from 150 to 145, and even lower, and not a few brokers continued to settle among themselves without

the intervention of the Clearing House. They were just beginning to find out the possibilities of this institution for evil as well as good. Immense sums of money, both gold and currency, were locked up in this Bank, or through its agency, which were needed for circulation, but which could not be released until a settlement was made. The effect of this was, of course, most disastrous, both in the city and throughout the country. Money was needed, especially in the West, and, as it could only be had at ruinous rates of interest, many firms were obliged to succumb. Large amounts of stocks were thrown on the market, and prices fell rapidly. The old proverb, however, about an ill-wind, held good even here, and not a few shrewd men, who seldom meddle with Wall-street, found their way there now to buy of the better class of stocks for investment. Their case was, to a certain extent, paralleled by that of a few merchants who had bought gold before the rise for the purpose of paying their obligations abroad, and, when the high prices of Friday were reached, judging that a fall would come before they should need the coin, they sold, and found themselves thousands of dollars better off in pocket by what ruined so many of their fellows. These were the few exceptions which made the general woe more apparent.

The discussions over the still pending settlements became daily more acrimonious. The clique were accused of repudiating many of their purchases, and the accusation was undoubtedly true, though not to the full extent charged. Some of the operators on that side—it was charged against them all—refused to accept the gold they had lent, but offered to sell it to the unfortunate borrowers at a price a little above the market—thus entailing upon their victim still greater loss than he had already sustained. The Gold Exchange and the Stock Exchange endeavored to force some of the leading operators to come to terms by "selling them out" under the rules; but at this juncture the injunction—that mighty weapon, which is

to financial warfare in this country what the needle-gun was to Prussia—was brought into operation, and so effectually used that every body was at length completely enjoined from doing any thing. Suit was brought, too, against the Gold Exchange Bank, and a receiver, in the person of a very able and upright member of the Bar, was appointed. Unfortunately, this gentleman was not a practical financier, and the complication which had defied the efforts of the officers of the Bank proved too much for his abilities.

Throughout the month of October there was not much change in the condition of affairs, but it was plain that something must be done before long or the Bank would be ruined, and many individuals perhaps with it. It had become plain that the receiver would be unable to settle its affairs, and an amicable arrangement was made whereby, early in November, a new receiver was appointed—a step which afforded greater pleasure to no one than to the retiring officer. The man selected for this trying position was a well known bank-officer, a shrewd financier, and a man of great executive ability. He soon showed that he also possessed an iron will, and the power to command in no small degree. He set himself resolutely to work to master the details of the situation, and finding the knot too hard to be untied, went to work to cut it. He met the members of the Gold Exchange in their room, and, in a speech more remarkable for emphasis than for elegance of diction, laid before them a statement of the condition of affairs, and pointed out what must be done to settle the affairs of the Bank and pay its debts. The scene was not the least dramatic of those witnessed during that memorable autumn, and will not soon be forgotten by those present. The speaker was not of the long-suffering kind, and was, like many men of business training, inclined to be restive under the trammels of legal operations in purely business affairs. Finding himself hampered by the many injunctions which had been served on the Bank and its officers, and annoyed by the

tactics adopted by a few, especially by its smaller creditors, he allowed himself to indulge in a style of invective in which his audience were not much accustomed to being addressed, and for which he afterwards apologized to the Board. He showed them that the only way out of the difficulty was to give him full control, free from all injunctions or processes, and assured them that if this were done he would pay the whole indebtedness of the Bank in fifteen days.

Whatever fault might be found with the manner of this speech, its effect was wholesome, and in that respect could not have been surpassed by the most polished effort of the Grecian. A meeting of the creditors was held that afternoon, and steps taken to carry out the wishes of the receiver. In a few days the last injunction was removed, the pledges made by the receiver were amply fulfilled, and on the 22d of November the Bank resumed business. To be sure, half of its capital had been lost; but that, in view of the profitable nature of its business, was a minor consideration. The clearances of the first day amounted to six millions, and on each of the two succeeding days they were but five millions; but they soon reached about the old ante-panic figure. Since then the two institutions have moved on together after the old sort, and we hear no more of a divorce, though men are not wanting who do not like the union.

We have given a brief history of one panic in the Gold market, both because it may serve as a sample of all which have taken place or which may take place there, and because it has been, so far, the most important of all in its effects. The notoriety, too, which it has attained, makes it the easier to be understood by those whose life lies away from the exciting atmosphere of "the street." As to its rise, that was due, as we have said, to greed; its progress, to the skilful manipulation of existing circumstances; for its decline and fall, a variety of causes have been assigned, all of which are probably in a measure true.

At the first, the entire credit of putting down the price was given to the Government, for having sold gold at precisely the right moment; but, while this had its effect, that it was not the only cause is shown by the fact that the clique had sent agents to settle with their opponents at prices below the market before the news was received of the intended action of Government. It is undoubtedly true that the bubble would have burst sooner or later from the extreme tenuity of its walls, and from a variety of other causes might have been shattered. Let us be satisfied with the result, without wasting time over the causes. The action of the Treasury Department had this good effect, that it showed what could and would be done by those in power in such an emergency, and taught future conspirators that they must hereafter take this possibility into account in estimating their chances of success or failure.

Just now the most interesting inquiry is as to the future. Since the last day of September, gold has not reached 182, and its course has been steadily downward. At the time of writing (March), gold is just about where it was on the 8th of July, 1862, after the retreat before Richmond—111½—a point it has not before reached since that date. There are possibilities of another attempt to force the price up—possibilities perhaps all the stronger from the general expectation that it will keep falling. The task, however, would be a Herculean one, and could only achieve temporary success. The tendency is downward; the country at large want it to go to par, and, without some foreign complications, we see nothing to prevent the premium becoming nominal within a few months. It were certainly a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Nor do the dangers feared by many seem imminent: England, after a suspension of twenty-two years, began making preparations

for resumption by passing, in 1819, "Peel's Act," providing for a gradual resumption, and two years later the thing was accomplished without disturbance. True, many and disastrous failures occurred between 1815 and 1819, but they arose from over-speculation and similar causes—a stage through which we have passed.

The writer visited, a few days ago, the Gold Room, and while in conversation with one of the oldest officials of the Board, the latter remarked, with a half-mournful shake of the head, "There won't be much more of this. It will soon be over now." Let us hope he may prove a true prophet, and that we shall soon have looked our last upon the Gold Room!

We shall bid it farewell without the least sorrow, not so much for reason of the evil it has done, as because it has been at once the outgrowth and the monument of a period we want ended. The Exchange has not been an unmixed evil—it is probable that it has accomplished much good by regulating the price of gold, and perhaps the speculative nature of most of the business done there has really kept the price on the whole lower than it would otherwise have been. It must be remembered that the legitimate purchases of gold in New York are always large, and if the operations of the Board have kept the price more uniform, the merchants, and through them the whole community, have been benefited. On the other hand, the speculative sales at the Board have been very large; such panics as we have described, though on a smaller scale, have not been infrequent, and every body has suffered from them. To strike the balance between the good and evil is not easy; every man who tries it will give a different verdict, but nearly the whole community are prepared to join in quoting in reference to it the old refrain:

"But this I know and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

OUR POLITICAL DEGENERACY—ITS CAUSE AND REMEDY.

EVERY body admits, for indeed almost every body deplures, the lamentable decadence that has come upon politics, both as a principle and a practice. You will hear it said on all sides that neither our statesmen nor our parties are what they used to be; and you will seldom hear it gainsayed. Several years ago, Emerson remarked it as the severest of satires upon government, that the word politics had come to signify that which was *politic*, or cunning, "as if the State were only a trick;" and the irony is more trenchant now than it was then. As a science and as an art, politics has degenerated; few regard it in the comprehensive light that the old writers regard it; and few practise it in the noble spirit in which its intrinsic importance demands that it should be practised. Let us look back a little.

Of the eminent ability and incorruptible virtue of our revolutionary statesmen there is no longer any doubt. Washington and Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Jay, and a hundred more, have passed into history. They have taken their places in fame by the side of the most illustrious names of any nation and of almost any era. Whatever faults the party-spirit of their times may have imputed to their conduct, whatever defects a nicer historical criticism may find in their characters, the popular memory has ceased to treasure the blemish, and esteems them with that unquestioning admiration and gratitude with which the early founders of empire are apt to be esteemed.

The position of our post-revolutionary statesmen, of the Websters, the Calhouns, the Clays, the Adamsses, the Jacksons, the Bentons, and the Wrights of what may be called our secondary period, is perhaps not so high and assured; and yet it is sufficiently high and assured to make us proud of their remembrance. Webster, indeed, as a constitutionalist, seems to

shine the brighter with the lapse of time; Calhoun's greatness is scarcely dimmed by the fearful cloud of civil war in which his impracticable theories involved his too ardent followers; Clay has still a potent influence with those who adhere to the protective or paternal notion of the duties of Government, and the second Adams receives as large an homage from posterity, if not a larger one, than the first; while the Jacksons, the Bentons, and the Wrights, are readily and gratefully identified in the minds of the many with the most salutary legislation of the past.

In comparison with these, what shall be said of the statesmen of the tertiary period, or that immediately preceding the war? Compare the Cabinets since Van Buren's administration with any that went before it, and what have we but a melancholy contrast? Compare the Senate from that time with the Senates that went before it, and is not the change obvious? Where were the great men of the House, who without being orators, without even speaking or seldom speaking a word on the floor, carried with them such force of influence, from mere weight of character, as Lowndes and Cheves and Cambreleng, and a host of others? Do we feel like writing eulogies of the Pierces, the Tylers, the Buchanans, the Fillmores,—the Cobbs and the Blacks? Is it possible to say that they conducted affairs with that large discretion and unswerving fidelity to principle which the thickening complications and gathering dangers of the crisis demanded? Did they discern the deeper under-currents of public sentiment,—currents destined to carry us into a bloody fratricidal conflict,—see them as they were, and treat them as they ought to have been treated—or simply trust with pusillanimous obstinacy, or at best a blindfold courage, to the usual petty expedients of party drill

and discipline? Alas! charity prompts one to draw the veil over an age which the impartial justice of history will describe with a shudder of scorn and a frown of contempt.

Or, what shall be said, again, of the statesmen of the present period? Have we any? Lincoln is dead, Andrew is dead, and Stanton is dead, like so many of the demi-gods of the battle-field, named and unnamed. Others succeed to their places; new persons crowd the senate-halls and the bureaus; new questions have come to be debated; momentous responsibilities fall upon untried shoulders; and what is, or is to be, the record? Of persons it is doubtless too soon to speak; they are in the midst of their work; we see them only through the mists engendered by our hopes and fears, or the dust raised by the noisy tumults of faction; the lines of the future armies are unformed or only forming, and the direction of the movement is not fixed. To judge, now, would be merely to prejudge. But what we behold thus far, we confess, does not inspire us with a joyful confidence; what we know of prominent men does not fill us with a lofty faith; what we discover of their future aims and purposes does not kindle a fervent admiration.

The war produced some excellent military ability—the Grants, Shermans, Sheridans, Farraguts, and others, were equal to their positions; many of them have won a lustrous fame, and many more came out of the fiery trial with honor, if not glory. But the war has not yet brought us, what all great social commotions are apt to bring, civilians who tower with Atlantean eminence above their fellows. Those large-brained, large-hearted men, who feel all the needs of an epoch, who discern all its bearings and capabilities, and who wisely provide and assure a glorious future, do not yet make their presence felt. Perhaps they will come; the times may be even now laboring with their birth; but the unpractised eye scans the vast heavens with a yearning search and finds them not. Our hope is not dead,

however, though we long for the actual vision. We remember the beautiful thought of our venerable laureate, in his poem entitled the "Constellations," where he wanders forth in the night and misses the great familiar stars; only the little specks twinkle where once flamed the beaming suns of fire; but anon, new orbs appear:

"Fair clustered splendors, with whose rays the
Night
Shall close her march in glory, ere she yield
To the young Day, the great Earth steeped in
dew."

Thus, we live by faith and not yet by sight.

Turning from men, let us glance at parties. They are, as formerly, two in number—the Democratic and the Republican party. As they have each a past, and each aspires to a future, we feel more free to speak of their pretensions. We begin by declaring frankly, that, so far as we are able to discover from a pretty attentive study of their symbols, neither of them seems to have any definite or settled principle, and neither is immaculate in its practice.

The Democratic party used to be a party of ideas; its shibboleths in the old times, though it was not always true to them, were equal rights and impartial legislation; and the predominance it acquired was won by these words. All its greater leaders professed and expounded them; and they made the party dear to the popular heart. The writings of Jefferson, of Nathaniel Macon, of John Taylor of Carolina, of Andrew Jackson, and particularly of Silas Wright, Samuel Young, Michael Hoffman, and William Leggett of the State of New York, were the utterances of men sincerely convinced of the truth and goodness of the democratic theory of the State. In the long and exciting struggle between the masses of the people and the money-power of banks, the leading Democrats clung with an invincible tenacity to that conviction, and by means of it they were victorious in the end. It secured them a prolonged control, not only of the General Government, but of that of nearly every State in the Union.

But prosperity wrought corruption; the sinister alliances which success always brings with it, and particularly the alliance of the slave-holders of the South—swift to put themselves on the stronger side—caused a deflection from the straight line of duty. How could they who had marched to victory under the banner of equal rights, wave its glorious folds in the face of a body of men whose whole social system was built upon an atrocious denial of all rights to an entire race of mankind? How could they who had clamored for impartial legislation uphold a legislation which refused to acknowledge even the political existence of at least one half the natural community? It was a painful predicament: a few remained true to principle; but the most preferred the tortuous paths of jugglery. In the place of Human Rights they inscribed upon their standard another word, not different in every respect, yet not the same,—State Rights. Under a plausible but fallacious interpretation of the Organic Law, they erected these commonwealths, which are but the coequal integers of a Composite Nation, into the independent and sovereign parties to a federal compact. There was enough truth—and of important truth—in their doctrine to mislead the simple mind, unused to the nicer distinctions of political hermeneutics. It was not discovered, at a moment, how they brought the general Constitution into conflict with the most elementary principles of liberty and justice,—how they adroitly shielded an abuse which every unperverted mind abhorred by an instrument which every American heart revered. Thus for a time they were successful in confusing popular intelligence and conscience. Slavery triumphed; but as it is the nature of all despotisms to proceed to excess, its triumph was accompanied by an assertion of supremacy so dictatorial and arrogant, that it of itself, apart from its nefarious cause, provoked revolt. A reaction, slow at first, but sure and inevitable as the laws of God, gathered intensity and strength with time, until the smouldering fires burst into a conflagra-

tion. War, the last arbiter, came; but when it came, it is to be said with sorrow and regret that, while the masses of the Democrats shouldered their guns in defence of Liberty and the National Life, many, far too many, of their leaders, either sided with the insurgents or gave a cold shoulder to the patriots.

Throughout this contest, and especially in the appeal to arms, the conduct of the Republican party was as decided and honorable as that of the Democrats was vacillating and disreputable. Formed originally, indeed, of the serious and thinking men of all the older parties, as a protest against their general subservience to the Slave-Power, it maintained its consistency with a greater purity of zeal and a more inflexible purpose than is usual with political combinations. Sometimes it doubted, sometimes it wavered, sometimes conspicuous leaders thought it possible to solace the hardships of the march with the sweets of official bivouacs; but when the battle was at length joined,

“ They fought like brave men long and well,
They strewed the ground with Moslem slain;”
and they did not desist—in any darkness however black, in any strain however exhausting and desperate—until the enemy had been dispersed, and an entire race redeemed from slavery into freedom! That is a transcendent glory for any party to have achieved, at any period of the world's history. The movements of reform are commonly so slow; wrongs are so inveterate, strike such deep roots into the soil, weave their branches among so many tender twigs, clamber up and twine about so many sheltering walls, that pulling them up at once is dangerous; so they can only be lopped off by degrees. But the hideous Upas of slavery was literally deracinated; radicalism was true to its meaning; the very roots were torn from the soil by the Act of Emancipation; and subsequently, by the Great Amendments, all the rootlets and little fibres that might sprout again somewhere have been cut off. Now, for the first time since the preamble to the Declaration of Independence—the *Magna Carta* of

the Republic—was framed, every human being in the land may read it without feeling it to be a lie, with an honest and jubilant consciousness that it is a truth, and the greatest of truths.

What is to come of so swift and tremendous a change, the future will tell; but it is impossible to indulge in any dependency in respect to it; for we should distrust the God who made us, and man, his noblest image, if we could suppose that an act of Justice so grand and signal could have any other than prosperous issues—prosperous beyond the dreams of earth, because involving every benignity of the sympathetic heavens.

Thus far, then, in the questions that led to the war, and that accompanied it, the Republicans occupy an indisputable vantage-ground; they were faithful to the spirit of Liberty, to which it is said some faults may always be pardoned; they have redeemed the nation from its greatest blight, and, setting it squarely upon its legs, for the first time empowered it to run the unfettered race of freedom and progress.

But since the war it would seem to have been difficult for either party to learn that the war was over. Some degree of agitation is to be expected in an ocean which the tempests have lashed into fury, even after the storm is past; the passions of civil conflict are not easily appeased, and the prejudices engendered by it are apt to survive its causes. The dominant party, consequently, has been disposed in its legislation to legislate as if for bitterly hostile enemies, and not for a vanquished and humiliated opponent. It has been disposed to stretch the powers of the Constitution to an extent which actual war alone would justify, and, annihilating the rights of the States, resolve the central authority into an oppressive and fatal consolidation. President Johnson's frantic methods of resisting this extravagance only aggravated the danger; headstrong as he was, Congress was no less so; and, but for the good sense of the people in electing a man of discretion and moderate party sympathies to the Presidency,

we should have been drawn into the very vortex of centralism, which is but one step removed from despotism. The "man on horseback" lurks always in the shadow of huge concentrations of power.

All the while the Democrats scarcely rose to the dignity of "a constitutional opposition." Their hatred of the signal measure of the war was so blind, so violent, so indiscriminating,—that they have hardly served as a make-weight upon the precipitous velocity of the Radicals. Here and there, one might remark public men and journalists sufficiently sagacious to discern that no further uses lay in a fierce hostility to the elevation of the negro, and that the time had come for other topics. But many of them, with a stubbornness that boded ill for their future, were quite as ignorant as the hot-headed chiefs of the other side, that ten years of war will not go back, like a measurer's line, "to the place of beginning." Events are events; and the revolution of an entire social system may have its episodes of temporary reaction, but will never return to the old status. A dynasty may be deposed and then recover its place; a form of government may be changed and then renewed; but the transformation of a whole society, like that which has taken place in the Southern country, supposes also so complete a transformation of opinion, moral feeling, and all the previous relations of things, that it can only be accepted by wise men as "an accomplished fact"—capable of modification, but in no large degree of reversal. The legislation by which Universal Freedom has been secured and fortified may be reviewed—its excesses pruned and its errors corrected; but the essential principles of it will ever remain, because they are forever just.

Apart from the main issues growing out of emancipation, the war has revived or created many questions in reference to which the attitude of our two great parties is by no means fixed. It has left us an enormous debt; it has left us a deluge of paper-money; it has left us a compact and powerful organization of bank-

ing capital; it has left us a mesh of financial expedients; and it has left us modes of taxation hard to characterize, and not pleasant to contemplate. Where do our parties stand in regard to these? Has either of them a definite policy; is either of them committed to any certain, clear, consistent scheme for the extinction of the national indebtedness; is either of them uncompromisingly for hard-money, or for that first principle of an enlightened economy, free-banking; is either of them for out-and-out free-trade, or even for such a tariff only as will raise the largest amount of revenue with the least burden upon the productive energies of the people? Individuals of both parties we find decided enough in their relations to these subjects; positive and distinct utterances may be quoted from prominent men of both sides; but parties themselves have scarcely been crystallized into form; have scarcely assumed a position of friendliness or antagonism on any of these issues, momentous as they are. They have not done so, because neither of them holds to any creed of general principles, which compels it to a uniform and consistent practice, or to any creed indeed which is logically coherent, and inevitable in its results on conduct. Neither of them, so far as we have been able to learn, professes any doctrine of the proper sphere and function of government distinguishable from that of the other, or aims at any line of policy which may be regarded as more than an expedient suggested by circumstances, and to be turned this way or that as the prospects of mere party success may be adverse or propitious.

Meanwhile, as a result of this want of fundamental convictions, the practical legislation everywhere, in our municipal councils, in our State Legislatures, in Congress, is falling into all manner of disorder and vileness. What the New York city government is, is only too notorious; its venality, its profligacy, its almost brigandage, has passed into a proverb: to say that one is an alderman is *prima facie* to brand him as a rogue; a person with any tolerable amount of

self-respect, called by that title, would feel himself obliged to resent it as a libel, or to get up an affidavit to clear his fame; offices are cumulated until obscure clerks get more salary than the President of the United States; while the leaders of "the Ring," a few years ago needy emigrants, now own acres of real estate in the heart of the city, and stable their very horses in palaces. The taxes here are higher than are the taxes of Paris, the most sumptuous city of the world, which has been lately almost rebuilt on a scale of unheard-of magnificence; and yet for all this taxation, the citizens receive worse than no return; the streets are the dirtiest streets to be found in any metropolis; the sewerage is the least serviceable; the markets are the filthiest; and the piers and wharves the most rickety and unsuitable for their purposes. With the amount of money that is now spent, New York, with the splendid advantages of its local position and circumstances, should be the cleanest, the best-drained, the most convenient, and the most beautiful city on either continent, instead of being the reverse.

Our State Legislatures are possibly not quite so degraded as the New York Common Council; and still, if we may believe the reports that come to us from the new legislative bodies of the South, and many that have been circulated for years without contradiction in regard to those of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and others, they are rapidly on the way to the same Serbonian bog. It is charged that a considerable number of the members of these bodies are always open to purchase. We know, at any rate, that a certain sort of legislation—legislation by which lucrative franchises are granted to a select company of individuals—is always in great favor with them; when a bill is introduced, the first question is said to be, "Is there money in it?" and a numerous lobby, which lives at great expense, and seems well provided with greenbacks, is the inseparable fringe and border of every session. Special committees appointed to inquire into

abuses, become either black-mailing or white-washing committees,—which is understood to be the same thing; while many of the mammoth railroad corporations, which have new privileges to obtain or old ones to enlarge, set aside a bribery fund for representatives, with as much of a matter-of-course regularity as merchants put a profit-and-loss account in their ledgers. In Horace Walpole's time in England, the whippers-in of the ministry used to stand at the doors of the House of Commons and hand openly to members who had voted in support of the government the various guerdons,—gold, preferments, commissions, charters, titles, whatever they might be,—which were taken without scruple and without shame. That was many years ago, and we are yet not so flagrantly base as that; we have more shame, though we may have no more scruple; public sentiment is still honest enough to drive such transactions to private rooms or the orgies of the hotels; but public sentiment is daily growing less sensitive; speculation is not so much a crime as an adroitness; and men unblushingly hold up their heads in the community, nay, are courted in it for their influence, who, if the community were strict to punish wickedness, would be indignantly expelled from all decent association, even if the Courts failed to send them to Sing-Sing.

The Congress, we are glad to believe, maintains a higher standard of worth than the State Legislatures to which we have just referred. One might easily point to a score of names at least which do honor to the selection of the people. One recalls debates of important questions that were full of a conscientious, prudent, far-reaching consideration, of an evident anxiety to compass great public ends. But we recall, at the same time, much personality, vulgarity, superficialness, and wearisome platitude. What is worse, we recall much mere party rancor, mere squabbles for small triumphs and temporary successes. But what is worst of all, it is charged that many representatives allow themselves to vote and speak for schemes of

legislation in which they have a personal interest, for schemes which propose to build up one class at the expense of another, which take for the measure of their fitness, not their rectitude according to some established principle, but their expediency according to some fluctuating need.

What is the difference between Smith of the Senate, who imposes a mode of taxation on the country intended to foster the business of a few of his immediate constituents and friends (himself included), and Smith of the Common Council, who takes a share in a plan for poulticing the streets instead of paving them? What is the difference between Jones of Washington, who votes money into the pockets of a class of iron-masters in Pennsylvania, and some other Jones of New York, who votes it into the pockets of another class,—say, the street-contractors? If Congress may grant away our vast public domains, almost without condition and without price, to great railroad corporations, why may not a State Legislature grant a monopoly of city-streets to other great corporations, without condition and without price? If these corporations inflate with wealth until they are able to stand at the doors of Congress or of the Legislature, like the whippers-in of Horace Walpole, to buy new franchises, to ward off restrictions and inquiry, to raise fares or to resist taxes, who is to blame but the authors of them? Or if the Honorable Mr. Tom abuses the franking privilege to procure free transportation for his wife's wardrobe, or covers with the name of "contingency" a petty theft of penknives and writing-desks, hardly worthy the ability of a sneak-thief, can he complain that Dick in the Custom House takes a small bribe, or that Harry of the Revenue Service hobnobs confidentially with the knights of the whiskey-tub? All these several sorts of plunder and pillage are fundamentally the same. They all use the public means for private advantage; they all regard the Government, not as an agent for collective society, but as the tool of private cliques; they all pervert its functions from their proper sphere into

unlawful channels; they all aid in so vitiating its action that politics is turned into a scramble for profits and spoils, into a selfish, mean, venal and corrupting intrigue, in which the most brutal scoundrel or the cunningest rogue has infinitely more chance of succeeding than the broadest intellect or the noblest heart.

It will doubtless seem very strange to a man who legislates conscientiously for the encouragement of certain branches of trade, to find himself classed with the common herd of speculators and pilferers; and personally, no doubt, the classification is wholly unjust and undeserved. We intend thereby to cast no reflections upon individuals. We speak of systems; as individual conduct may be redeemed by the fact that one honestly supposes himself to be pursuing the general good. But is it, on that account, any the less true, that a policy proceeds upon a false principle, which, if carried out logically, justifies every flagrant abuse and perversion of the powers of government? Here are men who professedly legislate on behalf of a special class; they declare that their object is to build up a determinate interest by taxes levied upon all other interests; they take money out of the purses where it legitimately belongs to transfer it to other purses where it would otherwise never have gone; they call the act by a specious name, protection, subvention, encouragement of industry, &c.; but the act itself is spoliation for every man who is made to pay without his consent, and of subsidy or gratuitous gift for every man who receives without rendering an equivalent. The act is both an infringement of property and an invasion of personal rights. The individual owner of property,—which represents his labor, his skill, his economy, his reward for services rendered society,—has a right to dispose of it in any harmless manner that he pleases. He has as much right to its use and enjoyment, according to his mode of estimating use and enjoyment, as he has to think his own thoughts or to worship God in his own church. Subject alone to the dues which the State exacts for real services, his prop-

erty is sacred. If any other person, either with or without the consent of government, steps in to deprive him of his free disposal of it, compelling him to go here or there for what he wants or fancies, he is despoiled of his possession and fettered in his freedom.

Let us suppose that no special laws in regard to trade existed—no laws except general provisions for the equal security of all trades; or, in other words, an entire liberty for every person to pursue what avocation he liked, and to buy and sell the products of it where he could buy and sell to his best advantage. A farmer, then, is in want of an axe or a plough, and walks into a shop where axes and ploughs are sold; he asks the price, which dissatisfies him because of its exorbitancy, and he turns away to go elsewhere to effect his purpose. "No, sir," exclaims the merchant, "you cannot go elsewhere; you must buy here or nowhere!" and, calling his clerks and porters, threatens the applicant with violence if he persists in leaving without a purchase! That would be clearly an outrage upon the farmer's liberty, which, if violence were committed, the law would rightly punish. But now, suppose that the merchant, instead of resorting to violence, which exposes him to punishment, resorts to cunning, which he may conceal; suppose that in some way or other he gets a law passed that no one is to buy axes or ploughs except at his shop or at his prices: would the act be any the less an infringement of the liberty of the buyer, and, though no longer a legal wrong, yet a moral and social wrong, which the law may authorize, but justice as surely condemns? Or again, suppose that a half-dozen merchants contrive to get an enactment from some ignorant or facile Legislature, that no one shall buy the wares in which they deal, except on paying them a premium of thirty, fifty, or a hundred *per centum*: would any fair-minded man regard the transaction as less dishonest or dishonorable because it chanced to be sanctioned by a statute? Indeed, is not either of the latter proceedings a more monstrous offence than the

first, for the very reason that it is done under the guise of law? Assuredly; for it perverts that which is meant to be the palladium of all into an instrument of extortion and benefit for the few; it makes that an accomplice in crime which ought to chastise all crime. What is the fundamental use of the law? What are its supreme objects? What do all men demand at its hands? The equal protection of all—security for their rights, defence against unjust encroachments. When an individual, therefore, or a class of individuals, not only invades the person and property of others, but is adroit enough to shelter the invasion under the very shield which ought to be the universal ægis,—it adds a sort of sacrilege to spoliation, and wrongs the community as well as the actual victims.

In this view, in fact, it matters little whether the immediate purposes of those who solicit special legislation be selfish or not; they may be even disinterested and philanthropic; they may design to bring about results in themselves beneficent; but if they can be accomplished only by means of an agency instituted for a wholly different purpose, by forcing the community into a false position, by a procedure which, if imitated, must lead to the most frightful abuses; in a word, if to get at them a fundamental and dangerous departure from sound principle be requisite, then it is better to forego them or reach them in some other way. A bad method is none the less bad because the motives of those who resort to it are pure. More benignant designs never actuated men than those imputed to certain schools of socialists during the French revolution of 1848: they wanted every man to have work; they wanted every man to have property; they wanted every man to have credit: in a word, they wanted every man to be free from need, to be able to earn his own living, and to enjoy a reasonable degree of comfort and happiness. Who does not want all these things for himself and his fellows? But, then, the socialists wanted, besides, that the State should guarantee work, property, credit to every man without re-

gard to his ability or deserts,—which was not only flatly impossible but thoroughly unjust and mischievous. So, in our own country and times, there are many good souls who would like the Government to build their churches, to endow high-schools and colleges, to patronize the arts, to support inventors and scientific men, to run railroads across the continent and steamships on the high seas, and to take in hand a thousand other laudable schemes and projects. But these kind souls do not stop to think that not one of these things can be done without exacting money from somebody's reluctant pocket, which is an invasion of property; that not one of them can be done without multiplying prodigiously the number of office-holders, which is a dangerous extravagance; that not one of them can be done without diverting the government from its proper business, as the universal organ, which is usurpation; and that, while the power and patronage of the State were thus swelling into congestion, the self-reliance, the sagacity, and the enterprise of individuals would be impoverished and paralyzed to a proportionate extent, which is suicidal.

These good souls, moreover, in the ardor of their zeal for objects desirable in themselves, forget that they set an example for others whose objects are not so desirable. As soon as it is seen or understood that government is not the organ of universal but the tool of private ends, swarms of eager clamorers and expectants gather about its doors, to solicit, to intrigue, and to fight for its favors. The State becomes, then, in the common apprehension, a sort of inexhaustible fount, "which has bread for all mouths, labor for all hands, capital for all enterprises, credit for all projects, oil for all wounds, balm for all sorrows, counsels for all perplexities, solutions for all doubts, truths for all intelligences, distractions for all fatigues,—milk for infancy and wine for old age:—which may provide for all our wants, anticipate all our desires, satisfy all our curiosities, correct all our errors and faults, and dispense us evermore from the use of our

own foresight, prudence, sagacity, experience, order, economy, temperance, and activity."

Of course all these needs and cupidities, some natural, others artificial and stimulated, cannot be gratified; not the ten thousandth part of them perhaps; but every body will like to share in the control of a Power from which so much is sought, and by which, in any event, so much is done. Every "interest" and every shade of an "interest," bad as well as good,—the bad indeed more than the good;—becomes insatiate and strenuous in its demands: each jostles and combats the others; jealousies, disputes, struggles, and strifes ensue; and upon these follow intrigues and conspiracies, frauds and corruptions. Thence the formation of party "Rings," the collusions of bad men—of vulgar, rapacious, and violent men who shoulder off the better sort; thence the reign of tricksters and thieves in legislative bodies, who sell more or less openly the patronage and offices of the State to the highest bidder as the Roman purple was sold by the Pretorians; thence confusion and anarchy of opinion as to the very purposes of the State,—a confusion, an anarchy which does not confine itself to opinion, but embroiling itself more and more, passes over into action, when the conflict of authorities or the utter extinction of all authority lets loose the fiends of civil war. Behold what a flame a little spark may kindle; behold what a monstrous vegetation may grow from a single germ; behold how dangerous the smallest seed of evil, when it is permitted to sprout and spread like a rank weed in the mould.

In the foregoing remarks we believe that we have touched the very secret of our political condition—the very source of that political degeneracy we all deplore. No party conceives any longer of the origin, purpose, limits, duties of the State, in the light of sound theory, or of solid scientific deduction. All parties have come to regard the highest and holiest function of society, that of governing itself,—the function in which human agency most nearly approaches the di-

vine,—not as an exercise of the collective Reason and Conscience, but as a mere calculation of private and confederate interests. Government is not the application of law to the defence of universal Justice, but the perversion of it to the promotion of universal chicanery. Legislation is not the exertion of the force of the whole to defeat and punish wrong, but the exertion of that force to baffle and dethrone right. Politics is not a science; it is not statesmanship; it is not the use of a general means for general ends, in which character it is one of the noblest as it is one of the usefulest of human pursuits; but it is a low piece of attorney-practice, a struggle of rival cupidities, a mercantile and merchantable transaction,—a debasing and miserable contrivance of cunning and selfishness. There we find the cause of our manifold evils, and there alone we expect to find the means of restoration.

Consider for a moment what the mysterious entity which we call THE STATE practically is! It is the whole force of a nation organized into an ultimate and paramount authority. It dominates every individual and its decisions in regard to him are final. What avail for an individual to resist its decrees? it can crush him as Behemoth crushes the spires of the grass. Laying hold of the individual as soon as he is born, the State claims some sort of jurisdiction over him to the end of his days. He is its ward or its subject. His status is determined by it,—his family ties, his rights and duties, even his life. The very fruit of his loins,—the dearest and sweetest objects of his affections, it may tear from him, to thrust into armies, to linger out years of privation and suffering in prisons, or to die of wounds on the battle-field. How important, then, seeing the tremendous scope of this Power, even in its most restricted form, that the exercise of it should be prescribed to certain, definite, manageable, and salutary ends? How important that we should all know, and ever keep clearly in mind, its proper sphere and limitations? Is there, in truth, in the whole range of philosophic discussion, any question so vital and momentous as that

which relates to the proper objects of the political function ?

That question we hope to consider, with some degree of minuteness and philosophic precision, hereafter; but at present we have only space for a few suggestions. Two points are evident: first, that it cannot be an object of the State to accomplish purposes which individuals may achieve for themselves,—for, in that case, its interference would be impertinent and useless. Nor, secondly, can it be an object of the State to annihilate the agency of individuals altogether,—in which case it would be worse than despotic, it would be destructive—destructive of society which is composed of individuals, and destructive of itself as an agent of society. Its end, then, must be something which individuals cannot accomplish for themselves, and which, when it is accomplished, tends not to destroy but to further the activity of individuals. Being, we repeat, the organ, the representative, the supreme authority, the united force, of the whole of society, the object of its action must be something commensurate with the whole of society, something essential to it as a whole, and essential to all its component parts.

Now, the only thing which answers to these conditions is Universal Security, or the unmolested enjoyment, by every person, of his Life, of his free, spontaneous activities, and of the results of those activities. Individuals cannot procure this for themselves by their own unaided exertions; for the very attempt to procure it is the beginning of conflict and disorder. It is possible only to a supreme civic organization, to an organization of the force of the whole, which shall yet be compatible with the liberties of all. Without such collective action there is anarchy;

with too much of it there is despotism; but with just enough of it to restrain the encroachments of persons upon each other, to counteract what the Greeks called the *πλεονεξία* of the individual, the tendency to transgress his appropriate limits, there is that happy equilibrium which alone is government.

The State, therefore, in its primary and essential character, is a juridical institution. It is not economical, or a creator and purveyor of wealth; it is not beneficial, or a dispenser of charity; it is not religious, or a teacher of dogma; but it is equitable, or the administrator of Justice. The main thing it has to do is to defend and secure every man from every other man, that the noble faculties with which God has endowed us all may find their fullest, freest, and most harmonious development. More than that cometh of evil and goeth to evil. Justice is clear, defined, measurable; it is never excessive; it is never oppressive; it is never subversive; it is orderly, it is peaceful, it is benignant; it is the friend of every virtue and grace of life, the pledge of every progress; "its voice," as Hooker says, in a memorable passage, "the harmony of the worlds, and its home the bosom of God."

When either of our parties shall return to this true and simple idea of the State, or when some new party, composed of the fresh young blood of the nation, of its yet generous and unperverted youth, shall take it up, the rainbow of Hope will appear upon the clouds which now shut out the heavens. But so long as we shall continue to regard the State as the mere instrument of our greeds, our difficulties will increase; the clouds will thicken and the storm grow mad apace, until the tempest breaks upon us in a whirlwind of wrath and fury.

A FRENCH CHÂTEAU AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

THE Château (to which the Basse-Cour is fitting antechamber, though not intended as such originally), let me premise, belongs to the Nicolai family. The present owner, Count Nicolai, now an old man of eighty, disgusted by the Coup d'État, banished himself from France and his paternal estate, and has since lived in Switzerland. It has not been occupied, except for a short interval, for forty years; with its park and surroundings, which are of great extent and most beautifully wooded, it has been cared for by dependants, who have simply tried the "laissez faire" and "laissez aller" system as being quite as profitable to themselves and much less fatiguing, especially as the proprietor has already more worldly goods than he can use or enjoy himself. We certainly owe a debt of gratitude to this fortunate combination of what at first sight appear to be adverse circumstances (and even to Louis Napoleon himself, for whose "raison d'être" one is thankful to have the slightest proof); for without being "abimée," as the French so eloquently express it, the whole place, originally very tastefully laid out and growing out of the tastes and needs of cultured nobility, has the added charm of a sadness, a certain tender, pensive beauty, not to say desolation, something which recalls the past, and yet reveals it as past recall, hanging over it, and which Time and Nature, ever busy with their arts, are hourly vying with each other to heighten and develop.

The buildings, forming one continuous side of the Basse-Cour, are composed of spacious granaries, barns, and stables, with apparently some features of domestic architecture in the dormer windows, in a portion of the roof, which with the stairs have fallen into picturesque decay. From these feudal, buttressed walls, we momentarily expected to see the richly-ca-

parisoned charger issue, led by the retainer, ready for his chivalrous lord, so eloquently did this pile of weather-stained, lichen-covered stone, so rich and varied in color, with bits of verdure cropping out here and there from cracks and crevices, tell us the story of the past in its half-ruined architecture. The doors of the broad, deep-roofed barn stood open, and a peasant was beating the grain with the old-time flail. A heap of golden straw lay piled up outside. We took the path toward the château, which led across a brook, pushed a low wooden gate which stood ajar, and found ourselves under what formed the opposite side of the Basse-Cour, which, however, I, lost in wonder and admiration, could only compare to a vast aisle in some magnificent ideal cathedral, a place in which the Druids might have worshipped, if they had combined more sunshine and cheerfulness in their religion than they have had the reputation for. Here are mighty columns of the trunks of sycamores standing erect ninety feet, ranged a double row for some hundreds of feet, and almost ten feet asunder, measuring in girth at the base at least eight feet. These columns had mighty arms, which descending from aloft touched the ground at each outer side of the aisle in most graceful sweep and curve, forming a support for the largesse of Nature, who had rippled down over these argent-colored arms an ever-changing green and golden drapery of leaves, through which the sunshine pouring its full flood of amber made the rich, dark ivy, clambering up the massive stalwart columns to the leafy crest above, stand out as sculpture on their mottled, satin stems. The earth beneath was brodered all over with tender velvety green of ivy, not content with embracing and clothing these lofty giants so worthy of its love, but wandering off in mere wantonness to lavish it-

self on all within its reach; the little stream underneath on one side pursued its lowly way mid all this magnificence quite as unconscious as we humans often are of the heaven above us. This was indeed a fitting place for worship! and this indeed was "la belle France!"

We lingered—how could we go? but an artist beckoned us forward, and stepping out again under the broad blue dome, walked on to the château which was but a stone's throw from the avenue, and stood before its simple beauty. It is a longitudinal pile of whitish-gray stone with Mansard roof, multitudinous windows, but little if any decoration or sculptured ornament, facings of red brick, and the main entrance as simple and unpretentious as a modern street-door in our ordinary houses, and raised but a step from the ground. The house stands at the further end of a level parallelogram, which is surrounded by a moat some thirty or fifty feet wide filled with water, whose sides of massive masonry with sculptured griffins and other monsters' heads for the admission of water, now green and mossy with time, are made more picturesque also by a turf-bordered brink, while below water-plants of the most tender green and delicate livery of foliage abound, and fish of many rainbow-hues are sporting through their many shadowy mazes. The pretty open-work iron gate turned easily on its hinges as we crossed the simple bridge with low stone balustrade, the porter and superintendent came forward to receive us, and as we talked I was transported back many a year by this scene to my girlhood's theatre-going days, and recognized in the little dapper, handsome French jockey so jauntily and becomingly costumed, the "Postilion of Lonjumeau" of the old Niblo times. He gave us permission to wander at our leisure.

In front of the house was a square of turf divided in the centre, and bordered on each side by walks and low flowering plants. The kitchen, offices, and dependants' rooms adjoin the château on the right, extending the length of the parallelogram, terminated by a half-ruined

square building, which was the theatre, and matched on the opposite side of the gate by its counterpart the porter's lodge. How compact this arrangement! which, though but a pale reflex of the feudal past, had its defensive sentiment without its warlike air, for the moat isolated as well as beautified the home. The internal arrangements consist of a large hall opening at the back upon a paved walk bordered by shrubbery to the moat, on the opposite of which rises a background of tall foliage, tangled, wild, exuberant, reflected in the grassy surface beneath; the staircase ascends from this low, square hall into large reception, drawing, and dining rooms, all bare in their simplicity, the furniture having all been removed; the windows were ample, and looked out on the green turf in front; the eye, tempted across the moat to the great sycamore aisles on each side of the velvety turf which rolled out its green carpet between them to the main gate and entrance from the high road, took in at a glance also their yellow draperies waving in the tender autumn sunlight. The upper rooms being bedrooms are all at the back of the house; a long corridor ran the length of the house in front, from which opened little passages, on each side of which was a room for the valet or femme de chambre of the occupant of the bedroom at the end, as each guest, as well as member of the family, had his own servant, who was always on hand, day and night. The comfort and convenience of this is obvious. Many of these rooms, especially those of Monsieur and Madame, looked as if they might have been lately occupied, for the furniture and appointments were still there, just as they had been left years before; little cabinet pictures of favorite children in pastel were on the walls of the mother's bedroom, and there was an indefinable air of tender womanly refinement about the room that moistened our eyes, when we thought of the cruel bereavements and sad banishments that these walls had witnessed, for in the Revolution of '89 both father and son were beheaded on the scaffold.

Some of the upper rooms were hung

with curiously-embroidered, tamboured, white satin tapestry; an old spinnet stood in a corner; one room was piled, nearly to the exclusion of light from the windows, with huge tomes in leather binding, redolent of black-letter and parchment, and tempting our bibliophile to spend his life in poring over them; but the air and aspect of the house here was musty, cold, dreary, recalling vividly such unwholesome productions as Mrs. Radcliff's romances, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," etc., and I was glad to escape into the welcoming sunshine without. The park we could not resist though it was late, and its shadowy recesses, so tempting to the imagination, enamored with "the forms of things unknown," lured us on, and, as we penetrated, made us first acquainted with the nymphs and dryads of the poets, who have not yet followed the tide of emigration to America.

The luxuriant beauty, grace, and lavish growth of the ivy here, must be seen to be appreciated; it festoons itself from tree to tree, and indeed "a rare old plant is the ivy green!" more lovely in France than even in England, for the persistent humidity of the island, though enhancing its growth and vivid color, often allies it with images of damp and mould, and churchyard melancholy, which the sunshine of "la belle France" dispels. Oh! that the climate of our Northern States would ever allow us to perfect it! In some open spots in the forest it covers the ground and takes a lustrous metallic green, suggesting supernatural fancies which people all these sylvan shades with elfin groups, serving the fairy queen and "seeking dewdrops here" to "hang a pearl in every cow-slip's ear."

In the more secluded depths of these wooded glades were stone grottoes, now vacant, in which were remnants of former shrines cut in stone, half-broken sculptured bits, ornaments lovingly clasped by the little pointed leaved fingers of the ivy which hugs so caressingly every

thing within its reach, and recalls so many poetic images. Shakespeare makes "Titania" murmur in her "mad dotage"—

"So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwine; the female ivy so
Enrings the bony fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!"

Further on we take a turn, and crossing the babbling stream by the daintiest little moss-covered, velvety, green arch that ever spanned a brook in fairy-land, follow its course, and behold!—what are these brilliant-hued heaps lying in such profusion by the side of the wine-press? The vintage is over and the doors of the wine-press are closed, but the beet-root is now ripe, and in these rich, deep-toned, variously-tinted amphoræ of Nature's own modelling, she has bottled up the lucent sweetness that also helps to "make glad the heart of man." We meet loaded wains, great, ponderous, high-piled carts drawn by the shaggy-maned, blowzy-headed horses, lumbering on the highways, bringing the crop to the sugar-houses. Seated by the roadside to rest, and looking down the quaintly-bordered village lane, high-walled and narrow, outside the park gate we spied an aged beldam slowly and tiresomely making her way in white cap and sabots, cane in hand. She was bent nearly double with age; as she came up, with the instinct of her class she scented her prey, and mumbled out in execrable *patois*, with extended hand, her petition for a few sous. I ventured to ask her age; she looked up archly with her almost mummied features, and said, "Seize!" ("sixteen"), paused, then murmuring, "mais, soixante dix encore" ("but add seventy more"), pocketed her sous, chattered on about the "grande compagnie" at the châteaui, and "le beau monde il y avait," regardless of the lapse of time; then shaking her head sadly, passed on satisfied. We too were satisfied to await another day for further explorations of the chaumières as well as châteaux of "la belle France."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

COLONIAL LITERATURE.

It was once the happy dream of many of us, interested in the growth of a sound nationality, that we were destined to have here, some day, a vigorous national literature. But the appearances are, just now, that the dream is to remain a dream. We seem to be more than ever before dependent for our reading upon foreign sources, and especially English. We are not aware that our publishers reprint more English books than before, certainly it is not less; but in periodical literature we have become mere echoes. All the foreign quarterlies are regularly reproduced as they have been; four of the principal monthly magazines resort to noted English authors for their main attractions; four of our foremost popular illustrated weeklies are little more than copies, as to their pictures, of the foreign illustrated weeklies; and two if not three of our daily journals are chiefly edited by men from abroad.

We do not object to this; we hold that our people have a right to go for their wares of all sorts where they think they get them best; but we do not regard it as creditable to our native writers. Why do they allow themselves to be superseded in this way? Why must editors apply to Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Trollope, or Mr. Charles Reade, for serial stories? Why must they get essays and criticisms and sometimes poetry from remote London, and not from Boston, Philadelphia, or New York? There are two reasons, as we conceive: the first is, that the excessive developments of practical life here absorb so much of the best intellect of the nation. No man will devote his life to writing at five dollars or even forty dollars a page, when by becoming an engineer, or a lawyer, or a broker, he can make his ten thousand dollars a-year with far more

ease. But a second reason is, that when our intellect does take to writing, it does not write out of the fulness of the national life, but on traditionary themes and in a traditionary way. We only attempt to do over again what has been very well done before. We strive to be Addisons or Goldsmiths, or Dickenses or Macaulays or Thackerays, and we arrive only at a pinchbeck sort of success. Let us strike in earnestly into the very heart of our own societies, if we want to do better. Our artists have made a school of landscape-art, which holds its own, because they have been compelled to paint American landscape. John Rodgers's little statuettes take their place in every parlor and study, because they tell us the tales of every day. Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Mrs. Stowe, Major Winthrop, have made names, because they drew from the inspiration of their country and times. We never went abroad for the model of our clipper-ships; we did not fight the civil war according to Alexander's or Napoleon's strategy; why should we write books that are but pale reflections or impudent plagiarisms of something much better done over the sea?

Artemus Ward, Nasby, Mark Twain, have a certain vogue, abroad as well as at home, notwithstanding the coarseness of much of their wit, simply because they are racy, vernacular, local,—out of the life and manners of the times. Mr. Bret Hart, of California, is getting a deserved reputation as a tale-writer and magazinist, because he writes in a sympathetic and lively way of what he knows—the life of the frontiers and the plains. It is not the loftiest kind of writing, any more than a picture of Jan Steen is grand art, but it is honest in its way, and that is what all men like. Let us have more of it!

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

It cannot be denied that a great deal of progress has been made in the character of the literary criticism of our newspapers. Much of it is still shallow enough, no doubt. When a leading weekly journal, for instance, said of a late number of this Magazine that there were but "two readable articles in it, and those very poor—namely, a disquisition on the Rights of Women," (referring to Mrs. Ames' story of *A Woman's Right*, which has nothing to do with the Rights of Women), "and an artistic criticism" (referring to the pleasant local sketches of negro-life, entitled *Sketches in Color*, which has nothing to do with art), we think it hardly reached the highest level of critical impartiality and discernment. But in spite of these learned Thebans, who pronounce *ex cathedra* upon what they have never read, the criticism of the journals is improving. We have as yet no St. Beuve, because St. Beuves are rare anywhere. We have no class of critics, perhaps, like that which writes for the London *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, &c., &c., because, possibly, we do not pay enough to keep up such a class; but we have still many respectable reviewers, whose writings it is a pleasure and profit to read. As a proof, take the notices that have been made of Mr. Bryant's translation of Homer—not a recondite topic, though a serious and important one. Now, the larger part of these notices have been worthy of the theme; have shown care, scholarship, insight, knowledge of the subject, and independent judgment. The articles in the *World*, the *Tribune*, and the *Daily Times*, not to go out of this city, were elaborate, well-considered, fair, and inspired apparently by an entire *connaissance de cause*, as the French say. In other words, they were not the mere stereotyped phraseology of men ignorant of the topic, or who merely "crammed" for the occasion. Of course, we do not mean to coincide with the conclusions of this criticism, which are various, but simply to commend the general ability and seriousness of pur-

pose. The newspaper-writing of some years ago was so entirely uninformed, superficial, slipshod, and even vulgar, that it is agreeable to mark the change. The war, paper-money, huge corporations, and other causes, discussed elsewhere, have brought about a lamentable degeneracy in many political and social matters; but if the character of the newspapers improves—if the tone of these daily reflectors and monitors gets higher—we have reason to hope for general society.

A FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENT.

Homer, by the way, has come to be a sort of popular reading. Mr. Bryant, like Beau Brummel, "has brought the old king into fashion." Men stop you at the corners of the streets, and ask, "Well, what do you think of the Homer?" Old couples, who never read a book together before, sit down in the corner, of an evening, and entertain each other with the story of Achilles and the other chiefs; and we have heard of a half-dozen circles at least, in which the young ladies spend the time in reading aloud from the old bard in his new English garb. Our friends in the country, who contemplate spending a week or two of the Spring in town, would do well to prepare themselves by one or two lessons, if they would pass for any bodies. It is very much here as it was in Boston after Longfellow had translated the *Divina Commedia*. "Do you like Dante?" asked a friend of us, as we arrived there in the height of the vogue. "No," we foolishly replied. "Then hurry away as quick as you can; nobody is respectable here who doesn't like Dante. I am the only man in Massachusetts who has had moral courage enough to say I don't like Dante, and I have been in disgrace ever since. But for my wife and children, who have given in to the rage, I should be driven out by violence. I only sneak through the back streets, as it is." It is pretty much the same now in New York in regard to the liking of Homer; and our country editors must come here duly prepared.

A BOOK TO BE WRITTEN.

Mr. Lowell's collection of his review-essays into a volume, which bears the title of "Among My Books," is as readable a work as we have taken up this many a day. It is full of fine thought, full of rare learning, full of nice criticism, full of original phrasing, full of good feeling, and sprinkled over with pleasant wit. We refer to it, however, not to characterize it in a literary way, which is done by another elsewhere, but simply because it suggests to us what might be a better book still. A really good "History of English Literature," beginning with the early Anglo-Saxon times, and coming down to Thackeray and Tennyson, is yet to be written. There have been attempts in that line, but none equal to the richness and grandeur of the subject. Is there any one more capable of writing such a work as it should be written than Mr. Lowell? It should be, of course, complete, solid, erudite, discriminating, sympathetic, and philosophical; and he could make it all these. He has already, probably, much of the needful knowledge; he has the critical discernment and skill; he has the love for the authors, poetical and prose, great and lesser, and he has penetration and breadth of view enough to connect the life of thought with the great movements of society. Such a work, written as the papers on Dryden and Shakespeare in the late volume convince us that he would write it,—with a large, generous heart, with a clear, vigorous judgment—would be an enduring monument erected to his own fame as well as to that of so many others, and a contribution to the instruction and delight of the public not easily over-estimated. It would be a repository of sound literary appreciations, of exquisite tastes and fancies, that would educate the general mind into a proper sense of the superb and opulent inheritance we have in the vast treasures of our mother-tongue. New England, through Prescott and Ticknor, has taken out of European hands nearly the whole field of Spanish history; she has warned them away,

through Motley, from the Netherlands; and why should she not do for England what English writers have yet failed to do in any adequate manner? Laborious the task would be, no doubt, requiring in even the best-furnished mind much study and much careful planning; but then, how grateful! And who is there, in any quarter of the globe, where the language is seriously read, that would not be eager to possess the lucid narrative of its progress, the genial reflection of its glories?

WAR NOT MASSACRE.

If we should see a huge St. Bernard or mastiff dog, who had been long annoyed by a pestilent little cur, fall upon him at length and stretch him dead upon the ground, we should say that the saucy little brute had got his deserts. He had no right to be snarling and biting all the while at his neighbor, simply because he was a neighbor. But if the big victor, not satisfied with this sort of retribution, should hunt up the kennel of his victim and proceed to tear in pieces an entire litter of half-blind pups because they were of the same blood, we should say that he was a very ferocious and very mean big dog.

That is precisely the relation which exists between the United States and the Indian tribes. We are the big dog, and they the malignant little curs. We punish them when they give us trouble, properly enough; but we have no call to take vengeance on them. We may kill their warriors and fighting-men, who refuse to smoke the pipe of peace, but may not kill their old men, old women, and babes. War is self-defence, and war is sometimes retribution; but it is not massacre. The nations that pursue it as massacre, inflict an indelible disgrace upon their name. Do we not all remember what a shudder of indignation ran through the country when we read of the butchery at Fort Pillow? Was not the civilized world shocked by the deed done by the Sepoys at Cawnpore? Has not Glencoe left an impression on history which will never be effaced? What,

indeed, is the distinction between civilized and savage races but this—that one carries on war as if it were murder; the other under rule and with human pity?

Besides, in the case of the Indians, they are not wholly to blame if they have remained barbarians. Our own conduct towards them has kept up their hereditary character and manners. We have treated with them always as tribal organizations, and they have preserved with their ancestral forms the ancestral spirit. We ought to have treated with them as men; we ought to have disregarded the tribe; we ought to have prepared them for citizenship and for social and individual duties; and then we should not have had these periodical wars, these incessant frantic outrages, which provoke us out of our dignity and even out of our humanity.

DEGENERATE AMERICANS.

A Paris correspondent of the *Times* of this city has twice alluded to a story current in Paris, that a considerable number of the American residents there presented a weapon to M. Pierre Bonaparte, the assassin of Victor Noir—whether in admiration of his general character, or of his late particular exploit, is not said. We should like to know if the report be true, and then we should like to know the names of the recreants. There are Americans in Europe who are as intense snobs as any described by Thackeray, who worship crowned heads and run after people with titles. Some, indeed, carry their baseness so far as to buy titles by the sacrifice of their daughters. But that any are fallen so low as to compliment one of the most miserable and reckless of the murderous Bonapartes, surpasses belief. Their general snobbery might be easily ascribed to foolishness, or to the fact that, having money without culture or self-respect, they are as ignorant of good manners as they are of letters. But snobbery towards a cut-throat is the last degree of wickedness. In an American it is a twofold wickedness—treachery to his country as well as to humanity. We suspect that the

renegades who tried to induce the French despot to put down the Republic in the day of her distress, are the authors of this last self-debasement.

FREE READING-ROOMS.

THE English public are wisely preparing for that extension of the suffrage which has lately been made under liberal rule. They are establishing free libraries and news-rooms for the use and benefit of those classes of the people who are not in a condition to subscribe to private establishments of the kind. Already at Airdrie, Birmingham, Blackburn, Bolton, Cambridge, Cardiff, Coventry, Dundee, Liverpool, Leamington, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Salford, Sheffield, and other places news-rooms and libraries have been opened with the happiest effects. In some cases they are supported by the corporations, and in others by contributions; but in all they are well attended, and furnish a resort for the poorer classes, which has had a sensible effect upon the gin-shops and other places of low and brutal indulgence. Workingmen, who do not always have clean and pleasant homes to retire to, in their days and hours of leisure, are glad to find comfortable rooms and desirable companions. In one of the larger towns the attendance averages two thousand persons daily, who spend their time, not drinking nor gambling, nor in running their eyes over police and sporting gazettes, but in reading the best journals and periodicals of the day, and also the best books. Lending libraries and reference libraries are often connected with the news-rooms, and receive their due share of attention. Why can we not have something of the same sort here, not only in the cities, but in all towns and villages? Small libraries, open to subscribers, are to be found in many places; but what is needed is free libraries,—pleasant rooms,—a larger selection of works. The cost could not be great, while the utility is obvious.

OVER-LEGISLATION.

Given a vigorous social life, under all disorders, and time and patience will

then be sure to effect wondrous cures. The credit of the United States is fast rising in the world's markets; but this does not prove that the finances are wisely managed, but only that folly in high places has not been quite able to ruin us. Our Government, since the war, has been "Jack of all trades, master of none;" it has undertaken to do the banking business of the people, to regulate prices, to distribute profits, to set up, and pull down industries, to build railroads, and, if some have their way, will soon become the common carrier of freight and intelligence everywhere. In fact, a class of our statesmen look on Government as a sort of Providence, whose laws ought to be as universal as those of nature and society, but a decided improvement upon these.

Meanwhile, there is a strong reaction against this notion and some prospect that the people will again limit Government to its true work of preserving order and protecting freedom. Then its own work will be better done, and all other interests, too, will be better off when it ceases to middle with them. In this view we commend the article on Political Degeneracy, in the body of the Magazine, to general perusal.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE THEATRE.

Journalism has been discussing the theatre during the past winter, with much intelligence in trifles, but with less comprehension than the popular feeling demands. The critics seem not to see that it is the newspapers which, in the common mind, have crowded out the stage, "whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." The theatre was once the school of the people, and now the very rival that has supplanted it, blindly laments its decline. Only by destroying the newspapers, can the intellect of the age be driven to the drama for its expression. The leaders of thought will always use the art which is the most direct way to the mass of men.

DUST IN THE THROAT.

Professors Tyndall and Huxley and their school are always turning some old theory or other upside down. The whole medical profession is aghast at a recent lecture by Mr. Tyndall, on Haze and Dust, in which he forcibly stated two new things. The first is the proved fact that the air we breathe is crowded with myriads of infinitesimal particles of animal or vegetable matter, in various conditions of life or of decay, and that it is never free from this pollution, unless carefully filtered through fire or water, or some such sieve as close-packed cotton-wool. The second is the theory that many diseases are probably nothing more than a process of fermentation in the human frame, produced as a little yeast produces fermentation throughout a great mass. The fact in question is indisputable; Professor Tyndall established it by many experiments. The theory is made probable by a variety of observations which it would explain; and its author, at least, one of the first living authorities on such subjects, is evidently convinced of its truth. Small-pox, cholera, yellow fever, influenza, and other pests, are, as he thinks, propagated by taking this invisible dust into the lungs; and if we should breathe only through "filters of cotton-wool," when exposed to contagion, these diseases could be kept off. Experiments will now be made on a large scale to test this notion practically; but it will have to be established with great certainty before the human race will consent permanently to cover all their breathing holes with "filters," in order to put an end to contagious disease forever.

A DEFENSE OF POLYGAMY.

One of the most curious speeches made in the present Congress was that of Mr. Hooper, delegate from Utah, in opposition to a bill for the suppression of polygamy among the Mormons. Of the merits of the bill we are unable to speak, because we have not seen it; but of the merits of Mr. Hooper's argument we are able to speak, apart from the merits of the particular bill. Mr. Hoop-

er's position is, that society has no right to declare polygamy illegal, because polygamy is a doctrine forming part of the religious faith of the Mormons. Now religious faith, by our laws and the whole spirit of our institutions, is exempt from the interference of law; and to prohibit polygamy, therefore, is to invade the consciences of those who believe it right and proper. But the fallacy here is in assuming that polygamy is, or can be, a doctrine. The belief in its lawfulness may be a doctrine or article of religious faith, but polygamy itself is a practice proceeding from that doctrine. It is the practice, then, not the belief, which the law prohibits, or proposes to prohibit. If polygamy were a Divine command, every man, without exception, ought to take unto himself several wives; which would be a command of impossible fulfilment, because the numbers of the sexes born are nearly equal. It can be at best, consequently, no more than a Divine permission—as it was under the Jewish dispensation; in which case it is not obligatory, but simply allowable. A man *may* have several wives—he is not in conscience bound to have them; how is his conscience invaded, then, if the law, for social reasons, deems it best that he should not have them? He is entitled to his belief, but he is not entitled to act upon that belief when major considerations are opposed to the act. A great many Orientals, and some few Europeans, have believed polygamy proper; they have never believed it an imperative duty, and to prohibit it, therefore, is in no sense a violation of conscience. Society, in prohibiting it, simply says that, for its own good and security, such unions ought to be forbidden. It perceives, under the physiological law of the numerical equivalence of the sexes, that polygamy is incompatible with both justice and safety; first, because, if one man is allowed to usurp ten wives, there must be nine who have no wives—*i. e.* who must submit to an enforced celibacy, which is so far forth slavery; and second, that, if ten women may have only one husband, ten

men may have one wife—which would be the destruction of the family and the non-perpetuation of the race. Accordingly we find, as an historical fact, that wherever polygamy prevails, a large class of men are slaves, and the whole class of women degraded. In self-defence, then, and to protect the equal liberty of all, society says such unions shall not be.

FALSE WIT.

It is not considered in very good taste to make jests on passages of Scripture, for the reason that they are apt to be associated with some of the tenderest and holiest of our recollections. Nor is it in much better taste to take a poem like Hamlet, consecrated in our memories by the most serious associations, and turn it into burlesque. The wit of it is not of a rare or difficult sort—is, in fact, apt to be coarse and vulgar—and the effect upon minds of any sensibility is more repulsive than pleasing.

But there is a more wretched kind of joke-making than this—the kind we often find in the reporters' columns of the newspapers, when they have to describe some awful crime or some conspicuous instance of vice. The writers think that if they can make the reader laugh over it in some way, they have done something smart. But crime is never a proper object of ridicule. The smaller vices and foibles of men may be—their false pretensions, their affectations, their eccentricities, their meannesses; but crime is always too serious a matter for sport—too serious for those who perpetrate it, and for those who suffer by it. Even satire is out of place, unless the satire be an earnest, heartfelt expression of reproof. Writers of real humor, consequently, like Dickens and Thackeray, find the objects of their fun in persons who are really ludicrous in character or conduct; they expose folly and the petty vices; but the larger crimes and vices, often misfortunes rather than faults, they treat in some other than the comic vein. Offences against the laws may be

made to excite horror, or, under certain circumstances, compassion; but to render them amusing by the mode in which they are described, is to strip them of the qualities which are likely to awaken either aversion or sympathy.

WHAT TO WRITE AND HOW TO WRITE.

We receive not a few letters from aspiring young men and women, asking us what they should write about, and how they should write it, in order to be successful with the magazines. As we are not school-teachers nor professors of rhetoric, these questions scarcely fall within our province; besides, when we have a particular topic that we desire to see treated, we know the persons to whom to apply for the purpose. Nevertheless, there are one or two general counsels that may always be given with safety for ourselves and good effect for others. The first is, never to write except about something that interests you very much, which you understand, and which you would like others to feel and understand; and a second is, to write about it with as much directness and simplicity as you can muster. Make no long introductions, therefore, but strike into the subject at once; and when you have said what you know or feel, stop at once; or, as Dr. Witherspoon, of Princeton College, used to say to his young orators, "When ye're dun, dune!" In these days we travel by railroads which have time-tables, and not by lumbering, uncertain stage-coaches, which set out and arrive when they can. But remember especially that "slang" is not wit, nor vulgarity smartness. As a peremptory rule, too, if you are a young writer, strike out every passage and every phrase that seems to you particularly good. The rest of it will be the better for the pruning, and nobody will probably miss what you have saved. As for poetry, don't touch it as long as good, honest prose will serve you as well. What is the use, as Carlyle asks, of trying to sing a thing, when you can say it? It is only when you can't say

it at all, or say it as well, that it is proper to tune your pipes. Finally, whether you write in prose or poetry, bear in mind the profoundest rule of rhetoric that was ever laid down,—Voltaire's, when he said that "all styles are good, except the tedious."

HABITATIONS FOR MEN.

There is nothing more disgraceful to the social life of this city, than the homes we are in the habit of preparing for the poorer classes—and even for the middle class, for that matter. We complain of our streets, our markets, our wharves, and our public vehicles, and we complain justly, because they are below the standard of a third-rate city anywhere; but worse than these are the tenement houses put up for the accommodation of those of limited means. They are often scarcely fit receptacles for cattle. Many a horse, indeed, is stalled in a finer, cleaner, better-ventilated room than many a man. Thousands of families would be glad to exchange their cellars and garrets, where father, mother, and children are huddled together in a promiscuous and unwholesome squalor—unwholesome morally as it is physically—for the clean straw and warm blankets of our canine and equine favorites. Yet the men we condemn to these noisome retreats are not only our fellow-creatures, they are also our fellow-citizens, sharers in the government, voters who help to make the laws and give character to our civilization.

It is the more shameful it should be so, because, with the same expenditure of money, but a little more compassion and care, lodging-houses could be made as comfortable as they are now repulsive. Let capitalists and builders build in flats or apartments properly arranged, as they do abroad, and let a janitor look properly after the police of them, and the most reckless and filthy housekeepers could soon be brought to desire and maintain agreeable and cleanly quarters.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

If it be true that poets are the best translators of poetry, it is also true, we think, that they are the best critics of poetry. They certainly ought to understand their special walk of letters as thoroughly as the historian understands his, or the novelist understands his; indeed, they ought to understand more than that, and more than these their fellow-workers, since to be other than

"The idle singers of an empty day,"

they must be novelists, historians, and artists, as well as poets. Good poets are always good critics, though many have lived and died in ignorance of the fact, apparently guided by instinct in their creative work. Without wishing to decry poetic instinct—if there be such a thing—it is certain that a great deal of knowledge of one sort or another, particularly critical knowledge, goes to the making of a poet. It is so in the case of Mr. Matthew Arnold, one of the best of living English poets; and it is so in the case of Mr. James Russell Lowell, one of the best of living American poets. Both are scholars and both are critics—excellent in general criticism, and admirable in that which concerns their own art. We were reminded of this last fact as regards Mr. Arnold, when we read his "Essays in Criticism," and we are reminded of it as regards Mr. Lowell by his latest volume, *Among My Books*, which has recently been published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. It contains six papers, four of which are on purely literary subjects; and while these are excellently handled, the two devoted to Shakespeare and Dryden are unquestionably the best. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the commentators and critics of Shakespeare to determine whether Mr. Lowell has said any thing that has not been said before,

though we think it quite likely; but we are certain that whatever he has said, is said in a new and striking way. We do not exactly like the way, ourselves; for, while it is spirited and often eloquent, it is frequently too mannered and familiar to be agreeable; but, apart from this, the paper is noticeable for poetic sympathy and intellectual insight. Especially do we like what Mr. Lowell says of Hamlet, whom he places in a light that is new to us. Shakespeare himself he characterizes very happily: "Among the most alien races he is as solidly at home as a mountain seen from different sides by many lands, itself superbly solitary, yet the companion of all thoughts, and domesticated in all imaginations." The paper on Dryden is surprisingly good. Mr. Lowell can have no especial sympathy with the sort of poetry which Dryden naturalized in the language; and it is greatly to his credit, therefore, that he is not only able to recognize its merits, such as they are, but to place himself more completely *en rapport* with Dryden than any critic with whom we are acquainted. He enters fully into the spirit and intentions of his author, as Dryden himself entered into the spirit and intentions of authors whose powers were as dissimilar to his as his are to Mr. Lowell's—a proof of largeness of mind on the part of these poets which we are happy to call attention to. We agree with Mr. Lowell in the estimate he puts upon Dryden, both as a poet and a prose-writer, but we do not agree with him in his contemptuous estimate of Waller. That Dryden may have over-valued the influence of Waller upon the poetry of his time, is likely enough (though Dryden may at least be supposed to know as much of the matter as ourselves), but it will take

more than that good-natured over-valuation of his, if it were such, to degrade him to the position which Mr. Lowell would assign him. We do not think that he was "a very poor poet and a purely mechanical versifier," though that is a matter of opinion; and it is not true that he has lived mainly on the credit of the single couplet which Mr. Lowell quotes. The couplet in question is a striking one, in spite of Mr. Lowell's sneers, but it will not compare with the lines, "On a Girdle," or "Go, Lovely Rose;" nor do we think it better than the rest of the verse in which it occurs:

"Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

We suspect that Waller's accommodating politics is at the bottom of Mr. Lowell's dislike of him, as we suspect that the ultra loyalty of Burke, who could not regard the loose morals of Rousseau as calmly as he regarded the loose morals of the Prince of Wales, is at the bottom of his dislike of Burke, whom he describes as "a snob, though an inspired one." Not to commit, however, the fault of carping which we have reprobated in Mr. Lowell, let us say briefly that his paper on Dryden is masterly throughout, reflecting honor upon himself and upon American criticism. The rest of the volume does not impress us so favorably. The paper on Lessing is interesting, though too evidently written as a mere review: "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists" are antipathetic to the healthy nature of Mr. Lowell: "Witchcraft" and "New England Two Centuries Ago," though good enough in themselves, are within the capacities of lesser and more prosaic writers, to whom Mr. Lowell should have left them. His forte in criticism is the same as in literature—poetry, concerning which and its professors he has earned the right to be heard.

There are writers who take such a hold upon us that we are unable to judge them correctly, either to praise

or blame; for it does not follow that we like them because they have us in their power for the time being. Whether the last volume of Tennyson, for instance, is better, or worse, than the one which preceded it, we cannot say, our only impression being that it is Tennysonian from beginning to end. We are in the same predicament with regard to Mr. Emerson's last volume, *Society and Solitude*, of which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are the publishers. It is Emersonian throughout; but if you ask us whether it is above or below the average of this unique writer, we confess that we don't know. We have found it delightful reading, but it has not fixed itself in our memories, either because we demand more *purpose* in what we read than is apparent here, or because we have become so accustomed to Mr. Emerson's peculiarities, or excellences, if his admirers prefer, that we are no longer affected by them. There is a story of an old English country squire who was so assured of the orthodoxy of his parson, that he regularly went to sleep as soon as he began to preach. We are not quite so sure of Mr. Emerson's orthodoxy, nor do we sleep under his ministrations; but, all the same, we are willing to let him say whatever he will, being fully assured in our minds that nobody will be harmed by it. He never seeks to make proselytes—as, indeed, how should he, when he never seems to quite know what he believes, nor where he stands, except that it is somewhere in the region of abstract Thought. What he aims to do, if he has any definite aim, is to impart to other minds what is, or was, in his own mind, and what the meaning is of this incomprehensible Universe in which we find ourselves. The most suggestive of living writers, he is every thing to those who are prepared to receive him, and nothing to those who are not; it depends entirely upon the barrenness or the richness of the soil whether the seed of his thought falls dead, or blossoms into the ripe, consummate flower. For his present volume, which contains twelve brief pa-

pers in his usual vein, we advise our readers to discard the first of the three "practical rules" which Mr. Emerson recommends in these cases, viz., "Never read any book that is not a year old," and to read this one now, no matter under what circumstances; for, if we may trust our imperfect impressions, it is suited alike for "Society and Solitude."

French fiction cannot be said to flourish in England or America, notwithstanding the roots which have from time to time been transplanted into both countries. The English have a prejudice against Balzac and *George Sand*, and we have adopted it without knowing why, perhaps because we have hitherto let our elder brethren form our literary opinions. We can recall several translations of the writers named—instalments of contemplated translations of their complete works—which have come to naught. Miss Hayes, if we remember rightly, began with *George Sand*, in England, and Messrs. Wight and Goodrich followed here, with Balzac, but neither proceeded beyond three or four volumes. On the whole, *George Sand* has fared rather better than Balzac, though still badly. So, at least, thinks Miss Virginia Vaughan, who has undertaken to reintroduce her to the American public. She has begun well with *Mauprat* (Roberts Brothers), a minor novel of her author's, but one in which her genius is clearly manifested. It is a sketch, compared with some of her larger works—"Consuelo," for example—but it is full of power and originality. The excellence of *George Sand*, as we understand it, lies in her comprehension of the primitive elements of mankind. She has conquered her way into the human heart, and whether it is at peace or at war, is the same to her, for she is mistress of all its moods. No woman before ever painted the passions and the emotions with such force and fidelity, and with such consummate art. Whatever else she may be, she is always an artist. That she has occa-

sionally painted characters which are not agreeable, as in "Indiana" and "Jacques," is true; it is also true that the English mind shrinks from discussing some of the social problems with which she has grappled boldly. Whether this Saxon sensitiveness comes by nature, or is the result of education, need not be determined; enough that it exists, and cannot be easily eradicated. It is not native to the French mind, or the novelists of France would not violate it as most of them do, some without excuse, as Feuillet, in "Camors," and others with only the doubtful excuse that art should be free to do what it pleases. *George Sand* sinned, like her fellows, at the beginning of her literary career, but not for long, for, just after suing for her divorce, she wrote "Mauprat." "Hitherto," she says, "I had been attacking the abuses of marriage, and, perhaps, from not having sufficiently developed my views, had occasioned the opinion that I did not appreciate its essence; but it was precisely at this time that it appeared to me in all its original moral beauty." "While composing a romance to occupy and distract my mind, it occurred to me to paint an eternal, exclusive love—a love inspired before, and continuing during and after marriage. I made the hero of my book, therefore, declare, at eighty years of age, his fidelity to the only woman whom he had loved." Love is the key-note of "Mauprat"—love, and what it can accomplish in taming an otherwise untamable spirit. The hero, Bernard Mauprat, grows up with his uncle, who are practically bandits, as was not uncommon with men of their class, in the provinces, before the breaking out of the French Revolution. He is a young savage, of whom the best that can be said is, that he is only less wicked than his relatives because he has somewhere within him a sense of generosity and honor, to which they are entire strangers. To sting this sense into activity, to detect the makings of a man in this brute, to make this brute into a man, is the difficult problem, which is worked out by love

—the love of Bernard for his cousin, Edmée, and hers for him—the love of two strong, passionate, noble natures, locked in a life and death struggle, in which the man is finally overcome by the unconquerable strength of womanhood. Only a great writer could have described such a struggle, and only a great artist could have kept it within allowable limits. This *George Sand* has done, we think, for her portrait of Bernard is vigorous without being coarse, and her situations are strong without being dangerous. Such, at least, is the impression we have received from reading “Mauprat,” which, besides being an admirable study of character, is also a fine picture of French provincial life and manners. Whether this new venture will fail, like the earlier ones, we shall not undertake to say; but if the translator is wise in her future selections from the writings of *George Sand*, we think she will meet with considerable success. We hope so, at all events; for while we have no desire to have the objectionable features of French fiction engrafted upon our own, we have the greatest desire to have our own quickened into something like life, and we believe that this can be greatly helped by an infusion of fresh foreign blood—French or German, as the case may be.

There is (as we believe we have before observed) an element in German fiction by which our novelists, such as they are, might profit; but it is not to be found in *The Hohensteins* of Friedrich Spielhagen, of which a translation, by Prof. Schele de Vere, is published by Leypoldt & Holt. It is a disagreeable, bad book. Spielhagen has not hitherto had, so far as we are aware, a doubtful literary character, like *George Sand*, but if he writes one or two more such works as “*The Hohensteins*,” he will attain a bad eminence as a novelist. We liked his “*Problematic Characters*,” strangely as some of them acted, but we like no member of the house of Hohenstein, and we have no respect for the rest of his personages. The journalist, Munzer, who

abandons his wife and children for the embraces of a loose baroness, is a scoundrel for whom it is impossible to offer even the excuse of his maudlin passions. Not less bad (since we are on the subject of bad books) is *Edward Wortley Montagu, an Autobiography* (Turner & Co.), the production of some unscrupulous hack, whose talents are on a par with his morals. It is an attempt to narrate the life of the son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and a wretched one, first, because the autobiographic character which it assumes is too flimsy to deceive for a moment, and, second, because it is a receptacle for the most indecent slanders. Lady Mary may not have been a paragon of goodness, nor the age in which she lived an apotheosis of virtue; but neither can have been so vile as they are painted here. The book is worse than worthless; it is depraved.

The seventy years embraced by the life of Queen Elizabeth will always constitute a unique epoch in English history, from whatever point of view they are regarded. They witnessed the downfall of the Roman Church in England and the humiliation of Spain on the seas, and they created a literature which is still our wonder and our despair. What we have agreed to call the Spirit of the Age may account for some of the events with which they were crowded, but surely the character of Elizabeth must have largely informed this imaginary spirit, which was surprisingly propitious to England. She interested her contemporaries beyond all the sovereigns of her time, and she interests the world now more than any later sovereign, except, perhaps, Napoleon the First. Not so difficult to understand as Mary, Queen of Scots—a royal enigma that still waits its solution—she has puzzled historians before Mr. Froude, and will puzzle historians after him. We have no faith in History, as it is generally written, or only such faith as Walpole had when he declared that it must be false; but we have great faith in mere narrative, in simple me-

moir and biography; in other words, we have faith in persons and events, in the actors and the play, not in the directions of the prompter and the comments of the critic. We have more faith, for example, in Miss Lucy Aikin's *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth* than in Mr. Froude's "History of England." There is no comparison, of course, between the literature of the two, for Mr. Froude is one of the most accomplished authors of the day, while Miss Aikin is not above the average of the lady-writers of forty or fifty years ago. *He* is a historian, *she* merely a compiler of memoirs. Her volume was a favorite one in its day, and we are glad to have it reprinted. It is faithful, if not lively, and entertaining, if not profound. But whatever its demerits, it is a trustworthy piece of work, both as regards the life of the Virgin Queen, which is intelligible, as here presented, and the age of which she was at once the ornament and the dread. It is what the greatest of her poets declared the stage to be—"an abstract and brief chronicle of the time."

If the majority of readers remain much longer in ignorance of the knowledge of the age in all departments of Science and Natural History, it will be their own fault, for never since these studies came in vogue have they been as accessible and as attractive as now. They are popularized the world over, and nowhere so much so as in France, whose *savans* are either men of letters themselves, or the bosom-friends of men of letters, to whom they willingly communicate all that they know, and much that they merely conjecture. We have before us three fresh instalments of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," which Messrs. Scribner & Co. have now in the course of publication, and of which the greater part are translated from the French. They are, *The Sun*, by Amédée Guillemin; *The Sublime in Nature*, by Ferdinand de Lamoignon; and *The Wonders of Glass-Making in all Ages*, by S. Sauzay. Neither

of these little volumes can be said to exhaust the subject discussed therein, but the least exhaustive of the three, "The Sublime in Nature," is well worth reading, being made up of extracts from the works of celebrated writers and travellers, in whom love of the ocean, the mountains, and the woods, was a passion. More entertaining is the volume on Glass-Making, and much more scholarly, though there is no parade of scholarship in it. The materials for a History of Glass are not abundant, but when we consider that its manufacture lives in tradition, and always avoided publicity, it is gratifying that they are not more scanty. Scattered heretofore through cyclopædias and chemical treatises, they have been brought together by M. Sauzay, who is no common compiler, but a happy combination of the scholar and the gossip. M. Guillemin's volume increases the wonder which we always feel when the great facts of astronomy are brought home to us, and destroys what little may have remained of our natural self-importance. Dr. Young was right when he said,

"An undevout astronomer is mad;"

but the marvel is that any astronomer can remain sane. These Wonder-Books, like the rest of the series in which they belong, are profusely illustrated.

The second edition of *THE LIFE OF RUFUS CHOATE*, by Samuel Gilman Brown, President of Hamilton College, contains some things not in the first edition, in the form of letters, reminiscences, and selections. If it were a new work, we should consider it our duty to review it at length, but as it is not, we shall content ourselves with announcing its reappearance, and with culling an anecdote or two from its pages: "He objected once to an illiterate constable's return, bristling all over with the word 'having,' on the ground that it was bad. The judge remarked, that though inelegant and ungrammatical in its structure, the paper still seemed to be good, in a legal sense. 'It may be so, your Honor,' replied Mr.

Choate, 'but, it must be confessed, he has greatly *overworked* the participle.'" In 1847, Mr. Choate appeared in behalf of certain parties whose rights were affected by a boundary line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which boundary-line was described in the agreement as follows: "Beginning, &c., &c., thence to an angle on the easterly side of Watuppa Pond, thence across said pond to the two rocks on the westerly side of said pond, and near thereto, thence westerly to the but-

tonwood tree in the village of Fall River, &c. &c." In his argument, commenting on the boundary, Mr. Choate thus referred to this part of the description: "A boundary-line between two sovereign States, described by a *couple of stones* near a pond, and a *buttonwood sapling* in a village. The Commissioners might as well have defined it as starting from a blue-jay, thence to a swarm of bees in hiving-time, and thence to five hundred foxes with firebrands tied to their tails!"

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

THE English literary journals of the past month bring us a motley collection of new publications and announcements. It is not always easy to undertake the winning process at this distance, and through the medium of reviews—since we have not yet discovered, and are not likely to discover, any impartial tribunal for cotemporary writers—and we therefore give the sound grain and chaff without attempting to separate them.

Captain Burton, who has transferred his rather obstreperous activity from Africa to South America, follows his Brazilian book with a new volume, entitled "The Battle-Fields of Paraguay,"—a work which, we should suppose, must possess a very limited interest at this time. The author, however, is so much of a partisan that he is always lively, if not always to be depended upon. An announcement, which rejoices in a pompous title, is "Varieties of Vice-Regal Life," by Sir William Denison, K. O. B., late Governor-General of the Australian colonies and Governor of Madras. A work of more importance is Dr. Van Lennep's "Travels in Asia Minor," published by Murray. The author was for thirty years a resident in Turkey, during which time he explored many of the by-ways of Asia Minor. The chief interest of his book is archæological. He contributes little to our knowledge of the antiquities of Phrygia, and the other interior provinces, but gives an ex-

ceedingly interesting description of the route from Tokat to Smyrna, and full accounts of the ruins at Pessinus, Pterium, and Ephesus. He is of the opinion that the famous rock-statue on Mount Sipylus is the original Niobe.

In the department of theology some curious if not very profound works have appeared. The Hon. Colin Lindsay, who has reached Romanism by the natural path of Ritualism, appears with a work entitled "The Evidence of the Papacy, as derived from the Holy Scriptures and from *Primitive Antiquity!*" the character of which is thus concisely given by a reviewer: "When Mr. Lindsay decided to believe in the *dicta* of an infallible Pope, he simply decided to believe in the *dictum* of an infallible self." The basis of his argument is faith, not historical research. One of the Longmans' new works has the following title: "Ritual of the Altar; or the Communion Office, with Rubrical Directions, Private Prayers, and Ritual Music. Edited, *with an apology for the book*, by the Rev. Orbey Shipley, M. A." We wonder that the old proverb did not recur to the Rev. Mr. Shipley's memory—*qui s'excuse s'accuse*. Another announcement is: "*Œcumenicity*, in Relation to the Church of England," by Alexander, Lord Lindsay. Mr. Sumner, it seems, is not the only distinguished English neologist. Lord Shaftesbury has also again entered the theological field, taking zeal-

ous ground against a more correct translation of the Bible. Various other works, of no particular value, are announced, but the theology of the month is rather a rattling of ancient dry bones, than an expression of more intelligent conscience and original thought. We must not, however, forget Dr. Cumming's new "preparation," for Dr. Cumming is always original, whatever else he may not be. This time he gives us: "The Fall of Babylon Foreshadowed in her Teaching, in History, and in Prophecy." Babylon, of course, is Rome, and the *Saturday Review* says: "If the Pope could obtain the services of a Dr. Cumming in every country of Europe, he might almost afford to laugh at the assaults of Janus."

Mr. Consul Towle's book on "American Society" (published only in England) receives, on the whole, very fair treatment from the English literary press. The *Athenæum*, apropos of Mr. Towle's praise of a shifting Civil Service (a point wherein he is certainly behind intelligent public opinion in this country), very neatly combines dissent and compliment in the following sentence: "We question whether, at the end of President Grant's term of office, Mr. Towle will be as ready as he is now to defend the system under which all public servants may be called upon to retire with the head of the State; and we are sure that neither America nor Bradford will gain by Mr. Towle's recall at the time when he has become most thoroughly fit for the discharge of his consular duties." The *Saturday Review* condemns, also, Mr. Towle's faith in the beauty of rotation in office, and thus points out what may very well be a defect in his work: "We may learn from him, if we did not know it before, that an American steamboat is a floating palace, and that there is an admirable system of checks for luggage; but we fail to learn what are the specific differences between the human being in America and in England."

Mr. Thorold Rogers has published a second collection of "Historical Gleanings," containing sketches of Wickliff, Land, Wilkes, and Horne Tooke. They

add little, if any thing, to our knowledge of those characters. Mr. Markham, author of a very interesting work on Ousoo and the Civilization of the Incas, now appears as a historian. His "Life of the Great Lord Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Parliament of England," is commended as an able and picturesque work. Miss Jane Williams has produced a "History of Wales," less tinctured with tradition than former Welsh histories; and some more of the Venetian archives have been published.

The booksellers' lists contain rather more than the usual proportion of American authors. Mr. Lowell's "Among my Books" is published by Macmillan; the recent works of Emerson, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Hawthorne, and Mr. Orton, by Sampson Low & Co.; and Mr. Maverick's "Life of Raymond," and "Hans Breitmann in Church" by Trübner & Co.

It is impossible to keep abreast of the current of fictitious literature. New titles fall upon us thicker than autumn leaves in Vallambrosa. A certain amount of technical cleverness must be presumed of many of these books, and at least a moderate encouragement on the part of the public; otherwise it is difficult to account for their continued production and reproduction. We were premature, however, in stating that the fashion in titles had changed: among the latest announcements we find "Not While She Lives," and "A Double Secret and Golden Pippin."

— The last German work devoted to Shakespeare—"The Ideas of Shakespeare and their Realization"—is by a gentleman named Karpf, whose object is to prove that the poet, especially in Hamlet and the Sonnets, is a consistent Aristotelian. The question may possibly interest a few persons.

— Two volumes of stories by Adalbert Stifter, the greater portion of them selected from his literary remains, have been published in Vienna. His later writings, unfortunately, have not the exquisite grace and simplicity of the *Feldblumen*, which first gave him fame. His fondness for minute detail increased to

such an extent that it finally became almost unendurable, especially as his constructive talent was very slight. But in limpid purity of style, in the power of painting clear pictures of nature, and setting a certain class of characters, generally of an eccentric type, vividly before the reader's eyes, he had scarcely his equal in modern literature.

— When Schiller died, he left behind him an uncompleted tragedy called "Demetrius," the hero being the Polish impostor, who passed himself upon the Boyards as the true heir to the throne, and reigned for a short time in Moscow. The attempt has been frequently made to supply the missing acts, and produce a good acting play; and, failure being the result, ambitious young poets, in Germany, next undertook to recast the material in their own fashion. How many times Demetrius has thus been brought before the public, we cannot say. Adolph Wilhelmi is the last adopter, and he is no more successful than his predecessors.

— M. Félix Clément has just published, in Paris, one of those works which involve immense labor and research, yet which are afterwards used by a comparatively small number of scholars. It is a *Dictionnaire Lyrique, ou Histoire des Opéras*, containing the titles and descriptions of all operas, serious or comic, which have been produced in the world since the invention of this form of lyric drama—a period of about 250 years. The number may be guessed from the fact that the list fills between seven and eight hundred pages, printed in double columns. Of course, hardly two per cent. of the operas therein described are now known even by name, but much of the material collected by M. Clément is very curious, as an illustration of the changing tastes of different generations. We learn, for instance, that "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones" have both been produced as operas; that *Don Juan* was twice composed before Mozart, and *Faust* ten times before Gounod; and that there have been operas with such titles as "Rehoboam and Jeroboam" and "The Drunkard's Last Spree." Moreover,

Latin operas were performed in the Benedictine monastery at Salzburg, a hundred years ago.

— Among other recent publications in France we find "The French Moralists of the Sixteenth Century," by Albert Desjardins. The principal figures in his work are Montaigne, Charron and Boëtius. The Count d'Haussonville has also completed his account of the relations between "The Roman Church and the First Empire," embracing the imprisonment and release of Pius VII., and the restoration of the Bourbons. The work comprises five volumes, and—if reviews can be trusted—appears to be clearly and impartially written.

— Mr. Alfred Church, in a letter upon Homeric translation, published in *The Spectator*, advises that the task should be entrusted, like the authorized version of the Bible, to a number of hands, of whom he intimates his willingness to be enrolled as one. Accordingly, he furnishes a specimen of his powers—a translation, in Alexandrine, of Andromache's lament for Hector, from the twenty-fourth book. After reading it, we feel considerable hesitation about recommending Mr. Church's method. In regard to the time necessary for translating Homer, he naively says: "I considerably understate my own experience, when I say that an hour for a line is the smallest average of time that I should be disposed to allow." At this rate, a single translator, working six hours every day (Sundays excepted), would occupy ten years in turning the *Iliad* into such English verse as Mr. Church's specimen! Mr. Bryant, fortunately, has saved us from the danger of any such commonplace and composite version.

— German papers announce that "Janus" is not the work of Dr. Döllinger, but of Professor Hüber (Huber?), who has long been known in Munich as a zealous opponent of the Papal claims.

— Messrs. William Morris and Eric Magnusson follow up their "Grettir Saga" with the announcement of "The Story of the Volsungs and the Niblungs," a translation from the celebrated

"Völsunga Saga," which contains some of the finest specimens of the primitive Icelandic poetry. Mr. Magnússon, we believe, is an Icelander, and his literary partnership with Mr. Morris is practical, if somewhat unusual. The two gentlemen gave us the Grettir Saga in a very fresh and picturesque form.

— Hesekei's "Bismarck" is already followed by "Friedrich Ferdinand, Graf von Beust," a biography by Eberling. Count Beust has not succeeded, like Bismarck, in attracting toward himself a keen public and personal curiosity; but his place and his achievements are still of such importance that his biography is sure to be in demand. The only point of resemblance between the rival statesmen is that they began by being fiercely conservative, and reached the liberal side at about the same time. It is not more than six or seven years since Beust, then Saxon Minister, was hooted at and hissed in a public assembly at Leipzig. His history, since then, belongs to the political phenomena of Germany.

— George Sand is about to publish a new romance, entitled "*Le Beau Laurent*." It is said to be a continuation of her *Pierre qui roule* (A Rolling Stone), which appeared last year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

— Two of the plays of the Norwegian author, Björnstjerne Björnson, who is fast acquiring a public reputation in the United States, were recently given in Meiningen, Germany. The titles were "Halte-Hulda" and "King Sigurd." The critics, while admitting the literary worth of the plays, are doubtful whether (on account of their strict Norse character) they can be made popular to any other than a Norwegian audience.

— We have already several times referred to the dramatic ambition of modern German authors, which is all the more remarkable since it is so rarely coupled with success. We now hear from Leipzig that no less than 534 manuscript plays were sent to the manager of the theatre in that city, during

the year 1869! Taking this as an indication of what may have been done elsewhere, we must suppose that the number of dramatic works produced in Germany last year, was somewhere between three and five thousand! And of these, not more than five will be heard of five years hence!

— In Berlin a new edition has been published of the works of Roswitha von Gandersheim, a German poetess of the tenth century, whose works, after being forgotten for nearly five hundred years, were finally found in MS. in Ratisbon, about the end of the fifteenth century. Professor Rückert (son of the poet) says of Roswitha: "she is original through and through, from crown to sole, unique in her genius, not to be compared with any thing in the tenth or any other century of the Middle Ages."

— A volume has appeared in Leipzig with the singular title: "*Humboldt-Pearls; a Wreath of Diamonds from the Life and Writings of Alexander von Humboldt*." It is an anthology, selected from the *Cosmos*, the *Personal Narrative*, and the correspondence with Varnhagen von Ense.

— Voigt, in Leipzig, has published a volume of "Works and Days"—not by Hesiod, as the classical reader might suppose, but by Max Maria von Weber, the son of the renowned composer. As the book is a collection of descriptions of great manufactories and machines, the title is not inappropriate. The sketches are written with spirit and with the technical knowledge required by such subjects.

— Mr. Ruskin's fourth lecture at Oxford is on "The Relation of Art to Use." From the report in the *Athenæum*, it appears to have been one of his most suggestive addresses, abounding in ideas of general application—but which, we fear, will have no very speedy effect. The public confession of deficiency is the first necessary step towards implanting the artistic feeling, or at least desire, among the people; but is there, yet, any such general confession?

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. V.—JUNE—1870.—No. XXX.

DOWN THE DANUBE.

THE fact was, we were growing tired of Vienna. It is a town to which you are easily reconciled if you are compelled to stay, but which only pleases up to a certain point restless idlers, as we were. Most Americans spend one day there, and, after being whirled through the Belvedere and the Ambra-ser Sammlung, and having stared themselves half blind at the wonders of the Schatzkammer, and drunk the clearest of beer to the most voluptuous of dance-music in the Volksgarten, they go regretfully away and wish they had not been so hurried, and devoutly vow to come back some time and stay longer. They never do, but they go through the world chanting in strophes of regret the enchantments of the Kaiserstadt. We were not hurried, and we saw all of Vienna that the profane may see. It is a pleasant, happy-go-lucky, old-fashioned, good-natured, and rather stupid town. I know that sentence will meet with an indignant denial from all the young ladies who have gazed for an hour at Strauss in his rhythmic ecstasies, and from all the young gentlemen who have passed an evening *beim Sperl*. *Dulce est desipere in loco*—unquestionably; and let the folly be localized for a day or two at Vienna, and you cannot do better. But try it for a year,

and then beg my pardon for contradicting me. You will be glad to take tickets, as we did, for Constantinople.

One morning we were off by the Nord Bahn. In the cold, gray frosty day-break as I drove to the station, Vienna looked glum and cheerless. Even the gay little people, whose night was ending, looked blue and sleepy; while stolid toil, whose day was beginning, was as gloomy as it is everywhere in great towns. As I clattered through the Salzgies, I saw it was dismally early. There was not a Jew or a goose in the street. At the station I saw my friends in the waiting-room—the Judge, with a diffused sense of injury at being compelled to get up before he was ready and to eat before he was hungry, and Mr. Funnell Hall, fresh and frosty and rosy as a red winter-apple.

While we are waiting for the train, let me introduce my friends. Gentle reader, this is Mr. Funnell Hall, one of the Halls of Beacon-street, cousin to the Marble Halls of Commonwealth avenue; he is something of a student, and very much of a gentleman; he came over in the "Mayflower," and he leads the German; he sleeps well, for his conscience is easy; he eats honestly, for his liver is sprightly; he laughs heartily, for his lungs are in excellent repair.

Revised, in the year 1870, by G. F. PUTNAM & SON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of N. Y.

"The Judge"—there, I knew I should forget it. I saw his name once on a passport, but immediately forgot it—it was Ellsworth, or Winthrop, or some satisfactory Puritan name transplanted a little further west. But the name is of no consequence. He was never called any thing but "The Judge." When he was a baby, and, in obedience to the great georgic principle, made mud-pies, he stirred the terrestrial paste with a certain judicial gravity. As he grew up, his friends and neighbors called him Judge so naturally, that one day, at an election held in his absence from town, his name was found on so many ballots for some vacancy on some bench, that he was declared elected, to his horror and confusion. For the Judge was a man of substance, and one that loved books better than work. So he resigned, and was promptly reelected. There was but one resource left—that which Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner, suggested to his friend and shipmate, Bunsby, "Sheer off." The Judge took a pair of easy-shoes, and a portentous green umbrella that had been in the family since the Pequod war, and stealthily sailed for Europe, where he breathed freely—in cathedrals, and picture-galleries, and libraries. He had no plans. He was going to stay abroad till the thing blew over at home—till "some other fellow got the certificate." The Judge wears gold eye-glasses, and not much hair. He attributes the rise of the latter habit to his early custom of carrying his hymn-book in his hat. His principal passion is getting up early and scaling cathedral towers. He is the best Republican now living. He knows his ecclesiastical history better than most bishops.

We spun along at a lively pace until we crossed the Hungarian border and came to Pressburg, which became the capital of Hungary and the city of the coronation at a time when the ancient city of Buda-Pesth was in the hands of the infidels. In the old cathedral, founded by St. Ladislaus, and dedicated in the middle of the fifteenth century, the crowning of the kings of

Hungary was for many generations performed. The gilded crown upon the cupola still marks the former dignity of the now insignificant church. One of the saddest and most touching incidents of Hungarian history took place in this *triste* little city, when Maria Theresa came down to Hungary crowned and girded with the diadem and sword of St. Stephen, to entice the magnates into her bloody and selfish wars, and the impassible and chivalrous nobles fell into the trap that was baited with her beauty and her tears. *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* shouted Bathyany, in a glow of loyalty that defied tradition and prudence as well as grammar; and for years the best blood of Hungary smoked in the battle-fields of Europe as incense to the Hapsburg obstinacy and pride. Often in their history has this scene been repeated or paralleled. As long as Hungary was an aristocracy, it was liable to these paroxysms of chivalrous folly. Now that there is a Hungarian people, let us see how they will take care of themselves and the common weal.

We stopped for dinner at the station of Neuhausel. As we descended from the carriage, we were greeted by wild strains of barbaric melody which proceeded from a band of gypsies near the door of the restauration. They were dressed in soft, fine hides, beautifully embroidered in bright colors, and conical hats profusely decked with streaming ribbons. Around the platform lounged some dozens of men and women of the country, nearly all dressed in leather more or less shabby. About the dress of the men there was usually some rude attempt at ornament. The women were more soberly attired. We had gotten so far East that woman was dethroned.

We entered the dark and smoky dining-room with a little shudder, but were agreeably disappointed at finding a clean and wholesome dinner. The Judge, who had been under deep depression all the morning on account of the semmells of Vienna, which he should see nevermore, was instantly roused to

life and animation by the sight of this cherished edible beside his soup-plate. We sat there in a confusion of many tongues — Germans, Slavonians, Magyars, Wallachians, each speaking his own jargon—and would have enjoyed our luncheon entirely, had it not been that the Zigeuner-musik jarred on the trained nerves of Mr. Hall, accustomed to the classic tones of the Great Organ.

As you rattle through Waitzen, you see nothing of it but a very ugly cathedral turning its apses to you. This is a sturdy Republican town. It saw one of the great Hungarian battles of 1848, and still keeps the faith by electing Kossuth or his sons to the Diet whenever there is an election. Thence over a wide open plain, along the low river-banks, you come to the city of Pesth, the metropolis of Hungary. At the hotel we asked for three rooms, and were stared at for the unreasonable demand. The Landtag was in session, and the town was full. They could give us three beds, and they escorted us solemnly upstairs, with a mute and respectful procession of exquisite young gentlemen in evening-dress carrying long candles. The room was a superb parlor on the second floor, with three beds, and room enough for three more. Mr. Hall was rather disappointed that the hardships of the journey had not begun, but the Judge and I consoled him by the promise of pirates and mosquitoes on the Lower Danube. He had read, in his guide-book, that you could get nothing to eat in Hungary but Fogasch and Paprika Hahn, and was as near ill-nature as his sunny temperament could get, when we came to dinner and found in our hands a *menu* printed in French, German, and Hungarian, comprising all the luxuries of the Parisian cuisine. He soon recovered from his disappointment, however, and gave his fine teeth a lively hour's work.

As the waiter brought our coffee, we asked what was given to-night at the theatre. Something very fine — “*Die Schöne Helene*,” of Offenbach. We groaned. Were we never to get away from Offenbach? All over Germany

they have gone daft over his music. In every provincial theatre you will find a soubrette who aims to form herself on the model of Schneider, and who only succeeds in aping the occasional coarseness, with no suspicion of the grace, of the blonde goddess of the Variétés. One dull night in Leipsic we had to take *La Vie Parisienne* or nothing. In Berlin they were playing Bluebeard. In the heart of Poland I found the stage occupied on alternate nights by the peplum of Fair Helen and the tapageous toilettes of the Benoiton family. Offenbach has conquered the world, and, unsatisfied, has invaded at last the island-realm of Robinson Crusoe, and taught those virgin solitudes to echo the seducing strains, “*Si c'est aimer*.”

Was there nothing else? Oh, yes, he said, something at the National Hungarian Theatre. This rather slightly, as if it was not the thing. Would my Grace like to see the journal? My grace would. When the journal came, we found the opera was the ever-fresh, inexhaustible Barber of Seville. Here was a novelty worth while: Figaro intriguing in the Magyar language. It was a very pretty and well-filled theatre. The play was well put on the stage, and the singing was not bad. The acting was admirable. The language is rather too consonantal for melody. Mr. Hall, whose eyes were off on an exploring expedition after Hungarian beauty during the *entre-actes*, assured us that the result of his observations was very satisfactory. The average of beauty among the better classes of Hungary is very high. The prettiest and most piquant faces in the first Vienna salons are seen to be from the families of the Magyar magnates. They did not seem to care much for the music, for the boxes were full of soft feminine chatter and laughter all the evening. They were winsome damsels, and their voices sweet and clear, but we elderly people would have preferred the unmixed music of Rossini.

The *Hôtel de l'Europe* we had chosen from its name, and, as usual, had reason

to felicitate ourselves upon the success of the augury. I do not know why the *Hotel de l'Europe* is always a good house, but it is very clear why the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, or *A la Reine Victoria*, or the *Englischer Hof*, is always a bad one. In the desperate attempt to make an English inn, they lose the simple comforts of the true Continental hostel; and the fragmentary English of the waiters is a poor compensation for the lack of every thing else. But everywhere in Europe the weak point of the hotel system is breakfast. The waiters are moony, hazy, half-daft. They bring only one thing at a time, apparently unconscious of any connection between tea and sugar, and incapable of comprehending the earnestness with which you insist on having your bread and your butter together. They only get fairly awake at noon, and life attains for them its flush and heyday at the early dinner-hour, to sink again into torpor and apathy with the shades of evening.

So it was not in the best possible humor that we set off in the mornings on our explorations of the city of Pesth. The city is not a very attractive one. It is a wide, level town, with streets spreading out like a fan from the coronation square by the suspension bridge. The streets are long and wide; the buildings rather low in general. The signs produce a curious effect upon strangers, the baptismal names always bringing up the rear in Hungary. There is a great fancy, also, for painting somewhat elaborate pictures on the outside of shops, to serve as a sign and advertisement at once. A certain picturesqueness is given to the streets by the crowds of people wearing the neat and striking national costume. The Magyar revival is everywhere triumphant in the matter of dress. During our stay in Pesth we saw no hat but once. We ourselves had tamely submitted to the national spirit, and indulged in the luxury of the *Talpak*.

But the evening before we left, I saw in the clear sunset a strangely familiar apparition mount the coronation tumulus by the *Quai*, and stand surveying,

with stabby independence, the scene of the imperial circus-riding of a summer or two ago. He turned to the east and the north, to the south and the west. He brought his umbrella to a "present" in all four directions, as Mr. F. J. Hapsburg did with the sword of St. Stephen on the interesting occasion in question, and then, having satisfied his spirit of inquiry and experiment, went off briskly for his hotel. There was no question about him: the well-worn 'tile, the long, country-made overcoat, the short, full trousers, warped a little out from the perpendicular, the square-toed boots, the heels worn down on the outside angle, and the spry, independent way of getting around, all spoke his nationality better than the eagle that screamed on his passport.

Mr. Hall caught sight of the castor as it went slanting round a corner, and shouted, "By Jove! that old fellow might have come from Dedham."

Pesth is a lively, pleasant town, but Buda, the twin city, is far more interesting. It stands perched upon its grim rocks, proud, inaccessible, seemingly invincible. But nothing is invincible to the armed people. G6rgey and his volunteers stormed that almost perpendicular height, and wrested the fortress from the regular Austrian troops, after one of the bloodiest sieges that even the scarlet pages of revolution record. In the centre of the great square, inside the fort, stands an iron monument to Hentzi and his men, who fell overwhelmed by the irresistible wave of Hungarian valor. The imperial despotism crushed the infant Republic, and set up a monument to its own servants who fell at their master's work. The Hungarian heroes who here defied the impossible, have no monument except in the dim memories of compromising survivors and the early speeches of Kossuth; he called them "the unnamed demigods."

High and steep as the fortress of Buda is, it is entirely commanded by the neighboring hills. The *Blocksberg* is especially insolent and domineering in aspect. Nobody seemed to have

noticed this, however, until Görgey, with his revolutionary force, seized and fortified it. To save the city of Pesth from bombardment, he for a long time refrained from firing on the fortress of Buda; but when Hentzi fired on the city, Görgey opened his artillery on the Festung, and soon knocked the Palatine palace and the barracks about the ears of the garrison.

We drove, one pleasant afternoon, to the Blocksberg. A squalid village clings like a parasite to its base, and a long zigzag road winds to its summit. On either side of the road lie the famous vineyards that produce the Ofner wine. We passed one large plantation, which occupied, in joint tenancy with mouldering tomb-stones, a grave-yard centuries old. The vine-stakes and the *hic jacet*s crowded each other on the hillside. "Rum place to plant a vineyard," said Mr. Funnell Hall. "They want the wine to have body," said the Judge, calmly. All along the way were strewn these cheap and tawdry shrines, with staring colors and hideous statuettes, such as one sees in every mountainous country. The crest of the hill is crowned with a fort in solid masonry. It is entirely dismantled, not a man nor a gun in position. Some wild-looking men, dressed in skins, with unwieldy wagons drawn by long-horned, fawn-colored cattle, and attended by black dogs nearly as tall as the oxen, were engaged removing rubbish from the casemates. The Danube lay warm in the light of evening, writhing over long stretches of valley and plain. The city of Pesth spread out its fan-like streets over the level before us, looking twice its size. In the court of the vast barracks, called the New Building, built about a century ago, we could see a dress-parade going on, and the sound of the bugles floated up to us "thin and clear like horns of Elf-Land."

One beautiful moonlight night we left Pesth and went still eastward. At the station we found, in the waiting-room, a heterogeneous mass of fantastically assorted humanity silently grouped around the stoves. A porter ap-

proached us and asked "if we liked to be at our ease in travelling." Touched by the kind interest displayed in the question, we replied that there was nothing we liked better. He instantly shouldered our shawls and carpet-bags, unlocked the door that led to the train, and, unmindful of the grumbling world, locked it again behind us, and led us to a compartment over which was painted the word that your true Austrian or Hungarian shuns as unhallowed, *Nicht-Raucher*. "But we smoke," roared Mr. Hall in angry protest. "Schön!" he gently responded; "in there you will not be smoked." We gave the philanthropic porter some Austrian currency, and he locked us into the compartment and went back to find more Engländer who liked to be at ease. Family parties came storming at the door from time to time, but the glamor of the tiff weighed heavily on guards and porters, and we were held sacred. The Judge took out his meerschaum, black as ebony, and Mr. Hall his bundle of Vienna Virginias, and poisoned the few cubic feet of atmosphere set aside for non-smokers, without fear and without reproach.

Of all vices, there is none so selfish as the use of tobacco. No man, except the murderer, so projects upon others the consequences of his own fault as the smoker. I have a thousand times, in travelling, seen a man, apparently of good breeding otherwise, take out a cigar in a crowded compartment, smile blandly, say to the women present, "I hope smoking is not offensive," to which the submissive reply is always the same on the continent; he then proceeds to fill the close air with subtle poison, while women become pale and faint, and children flushed and fevered, and the journey, which might have been a pleasure, a penance—all, that one selfish fellow may retune, with a noxious weed, the nerves that, by the use of this weed, he has senselessly shattered. And nearly every smoker will say, "I am not a slave to tobacco. I smoke because I like it." Can selfishness be more shameless and cynical? In America, as yet,

no one but a blackguard smokes in the presence of women. But, with the gradual blunting of consciences through continued vice, we may find ourselves where Austria and Hungary are.

It was day as we drew near the great river again at Baziasch. On paper and in the hopes of property-holders this is an important place; but the impartial tourist sees nothing but a shabby landing, and a warehouse, too big for its work, crouched at the foot of a great bleak hill. There is a railway station near the shore, and a small fleet of the Danubian Company's boats moored beside it, and swarming between was the population of the city of Baziasch—a dozen or two mean-visaged rascals in gaudy-colored skins, who pick up a lazy livelihood by carrying portmantaus from the station to the boat. They crowd into the cars and seize your light baggage with a grave and official air that imposes upon weak nerves. One takes your travelling-bag, another severely shoulders your umbrella, and a third muscular rogue staggers under the weight of your Murray. If you protest, they explain in dignified but voluble Magyar; and if you are not fluent in the tongue of Attila, there is nothing to do but to walk in solemn procession with these panting and over-loaded porters to the boat. Your ignorance of their grammar comes into better play when you pay them according to the measure of their work, and they demand a supplement.

The morning was hazy and cold. The boat lay idly by the wharf. The captain sleepily superintended the embarkation of the baggage, which was brought on by the same labor-saving machines who had accompanied us from the station. The Judge and I, who felt frowsy and tumbled from the night in the train, went below. Mr. Hall paced the deck, encouraging the captain about his work, making every body's acquaintance, and shedding abroad in the damp, shivering air the influence of his invincible health and youth. In an hour he came down to breakfast, with his hair standing out for mere frosty good-na-

ture, and the keen hunger of a school-boy. He knew already every body on board. There were two Greeks, he said, Smyrnioter merchants—an Armenian bagman—a Turkish banker, with two dozen little pine boxes of money on deck, which had just been brought on board after being counted and sealed on the wharf by three official people with no end of gold-lace—a young man from Paris, with dyed whiskers and bad teeth—a solid Wallachian tradesman and a flighty Wallachian student—and our friend from Dedham with the hat. He had been found in a heated controversy with two furry gentlemen in sheepskins, who insisted on being paid separately for bringing each one overshoe from the station, while Dedham logically contended, with a cogency which would have been conclusive if the furry men had understood English, that carrying a pair of overshoes was an act which, in contemplation of law and bucksheesh custom, was indivisible, and not susceptible of a dual interpretation.

We breakfasted at a little table apart, at one end of the cabin. Near us was a larger table, at which were sociably grouped most of the persons whom Hall had described. During the hour we sat there, it was curious to see how the conversation drifted through at least a half-dozen different languages. Nearly every one on board spoke fluently all the languages of Southern Europe, and I have since found that talent very general in the southeast. They seemed scarcely conscious of a change in the speech they used, but the conversation followed with instant readiness a word thrown into the air by the Frenchman, the Turk, the Greek, or by the Italian, whose facile tongue is perhaps the most universally spoken in the Orient. The subject under discussion, rather than the nationality of the speaker, suggested the choice of language. While they were talking of the Reichsrath, they spoke German, but a remark about the Exposition switched the talk at once off into French. The Smyrniote merchant, who up to that moment had spoken no English, now approached us, and said that,

in his daily business, he was compelled to speak English, French, German, Italian, Turkish, Greek, and Armenian. He thought English was gaining every day as a business language, though still far behind French. English was the easiest of all tongues to speak badly, and French the easiest to speak well.

"Ye gentlemen of Yankee-land," said Hall, "who live at home at ease, and go from Maine to Texas with only a revolver and Webster's spelling-book, I hope you appreciate your advantages."

We got under way after an inordinately long time had been spent stowing away the light load—the Huns, who acted as stevedores, seeming to suffer under a deep sense of the curse of labor, and to struggle to incur as little of it as possible in a given time.

I know of no river so much neglected by the poets and romancers, which is so rich in the materials of poetry and romance, as the Lower Danube. In the short stretch that reaches from Baziasch to the tower of Severinus, you will find almost every conceivable variety of river scenery. There are portions as beautiful as the Hudson, as picturesque as the Rhine, and others as wild and savage as the St. Lawrence. Now it winds through vast corn-fields and among gently-rolling plains that irresistibly recall the Mississippi; and again, it seems to lie like a mountain-lake locked fast by beetling cliffs. But there was to me a singular impression of loneliness always present—not as of a land unpeopled, but depopulated. There were very few ruins. You saw nowhere, as on the Rhine, those wonderful piles of masonry standing mute witnesses of the glory and crimes of the past. The solitude of the Danube is more profound. Even its memories are vague. Through all this long meandering course, if we except the towns of Skela-Gladova and Rustchuk—straggling new villages called into life by the Austrian Steamboat Company—there is rarely a sign of human occupation. There rests upon the land the shadow of a great secret, a distant and mighty past. The tawny waves of the Danube roll turbid with

troubled memories which will never be made clear.

A hint of this strange past you catch from time to time. Once a group of peasants came down to the landing where we lay, dressed in skins and high conical fur caps, precisely like those the conquered Dacians wear in the reliefs of the Column of Trajan—a fashion which has lasted in this neighborhood for two thousand years. You may see, near the village of Turnu-Severin, two piles of masonry by the shore, and others rippling the waves in mid-channel—the remains of a bridge built by the Roman invaders. But there is another relic of that wonderful age and of those incomparable warriors more remarkable still, on the right bank of the river, extending several miles. This is a system of mortices, and of the remains of a covered gallery cut in the solid rock, to form the military road by which the Roman army shortened and secured its communications in the vast outlying Dacian territories. I have never been brought so near in spirit to that marvellous people as in seeing, in these wild and utterly lonely solitudes, these vividly startling traces of their majestic passage. There is no Dacia—there is no Senate and people of Rome. Roman history is a playground of scholars, where each builds what airy castles he may. But here, at the world's end, is a fresh, undeniable proof of the awful vigor of those gigantic footsteps that made the earth tremble for centuries. But the civilization that Trajan found, if he found any, and that which he carried, if the mailed fist can hold such a burden, have alike vanished from these waste places, and Nature has resumed her ancient savagery.

As we drew near the pass of Kuzau, the banks of the Danube suddenly contracted, the grassy and wooded slopes of the hills turned to perpendicular crags of red sandstone, whose broad surfaces presented a mass of fused and twisted strata, that looked as if a vast coil of preadamite serpents had suddenly been fixed upon the mountain-wall. Sharp monumental-looking spurs

of rock shot up here and there from the cliffs. Before and behind us a thick blue veil of flying mist darkened the sky. The current of the river grew rapid and troubled in the narrowing channel. As we came to the Pass, where the river dashes through a gorge of only fifty yards in width, a wild and furious storm of wind and rain rushed howling from between the black walls and struck us full in the face, as if the Spirit of the Place was making his last desperate stand against intrusion. The wind roared and lashed the excited waters into foam; the rain was hurled in level lines through the gorge like a volley of whistling bullets. On either side the dim crags rose higher in the mist, until the last one sprang sheer and clean two thousand feet in the air, its head bound in tattered clouds. We came out upon a broad and lovely valley where the river broadened to a lake, and the storm, exhausted and spent, sank away into a bright and quiet sunset.

We landed for the night at the town of Orsova, the frontier town of Hungary, on the Wallachian border. It was not considered safe to attempt to shoot the Iron Gate before morning. The Judge, acting upon his unvarying plan of always leaving a boat when he could, went ashore, and occasioned a general stampede to the Hotel Ungarn.

We went aboard at six in the morning. The hills were blue and dim in the clear autumnal dawn. The rising sun touched the sleeping river to a rosy tinge. The cool, fresh air was vibrating to the sound of distant bells, and the great high road upon the Servian shore was thronged with groups of peasants in their holiday dress, going to early mass. We came, in a half-hour's sail, to New Orsova, the military post which guards the Wallachian frontier. Here, on a low marshy level by the river-side, Kossuth buried the Iron Crown of Hungary when all was lost and his nation seemed dying. He fled into Turkey, taking his secret with him. Several years afterward the precious relic was discovered by accident, and a chapel built on the spot to commemorate the

event. A little valley here marks the border of Christianity and Islamism, and a snow-clad mountain closes the view, whence a keen cold wind sweeps down the river.

We now came to the Iron Gate of the Danube. This dangerous rapid consists of two almost vertical falls of eight feet each. The boiling and foaming mass of waters looks exceedingly formidable, but is rarely fatal to vessels. Disasters are scarcely ever heard of with good pilots in the daytime. The weather became instantly milder by several degrees when we had passed the rapids. We changed boats again at Turnu-Severin, and made the rest of the journey in the superbly-appointed steamer "Sophie" of the Austrian Navigation Company. Here Mr. Funnell Hall gave up finally his search for privations, and contented himself with enjoying the luxuries of travel. His pirates he found in dress-coats and white cravats. His tents and caves were carpeted from Belgium, and frescoed like committee-rooms in Washington. He even found means of gratifying his depraved Bostonian taste for cold water, and splashed about in his chamber to the horror of hydrophobic Huns.

We steamed along all day in the soft Fall weather, the river skirting desolate grassy downs and villages of wattled huts with long fine names. There is a wonderful sameness of color in these worn-out lands. I saw, on the dull dun background once a dusty stone fountain, on one side a family in light butternut gowns, on the other a few dirt-colored cows. Mr. Hall made a sketch of the group, which he called "A Symphony in Drab."

We had some talk of politics with the Servians and Wallachians on board. They speak without the slightest reservation, and without the least pretence of concealing their contempt and detestation of the Turkish rule. In both Wallachia and Servia the authority of the Sultan has long ceased to be any thing more than nominal; and if there were any concert of action in European Turkey, the yoke of Moslem suzerainty

could be shaken off at any day. But all efforts to build up a party which should have cohesion enough to sustain, in the several provinces, the weight of a simultaneous rebellion, have been, as yet, unavailing. The different princes cannot trust each other. The liberal Servians cannot trust their prince. In the dominions of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, there is the most curious complexity of parties. The Hospodar himself dreams of a Danubian kingdom. His Moldavian subjects are plotting for independence, or, failing that, for the removal of the capital to Jassy. A few cracked spirits, who have read a little of Roman history, are agitating for a Pan-Dacian movement. And generally throughout the principality the Romanians find it more amusing to plunder and jay-hawk the Jews, than to spend time and money in any form of political agitation.

Russia waits always over the border, ready, at the slightest signal, to assist the revolt; but in spite of the intrigues of her agents, the Russian cause is not gaining much in the principalities. The Danubians shrewdly prefer to continue their connection with a dying despotism too weak to oppress them, rather than give themselves up to the ursine protection of the hungry Colossus of the North.

On Monday morning we went ashore at Rustchuk. The town is sprinkled along the hillside in a ravishing site—a pretty place, with neat white cottages, and eighteen slender minarets bearing witness to their piety. In the airy piazzas sat the placid Turks gravely smoking. Women, enveloped in their long jashmaks, were bringing wood and water up the steep hill-path; and lounging and loafing in picturesque protest against being forced to work in such lovely weather, were a dozen porters strewed over the little wharf.

“*Mon Dieu!*” shouted the Frenchman. “It is like a scene of carnival. These fellows dress seriously *en Turc*.”

After all one's preparation, it comes with a little shock upon you to see men in comic-opera costume with sober faces.

These dramatic-looking loafers, in their green and yellow turbans, blue jackets, wide red sashes, and vast flowing trowsers, their dirty fingers holding cigarettes, or idly toying with the daggers and pistols with which their belts were crowded, had something singularly unpractical about their air. They seemed to have stepped ready-accounted out of the Arabian Nights. As our luggage was put ashore, they swarmed about it and carried it to the Custom-House, distant a hundred yards or so. The idea of the whole thing being a masquerade was irresistible. My trunk was carried by a princely-looking giant blazing with purple and gold. He carried in his ample girdle a pair of silver-mounted pistols of exquisite workmanship, and two daggers of a pure steely glitter. A superb moustache swept in a huge crescent over lip and jaw; clear gray eyes shone under straight statuesque brows. It was the face of a major-general; but it broke up into servile delight, when I gave him a franc for lifting my baggage.

At the Custom-House we saw the Constantinopolitan banker putting his effects through the official mill, and conscientiously copied his procedure. He gave a bribe of about ten cents in Turkish piastres to each of the official gentlemen who stood near, and who thereupon rapped the trunks and marked them with chalk, and tied little leaden chequers on them, and dropped little dabs of red wax on them, and then announced them *en règle* for the dominions of the Padisha. As we left these facile functionaries, I saw the Judge giving a disproportionately large fee to a dreamy-eyed porter, whose air of noble melancholy clearly indicated him as a dethroned caliph, addicted to moonlights and dulcimers.

We remonstrated with the Judge on his lavishness, and he answered in melodious Tennysonese:

“I could not offer him a dime—
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.”

The past and the present were mixed in this curious town as in a schoolboy's

dream. In this purely Oriental scene I stumbled on a shabby hack that might have stood in front of the Astor House, surmounted by a disreputable charioteer who looked so like a Manhattan hackman, that I expected him to address me in a Fenian accent, and to ask me five dollars for a drive round the corner. It was the only hack in Bulgaria, I believe, and doubtless found in this stylish pre-eminence some reparation for the blows of fortune which had reduced it, in distant Vienna, from private carriage to *faker* and *comfortabel*, and at last banished it from civilization, to spend, like the poet Ovid, its last days in these barbarous solitudes.

Rustchuk is one terminus of the Bulgarian railway, connecting the Danube with the Black Sea, and very materially shortening the time and increasing the comfort of a journey to Constantinople. The trip from Vienna, which once occupied ten tedious days by river and sea, is now reduced to four, agreeably divided between rail and steamer. This Bulgarian railway, so far the only in-road of the sort as yet made upon Ottoman conservatism, is Turkish only in name. It was built by English capital, is managed by English directors, run by English engineers and Italian conductors. The employés of the road are regarded with the utmost respect and awe by the ignorant populations through which it runs. I saw once, at a little way-station, the engineer, a fiery little Scotchman, vexed at some delay in wooding-up, go into a group of Turks with a stout cudgel, pounding and thwacking to his heart's content, and not a Moslem of them all resisting any more than they would have resisted a flash of lightning.

"Allah is great, and the Johnbull is incomprehensible," they muttered, as they rubbed their bruises and went on hewing wood and drawing water for the Iron Horse of the Infidel.

The road traverses the entire province of Bulgaria, crossing the easterly extremity of the Balkan range of mountains. The ascent and descent is so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible.

In fact, the Balkan mountains, as a topographical fact, have very greatly lost caste since the explorations of late years. They could be crossed almost anywhere by an army in any thing like fair weather.

There are a score of little villages strung along the line of the railway, of various degrees of insignificance and wretchedness. In very few was there a single house to be seen with any pretensions, not to luxury, but bare comfort. Often on the hillsides, we saw, faintly discernible in the mud, a honeycomb of wattled huts half above and half below ground, with dirt-colored Turks crawling about like parasites among them. Along the valleys, on wretched roads, wound long caravans of ox-teams loaded with merchandise or produce. Occasionally a wealthy proprietor rode by on a horse weighed down with trappings, attended by a body-guard of a half-dozen followers.

All day we rode on over the bare-shaven hills and level downs. There was not a refreshment saloon anywhere on the route, but the conductor drove a busy traffic in cold mutton and stale bread—several pounds of which appetizing provisions were soon delivered over by Mr. Hall's white teeth to Mr. Hall's sprightly liver, while the Judge and I drank a bottle of acrid purplish wine of the country, watching the euptic Hall with apathetic admiration, envying the stomach of youth.

At every station the passengers rushed out *en masse* to the platforms to stretch their cramped limbs and enjoy the fresh, bright air. There was scarcely a nationality of Europe unrepresented among us, and scarcely two who were countrymen. On one occasion our friend from Dedham approached us, and asked if we knew any body connected with the drug-trade in these parts. Mr. Hall avowed his ignorance of the Bulgarian faculty, but generously offered, in case Mr. Dedham needed any thing, to place his brandy-flask at his disposal. This kind offer was somewhat coldly rejected—Dedham observing that he had been a temperance man for going on

twenty years, and was, besides, sound as a dollar; didn't want no medicine himself, personally, but was agent for the Celebrated Pierian Eye-Water and Vesuvian Cathartic, which he wanted to interduce into these here benighted and God-forsaken regions; there wa'n't no money into it; he didn't make no two per cent. on sales, but he wanted to start the thing, and—

“Partenza!”

In the afternoon, in the neighborhood of Shumla, we passed a long line of hills of a remarkable formation. They looked, in the softening light, like a vast system of fortifications guarding the valley. At Shumla we saw the strange phenomenon that afterwards grew so common—a graveyard ten times as large as the town. Piety toward the dead is a sentiment so universal in the East—the graves are kept so long and carefully—and Time is so powerful an ally of Death, that, together, they fill the cemeteries far faster than the worn-out civilization can fill the towns.

As evening was settling over the low shores of the Euxine, and the red light of sunset burned along the reedy marshes, we drew near the town of Varna, well known as the Allied Dépôt of Supplies during the Crimean War. Night was on us as we left the station to drive to the town, but the rising moon brought out into soft relief every thing worth seeing, leaving in shadows the sordid and commonplace. We found the city-gate closed for the night, but at last succeeded in rousing the drowsy porter, who let us through, saving his dignity by grumbling. We drove through execrable and narrow streets, tenanted only by noisy dogs, and here and there lighted by dim windows that revealed, as we dashed by, glimpses of Turkish

interiors. We came, at last, to the wharf, where we were at once assaulted by a swarm of porters that seemed to start from the ground. We selected an ebony man and brother, and followed him to the water-side, where we took a boat, which brought us, after a half-hour's row through the still, clear night, to the Black Sea steamer that was panting to be off.

In the morning, when we came on deck, we saw before us the Bosphorus; behind, the shoreless expanse of the Euxine. From the moment we entered the Straits till we dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, every minute revealed some fresh and enchanting spectacle of loveliness. Nature is here in her most prodigal mood: as if working in harmony with man, she has given to the most superb of cities the most faultlessly beautiful approaches. Picturesque hills frame the lake-like stretches of the Bosphorus, their rocky summits crowned with the ruins of the fortresses built long ago by the “world-seeking Genoese.” Villages here and there nestle in the ravines; the villas of the aristocracy shine reflected in the placid water more and more frequently, till, at last, they run into one continuous suburb, which grows denser every moment. At length the quarantine is past, and we glide into that vast and incomparable harbor, filled with a confusion of tongues and of flags; and glorious before us, displayed in amphitheatrical pomp on its seven hills, the morning sun resplendent on its palaces and domes and slender-springing minarets, white and pure as jets of devout aspiration from unsullied souls—a picture matchless on earth in its vastness, its beauty, and its unutterable strangeness—the City of the Padiasha, Stamboul!

BIRDS OF THE NORTH.

"THE abundance of tropical life" is often contrasted with the desert of snow and ice in the far North.

There are places in Greenland, Iceland, and even in Newfoundland, where one is oppressed with the dreariness of the scene, as he looks upon the desolation of frost and feels that no change of season will bring verdure and life to the winter-scathed hills. There are found vast expanses with no tree or shrub except the creeping willow, fir, or alder, that seem nestling in the moss as though fearing the sudden return of the wintry storm. In such a place, the plaintive note of curlew or plover only renders the scene more mournfully sad and depressing.

But there is another side to Northern life. Let one visit the coast of Greenland, or any of the icy islands of the Northern seas, and he will be astonished at the abundance of life, and will constantly wonder how such myriads of beings can live in such a zone. As his vessel glides over the clear waters of some of the Labrador bays, he will see the bottom fairly paved with sea-urchins and star-fishes; and again, vast shoals of cod making the waters boil as they follow the shoals of caplin upon which they feed. Huge whales are seen gathering their thousands of tiny calves at every plunge, and early in the season the floe-ice is swarming with seals. As he reaches the coast of Greenland, beneath the clear, ice-cold waters he sees a forest of gigantic sea-weeds waving in rich luxuriance, as though the vegetation of the land had retreated beneath the waves from the fury of the winds and frosts of winter. Floating near the surface are countless numbers of jelly-fishes of various forms and tints—some huge and Gorgon-like, with their snake-like tentacles streaming through the waters; others as beautiful as graceful form and brilliant colors can make

them. To one safe from the perils of his battles with ice, that, in fantastic forms, seems now retreating from its battle-field, surrounded by these new forms of life, with the icy mountains piled like cumulous clouds against the midnight sky, all gorgeous with crimson and gold, there is here a charm that no other part of the world can give.

Among the birds of the North must be reckoned the myriads that frequent the "Bird Islands" on the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador. These islands have been described often by naturalists, but no description can do them justice. The egg-hunters gather the eggs by thousands in a day, and make cruel havoc among the birds; yet, in spite of man and all their other enemies, their numbers are not apparently affected. If we judge by the diminishing numbers of such birds on our own coast, and the entire destruction of the great auk even in Greenland and Iceland, we must conclude that the constant warfare of man on eggs and birds will soon make a perceptible impression upon the numbers in these great Northern breeding-places.

But all along the coast of Greenland, among the hundreds of islands never visited except perhaps by the scattered Esquimaux, the birds seem in numbers and activity like bees in honey-harvest.

Upon the hills and mountain-sides the willow ptarmigan browse in Summer, as the moss and heath, in Winter white as the snow itself, is found in such numbers that the missionary at Gothaab informed me that not less than five thousand were killed upon one hillside in a single winter. It is curious to observe that birds of this kind, that remain near the glaciers during Summer, retain a portion of their white winter-dress, and some of their eggs are partly white, and others entirely so. I was informed by the natives that white

eggs, of which I obtained several, are never found except in nests so near the glaciers that the air would be constantly affected by them.

In sheltered places is often found the nest of the beautiful white snow-bunting, that in winter makes its way to us from the far North. Her eggs, like those of many other birds in that cold country, are laid in nests of softest feathers. If we robbed the birds, pleading science as an excuse, the moths have avenged the birds, and left us nothing but the remnants of our booty without form or beauty.

The snowy owl, that only braves the heat of our winter months, finds in Greenland his appropriate home, though there is not a man there that I could find who ever saw its nest. "The nests are in the great glacier," the people said; but why they believed so, was because their boldest hunters had never seen one.

Here, too, a terror to the harmless ptarmigan and sea-fowl, sweep along the swift peregrine and jer falcons, both renowned in the royal sport of falconry. The latter is the tiger among birds. It is impossible to conceive of a more perfect instrument of destruction than this bird, darting through the air like lightning, and almost as deadly, to the quarry against which she swoops; for it is the female of these birds, as with all birds of prey, that are most powerful and destructive. Their mates are so insignificant and weak, compared with them, as to be readily mistaken for different species by those unacquainted with ornithology.

We shall long remember the splendid specimens of these birds in Governor Rink's collection, and every ornithologist will understand the temptation, when Madam Rink, throwing open the cases, invited us to take as many specimens as we pleased! We wondered if she had confidence in the unbounded generosity of her husband, or whether, in the simplicity of her Greenland life, she had as yet learned nothing of the unbounded rapaciousness of a collector of natural-history specimens. We have

good reason to believe, from the many kind offices since received from Governor Rink, that he thought himself well used by one who had a chance to rob him of all his fine specimens, and was content with taking an armful!

On the high cliffs, the European sea-eagle, the *Haliaeetus albicilla* of Linnæus, finds its aerie. Huge and powerful as this bird is, it allows its nest to be robbed without show of fight. But a young bird nearly full-grown showed all the fight that any coward would when driven into a corner from which he could not escape. Although unable, to fly from the nest, he hissed, and screamed, and bit and struck with his powerful talons, so that he was captured only after a hard-fought battle; while the old eagles soared above, prudently keeping out of gun-shot. The young fellow was captured and brought in by some of our company, who were anxious I should visit the place—which I was very willing to do. On one of the high cliffs overlooking the ocean we found a pointed rock, like a dismantled tower, which, on one side, could be ascended without difficulty, and from the top of which could be seen one of the grandest, deary scenes that human eye ever looked upon. Lofty mountains crowned with snow and ice form the background, while barren rocks, with here and there a tuft of moss and arctic herbage, extend to the ocean on either side. Bold, broken islands dot the coast, and sweeping between them, and stretching far at sea, is the floe-ice, borne north by the upper shore-current; and towering up like phantom-ships in the horizon, are tall icebergs slowly drifting to the south. All this scene, checkered with the light and shadow of a Greenland summer's twilight, formed a picture never to be forgotten.

On this nest of rock, eagles must have reared their young for ages. The record of the time is marked by the piles of mouldering bones and refuse of the nest slowly decaying at the bottom of the cliff. We doubt not this old crag was the dwelling-place of the

eagles before the foundation-stones were laid of the oldest castle on the Rhine.

But it is at the water's edge that we find the home of the birds. The thousands that congregate here are a marvel,—auks and puffins, terns and gulls, ducks and divers, dotting the water in every direction, flitting through the air from point to point, and swarming upon the rocks and breeding-islands. The birds of the North are often spoken of as of a sombre hue; and so they are, compared with some of the glittering specimens from the torrid zone. But the harlequin-duck, the males of the king and common eider, and the metallic gloss of the mallard, would hardly strike one as sombre in coloring, if they are not brilliant. The skins of these birds, when dressed and arranged in muffs and robes by the Esquimaux, are rarely surpassed in elegance.

Birds of the same kind generally appropriate an island to themselves, unless it is large. Their distribution among the islands is probably determined by the fitness of the island to the habits of the bird. The puffin must have a soil in which she can burrow like a rabbit to form her nest; and the islands frequented by them are tunnelled in all directions like ant-hills. The eider-duck forms its nest among the grass or stones on the larger islands, and may be found near the breeding-places of other birds of kindred habits. The tern seem to monopolize the small grassy islands. On some of these, in the height of the breeding season, you can gather an abundance of eggs and young tern of every size—some just from the shell, and others representing every day's growth to the full-fledged bird. All sizes not able to fly are scampering through the grass like crickets, while hundreds of old tern, making common cause against the intruder, fill the air with their screams, and often pounce upon their enemy's head. How they distinguish their own young in the mixed crowd of birds is a mystery. That they do, I somewhat doubt; for one young tern, perched by himself upon a rock, I saw fed by three old

tern in rapid succession. Doubtless they have some method of doing the work correctly. Either instinct enables the parent to know its own in the crowd, or the community of old birds are able to distribute their favors according to the needs of the young.

This abundance of birds is of no slight importance to the inhabitants of those northern countries, Greenland, Iceland, and the islands near them. They furnish eggs and flesh for food, and, some of them, feathers and down for sale. Their skins, when dressed, are highly prized by the Esquimaux for clothing. A bird-skin shirt with down next to the body seemed to be a favorite article of dress even in a Greenland summer. The washing of such a garment would not be convenient. But this never troubles an Esquimaux, for it is doubtful if he knows what the word means.

Dr. Kane tells us he engaged his hunter because he could spear a bird on the wing. Any well-trained Esquimaux would be very much ashamed of himself not to be able to do this. Concealing himself near some high bluff, around which the birds often fly to and from their feeding-grounds, his bird-spear darts like an arrow through the air, and seldom misses its aim. The great northern divers, or loons, that often baffle our best gunners, are captured in large numbers by these skilful spearmen. You can purchase muffs and robes made entirely of the skin taken from the necks of these birds.

Other birds are killed in still greater numbers. To manufacture a single robe of male eider-skins now in my possession, the missionary informed me that he purchased more than seven hundred skins, that he might select those of proper quality, and free from injury of spear or blood. This robe was made by the natives, and consists of small pieces cut from the breast of the dressed skins of the male eider. The feathers are carefully removed, to leave the beautiful thick down upon the skin, and the edge of the robe is adorned with a border of the rich-colored skin

taken from the head of the same bird. The skilful workmanship, as well as beauty of material, has delighted every one who has visited the cabinet of Williams College, where it is deposited.

The eider-duck justly attracts the attention of every lover of birds. She contributes largely to the comfort of the poor northern people, so much so that eider-down is one of the most considerable sources of revenue to the Icelanders. This down, so highly valued, is taken from the nest, where the mother-bird has placed it as a protection for her eggs. She plucks it from her breast, but, as it was her winter protection, no doubt she is relieved by the process, and has no need of the pity that has been bestowed upon her by those who suppose she tortures herself for the comfort of her young. The males leave the breeding-places very early in the season, and spend their time among the sea-islands, enjoying themselves and moulting. Among all the breeding-places I have visited, I have never been in season to see a single male bird there.

In Iceland these birds are so protected that they have become semi-domesticated. At the breeding season no gun can be fired near them, lest the "fowls," as the ducks are called, should be frightened. They have thus become so tame that the natives can walk near them, sometimes even among the nests, without frightening them from their places. On the Greenland coast, and in other places where they are subjected to the usual annoyance of men and animals, they are among the most wary birds to be found.

When we think of birds, our mind almost instinctively reverts to the caverns of the Faroe Islands, the crumbling cliffs of the Westman, the coast of Iceland and Greenland. Probably in all these places they have reached nearly to the natural limit of their numbers as determined by the means of living. And the vastness of their numbers, in contrast with the dreary waste and solitude of the land, makes an impression which no wealth of life in the midst of fertile fields and luxuriant forests can ever give.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

CONCLUSION.

V. THE VIENNA PROBLEM.

DAY and night the summer deepened, clear and warm. And the comet came on closer, closer every night, a mystic shaft of splendor, set above a star. And Raimond and Cherry, gazing at it nightly, grew more confidential and intimate; while I, with bitter, bitter feelings, watched them, nursing my woe in darkness.

One day there came a letter to me from my good friend Professor Parallax, to whom I had sent several reports of my pupil's progress. After thanking me for my zealous guardianship, and congratulating me upon having such a brilliant charge to keep—I gnawed my lips with fury every time I

thought of my having accepted it!—he wrote as follows:

"The astronomical world is all on the *qui vive* in regard to a strange thing that has lately happened at Vienna, and which I find reported in Herr Doctor Cometenbahnen's *Astronomische Schwärmerien*, a leading scientific periodical published in that city. It seems that Doctor Cometenbahnen, who is one of the most promising of our young astronomers, has been making some very important and careful observations upon the brilliant new comet, and has succeeded in obtaining several exceedingly accurate pictures of it by means of the camera. One night, while he was adjusting the focus, which re-

quires to be very carefully done, an unusual brightness seemed to illuminate his instrument, so that he fancied a meteor must have crossed the field of vision. He instantly closed his glass, took out the plate, and proceeded to develop the image. But, to his great surprise, instead of having a photographic image of the comet, his plate contained the representation of a series of strange characters or symbols, arranged in order, in a circumscribed lozenge, very much like the ideographic writing of the ancient Egyptians. How it came there he could not imagine, nor what it meant. The characters are not those of any known language, nor have the works of Champollion or Young or Rawlinson afforded any key to them—if, indeed, they be characters at all, which I am inclined to doubt. But Doctor Cometenbahnen not only claims that they are demonstrably characters, but also that they are mathematical symbols, and that they contain a problem of importance to the world, if a solution can only be found. And, as he truly says, the human ingenuity that has deciphered the strange monuments of Egypt and the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria, need not be staggered before the text of any language, even though it embody the songs of the very stars.

"I send you a copy of the *Astronomische Schwärmercielen*, containing Herr C.'s account of the occurrence in full, together with what he says is an accurate lithograph of the strange inscription. You may puzzle over it if you please, but I suspect you will not make more of it than I did. If Herr C. be right, however, it will be of use to show it to Raimond Letoile. He will certainly be able to solve it if it contains a mathematical problem. Pray show it to him, and write me what he says about it."

—I was much too busy with my own dark-brooding fancies to undertake the solution of a mathematical rebus. I placed the plate and magazine where Raimond would be likely to see them—for he was gone out—and then, to

smoothe the wrinkles out of my soul, saddled my horse and went for a long ride.

That night, as I was writing in my study, Raimond came suddenly down to me, with the book and the diagram in his hands. He seemed very much startled, and was pale and haggard.

"What is this?" he cried, holding the problem out to me; "whence did it come? What does it mean?"

"Can you interpret it?" I asked. "The Professor sent it to me to-day, trusting that you would be able to make it out."

"Can it be! Sent to me! Explain me this mystery!"

I read the Professor's letter to him; then, taking the magazine, I translated Doctor Cometenbahnen's history of the strange occurrence.

"From the comet!" he cried, still more pale; "it must be authentic, then—it must be true!"

He scanned the mysterious paper with a long, anxious, eager, burning gaze, as one would read over his own indictment for treason, seeking if he might detect some flaw.

"Can you solve the thing, Raimond? Have you a key to the puzzle?"

He did not answer—did not hear me. He raised his face, very pale, like marble in moonlight, and put the paper reverently to his forehead.

"I will obey!" he said, and went out into the open air.

I followed him, for his manner was strangely disturbed, and I had never before seen him so agitated. He walked rapidly down to the brink of the river, and stood there gazing earnestly upwards, while the white silvery image of the comet streamed across the water to his feet, almost as brightly as it shone above—almost as bright as the sheeny reflection of a full moon.

He stood there, and, murmuring, shuddered. Then, still gazing upwards, he lifted his hands and apostrophized the stars and the vaulted sky in wild, passionate words, the import of which I could not gather.

"O golden clusters of the parent

world! O stars, ye wombs of thought, strange parents of your lost yet still remembered child, forgive me! Forgive me that I rebelled one moment, bewildered by a fairy-dream of earth! Sweet-smiling, swift-rushing bride of my soul, thou shalt not smile nor come in vain! I yearn for thee with rapture unspeakable, O thou inscrutable one, serenely smiling! I yearn for thee and the old-remembered joys of roaming ever by thy side, a kindred sphere! I obey, O messenger—gladly I obey!”

But, even then, a bitter, burning regret seemed to make him writhe in anguish. He tore the sheet of paper with the problem on it into a hundred fragments, and scattered them abroad over the ripples.

“O Cherry!” he cried, “O Cherry! Cherry!” and flung himself, face downwards, upon the pebbly sand. At sound of that name I made a step towards him. He turned and saw me, and motioned with his hand.

“Away!” he said, passionately, “away; I will not talk to-night! I wish to be alone! Away!”

So I left him, still crying, “Cherry! Cherry!” and beating his clenched fists on the pebbled shore.

—“Were you mad, last night?” I asked him when he came to breakfast next morning; “have the vapors of the comet got into your brain, or was there really something in Cometenbahnen’s problem to give you concern?”

He looked at me pleasantly, yet perplexed.

“I read the problem,” he said, “and what it told me was so strange, I could not help but show my excitement.”

“You read it? You have the key, then? What—?”

“Stop there, my kind master,” said he, interrupting. “I am not at liberty to explain that message—for message it certainly was—because it concerns my own private matters. Besides, neither you nor any like you would either understand it or believe me, since the whole thing is not only outside of, but contrary to, your ordinary experiences. So I will keep it to myself, for I do not

wish you to treat me either as an impostor or a lunatic.”

“Very well, Mr. Letoile,” I answered gravely, “I am glad you do not propose to carry your poetic fancies into practice while you reside with me. Be sure always to *act* so that you cannot be charged with imposition or with madness, and you will not fail of proper credit at my hands.”

He thanked me in kind tones, but I could not feel kindly towards him. Always I thought of him prostrate on the river-shore, crying, “Cherry! Cherry!” Always I dreaded something, and hated him for being the cause of that dread.

—Two or three days later than this, when I was at the cottage, Cherry came close to me, and, dropping her eyes a little, said:

“Raimond has had a message sent him, Bernie.” (Sometimes she gave me that dear diminutive title.)

“Ah!” I answered; “so he said to me.”

“But you do not believe it, Bernie. I do! I know it all by heart, but am not at liberty to tell. Oh, it is a very beautiful message, Bernard—very, very beautiful! And he will be very happy! Bernard,” she cried, suddenly clasping my two hands in hers, and gazing entreatingly into my face, “you do not like Raimond! You do not believe in him! Do so, for my sake—for your own sake! He is not to be with us long, Bernard; and oh, you will never know until after he is gone what a privilege it is to us to have this free intercourse with a being so pure and bright and far above us! Trust him, Bernard, and love him, as I do!”

“He is going away, you say?”

“Yes, he is going away—away, ever so far, and very, very soon! Yes, he is going away, Bernard—he is going away!”

And as her voice lingered iteratively upon those plaintive words, they sounded like the refrain of a nocturne, while a dreary desolation came into her face, filling it with inexpressible sadness.

Yet she smiled.

VI. WEEPING WILLOWS.

Raimond Letoile now had a little canoe of his own, so that he was no longer dependent upon me to take him across to the cottage. He did not time his visits by mine, indeed, but went and came just as it suited him. And, as was natural in such a case, the oftener he went the less frequent my visits became.

One evening, when he was across the river as usual, my books excited a great loathing in me, and, tossing them aside, I went to the river-shore, stepped into my boat, and, slowly paddling, pushed myself gently down the stream, until I had gone a mile. I ceased from paddling then, and, slowly borne homeward by the flooding, gurgling tide, sat and mused, drinking in the moist night-air. It was a very calm night, serene and gentle as a sleeping infant. The sickle-moon had not yet risen, and the stars shone around with deep brilliancy, while the comet, now evidently not far from its perigee, streamed aloft like an airy veil of silver lace, such as young brides wear at the very altar. It sheered through the clustering constellations like a spectral sword of silvery flame, beautiful yet terrible—the angel's sword that kept the gate from Adam, and would not let him enter any more. I gazed long and earnestly upon the strange, lustrous phantom, and thought of Raimond and of Cherry, until my heart ached shrewdly, and the grating beneath my feet warned me my boat had drifted to the shore.

Pushing off again, a few vigorous strokes of the paddle drove the light boat up the river, and close by the shore in front of the cottage. I was about to moor as usual, and refresh my weary spirit with a sight at least of Cherry, when, from under the willows, I heard the sound of voices, and saw that it was Raimond and Cherry, seated in his canoe at the trees. I kept my boat quiet in the shadows of the bank, and watched them.

I had begun to notice a great change in Cherry. It was not merely that a new depth had come into her eyes, not

merely that a more womanly sweetness tempered the vivid glow of her earlier bloom, for these were developments which had been going on in her a good while. The change I mean was one I had remarked from the day when she told me Raimond was going away. It was a change similar to that of the evening from the first pink flushes of sunset into the less lustrous violet-gray of twilight—a change from one kind of loveliness into another kind equally pure, yet not so bright and joyous. A deep earnestness had settled in her eyes, which now met yours as if some spirit behind them was looking forth with serious importunity to question you to your very soul. There was a certain quaver in her voice, as if its chord had suffered over-strain from pressure of emotion. The roses upon her cheeks had grown pale and dim, and threatened to depart altogether; and there was a languor in her step, and a dreamy, listless, sad sort of halo all about her, which betokened dreary thoughts and unwholesome consciousness, and a throng of beckoning shapes and strange phantoms that haunted her couch by night and vexed her from her rest.

Suffering was a new experience in the life of this once happy little country maiden, yet she bore the burden patiently, nay, did not know she suffered, but, smiling, fancied this was some new kind of joy, too rapturous for the contentment of her simple soul. And, as the new being passed into her frame, even while she shivered and stood hesitating, drooping, lost in pensive reverie, a new beauty dawned within her also, and all the secret, inscrutable depths of her pure, radiant womanliness grew more wondrous in their loveliness.

Yet the change did not please me, for my blossom grew paler while it waxed more lovely. Her languor was none the less the languor of illness that it was beautiful to see. I hated Raimond Letoile for being the cause of this illness, and I hated him none the less for being the cause why she turned away from me and the simple, fervid love I lavished at her feet, to stray, like

a lost and forlorn maiden, among the dim shapes that his enchantment had power to summon up around her. And hatred bred suspicion. What had he done to her to change her bright cheerfulness into such "sad dreariment?" Could he love her, he that was lithe and cold as steel? Assuredly not with a love to compensate her for the self-consuming devotion she was pouring out for him. What was this man, who had come to share my home and steal away my love? Was he merely some clever madman, some half-crazed enthusiast, whose ravings culminated with the moon; or was he a shrewd, deep-scheming, subtle impostor, stolen into Cherry's confidence like a wolf into a sheep-fold? I had heard of such—those dazzling, dark, incomprehensible libertines—men who devote half the energies of a rare and multiplex life to compassing the ruin of some poor trusting woman, her innocence and purity the spur that goads them on—men whose faces nevertheless remain as smooth and clear and lovely as if their thoughts abided always with the angels. Was Raimond Letoile one of these tempters, with their arts of hell? I had no fears for Cherry—for what could smutch the simple, flawless crystal?—yet, I clutched my paddle as I watched them, and thought, were such a suspicion true, I could brain him then and there.

Screened by the deep, dark shadows of the shore, I watched them as they sat in the little boat and talked. The great weeping willows, solemn and black in the night, hung far above them, their long branches drooping down into the water like a bower around the boat, and scarcely a breath of zephyr made the long branches and leaves rustle. The comet was not visible from where they sat, but its image on the water was, fleeing across the river like a fitting ghost. It was a still and witching scene, and their voices, as they spoke, were in accord with it, murmuring out low and seldom but long-drawn tones as they sat motionless in the motionless boat—an enchanted couple in a fairy craft upon some magic lake hid deep

in the pathless woods, inaccessible to mortals unless the wand of Vivian or Urgana pointed out the way. They sat motionless, gazing out upon the waters, and I saw that she held his hand in hers, with a clasp light as the touch of floating thistle-down. Yet, light as that touch was, I would have given ten years of my life to feel my hand resting in hers that way!

A dim, pallid mist came up from the water and floated softly through the air, until the stars hung vaguely as when one gazes upon them through tears, and the comet shone with a red, lurid, smoky glare, quite unlike its former pearly radiance. Then suddenly Raimond unmoored his little shallop, and with a stroke sent it out into the stream, while Cherry bent a long, loving look upon his face. The boat hung there where he had propelled it into the mist like a motionless, painted thing, while he turned his eyes towards the lurid meteor, and made salutations to it, like some pagan at his vesper worship.

"She is angry, Cherry," he murmured; "her pure brow wears a frown, her veil is dulled and angry with the spray of tears! My bride is angry, Cherry; I have given her offence!"

She answered nothing, but, with a growing wanness and a deepening pallor in her face, which even the gloomy night could not hide, sought silently to take his hand again, which he silently drew away, renewing those wild gestures and wild words. He rose, and, standing upright, like a statue against the sky, made mystic invocations to the mysterious stars; while she, rising also, bent forward upon her knees, and with clasped hands and sad white face, yet full of rapt wonder and wild, bursting love, watched at his feet, like a Virgin with an aureole at the Transfiguration—the parent of a God, yet the mother, the weary mother of a man! Here was a picture for some silent, musing sculptor, to steal into the marble, fixing immortal Beauty, radiant, evanescent, with one cunning touch that should make his hand immortal and his name a thing of wonder!

—Then, after a while, the boat was turned towards the shore again and moored among the willow branches, while she stepped upon the terrace without a word. Then Raimond, with swift strokes of his paddle, returned across the river to the tower; while Cherry, with heavy feet, walked through the dewy grass towards her home. I lingered still, watching the light that twinkled in her little windows, until it ceased to shine. And, long after midnight, I stole slowly homewards, sad as Cherry.

VII. A CUL-DE-SAC.

The comet was very near its perigee, when I received a hurried and agitated note from the Professor, asking me to come to see him at once.

"I wish to consult you in regard to your pupil, Raimond Letoile, about whom I have made a very strange and perplexing discovery," he wrote. "You must come to me at once, and help me to find a way out of the greatest difficulty I have ever encountered in my life."

The note was despatched from a hotel in a neighboring city; so, the next morning, I took the steamboat, and joined my friend that afternoon. He immediately began upon the object for which he had summoned me.

"You recollect, my dear Bernard," said he, "that you wrote to me that you were not altogether satisfied with your pupil's demeanor, and that he was a burden to you of which you would fain be rid. You hinted, at the same time, of very strange behavior—conduct, in fact, which, although you did not say it, I could not in my own mind divest from the suspicion of something like mental aberration. I wished to ascertain whether this was a new thing with him, or whether any such singularities had been before observed in his conduct, and, for that purpose, I sought to communicate with the persons who had represented themselves to be his guardians. Now here began the mystery, to solve which I have summoned your aid.

"Strange as it may appear to you," said the Professor, in a very agitated way, "I cannot find those guardians! I cannot discover that Raimond Letoile has any connections, acquaintances, or any antecedents whatsoever!"

"You mean," said I, bitterly, "what I have often suspected, that he came to you under false pretences, and is merely a cunning impostor, who has planned to deceive us for some purpose of his own. God grant that purpose be not the one I fear!" added I, thinking of Cherry, while a flood of wild apprehensions made my heart beat violently.

"I mean, that there is an incomprehensible mystery about the whole matter—a mystery that fills me with affright, old man as I am and good Christian as I hope I am!" replied Mr. Parallax, catching his breath and looking at me with a face full of perplexity. "In these days, when the devil seems to be unloosed, and goes abroad like a roaring lion—in these days of strange prodigies, of animal magnetism, and clairvoyance, and spiritualism, my old-fashioned reason feels as if it had dragged its anchors and gone adrift like a rudderless ship upon a stormy midnight sea! What if all we have conquered from the past should turn out to be no knowledge, after all!"

"We must examine the resources of roguery first," said I, "before we pin our faith to the supernatural. Tell me about this young man Letoile."

"Yes, yes," he said, eagerly, "we must deal with the obvious—we must exclude shadows! About the young man, then. You may remember that I wrote to you his recommendations were good, and that he seemed amply furnished with funds. Here are all the papers which concern him, including the letters we received;" and he placed them on the table before me.

"In cases of imposture," said I, gathering them up in my hand, "the crucial test is generally the financial one. Rogues are most counterfeit when there is question of actual coin."

"That test fails here, Bernard," replied the Professor. "The College has

in hand several hundred dollars of the money sent to be applied to this young man's uses. See, here is the memorandum of a draft of —, bankers, of this city, drawn to order of the College Treasurer. That draft was duly credited and duly cashed. I have consulted with the utterers of the draft, but their books simply notice an ordinary business transaction, the sale of the draft that day to 'cash.' Examine the other papers, and see if you can discover any clue. They all refer to this city."

These were extracts from the business and memorandum books of the College, and, besides these, several letters. One, which the Professor told me to read first, was from a legal firm, giving a certain address in the city, and enclosing two other letters, one from a reverend gentleman, who claimed to have been Raimond Letoile's pastor, the other from a professional gentleman, his former physician. This first letter was the one which Raimond had brought with him when he came to the college. The legal firm addressed the college authorities as the constituted guardians of Raimond Letoile, a young man wanting a few months of his majority. They stated it to be the wish of his parents, who dwelt in a distant land, to have his education completed at — College. At the same time, they wrote, they feared the young man would not prove far enough advanced to enter at once upon the regular curriculum, "a severe and protracted fever (see medical certificate accompanying) having so seriously impaired his memory as to deprive him of all the fruits of previous studies." Still, as he was said to be a youth of great talent and exemplary conduct, and as the writers were totally inexperienced in such matters, they hoped they would not be requiring too much of the college authorities in asking them either to undertake his schooling themselves, or provide him with a reputable and adequate tutor. Ample funds should be forthcoming, of which the enclosed draft was an earnest. All accounts and reports should be sent to them, and, when further supplies were

needed, they were prepared to honor a draft for any reasonable amount. Their address was, Box —, Post-office, — city.

The pastor's letter spoke of the young man as having been under his spiritual charge from boyhood, and testified to a high appreciation of his many virtues.

The physician's letter corroborated what the lawyers had said in regard to the young man's illness, and his loss of memory. His health was entirely restored, and all he had lost would very speedily be regained, it said.

There was also a second letter from the legal firm, acknowledging receipt of news of Raimond's arrival at — College, and expressing entire satisfaction with the arrangements made to place him under my tuition.

"This seems all very plain and simple," I said; "there can be no difficulty here."

"But there *is* insuperable difficulty," retorted the Professor. "Doctor — and Reverend Doctor — both positively deny that they ever wrote any such letters, or ever knew any such person, whose name, they say, they now hear for the first time. Both are greatly surprised that their handwritings should have been so closely imitated. Doctor — said, very naïvely, that he would have sworn to the signature of the letter pretending to be his. These gentlemen have such position in society that we cannot think of challenging their denials. As for the legal firm, the pseudo-guardians of Raimond Letoile, neither they, nor their place of business, have any existence, nor have they ever had any existence whatsoever!"

"Aha!" said I, "this puts quite another face upon it, Mr. Parallax. This becomes now a matter of police. We must employ a detective."

"A detective! There is nothing for the police to seize upon. We can give them no data. We are in a *cul-de-sac*."

"There is the young man," said I, gloomily, "and we must let the police sift him and his antecedents. They may be able to tell us more than you suspect. Let us go and see Markleigh."

Markleigh was the most ingenious detective I have ever encountered, and was, besides, an honorable, kindly man. To him we went and told him all we knew.

He shook his head.

"A doubtful case!" he said. "The doctor and the divine are above suspicion; the bogus lawyers are likely beyond our reach. Have you questioned the lad himself? How do you know he is an impostor?"

I mentioned my suspicion of Raimond's designs against Cherry. Markleigh asked the Professor if they were in the habit of sending pupils to me, and if my name had been mentioned in connection with such a thing, in such a way that Raimond or some one about him might have chanced to hear it. The Professor answered no.

"Then that suspicion must fall to the ground," said Markleigh; "for how could Letoile hope to forward his designs against the lady by going to the College, unless he had reason to believe the College would send him to you? Now, I'll tell you what, gentlemen, I suspect this young man is more sinned against than sinning. He is probably a little touched in the upper story, or has been, and some of his rights of property or person are being plotted against by parties determined to keep both him and themselves out of sight. Nine times out of ten such cases turn out just that way. We must find out who the real parties are who have used the name of the bogus firm."

"How can we, when there is no clue?"

"How do you know the young man won't tell you, when you question him seriously?"

I mentioned Raimond's romantic version of his past history.

"Ah, I see!" said Markleigh; "plainly cracked! But how do you know his own papers will not reveal what he refuses to tell you?"

"I do not think he has any papers. He has never received any letters, and he never locks his trunk—he has only one."

"Papers there, for all that," said Markleigh. "Besides, there is the post-office box; let us go and see about that."

"The post-office box!" We had not thought of that.

"Yes," said Markleigh. "Uncle Sam helps us to unearth many a John Doe who thinks his mole-tracks too intricate for him ever to be caught. Your letter from the College was received, and answered. By whom? Who took that letter from the office? Who rented Box —, last May?"

We went to the office full of hope, but met with an unexpected rebuff. There was, indeed, a box of the number given, but only of recent construction. At the date of the correspondence no such box existed! The numbers then did not run so high by two hundred. There could be no mistake about this, we were assured by the highest authority. The box with the number given had not been in use two months.

"The letter was directed to a box bearing that number," said Markleigh, stubbornly; "it must have been received as sent, for here is the answer, which came in due course of mail."

"We cannot help that," was all the answer we received; "the box was certainly not in existence at that date." And official records were shown to us making the statement incontestable.

Markleigh came away with us, in silence. At last he said: "I must confess this thing puzzles me, gentlemen. The plot hides deeper than I thought. The motive for concealment must be strong, and the art displayed is considerable. I will study the matter over a little. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is, make what you can out of the young man. Go home at once and question him closely. Whatever you do, be sure to get possession of his trunk and papers before he supposes he is suspected. If you need me, let me know. I think I will drop down to see you, in a day or two. You have made me curious about the lad. I want to look at him, to see if his countenance

reminds me of any of my old acquaintances. So, good day, gentlemen."

The next morning I went aboard the steamboat for my home, accompanied by the Professor. He was morbidly anxious about the condition of affairs, and deeply regretted having induced me to take the young man under my charge. I was devoured with apprehensions. I could not tell what fears possessed me, what doubts, suspicions, and dark dreads tortured me with their violent urgency. The steamboat was all too slow for my swift-running cares, and all day long I paced the deck, and watched out forward to see what progress we were making. There was considerable delay, for there was much freight to be landed, and many passengers, and I chafed and fumed in vain.

The steamboat landing was about two miles from my windmill, and we did not reach the wharf until after seven o'clock in the evening. I had no conveyance, so the Professor was obliged to follow me on foot, along a sandy road. Driven by I knew not what of anxiety and terror, I walked on furiously, forgetful of my companion's years and infirmities, until, panting and breathless, he told me he could go no further unless I went more slowly. I adapted my step to his, while my heart beat fearfully, and the veins in my temples throbbed as if they would burst. The night had quite fallen before we reached the windmill, and twilight was faded all away.

"How brilliantly the comet shines to-night," said the Professor, as at last we stood before the door after mounting the long steps. "This is her perigee, certainly. I am glad it is so clear. We must take an observation before we sleep this night, Bernie."

And we entered my study as he spoke.

VIII. TO ARCTURUS!

Old Nanny met us, weeping loudly, and mopping her fat, bacon-colored face with the ends of a not over-clean check apron.

"I'm glad you come, Marse Bernie! I'm glad you come!"

"What is the matter, Nanny?"

"Oh, he's gone away, sir! He's gone away!"

"Raimond gone away! Where to?"

"I dunno! I dunno! He kim to me and says as how I was werry good to him" (*sobbing*), "and he was goin' away a long v'yage dis werry night, and never comin' back no more, so here's somethin' to remember me by! An' he give me dis, poor dear innocent!" said she, opening her hand and showing several large gold coins.

"Did he take his trunk?"

"No—he hain't gone yit. He's across de creek, now—I reckon sayin' good-by to Miss Cherry."

I turned to the Professor. "An elopement!" said I. "We are still in time! Nanny, go up-stairs and bring down Raimond's trunk—at once! We will forestall the gentleman's intentions," said I to the Professor, who had taken a seat in the nearest chair.

Presently, old Nanny came down again, dragging behind her Raimond's moderate-sized trunk.

"'Tain't locked," she said—"tain't packed. Mebbe he ain't goin' to-night, arter all."

"Put the trunk in the closet," said I, "and give me the key."

"I hope he hain't been doin' nothin' bad," said she, peering anxiously into my face after she had locked the closet door.

"That remains to be seen! Now, Mr. Parallax," said I, briskly, turning to the Professor, "let us go across the river at once."

He followed me out of the house to the little wharf where my canoe was tied up. When we got there, I found that the paddle was not in the boat.

"Nanny!" I called, "bring me my paddle—quick!"

While we waited for her to come, I looked across the river, and out upon the night. All around the vaulted sky the brilliant constellations hung

"Like captain-jewels in a circanet;"

while the comet, its nucleus large upon the very verge of the horizon, and its

tail sweeping upwards at a great angle, blazed with a clearer, brighter gleam than ever before. The black shadows of the great willows across the stream rose gloomily against the sky, and in those shadows I could not see if Raimond's boat was there or not.

"What you goin' 'cross de creek for, 'fore you gits your supper?" asked Nanny, as she trotted up, panting, and gave me the paddle.

"We will soon be back," I answered; "keep a cup of tea hot for us. Step in, Mr. Parallax—gently—the boat is very light, a touch will capsize her—sit there—sit low;" and I proceeded to untie the painter.

"What a strange smoke that is!" cried the Professor, suddenly, pointing behind me.

"O Lord!" screamed old Nanny; "come back, Marse Bernie! come back! de house's a-fire! de smoke's all a-bust-in' out under de eaves!"

I turned. There was a huge volume of smoke bursting out from every cranny of the roof of my poor old windmill—such smoke as told plainly enough the blaze was not far behind!

I sprang from the boat. But, at that instant, from the region of sky where the pearl-bright comet reigned, with a rushing sound, and a broad, unholy blaze of light that turned all things into a sulphurous day, and a long, scintillating track of flame, there came a mighty meteor, swift and furious as a thunderbolt. With a whirling curve it swept along, and in its ghastly light we saw our faces, white, and dumb, and terror-stricken. With a whirling curve it came, and dipped towards the river till it seemed the very fishes underneath the waves must go blind in all that glare. It dipped towards the river, then, poising one moment in increasing splendor over the willows, the drooping weeping willows, it soared aloft again with its mighty train of fire, upwards, upwards, until it was out of sight!

"God!" shrieked old Nanny, dropping to her knees, "de world's come to its end! de night o' judgment's here! Glory! oh, glory!" and she clapped

her hands and shouted in a sort of delirious awe.

"He is terrible exceedingly in all His works!" said the Professor's solemn voice. "A fearful meteor, Bernard!"

But I—I grasped my paddle with frantic fingers, and, crying "Cherry! Cherry!" sprang from the wharf again, and tore the knotted rope loose, and in hot haste dashed the rocking boat along!

"Your house is burning! The smoke increases, Bernard!" said the Professor, wondering at my madness.

But "Cherry! Cherry!" I screamed out, and forced the boat along. For, in that moment when the poisoning meteor had shaken its white defiance in the face of night, and all its lurid horrors burst forth like a gleam from hell, I had seen Cherry—seen her upon the opposite shore—betwixt the trailing, drooping, weeping willows, upon the long dewy slope of grass! I had seen her there, rapt, transfigured, dying! By her side I saw Raimond Letoile standing, the meteor's blue flame dressing his white brow with an aureola. I saw him standing there, his eyes turned upwards, a smile of conscious supernatural power lighting all his face, while his figure was magnified and seemed exalting itself like an angel's on tiptoe for a flight. And, like a saint, adoring, face pale, upturned, glorified, hands clasped, knees humbly bent, I saw Cherry, a votive offering at his feet! One moment I saw them thus, and then, it was dreary dark. One moment—but forever!

"Cherry!" I cried, and urged the boat on till the water foamed, while the Professor per force sat still, and old Nanny's wailing shouts and clappings followed us as we went.

The boat's keel grated, and I sprang ashore, bidding the Professor tie the boat and follow.

Five steps up the slope, and through the long dewy grass, and I was beside the white, kneeling figure—the figure in pure white muslin limp with dew who knelt there, hands clasped and face upturned, seraphic—the figure of Cherry, kneeling there, alone! kneeling

there, alone, and gazing upward towards the comet with a white face full of joy, with the rapt face of her who sees a God! with fading eyes, indeed, but full of love and peace! Oh, Cherry! oh, my Cherry!

By her side I knelt me down, there in the comet's chilly light, and she knew me with that smile of fading sweetness, and turned her face to mine, whispering,

"Kiss me, Bernie!"

So I kissed her cold, white lips, and she heaved a little sigh, still smiling towards the comet. Then, as I put my arm about her waist, to keep her from falling, her world-weary head sunk

drooping to my shoulder, and a little shiver ran through all her frame.

"He will know me in Arcturus!" she said, and so, was still.

"—Your house is all in flames," said the Professor, coming near me. "You will save nothing, Bernard."

"Hush!" I cried. "Let there be peace! She sleeps!"

He seized Cherry's limp hand quickly, then gently let it fall again.

"She sleeps, indeed, my poor Bernard! She is dead—quite dead!"

—There was ardent quest for Raymond Letoile, but he had disappeared, nor was there any trace of him discovered ever after.

THE OUTLOOK OF OUR ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WE hear it said that the time has come for American literature to assume a national character, and to begin for itself a new life expressive of a free spirit, of a broader idea of humanity, than the Old World, and even England, has taught us. We are, politically, two nations—why not mentally? Why should we continue to be nourished by the bread that comes over the sea? We have unrequited fields of our own of incredible fertility. And we have already possessed some authors who have produced works mainly inspired by American ideas, society, nature. The greatest works and triumphs of such original writers as Cooper, Hawthorne, Whit-tier, are drawn directly from American soil. This is true, and we heartily rejoice in the fact; but we do not draw from it the conclusion that America can at once issue a proclamation of independence in thought, and set up a new American literature. English literature is a slow-growing tree. Its seed, brought from the far East, was sown long ago in German soil; it shot its roots under the sea into the little island; it was watered with the tears of the Celt and the blood of the Saxon; it was grafted by the Norman sword and the French steel; it was

tossed by the winds and tempests of revolutions; it felt the quickening heats of the Reformation; its fruits were borne over the ocean into distant regions, and they have sprung up among us. The old stock is flourishing here under brighter suns in its tender and rapidly-growing renewed life. We cannot forget this if we would, nor would we if we could.

But while we cannot lose sight of the origin of English literature, and while we would draw continual strength and nourishment from those original springs, yet we do also recognize the possibility—and, more than that, the hopefulness and the great desirableness—of the growth of a true American literature. The literature of the English language in all ages has been characterized by movement, change, the evolution of new, vigorous life, if not always by actual progress. The varied and composite nature of the language itself has favored this. Coleridge classified English literature into three epochs: from Chaucer to Dryden, from Dryden inclusive to the end of the eighteenth century, and from that time to the present. In estimating the characters of these epochs, it will be seen that the advance has been in the manner of a rotation,

like that of a vast cyclone, sweeping and gathering in new qualities of power as it progresses, but ever turning on a moving axis. New ages of thought and elements of progress, having one organic life, yet highly dissimilar in their outward aspects and manifestations, have ever been characterized by great representative minds, such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Wordsworth, that have formed the turning-points in the history of English literature; for in them have revived in fresh forms the old creative power. What could be more unlike than the literature of the reign of James I. and that of Queen Anne, or the age of Puritan ascendancy in England and that of the Restoration? and yet there were great writers in the lowest and least creative of these periods. The age of Swift, Steele, Addison, Defoe, Pope, was no puny age; but yet, what was it compared with the epoch that produced a Bacon, a Hooker, a Shakespeare?

And a greater age may not only precede, but follow, a lesser; so that there seems to be an endlessly recreative power in English literature. It is the literature of progress and free ideas. Unlike the Latin and Greek, which have reached their culmination, and which are incapable of the least change—or even the French, which, with its gravitating tendency toward Parisian French, and its aversion to all dialectic freedom and expansion, seems almost to have come to its farthest possible limit of improvement, not only in style, but thought—unlike these, we ought to expect that, as the Anglo-Saxon, or we might say the Anglo-American, race, advances and assimilates other nations, cultures, and languages to its own civilization, its language will continue to show changes, to acquire new forces, to enrich its treasures of words and ideas, and, on the whole, to gain power and beauty as an instrument of the thought and spirit of the race.

In regard to the outlook of modern literature, while, in some respects, there is a decided advancement, yet it seems to us that the English language at the

present day has lost something of its old spirit and strength; that it has become more formal than instrumental, more of the character of an end than a means. The language of writers belonging to the best epochs—of the last half of the reign of Elizabeth, for example—was a plastic instrument in the hand of the writer; he regarded less the form than the thought; he strove to express himself, not hide himself in language; he had a *soul*, and considered himself to be of more importance than the dressing of his soul—his language; hence the spiritual richness, the *lactea ubertas*, as Quintilian calls it, of the writing of that period, not only of the greatest writers, but of the lesser dramatists and the later writers, such as Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, and, above all, Milton in his prose. Notwithstanding the extravagant mixture of classical words and Latinisms in their style, those writers used language as primarily subject to thought. And to this same period, or circle, of the English language,—in which, however false the thought and burdened the style with learned words and conceits, the language was more noble, individual, spiritual, than it now is,—to this period, such original writers as Bunyan, Swift, Defoe, belong. The air is fresh and spicy, the winds blow free and boisterous, and there is bold movement, life, and power.

Another marked distinction which may be mentioned between the ancient and modern styles is, that, in the older writers, or the greatest of them, the representative quality—the imagination—had free play, which gave the style its creative energy; while the period in which we live, or, at least, the last half century of it, more peculiarly represents the literature of knowledge; it marks the development of a scientific age; it is a critical rather than a creative period; and while this condition brings with it some positive improvements of style, such as precision, analytic fineness, realness, logical method, yet, in other respects, the language loses some of the great qualities of the former period,

such as vividness, vital beauty, originality. Mr. John Stuart Mill remarks—we think rather dogmatically—"Nearly all the thoughts which can be reached by mere strength of original faculties, have long since been arrived at; and originality, in any high sense of the word, is now scarcely ever attained but by minds which have undergone elaborate discipline, and are deeply versed in the results of previous thinking; and it is Mr. Maurice, I think, who has remarked on the present age, that its most original thinkers are those who have known most thoroughly what has been thought by their predecessors; and this will always henceforth be the case."

There is, however, at the present day, in some departments of literature, a great gain in the direction of a richer subjectivity of thought. This, doubtless, we owe to the wonderful analysis of Germany, which is penetrating and influencing all kinds of literature. Indeed, some of the second-rate novels now, and those written by women (the best novels we have are by women), would have made a brilliant reputation in the last century. They could not have been written in the last century. A deeper consciousness has been opened. Walter Scott, with his peerless superiority in every natural and objective element, is a child, compared with some modern writers, in grasp of character, in the psychology of temper, motive, and action. Novel-reading is the curse of this age; but it is also, in some points of view, a power of instruction, and even of good. Love of fiction is not necessarily the love of what is false; it may be the love of what is true, or truer than the common reality. It may be a desire to satisfy a real want, or a true ideal that springs from the deepest instincts of the soul. This may not be a pronounced feeling in the case of novel-readers generally, especially of the younger class, who read only for amusement and excitement; but it has its influence in leading many to read works of the imagination, where the air is keen, where the sentiments have a clear play, and nature has some chance

to breathe and live. Yet this can be said of but few novels; for oftener a totally *false* ideal is set forth, one below instead of beyond the true one, perhaps wholly "earthly, sensual, devilish." A true novel is a work of art, and must be based upon truth; it is something that may be true, if it is not. It is the heart's beautiful hope, the brave struggle, the victory of love and faith, the golden, unclouded peace. And is not this sometimes realized in actual life? Can the best fiction that ever was written come up to the heroism, sorrows, rewards, and joys of the soul itself? But a good novel, made by a true artist, who has studied nature with the intuition of genius, and who loves man and loves God, is a good thing; and we need not go to the Jean Paul Richters, or the marvellously skilful but subtly materialistic Berthold Auerbachs of Germany, for such; we can find them nearer home. Fiction blossomed late in England, and the better and deeper tone of the best modern form of this kind of literature was long in reaching its present perfection; in which, what once belonged to the separate and distinct schools of humor, morals, romance, and the drama, seem now to be all blended.

In attempting to say a word characteristic of the features of modern English poetry, we will quote a few sentences from Ruskin as our text. "Of modern poetry, keep to Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Lowell, Longfellow, and Coventry Patmore, whose 'Angel in the House' is the most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern domestic feeling; while Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh' is, as far as I know, the greatest poem the century has produced in any language. Cast Coleridge aside, as sickly and useless; and Shelley, as shallow and verbose; and Byron, until your taste is fully formed, and you are able to discover the magnificence in him from the wrong. *Never read bad or common poetry*, nor write any poetry yourself; there is, perhaps, rather too

much than too little in the world already." Some sense and much nonsense are mixed up in this passage. Who, forsooth, will obey the unqualified command to "cast Coleridge at once aside?" While some of his poetry is like metrical metaphysics, his "Ancient Mariner" is

"... of imagination all compact."

And Shelley, notwithstanding his blasphemous ravings, is not to be snuffed out by Mr. Ruskin's dictum. The spirit, the *pneuma* of poetry, floats through his verses as through one of Beethoven's symphonies. It is the rare and indefinable music of poetry. The advice, also, to stick to reflective poetry and to avoid the drama, sounds strangely when we consider that the English mind is essentially dramatic, and that its highest poetic expression is to be found in dramatic literature.

But the suggestion of the critic, that "one should never read bad or common poetry," is sound; since poor poetry teaches us nothing, while it desecrates the noblest of our mental sensibilities, the love of the beautiful and the true.

Prose deals with facts, while poetry deals with ideas and feelings, the mind's blossom and perfume, the rarest and most beautiful thing about it. If not the best, then poetry is worse than nothing—it is a scentless or nauseous weed.

Prose, indeed, cares more for the fact than the form; but poetry is naught without the form; and Wordsworth himself, whose pet theory was to treat the form as worthless in comparison to the truth or thought which it enshrined, is held by the best judges to owe his chief charm to the wonderful fitness, melody, and grace of his diction. Coleridge says: "Prose is words in their best order, while poetry is the best words in their best order." Poor poetry, therefore, is like unripe fruit, neither good for the sight or taste.

Poetry is the choice fruit of that power of the mind which reproduces objects, even the most familiar, in such a loving, true, and yet uncommon light of feeling, as to awaken universal sym-

pathy and delight. It is not the production of ordinary sympathy or merely sensuous emotion, but of noble feeling, of admiration, joy, heroic passion, love, or of unselfish hatred, indignation, sorrow. The poet, dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love, awakes these passions in the hearts of those who hear or read him; as Tennyson's best poetry touches powerfully, though delicately, the purest springs of love, loyalty, duty, sacrifice, the hidden life. If our standard or measure of a man's greatness is what we ourselves get from him of new power and suggestion, then Tennyson is a great poet. He has not only clothed thought in as perfect and musical forms of words as any poet has done, but he has had true thought springing from true feeling. The imagination, roused by and reacting upon the emotions, is the chief factor of such noble and true poetry. This penetrating quality enters into the interior of things, grasps their secret, creates them anew; and thus we call the products of the imagination, *ποίησις*, poetry—something made. It is pure invention. It does not copy, but creates. It does not simply recall, or recollect, but re-presents—bodies forth in new forms the subjects of its perception, memory, thought. It creates through that divine power which seizes upon the universal principles of things, and which awakens universal sympathy. It works, in fact, by love, "holding all things by the heart." By this sympathy the poet becomes a seer; and if he does not thus see the interior truth, he is no poet, and had better doff his singing-robes and put on honest broadcloth. The poet is, in fact, the highest intelligence, almost prophetic; not, indeed, the scientific intelligence—for he sees more by the intuition of feeling than by the process of intellectual perception and analysis—but rising above science, entering into the invisible heart of things, and using science as his servant. Poetry thus, as the pure product of the imagination, calling up new creations out of the old, does not represent the superficial mind, or the mere simple

truth, but the deeper insight, the spiritual truth, come at by subtler combinations and by pure force of contemplation and feeling.

Now judge the present age by these standards, and who are the poets? Who speak to the universal heart? Who put forth in any high or sustained degree this divine creative energy of the imagination, like the great ones of the past? The present age is not to blame because it does not produce a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or because its intellectual force mainly runs in other and more practical channels. Wordsworth, the greatest poet of the period, has but just passed away, and the world can afford to live upon the fresh productions of his genius for a while longer. He is the creator of a new era. This has been called the Tennysonian age, but it is more truly the Wordsworthian age, of poetry; for the reformation in the right direction, which was begun by Cowper and Burns, Wordsworth perfected, bringing into poetry higher elements of beauty. He introduced the love and the loving study of Nature, freeing poetry from the tyrannical conventionality of a former period; and once more poetry went forth into the fields, climbed the mountains, breathed the pure air of their heathery summits, and became the playmate of cloud, rain, lightning, the flowers, the streams, the winds. He found once more the fountains of life. He made poetry the language of common life and of common nature, as well as the instrument of thought and of the affections. He stooped to sing the humble daisy of the meadows,

"Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which love makes for thee."

And he touched his harp to strains in which a higher spirit than nature moved in praise of Duty:

"And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong."

Tennyson followed in the track of Wordsworth, but with less of that large vision which reads the universe, though with a more genuine sympathy with the

human heart. Keats was a rich poet; but he, too, with all his tropical growth of luxuriant fancies, was but a fragment broken off from the mountain-mass of Wordsworth. Robert Browning has apparently struck out for himself an independent path; but it is a question whether his original power as a poet is not enfeebled by his growing tendency to philosophy, leaving the sweet familiar paths of true poetry. Nothing is to be more honored than metaphysics in their right place; but, with their abstruse conceptions, *their* place is surely not in the living products of poetry, even if it may be in the studies and contemplations of the poet.

Some of the younger poets of the day, as, for example, Arthur Hugh Clough, William Morris (we don't mention Swinburne, because we have not read him), and, in some respects, Matthew Arnold, represent a peculiar phase of poetry—that of a high culture—wherein, as in golden channels of classic language, deeper and bitterer currents flow, like the foaming dark wine of the vintage, in which a marked and prophetic though often destructive energy is shown. The bold doubt, the vague, voluptuous naturalism of sentiment, the ironical spirit of an unsatisfied thought, are mingled with what is noble, delicate, and freshly beautiful. Fitfully and wildly breathes the music from the strings, now sweet, now harsh, now low, now loud, now airs from heaven, and now wails from hell.

William Morris is assuredly the most original poet whom these days have seen, if not also in many respects the most remarkable. He sings simply because he loves to sing, like the woodthrush in the deepening shadows of the summer even. On his easily-sustained and abounding outflowings of song, as if they came from an exhaustless source, the mind of the reader floats as do birds of calm on the gently-heaving deep, peaceful because calm. He resembles Spenser in the opulence of the creative faculty, although he is rightly compared for freshness and nature, for a certain morning light of purest poetry, to

Chaucer. But why does he sing? Does he sing with the high and spiritual intent of Spenser? Does he sow seeds of healthy life, as Chaucer did, in the heart of the age? Does his poetry, like Tennyson's, make men better, stronger, purer? But we have the earnest hope that, in the future, this remarkable and sweet poet will develop higher qualities and a nobler and truer moral purpose.

The age needs a divine *afflatus* to purify and tone it, to drive from it the heavy, obstructive spirit of denial, which is always barren in the greatest literary production, and to bring back again hope, love, awe, joy, in which Art can alone flourish, and even for any time maintain itself. It seems as if there were needed, in the poetic thought of the age, a certain robust objective strength, a simple repose on the firm things of nature and spirit, and less of brittle and attenuated sentiment. Better the old bards who flung forth out of their burning hearts their terrible burdens upon corrupt cities and nations, or who sang of mighty wars and bloody battles, rejoicing in the stormy elements of real life and passion, than the everlasting wall of unrest and of self-consuming distrust. While we recognize the rich depth and new intense interest of this highly intellectual poetry, moving almost entirely in the realm of pure thought, yet we believe the tendency to be not altogether a healthful one, and we fear that our poets are getting away from the living fountains of inspiration, and are on the way to barrenness and disappointment.

In regard more especially to the form that modern literature has taken, there are also notable changes going on; and since the character of the age and its pursuits are reflected with exactness in a language so flexible and impressionable as the English, and since every age has its own work to do and its own position to take in regard to the problems of life and duty, should we not expect to find some element in the language peculiar to the times? In the manner of speaking and writing there are significant indications of this truth.

The vast mental activity and practical energy of the age make themselves felt in all the forms of speech. Style is rapid. Men have no time to deal in lengthy discourse. The literature that packs much in a small space, that is the literature that sells—that is read; and it almost seems a question whether there will be many more extremely bulky and elaborate books, or whether our literature will not come to be that of the magazines and journal exclusively; and, indeed, already some of the best as well as the worst writing we have, is to be found in the newspapers; it is good because it is real, practical, condensed.

The late war, while for the time being it extinguished literature, because men had something of more importance to do than even to write—the war sowed seed potential of great things in literature. It ploughed under the surface. It freed the national mind from narrow, false, and oppressive ideas, and introduced a manly spirit into all departments of literature. Style is concentrated and invention quickened. Thought has grown bold, and the sympathies are widened and filled with a new spirit of universal hope. One of the obvious faults of style however which this new state of things has brought with it, is the tendency to a sensational writing; and in the very mechanism of style itself, instead of the calm sweep and the long, pliant, and rhythmical sentences of the earlier writers, there is the short, spasmodic, and interjectional style, each sentence standing by itself, and thus, if not weighty, proclaiming its own barrenness.

If we should attempt to speak more comprehensively of the false tendencies of modern literature, we would say that it seems to be losing that spiritual element in which the English language has always been rooted, and from which it has drawn its vital power. It is becoming too much the language of the intellect rather than of the heart, keenly and nervously fine; and it has less and less of that calmness in which there is strength, and that completeness which always comes from a simple and

healthy moral tone. It fails in the great qualities of genialness and repose. In many English and American writers who ape the most perverted schools of Germany and France, how little do we see of the sweet, wholesome humor, and the hearty and sound sentiment of the best English writers and humorists, such as Scott and Charles Lamb, Thackeray and Dickens.

But, at the same time, to this ebb there is also a flow, and a decided improvement in many respects. The language, as a whole, we believe, is written and spoken with more significance and force than Addison wrote and spoke it. It is true that Dryden, Addison, Steele, Pope, and the writers of that age, in some subordinate qualities improved the language, and introduced an easier, more purely idiomatic and graceful style than the cumbrous ornamental diction of the preceding age; but, nevertheless, for models in all the incomparably higher and more vital qualities of style, the present day goes back of Addison and his period to a greater age. The best modern English writers have come, in many particulars, nearer to the style of the English Bible, and of Bacon and Shakespeare, than the Queen Anne writers, or any of the writers of the last century. There was not a writer of the moral vigor and rugged picturesque beauty of Motley in all the so-called "Augustan age" of English literature. Where can be found purer English than in the sermons of F. W. Newman, or, in truth, of the brothers Newman? What classic elegance in the style of Walter Savage Landor, what vitality in Charles Kingsley, what magnificent rhetoric in De Quincey, what strength in Carlyle! In fact, every body now writes and speaks stronger and better English than those who wrote and spoke a hundred years ago. The great writers, it is true, were in the past, but the great number of good writers and speakers will be in the future.

And in the future of our own country, what may we not look for as science, the arts of legislation and gov-

ernment, the deeper appreciation of the principles and philosophy of history, the cultivation of the æsthetical arts, and the more purely literary and humane training of the mind in our colleges and higher schools of education, make advance. The influences of a more thorough culture are already beginning to be seen in recent American writers upon English philology, history, philosophy, the natural sciences, and the criticism of art. The peculiar and almost novel field of philosophic critical travel has nowhere been better illustrated than in the elegant pages of Hillard's "Italy," and the artistic, lifelike sketches of such writers as Story and Howells. That such books are written and read, shows that a finer spirit is beginning to diffuse itself throughout the national mind, and we cannot but hope that this culture is becoming itself more genuinely national, original, and home-bred—less and less dependent upon foreign influences and a foreign civilization. The peculiar simplicity, breadth, and freshness noticeable already in American art, will doubtless show itself in American literature—the calm consciousness of strength, the loving spirit of a nation at peace with itself and the world—of a nation that has mastered its deadliest foes, its meanest passions, its wrong, vanity, pride, hate.

But where and whence is the *great poet* to come, for whom we have been so long and anxiously looking, as for some marvellous planetary phenomenon that wheels into vision once in ages? If such a one come at all, he will not be, we fancy, a star in the East, where many planets are now shining in serene splendor, but a star in the West. The great poet of our country will spring up somewhere in the central territories, in some one of those beautiful valleys in the neighborhood, or, perhaps, on the other side, of the Rocky Mountains, where the skies are clearer, nature larger, life freer, more sympathetic, and more national. There he will read the scrolls of heavenly wisdom under purer lights, and in the heart of a mightier and younger civilization. Youth and

hope will be his. He will be far enough inland, to be Continental, to be cut off from Europe; and, it may be, near enough to feel something of the air that blows from the old original sum-

mits of inspiration, from Asia, from the birthplace of the race and of song. He will, at all events, be a true product of American soil, American ideas, faith, and aspiration.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

VI.

THE PLEASURE MONTH.

AFTER Commencement Dick made up a gay party for his new yacht the *Nautilus*, which sailed from Boston for an island off the coast of Maine.

The Cuban heiress went, accompanied by her brother Señor Oredo, and Helena Maynard went also as one of the bridesmaids of a bridal party. Miss Bella Prescott's nominal protector was her brother Dick, but her escort of course was Mr. Paul Mallane.

The real history of that pleasure month off the coast of Maine cannot be written in words; for with some of its actors it was all lived in heart-throbs, in thrills of joy, in deep stabs of pain, and while these must be lived they can never be told. After a sunny voyage the *Nautilus* rested in a quiet cove, and its festal party retreated to a summer cottage on the island open for guests. But this was only a partial retreat, where they slept and sometimes eat,—their holiday was spent in the open air.

They fished and boated, rode and drove; picnicked, loitered, and rested, after the fashion of all pleasure parties; and in the sultry July nights the gentlemen swung hammocks from the trees and went to sleep under the stars. The island was full of lovely and lonely haunts, where Nature wrought her delicious alchemies alone, and only her voices were heard.

Her crickets piped in the long waving grasses; her birds twittered to each other from their solitary boughs; her waves ran up and talked with the rustling sedge and pearly pebbles on the shore, and there were none to molest or to make them afraid. What wonder

that beauty and youth, that love and romance, discovered these unaccustomed haunts, and made them their own!

What roads were those running through cool forests, bordered by broad beds of fragrant fern, walled and festooned with wild vines, roofed with panoplies of interlacing leaves through which the midsummer sunshine twinkled in stars! And what paths were those winding through groves of cedar and spruce and pine, ending at last on the sheltered beach, where you might sit and rest while the waves of the ocean played with the shells at your feet. I must believe that God meant such a spot as this for love and rest, and for that serene content which is the fulness of peace. But since sin has come into His world, wherever His creatures go, goes also discontent, unrest, and that mighty yearning of the heart for what is not, and for what cannot be, which so often destroys the satisfaction of all present possession.

Thus, excepting the newly-married pair, who were thoroughly in love and wholly absorbed in each other's society, it is doubtful if in all Dick Prescott's gay party there was one who at heart was perfectly satisfied and happy. Where half a dozen human beings meet and mingle, and the give-and-take of society is going on, it is curious and often sad to watch the subtle forces which move them; the secret passions which draw them together, and drive them asunder; which make them love and hate, misjudge and wrong, bless and destroy each other!

Dick and his Cuban heiress were probably the best contented of the company. For he had Delora entirely to

himself, and although she did not care a fig for him, she was too indolent to trouble herself about any body else. In a sort of a sleepy way she admired the Señor Malane, but it did not annoy her at all to see him constantly by the side of another, while her own *cavalier servante* was so exclusively devoted, that he anticipated all her desires, and saved her the exertion of thinking at all. Thus she had nothing to do but to enjoy; to drink in all light and warmth, all odor and sound through her luxurious senses. Her most positive emotion was manifested when the wind swept cool from the sea; then she would shudder in her thick wrappings of India shawls, and wonder "how people *could* live so near the North pole." Her brother, the Señor, was not quite as content. This dark Don had conceived a positive admiration for the white beauty of the Massachusetts blonde; her vivacity was in pleasant contrast to his own heaviness, and charmed him exceedingly.

Paul, who was in no way oblivious to the Cuban's admiration, redoubled his own attentions through sheer rivalry; otherwise he would certainly have conferred at least half of them upon Helena Maynard.

But as he graphically expressed it, "with that confounded Spaniard always about," Miss Prescott received his almost exclusive devotion, and Helena Maynard and Señor Ovedo were left to make the most of each other. The latter was not devoid of a latent admiration for her Cleopatra-like beauty, which might have been greatly enhanced if she had taken the slightest pains to please him, which she did not do. Helena had devoted years to flirting and was tired of it, and now the real passion in her heart admitted of no room for pastime.

Besides, the Don was heavy and slow both in thought and movement, with a positive preponderance of the senses in his organism; just the style of man which she did not admire. Helena, though a belle, was also a Blue, and was much vainer of her intellect than of her beauty. Yet the mental cleverness on which she prided herself was that por-

tion of her being to which Señor Ovedo was perfectly oblivious. He could appreciate mirth and vivacity like Miss Prescott's; but real intellectual acumen in a woman was a power of which the Señor had no comprehension. Thus the finest quality of a Boston belle was all lost upon the dull Don. Miss Maynard had the mortification of perceiving that the man who escorted her, could only regard her as a fine animal to admire or as a pretty toy to entertain him. Her most brilliant repartees quickened in him no like response; the little glancing arrows of her wit flew all about him—yet he did not seem to see, much less to feel them, although it was very evident that he saw with perfect distinctness the saucy curls dancing under Bella Prescott's little hat. It was very aggravating to be doomed to such a companion, even if he were a rich and high-born Don—while she saw constantly before her eyes, wasting his brightness on "that silly Bell Prescott," a young man whom she admired, yes, much more than admired, although he advanced many lawless ideas, and did not believe in the New Testament miracles.

The charming discussions which she had anticipated with him, which her imagination had presented to her so many times with all the poetic accessories of summer woods, and of the sighing sea blending with gentle tones and tender looks and soft silences, did not take place. In these discussions the young lady had intended to have taken very orthodox grounds against Paul's Spinoza. Paul was all the more interesting to her for his religious unbelief. It was very becoming to a clever young man to be sceptical; it indicated an original and investigating mind; but she as a woman must of course believe in the Bible. Besides being safer, it was much pleasanter to do so; it enabled her to be in one sense a missionary and a defender of the Faith to this erring youth, who was audacious enough to question Moses and the prophets. But contrary to all her expectations Helena found very slight opportunity for setting Paul right in the Christian faith. Purposely he

seemed to keep himself remote from her. Yet not a day passed but she witnessed some act of his which seemed more than she could bear. He and Miss Bella had a fashion of separating from the remainder of the party, and of wandering away by themselves. Often, some unexpected turn in the road brought the Don and Helena into the presence of this devoted pair, and a pang like a stab would strike through her heart when she beheld the fair hair of her rival crowned with flowers by the hands which she loved. Or when she saw the eyes whose meaning looks were so dear to her, turned upon the trivial face before her in apparent unconsciousness of her presence, something very like hate swelled in her breast toward the aggravating creature who had come between her and her supreme joy. How keenly she felt this hate one day when Bell called out in a tone of tantalizing sweetness: "O Helena! see these lovely wild flowers which Mr. Mallane has gathered for me! Do take enough for a bouquet!"

Any casual observer seeing Don Ovedo and Helena Maynard cantering side by side through those wooded roads would have thought them a perfectly stylish and satisfied pair. The light laugh that came back on the breeze, which each heard so distinctly, seemed in no way to break the tenor of their talk or to arrest their attention. Yet each heard it with a startling distinctness; and as they listened, each became more assiduously polite to the other, from the very consciousness one felt that he longed to go in search of that gay laugh, indeed that he was defrauded by its being bestowed upon another; and the consciousness the other felt that she hated it, with an almost irresistible impulse to rush on and take the place which she felt was her own beside Paul Mallane. Yet to a superficial glance they seemed perfectly contented, and were probably as well satisfied with each other as most people are who get together in this world.

At last there came to Helena a moment of triumph to set against her long days of waiting and disappointment. One evening, the last before they went

away, Paul asked her to walk on the beach. They walked slowly down the path winding through the fir-balsams, and Miss Prescott, sitting on the veranda, watched them as they went with no slight vexation of heart. Señor Ovedo was by her side, and his heavy countenance wore an unwonted degree of illumination at the unusual prospect of a tête-à-tête free from the presence of the handsome Paul.

The band on the lawn were playing the sweetest airs in *Il Trovatore*, yet the pretty blonde neither looked on her devoted cavalier, nor listened to her favorite music. There was no mistaking the pout on her childish lips, nor the look in her twinkling eyes, fixed for once, as they followed the two figures, now lost, now visible amid the trees, as they went slowly on toward the sea.

She knew it was said in their party that she and Paul Mallane were "a match," and hitherto appearances had been very positively in favor of such a supposition. This young lady had taken great delight in making the most of these appearances, yet in her secret heart she by no means felt sure of her conquest.

With all Paul's attentions she still felt dissatisfied. She knew that he had one sort of admiration for her; knew there were moments when she almost enthralled him; yet what came of it all? She never felt sure of her power. In the very midst of her spells did he not seem to slip far away, as if thinking of some one afar off? She knew that he had some positive motive for paying her so much attention, as she had hers in receiving it. What was it? He was her admirer certainly, but not her lover. Bell knew this certainly also, although she would not have owned it to any one else in the world but herself.

All this uncertainty concerning her own relation to Paul made her watchful and even suspicious of the slightest attention which he paid to another.

"What *is* there between him and Helena?" she soliloquized, as her eyes still followed the receding figures.

"There *is* something. If he were to deny it forever, I should not believe him.

I know he told me this very morning that she is not his style. But what of that? Why do they look so conscious whenever they meet, especially she? What a look she gave me, to be sure, the other day when I asked her to take some of my flowers! I knew that she would not touch one, unless to tear it to pieces the moment she was out of sight. For an instant she looked as if she would like to tear *me*. It was delightful. I love to torment her. Helena has queened it long enough. It is time that she should see somebody else admired besides herself. Why, she is twenty-five! I hadn't long dresses on when she came so near killing Dukehart. I remember Dick telling about it, when I was home at vacation, and of thinking how splendid it must be to have a very handsome man frantically in love with one. And I remember, too, how long it seemed before I should be through school and have my chance. Well, it has come at last. And I intend to make the most of appearances. I will have so much compensation for the real fact that my knight is not half so much in love with me as he seems. I will tease Helena every chance I get. I will have that consolation—no very satisfactory one, if I am to see them very often walking in this style. I'll pay you for this, *mon prince*, some day."

"Señor, will you walk with me on the beach? See, it is a perfectly lovely evening!" she asked in a pleading tone, as if a walk on the beach had been the one subject of her desire and of her meditation.

Nothing save a promise to become his wife could have made Señor Ovedo so happy as this unexpected request. It brightened his face wonderfully, and all the more that a moment since he had stood beside her perfectly disconsolate, because he could think of nothing whatever to say or do that would make the pouting blonde look less discontented.

THE FLIRTATION.

By this time Paul and Helena were slowly walking up and down the beach. The scarlet fires of sunset had gone out upon the sea, and lovely twilight pur-

ples ran along the waves, that plashed with a cool, sougling sound against the warm pebbles and shells on the shore.

This was the first time that Helena had been alone with Paul since their coming to the island, and they were to go away to-morrow! She realized it all, as she looked down at the Nautilus still resting in the cove below.

She fancied already that there was something of expectancy and of eagerness in its gay streamers as they rippled out to meet the home-sailing breeze. Then this was to be the end of the beautiful excursion which she had dreamed so vainly would give her heart not only rest, but certain joy!

The perfect days and nights had mocked her with their peace. They were burdened with their own content; while she, she was unrest itself, in her passionate longing for the love which she did not possess. She had trifled with plenty of hearts; she had even trampled on them, not maliciously, but heedlessly, even cruelly, because she did not care, and because her own time to love had not come. But she knew all about it; she felt it now, that exquisite torture of spirit, born of the neglect or the indifference of the one loved best.

For, mortifying as it was to her pride, cruel as it was to her love, there was no evading or forgetting the fact that he had neglected her; indeed, at times had seemed studiously oblivious of her existence. She could not forget this, although now he stood by her side, and talked with all his old-time familiarity and interest, just as if he had conversed with her every day since their coming in the same manner. Every word that he spoke only made her more keenly conscious of the companionship that she had missed; and they were to go to-morrow! She could not forget this. And as she looked again toward the Nautilus, she saw him already promenading the little deck, with Bella Prescott by his side, and she once more playing the farce which had grown to be so pitiful—that of appearing gay and happy with the Don. She had suc-

ceeded, she knew, and had hidden her torture from all eyes but his. She did not wish to hide it from him; she wanted him to know that she suffered for his sake. She would not humiliate herself before the world, for she was a proud woman; but the proudest woman is humble with the man whom she loves. In proportion as she prized her love as a very high gift, which many had fruitlessly sought to win, she took pleasure in making him realize that she had withheld it from all others, that she might lavish it wholly upon him! She was one of those exceptional women, by no means the most sensitive nor the most delicate-natured, yet romantic and passionate women, who do not wait to surrender their hearts in coy return to man's long wooing, but who choose rather the bliss to give them up unclaimed. She felt no maidenly shame that a man who had never positively sought her love, still should know that she loved him with all fervor and passion. She gloried in the thought that to him she gave her love: "As God gives light aside from merit or from prayer."

Yet, in proportion as she compared the gifts which she lavished upon him, with the scanty measure doled out to her in return, she suffered.

As she looked toward the Nautilus, Paul saw where her eyes rested, and divined their meaning, yet he asked:

"Why look so sad, Helena?"

"How can I look otherwise, Paul?" she answered, "when I remember that, to-morrow, the Nautilus will carry us from this lovely spot, and that this is the first time that you have walked with me, and must be the last? Why have you neglected me so utterly? As a friend, how could you treat me so unkindly?"

Something like compunction rose up in Paul as he felt the real pain which vibrated through her voice. But the haughtiest woman, when she makes a man conscious that she is dependent upon him for happiness, makes him feel also that he is her master, and in so much she loses something of her finest

power—the power which makes the unaccepted lover seek a woman's love as the supreme object of his desire, if only because it seems remote and almost unattainable.

Paul was man enough to know and to accept his advantage, and answered her accordingly in a wise, superior voice:

"Helena, you are too dear a friend for me to treat unkindly. I have only taken that course which seemed to me to be the wiser. You know, it is dangerous to our happiness that we should be much together. Your feelings run too deep to admit of the surface intercourse of society, at least with me. You know, when together, you and I always fall upon the most serious themes. If we begin away out in the universal, we always end in the personal. And your emotions are so absorbing, so magnetic—I may say, so tragic—they affect me very much; indeed, they wear upon me, and upon yourself, and you know we came here for rest and recreation. Do you know, I thought Don Ovedo a god-send to you. He is too sluggish to rouse in you any emotion whatever, so your whole nature has had a chance to rest."

"Rest!" Helena did not finish the sentence. A fine ripple of scorn ran along her scarlet lips, which would have broken into brilliant sarcasm if any one else had spoken thus to her.

There was nothing but the most painful anxiety in face and tone when she spoke again, and asked:

"Tell me the simple truth, Paul: what *is* there between you and Bella Prescott?"

"Nothing."

"You are *not* engaged to her?"

"No."

"Shall you propose to her?"

"I have not decided to do so."

"Do you love her?"

"No, I do not love her."

"Then, if she is only a friend, no more to you than I am, why are you hovering about her continually? Why do you pay her every attention, while you neglect me altogether? She does

not, she is not capable of loving you as I do, Paul."

"I know that, Helena, and I don't want her to love me *as* you do. It would oppress and torment me, if she did. You know you have grown to be exacting and melancholy. Bell is bright and amusing, and makes me forget unpleasant things. Your feelings have become so intense, that now you upbraid me whenever we are alone. When shared with others, I enjoy your society as much as I ever did; but I have spared myself all *tête-à-têtes*—acting on the rule I adopted long ago, whenever it is possible, to avoid every thing disagreeable."

Helena made no reply. But, as she looked on him, her memory reached back over their years of acquaintance, and took up a few of the numberless looks and words and deeds by which Paul Mallane at the first made himself attractive, then necessary, and, at last, infinitely dear to her. She could not forget that, when her heart was free, and she ruled a queen in her little realm, happy in the devotion of her willing subjects, that this young law-student, whose only prestige was his fine person and showy talents, looked up and made her preference the object of his special pursuit. And for what? Was it that, after he had made the attentions of other men seem to her insipid and spiritless—after he had won her heart, and he knew it—that he might neglect her for a girl as trifling as she was pretty?

True, he had never told her that he loved her. No, he had studiously impressed upon her mind the fact that he was only her friend. Then why had he taken the course and exerted just the influence which he, with his psychological knowledge, must have known would cause her to love him? And now that she did love him, her love was only irksome; it fretted and annoyed him! She had ceased to be the merely brilliant companion, and he had forsaken her because he wished only to be entertained! She would give her whole life to him, and he—he was not

willing to share with her one unhappy moment.

All this thought and emotion rushed through her brain and heart in conflicting tumult, and would have found utterance in burning words, only love made this high-strung creature timid. If she spoke at all, she knew how passionate would be her reproaches, and she saw before her a man who would not hear them. No, at the very first utterance he might rush from her presence; and only to stand so near him, and to gaze on him, sent a trembling delight quivering through all her pain. She looked on him as Venus might have looked on Adonis.

The moon, just coming up from the ocean, threw a shifting bridge of flame across the waves to their feet.

The air was full of shimmering radiance, and as it fell on Paul, it enveloped him in a halo which at once brightened and spiritualized his beauty. There was nothing effeminate in it. It was the beauty of rare stature and of symmetrical form. All the alluring charms of color trembled in the warm tints, contrasting and blending on lip and cheek, in the bearded bloom and in the deep shadow of his waving hair. Intellect, passion, and youth looked together from his eyes. As he gazed on Helena, unmistakable admiration brightened his whole expression, but not a ray of love kindled in its light. The same subdued atmosphere which spiritualized his beauty, softened hers, refining an outline which, in the coarser daylight, all lovers of a spirituelle loveliness would have called too strongly pronounced and positive.

Paul thought that he had never seen her look so beautiful before—and he never had. He had never beheld her through such a radiance, nor seen her when her whole being was moved with emotion and passion, and all for him!

The hood of the scarlet cloak which she had thrown over her white robe, had fallen from her head, loosening the jetty bands, which now rippled about cheek and throat. The passion in her heart had given a rich bloom to her olive

cheeks, and an intenser glow to eyes in which there seemed always to burn a half-smothered flame. There was every thing to move him—the breathing swell with which the scarlet mantle rose and fell; the dimpled hand which held it across her bosom; the Circean face turned up to his. As he looked, he felt a sense of oppression. Something in her seemed almost to stifle him, like the over-burdened atmosphere of a mid-summer noon. She increased his own unrest, because he found in her the same qualities which already existed to excess in himself. She could influence, she could oppress him; she could never soothe him, nor give him peace.

Yet she made a glorious picture, standing there in the moonlight beside the sea! And all this love and passion was for him! He could not forget this. He did not love her; but he was a man, and no man is ever insensible to the delicious flattery of a beautiful woman's love, even if he does not love her in return. The very thought, "She loves me," makes him unconsciously tender. As Paul looked into those brooding eyes, with their burden of unshed tears, he experienced a sensation half regret, half delight, that this impassioned creature, who had triumphed over so many men, was now suffering all this torture of love for him! "For me!" he thought, as he felt once more the consciousness so delightful to him, that he was gifted with an inherent power over women of the higher type. He was man enough and weak enough to be ambitious for this power, and vain when he had won it. It was very flattering, this picture before him. Vanity and sense were satisfied. When he spoke again, all loftiness had vanished from his voice. It was low and tender, as he said:

"Helena, if you could know how dear you are to me, how sincerely I desire to see you happy, you would never allow any seeming neglect to trouble you. It is not because I do not care for you, but because you have such power over me, that I do not trust myself with you oftener. You know why it is; we are

too much alike. We might love each other passionately, but it would always be a troubled, maddening love. Neither can give the repose which the other craves. Yet you *know* you are more to me than a hundred Bell Prescotts. You could think and feel more in one hour than she could conceive of in a lifetime. She entertains me—she keeps me from feeling too serious; but you are perfectly certain that she could never be to me the absorbing creature that you are. You know, before I tell you, that she is not at all the woman whose love could satisfy me. Indeed, I do not believe that she *can* love as you and I understand love, Helena."

The white hand rising and falling on the scarlet cloak—its tantalizing jewels, which seemed at once to mock and to allure him toward it—was here irresistible to Paul. He took it gently into his, that too willing, that too happy little hand.

And then that mysterious silence which falls on a man and woman only where one or both love; that subtle silence, so much deeper, so much more dangerous than all speech, covered them with its spell.

The sudden revulsion from anguish to triumph, from the most exquisite pain to the more exquisite happiness, for a moment seemed to Helena more than she could bear. In a calmer moment she would remember that no promise of coming happiness, no assurance of such a love as she yearned for, had been expressed in one word that he had uttered. But she was not conscious of this now; she only knew that he had said what she at this time had longed most and hoped the least to hear—that *she* was more to him than Isabella Prescott!—that, after all, Bell Prescott was only a pretty toy, that wiled him for the time to forget Helena Maynard's deeper power. He had acknowledged this power, and what was it but the power of love!

If he was compelled to shun her in order to find strength to resist it now, in time might she not win from him the utmost that she desired—his undivided

heart? At the very thought, she felt her own beat as if it would escape from her breast; her eyes grew more luminous, her face radiated a joy which no language could declare. Her whole being, brain, and spirit were eloquent with emotion. That moment there was a dangerous splendor in her beauty, an almost fatal magnetism in the hand which fluttered in Paul's. He slowly said:

"Bella Prescott is a pretty plaything, but you!"

That delicious sentence was never ended.

A light, mocking laugh broke through the cedars. Paul dropped her hand as if he had been struck. Quickly as he did it, the act was seen by the acute eyes of Bell Prescott.

The artless young lady, who had made it her business to approach very quietly, that moment appeared upon the beach, leading Don Ovedo by a handkerchief which she had tied to one of his wrists. With the most innocent air possible, she led the delighted and apparently demented Don up to the conscious couple, exclaiming, with all her usual *naïveté*:

"Helena, here's your prisoner. I have done my best to comfort him, and he is inconsolable. So I have brought him back to you."

Don Ovedo was too gallant a gentleman to deny this accusation in the presence of the lady for whom he was said to mourn. Nevertheless, he hardly knew how to bear this finale to the last heavenly half hour. When Bell Prescott tied her laced and perfumed handkerchief around his wrist, with so many bewitching glances, the Señor thought that he would like to have her lead him up and down forever, provided she would continue to look at him from under her lashes as she did that moment.

It was a sore disappointment to be led directly back to the handsome Miss Maynard. Pretty Miss Prescott not only entertained, she delighted him; how cruel of her, then, to doom him again to the overpowering company of *la petite duchesse*, just because she her-

self was uneasy out of the society of the handsome Yankee. Even the stupid Señor was bright enough to know this.

Other parties coming up, the company became general, to the great relief of Paul, who felt any thing but comfortable standing between two young ladies, to each of whom, during the last twenty-four hours, he had committed the pleasant little confidence that the other was not at all the style of woman that he admired, and, consequently, nothing at all to him!

Helena's love, so intense and real, had moved him to a half pitiful, half passionate tenderness which had not been simulated, therefore he did not find it easy to rebound instantly to the surface of Bell Prescott's chatter. She was the only one of the three perfectly unconstrained. At the sight of her, a pang of positive hate shot through Helena's heart. She could not bear the sight of the trivial face that had come once more between her and her joy. For the first time in all their intercourse the intensity of her feeling made her powerless to feign a kindness which she did not feel. She regarded Bell's intrusion as unpardonable, almost an insult. *She*, with all that she had suffered, had never broken in upon any of Paul and Bell's *tête-à-têtes*. She had been too proud and too respectful, at least toward him. The disgust and indignation which she felt were perfectly apparent upon her haughty features. Paul saw the expression, and it made him very uncomfortable. Isabella Prescott saw it, and the sight filled her with delight. Her gayety increased Paul's discomfiture. He by no means felt certain of so much unconscious artlessness. Somehow he could not rid himself of a mortifying consciousness, that, after all he had said to her of his non-admiration of Helena's "style," that Miss Bella did see him hold and then drop Helena's hand; for he remembered that his face had been turned from her, and that she and the Don were very near before he heard them at all. Was it to convince her that what she had seen meant nothing whatever, that, a few

moments after, he allowed her to obtain precisely what she had all the time intended to secure—himself as an escort back to the cottage?

Helena returned with the Don, the perfect bliss of a few moments before supplanted by a bitterness which could not be fathomed.

Was it true, or was it only a dream, that she stood with him alone, so near in person, so near in spirit, in joy so complete? Why had he been so near, now only to be so far—so far, that all the universe seemed to be between them?

Her keenest pain came from her distrust of him—from a stinging consciousness that, in some way, he was playing a double part between Isabella Prescott and herself. She could not forget, at the sound of Bell's voice, with what a shock he dropped her hand, nor how constrained he looked at the sight of Bell's face; nor, after all that he had said, how ready he had been to leave her and walk back with her rival.

Meanwhile, Bell, coquetting by his side, delighted with her triumph, was thinking as well of the lover-like attitude in which she had seen him stand by Helena—of the way in which he held her hand. "He is a flirt," she said, mentally. "When he finds an opportunity, he says the same fine things to Helena which he says to me; and, no doubt, says sweeter things to the shop-girl than he says to either. Never mind, Sir Knight! I shall punish you in the proper time."

Each girl distrusted him thoroughly, and each was affected according to her nature. Helena's tortured love cried out, and only loved him the more for its cruel doubts. Bell's piqued and angry vanity leaped out to the future, and foresaw his punishment and her own triumph.

As for Paul, he walked on perfectly conscious that, while he had spoken truth to both of these girls, he had been sincere with neither. After the evil in his soul had triumphed, his good angel always came back to him and told him, with tearful pity, just

how he had sinned. Some over-mastering bent of his nature was forever forcing him on to do that which he afterward regretted. For, no matter how far he was carried by impulse, his brain never let him commit any act unconsciously. He would do some ignoble deed, and then despise himself, hate himself, and resolve to do better. Yet he invariably went and did the same thing again, or something worse, if at the time it only pleased him so to do. Thus nearly the whole of his life had been spent in sinning against his better nature, and in hating himself for doing it.

An hour or two after the walk from the beach, Bell Prescott having seen the sleepy Dolores close her eyes for the night, turned to her mirror and commenced brushing out her curls and making pretty mouths to herself in the glass. But every few moments an expression would come over her face which contrasted oddly with her unthoughtful features. Yet it must have meant something positive; for at last she exclaimed: "Yes; he will do it yet! Then I will have my revenge. Bell Prescott, you can afford to wait."

At the same time Helena Maynard was sitting alone in an adjoining room. A candle was burning dimly on the table by which she sat, or rather leaned, her cheek resting on her hand. Her loosened hair fell over her white draperies and about her whiter face, its blackness making her beauty seem almost ghastly. She held one hand on her heart, and her breath seemed stifled, as if she were suffering physical pain.

"Retribution! retribution!" she said slowly. "I deserve it all. I trifled with Dukehart. I trampled on him, and he was a noble man; he was truth itself. I made him wretched; I shortened his days because he loved me. This is my recompense. Then, how was I to know that I could ever love like this? Had I known how a heart can suffer because it loves, at least I should have been pitiful, I should have been kind. I was cruel, and I take my reward. How true it is, that no wrong

which we do another can escape its penalty even in this life. Paul, Paul!"

Paul, who had refused Dick Prescott's invitation to play a game of billiards, was also in his room sitting alone in the dark. The glowing crest of his cigar revealed where he sat, leaning back in his chair, his feet on the low window-ledge. To turn away, to flee from whatever chafed or annoyed him, was an instinct of his nature. After the evening's experience, he was beginning to feel that both Bell and Helena teased him more than they amused him; and that moment he felt heartily tired of both, and glad that the pleasure-trip was nearly at an end. Beside, as he sat there smoking and thinking, he despised himself more and more, as he realized the pitiful subterfuges to which a man is driven, who, in order to retain a certain power over both, without loving either, acts a double part between two women. He realized, too, the pettiness of word and deed to which two women sink, who regarding each other as rivals, struggle against each other to possess the exclusive devotion of one man. Oh, the littleness, the bitterness, the misery born of rivalry, insincerity, and misplaced passion!

Paul made no ejaculations over it, yet felt conscious of it all. He liked to flirt—it was his favorite pastime; but the moment it merged into any thing serious, it ceased to amuse him, it fatigued and worried him, and then his supreme desire was to be well rid of it. He felt no compunction over Bell. "She is quite my match," he said to himself. "I must keep my eyes open, or the little minx will play me a game.

"But Helena! Who could have believed that love would so subdue *her*. And for me! How superbly handsome she looked on the beach. I think that I showed great self-command in only taking her hand. Yet I cannot love her. I will not marry her; she would torment me to death. But I'll stop treating her meanly. I am a scamp to do it, when she is so generous to me. Yet I could never help it, if Bell Prescott were near us. I believe there is a

devil in that girl. She certainly sets me to acting like one. There's something in her that calls out the worst in me. Confound it! How *did* she make me walk back with her to-night? I did not intend to do it. It was a shabby trick, leaving Helena after I had invited her to a walk. The trouble was, I had told Bell so many times, that Helena was not my style; and yet I *know* she saw me holding her hand and standing beside her like a lover; and more is the wonder if she did not hear me tell Helena the very same thing about herself, that she, Bell Prescott, is not at all my style; *that* was what I call 'a fix.' I was caught, sure enough; and served me right for being two-faced. Yet it is for my interest to keep Bell good-natured. She is a match. Once married, we could quarrel to our heart's content. It wouldn't hurt her, nor me either; she could go her way, and I mine. But that could never be with Helena; we should kill each other."

The longer he thought of each, the more weary he felt of both. He had been playing a part, and for the present, at least, was very tired of it. But it was a necessity of his pleasure-loving nature always to possess some object toward which he could turn with satisfaction, if not delight. In the same proportion that the complication between Bell and Helena grew annoying, came back the face which for weeks and months he had persistently banished. "This moment he did not resist it; he welcomed it. He was no longer amused, nor even pleasantly occupied. No, he was fretted and discontented, and the supreme mission of this face was to soothe and to satisfy. His restless heart yearned for something to rest on; and what in all his life had he found so sufficing as this face, with its promise of utter love, and of perfect peace? With the soft sea-air flowing over the pines it came in to him, with the old vividness, the old thrill, half wonder, half ecstasy which strikes through a man's being, when for the first time in his life he feels that he supremely loves.

"Darling, my brown-eyed darling,

I love you. You I will never deceive. To you I will be only true," he murmured, leaning forward, as if an actual presence came in through the darkness from the outer air, to whom he gave this greeting.

His mind was too wearied to assert its wise plans, his heart too eager to be denied. It might all be different to-morrow. But this night, at least, the dear vision remained with him, and Paul passed out into the realm of sleep, gazing into its eyes.

One week later, the *Nautilus* had folded its sails, and rested on the low tide below the *Charles*.

Dick Prescott and Dolores, Bell and Don Ovedo had gone to Saratoga. Helena Maynard was with her parents in their cottage at Nahant. Both girls thought of Paul more than of any body else; one with a latent hope, the other with a clearly defined and secretly avowed purpose.

Paul had written a long letter to Helena, in which he called her "dear girl" and "dearest sister." In this letter he sincerely intended to make some reparation for the subtle wrong which his conscience very clearly informed him that he had done her. The result was, that he made the matter worse by unconsciously causing himself to seem to her more noble and precious than ever before. Her reply was full of characteristic generosity. She exonerated him from the faintest blame. It was not *his* fault that he possessed so many manly qualities; so many mental and personal attractions that she could not choose but love him. She had been unreasonable, she had done him injustice. He must forgive her. She saw so distinctly now that his course on the island was pursued only for the good of both; a fresh proof of his fine sense of honor, and his kindly care for her happiness. She had chosen her future life. She should never marry. Life spent alone for his sake, would be dearer and happier than any life could be shared with another. She felt that hitherto her whole existence had been artificial and false.

She had lived to allure men; to win

their homage, to conquer them; yes, to trifle with them.

She should never do this again. She had ceased to care for admiration, and longed only for the love of one. She had been a great sinner, but had repented, and henceforth should live a life devoted to piety and good works. Like all women of her nature, weary of ambition, or disappointed in love, Helena turned for consolation to religion. She almost wished herself a nun, that she might retire to a convent for a season. But as it was, she should seclude herself from society; she should devote the winter to teaching in ragged schools, in visiting the poor, in attending meetings for prayer, and in writing articles for the magazines. Before Helena knew it, she found not only unconscious consolation, but real delight in these pictures of a new life.

For some way in the foreground of all she saw a very handsome young woman, whose strong beauty was subdued by a nun-like garb.

What was stranger still, not very far in the background there hovered a handsome young man. And there still lingered in Helena's heart, though she did not know it, a delicious hope that when the young man crossed the path of this beautiful sister of mercy, as he surely would, that he would succumb to the subdued eyes and the dovelike dress, as he never had done when she loved him and sought him in the apparel of the world.

AT BUSYVILLE AGAIN.

One week from the evening when Paul walked with Helena on the beach, the *dépôt-coach* of Busyville rolled up to the white house under the maples, opposite John Mallane's factories, and Paul alighted.

He had entered the gate, and was passing with quick steps toward the house, when he heard his name called with a clear, shrill cry: "Paul! Paul! pretty Paul!" Turning around, he saw Momo sitting in his cage in Seth Goodlove's window, and beside it, on a low seat, apparently busy with something before her, he saw Eirene.

She looked up when the coach stopped; but this same coach, with its roll and rumble and bustle of disburdening luggage and passenger had started Momo from his blinking meditation into this loud outcry, and she did not look up now. If Paul had been near enough, he would have seen that her cheeks were scarlet with blushes.

She saw Paul when he alighted, and Momo's cries filled her with consternation. "Oh Tilda," she said involuntarily; "*will* Mr. Mallane think that I taught Momo to call his name in such a saucy way?"

Whereupon Tilda commenced a lecture upon the folly of possessing a parrot, and the sin of caring *what* Mr. Paul Mallane thought, ending with an ejacu-

lation of pious gratitude that to-morrow morning was "camp-meeting morning," and then, she "blessed the Lord." This camp-meeting was her only hope of saving Eirene from destruction. The wolf had come, and she was ready to fly with her lamb to the arms of the Good Shepherd.

Meanwhile, Mr. Paul Mallane had disappeared inside of his father's house. He did so, saying to himself: "Can it be that she has taught that bird to call my name?" An instant afterwards he thought: "No. Confound it! It was the young ones. I remember, I heard them at it myself. But, I think that she might have looked up," he added, with a sense of injury. "She knew that it was I."

FULFILMENT.

SINK down the western sky, O summer Sun,
Folded in purple and in majesty;
Thy fiery color lives within my veins,
Thy noon of gold and warmth remains with me.

Die from the pendant boughs, O summer Wind,
Wake not the tremulous leaves to ecstasy;
Thy velvet wings droop to my throbbing heart,
And give thy slumberous, languid calm to me.

Fly from the golden swaying lily bell,
Reeling in riotous rapture, happy bee;
Thy murmurous sighs, thy sweet persuasive power,
Thy honey thirst insatiate, give to me.

Oh! still warm twilight hours, in misty peace
Draw near, stoop down in thy tranquillity,
Veiled in the dim gray shadows let me lie,
Till all of life and love abide with me.

I hear his step upon the meadow-grass,
My blood leaps madly like the heaving sea;
His arms enfold me; sight and sense are lost.
Ah, God! Infinity!

SHALL WE HAVE A MORE READABLE BIBLE?

We do not ask this question irreverently, but conscientiously; for there is no book that is so frequently printed as the Bible, none that is so universally read, none that is so highly prized, and none that is so badly printed. If we were asked to select a form for a book, to limit its influence and readableness, we should select the form in which our English Bible is almost universally published.

What other book is put before the reader in such guise? Here we have poetry printed as prose, and prose printed as poetry; long, involved, and compacted logical sentences cut up into epigrammatic forms; and simple, child-like narrative, which, in the original, flows as smooth and clear as a meadow-stream, dammed, rendered turbid and intermittent by innumerable obstructions of verses. In all other books the paragraph ends with the sense; in the Scriptures, whatever the sense may be, every line or two brings the reader to a halt. The sign of the paragraph is indeed prefixed, but it serves no practical purpose, and is a positive blemish. Should we dare to treat any other book so ill? Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe would never have outlived such "hewing to pieces before the Lord." Imagine Pope's "Iliad" printed as we print Isaiah! Dissect "Samson Agonistes" as Job is dissected! How long would they survive such mutilations? One half of our Scriptures is poetry—a poetry which brings its structure with it—a structure so strong and characteristic that it lives even in the prosaic moulds into which it has been run in our Bible. If read appreciatingly, the ear may catch the tones of the Hebrew Muse; but when the eye turns to see her fair form, it is marred beyond recognition. Before the hap-hazard, horse-back versification of Stephens every thing must give way—the current of

narrative, the glow of fancy, the chain of reasoning, and even the mechanism of grammar. And then, as if to aggravate the evils of these numerous and inept divisions, ever since the Geneva translation of 1557, each verse is set by itself—a jet of inspiration isolated like an apothegm.

Then, again, it is printed in narrow columns, as if it were a cheap novel or a newspaper; and these columns are "notched and scored to tally with the Concordance," or to suit the taste and convenience of commentators and controversialists. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* affirms that a very intelligent friend of his declared that "he never could comprehend the drift of the Epistle to the Romans, till he read it without the interruptions of chapter and verse, in Shuttleworth's translation." This man would be found to express the feelings of thousands, if they could once have his experience in reading Paul's great letter as Tertius wrote it, instead of reading it as printers, for the last three hundred years, have printed it. When James Murdock published his translation of the Peshito, an intelligent layman, "who had known the Scriptures from a child up," but had for forty years seen only its *disjecta membra*, as they lay scattered up and down the columns of our Bible, on reading that version in the paragraph form, said to us: "The Bible seemed like a new book to me; I couldn't get done reading it." We do not wonder at his enthusiasm, for until that day "remained the veil untaken away" in the reading of the New Testament. We are sure, if Dickens or Thackeray should be "got out" in our Bible-style, the people would very soon give up reading them, and no house in Boston or New York could command capital enough to make such an edition a success, whatever they might lavish on it

in the way of paper, binding, print, or illustration. They would fall still-born from the press, as they would deserve, and only bibliomaniacs would want copies as "curiosities of literature," and as waymarks along the road of folly. And yet, private publishers, and the Baptist Union, and the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the American Bible Society, print millions of such volumes, and distribute and sell them! Do you ask why the people buy them, and even read them? Because they know of no better Bibles; because there is nothing better within their reach in the market; because it is useful as a family register, and because it is the Holy Bible, indispensable to every well-regulated household.

Any one who has been a member of a family, or a visitor in a family where the Scriptures are read verse-about, cannot help knowing what a limping, halting process it is—how the sense was obscured, and all spirituality dissipated, by the verse-mutilations. The child invariably reads according to these divisions, dropping its voice, and, with it, the sense, at the end of each verse. Then, the next reader begins, not with the tone and inflection of continuity, but as if a new idea were introduced; and so on to the end of the chapter. It is hardly necessary to say that, in this kind of reading, "the Word of the Lord" has not the "free course" for which we are taught to pray; nor can it "be glorified" in such treatment. Or, if one has no such domestic experience as this, let him go to our schools, in which the Bible is a text-book, and mark how it is read, and it will be impossible to resist the conviction that the arbitrary division into chapters and verses is a very serious mistake. The persons who most need to be assisted in the reading of the Word, and to whom it should be made "sweeter than honey or the honeycomb," the young and the unlettered are they whose books are thus marred and maimed; while, for the Greek scholar, we print our Testaments as we print other books—dividing them by the sense and according

to the sense, and, in the printing, impart to them the appearance of other books.

But a few examples of these verse-divisions according to—what shall we say? not the sense, but, perhaps, the joltings of Robert Stephens' horse on the road from Lyons to Paris, will show how arbitrary and obstructive they are. Take a passage from Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, i. 4-8:

4. I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ;

5. That in every thing ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and (*in*) all knowledge;

6. Even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you:

7. So that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ:

8. Who shall also confirm you unto the end (*that ye may be*) blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, imagine this sentence, fervid in feeling, impetuous in movement, and logical in structure, parcelled out among five readers in the family or the school, and what must become of it? Or, suppose your reader is one and the same person, but unskilled, is it likely that he will get the same sense out of those five aphorisms, that he would get if they were printed in the following familiar form?

"I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ; that in every thing ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you: so that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Take another illustration; it shall be narrative instead of logical. Let it be from the vivacious Mark, and see how dull and prosaic these division-marks make him to simple folk. We select that animated parenthesis of the woman who had "an issue of blood." This

dramatic description is set before the reader in the following five acts :

Mark v. 25. And a certain woman which had an issue of blood twelve years,

26. And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse,

27. When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment.

28. For she said, If I may but touch his clothes, I shall be whole.

29. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up ; and she felt in (*her*) body that she was healed of that plague.

But perhaps no parts of the Bible will serve to set the infelicity of our verse-divisions more clearly before us than the parables of our Lord. Each parable is complete in itself—an organic whole. It is a picture, in miniature. Who would ever, from their internal structure, have thought of dissecting them into verses, any more than one would think of shredding a lily to get at its fragrance, or dividing into squares a Ruggles' gem to see its beauties ? Yet these "apples of gold in pictures of silver" have suffered, and are daily suffering, at the hands of our Bible-publishers, outrages which no one would dare to inflict on Æsop or Krummacher.

In the divisions into chapters, the same fatality to the sense often prevails. Sometimes these are so *mal-apropos*, that nothing but the reverence of the intelligent reader saves them from ridicule ; but what tends to excite the ridicule or contempt of the learned, may be a blind to mislead, or a barrier to stop the unlearned. In illustration of our remarks, take the story of the vision of the angel, as told in Joshua, chapters v. and vi. How does our Bible give it ? They cut it in two. One part is left in chapter v., and the other part is found in chapter vi., the fifth chapter ending with the edifying words, "Joshua did so ;" that is, took off his shoe. Of the full import of the narrative, the reader of the fifth chapter will know nothing ;

and the same is true of the reader of the sixth chapter. Unless read in connection, they cannot be understood. In Isaiah the dread significance of more than one of his "burdens" is obscured by these arbitrary interruptions. Each prophecy is a poem, and should be printed as distinctly by itself as a psalm of David. But the *Burden of Babylon* is cut in two—part is in one chapter, part in another ; while the *Burden of Palestina* is tagged to the end of chapter xiv. as an appendage to the *Burden of Babylon*. In chapter xxi., three distinct prophecies concerning three different countries are rolled into one. It would be far less misleading to print three psalms in one chapter, than thus to confuse and confound three prophecies. Of the same character is the cutting off of the twenty-first chapter of Acts from the twenty-second chapter. The former, like a sensation-novel published in parts, breaks off in the midst of the interest. The same offence is repeated at the end of the twenty-third chapter. Of course, no such unworthy motives influenced Stephens, who happily lived before the days of dime novels ; and it was only a heavier jolt, or a more hazardous stumble, that broke the thread of Luke's narrative in these most inopportune places. The Bible is a household volume, given to the people, and for private reading. It is read, and heard read, a dozen times as often as it is used for verifying quotations. Let it, therefore, be printed in the interest of the people, rather than in the interest of the polemic. What defence can be made for amputating the last part of the eighth chapter of Mark, and adding it to chapter ix. ? It is the conclusion of a most touching appeal, "the immediate jewel" of Christ's discourse. The man who perpetrated it, robbed the eighth chapter of that which did not enrich the ninth, and made the former poor indeed.

There is another change which, if made, would greatly improve our Bible, and greatly commend it to plain people—that is, in reference to the headings of the chapters. These "contents"

are of no more authority than are the divisions into chapters and verses, and yet they are as fully and as scrupulously printed as if they formed part of the inspired text. They are, if not a superfluity in themselves, yet, in their superabundance, they become such. In the issues of the American Bible Society, one of whose copies lies before me, it is safe to say that one twentieth of the matter consists of these "contents"—and this exclusive of the two running titles at the head of each page. In a volume so cumbrous and cumbersome as our Bible is when printed in small pica or long primer, this is a very serious waste of paper, type, labor, time, and money. In the matter of brief headings, a good lesson might be learned from De Wette's Bible, and also from the Bible published under the auspices of the Archbishop of Baltimore, in 1837. The latter, for instance, sums up the contents of Psalm v. in one line; the American Bible Society in five lines—and italics at that. The phraseology of these headings is as antiquated and as obscure as the language of the chapters which they summarize; and therefore they not only hide the true light, but not unfrequently hang out a false one. When it is said, at the beginning of 1 Cor. i. 1-6, that "the Corinthians must not vex their brethren in going to law with them, especially under *infidels*," the common reader is liable to two misapprehensions: one arising from his associations with "vex," and the other with "infidels." In reading the text, he finds that "to vex" is to harass, not to provoke; and that "the infidels" are simply persons who were not members of the Church. In the caption to the thirteenth chapter of this same letter, he is informed that, in verse 18, he will find something about "the prelation of charity before hope and faith;" and in turning to the passage, he learns that, of the three graces, faith, hope, and charity, the *greatest* is charity. We read the headings of Eph. v., and are told, under verse 7, "not to *converse* with the wicked," but, in the text, there is nothing said of *talking*

with bad men. Now, it may be replied that every body knows that "converse," in Scripture phraseology, means intercourse. But the common people do not know it; children do not know it; the people for whom Bible societies are founded do not know it; and it is for just these persons that we demand this better Bible.

Then, too, some of these heads are inept, because so highly figurative. For example, 1 Cor. iii. 2: "Milk is fit for children;" v. 7: "The old leaven is to be purged out;" xiv. 1: "Prophecy is commended and preferred before speaking with tongues, by a comparison drawn from *musical instruments*;" xvi. 16: "He shutteth up his epistle with divers salutations;" Eph. vi. 18: "The complete armor of the Christian, and how it ought to be used." With one exception, these are a few random selections from a single letter. Their absence would be better than their presence.

But a more serious objection to these summaries is their doctrinal bias. Rom. iv. 1 tells the reader that "Abraham's faith was *imputed* to him for righteousness." Rom. viii. 29 teaches us to look for the "*decrees of God*." In Eph. i. 4-6 we are informed that Paul "treateth of our *election and adoption by grace*." Now, all these words have the genuine dogmatic ring. Some of them, it is true, are found in the text, but, in their technical sense, they belong to theology as a science, and to a particular school of theology—Calvinism. If the Bible, "without note or comment," is the Protestant standard, then these summaries are a violation of the Protestant principle; and an undenominational society publishing them is guilty of a breach of trust. For example: suppose that, in Luke xiii. 8, instead of "Christ preached *repentance* upon the punishment of the Galileans and others," the Bible Society should put the Douay heading, "*The necessity of penance*," what an excitement would be roused against such a concession to papistic notions. The Bible is emphatically the people's book; and the masses need it, and deserve it, as near as possible to the one

which "the common people" heard so gladly from the Saviour's lips.

Again, we think our English Bible might be very much improved and popularized, by relieving the present translation of its superfluous words—its verbiage, shall we say its verbosity? It is well known, though far from universally known, that the italicised words form no part of the original and authoritative text. The translators conscientiously and charitably introduced them to guard the reader against misapprehension, and to explain and render intelligible foreign idioms. The error is in the excess, and a judicious pruning of this part of their work would add to both the beauty and the strength of our excellent version. Taking all these italics along with him in his daily reading, "the unlearned" gets a conscience concerning them, and superstition becomes twin-sister to knowledge. The *textus receptus* is encumbered in the same way, and has been a sad grievance to the critical student. Take, for example, the addition of words to strengthen or to explain a sentence. The italicised words are wanting in the older MSS.

Matt. xiii. 51: "*Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things?*" Mark iii. 5: "And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored, *whole as the other.*" The copyist seems to have added these last words to show how exactly complete the miracle was. Mark v. 40: "He entereth in where the damsel was *lying*, and he took the damsel by the hand, and said, * * * Arise; and straightway the damsel arose." Though verse 42 makes it clear that the dead child was in a prostrate position, the copyist, fearing that a doubt as to the posture might spring up in the reader's mind before reaching the 42d verse, inserted "*lying.*" These copyists, who were the old printers, loaded the Greek text with their cheap and superfluous additions; and the translators, who are the modern copyists, have superadded their superfluous and cheap English additions; and, from under this double covering, the

Word of God gives forth, in many places, but a muffled sound.

In some cases, a difference of idiom requires an additional word. For example, we cannot say intelligibly, and in good English, "The Lord openeth the blind." We must add "eyes," and therefore our translators render Psalm cxlvi. 8, "The Lord openeth the *eyes* of the blind." But they are not so fortunate in their addition to verse 8. "Nor" rather hinders than helps. It teaches that there are two classes of persons in whom men are tempted to trust, "princes" and "the sons of men," and suggests a climax of ideas in which "a son of man" is a more trustworthy reliance than a "prince." The Douay version is better, because it puts the two phrases in apposition, thus contrasting man with Jehovah.

Psalm lx. 12: "Through God we shall do valiantly, for he (*it is that*) shall tread down our enemies."

Psalm lxxxiv. 11: "No good (*thing*) will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "Thing" adds neither to the force nor clearness of the original. How much better to print it,

The Lord is a sun and shield;

The Lord will give grace and glory;

No good will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Mark v. 20: "And he departed, * * * and all (*men*) did marvel." The addition of "men" is not merely useless, but it is wrong. The text does not teach that men universally marvelled, but only that the inhabitants of the Decapolis marvelled. The same kind of error is committed and perpetuated in Mark xi. 32: "But if we shall say, Of men, they feared the people: for all (*men*) counted John a prophet."

Another favorite superfluity is "certain." Mark xii. 1: "A (*certain*) man planted a vineyard." Now, there is no particular individual referred to in the original, and yet the addition of "certain" makes that impression. Mark vii. 25: "A (*certain*) woman;" in fact, it was an uncertain person, and so the Greek has it. Conscientious Cruden does not know these italics in his Concordance.

How much the eagerness and importunity of the afflicted father is marred in the following passage by the italics :

Mark v. 23 : " He fell at his feet and besought him greatly, saying : My little daughter lieth at the point of death : (*I pray thee*) come, and lay thy hands on her."

Luke xiii. 12 : " And when Jesus saw her, he called (*her to him*), and said unto her : Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity." Jesus called *to* her, because she could not go to Him until she was healed, for "she was bowed together, and could in nowise lift up herself." The Greek represents Jesus as first speaking the promised aid to the helpless cripple, and then laying His healing hands upon her bent form. The translators, by their italics, lead us to suppose that Jesus expected her to drag herself to His feet before she could be "made straight."

It is needless to multiply examples ; they thrust themselves into the eye from every page. Our citations have been only from the Psalms and Gospels—the simplest and most frequently-read parts of the Scriptures. Redundant pronouns, superfluous prepositions, and useless conjunctions, abound to mar the beauty of the letter-press, and to obscure, obstruct, and pervert the sense of the authors.

The last change suggested as an improvement on our present Bible, is, uniformity in spelling proper names. This may seem a small matter, and, in many books, it would be ; but in the Bible it is one of the gravest importance. The Bible is full of proper names—names of persons and names of places. It is a sacred biographical and geographical gazetteer. There are upwards of four thousand proper names on its pages—one third as many as the whole number bequeathed to us by classic antiquity.

Wherever names have been identified as belonging to the same individual, unless there is a special reason for two or more ways of spelling, they should, for the comfort and benefit of the plain reader, be always spelled uniformly. When *Abram* is changed into *Abraham*,

VOL. V.—44

there is a historical reason for writing the same man's name differently. So also of Sarah and Sarai. But why write the king of Tyre sometimes *Hiram*, and then, again, *Huram* ? Why is it necessary sometimes to say that *Sem* was the son of *Noe*, and then, again, that *Shem* was the son of *Noah* ? Why, when we read the New Testament, must we say, *Elias*, *Eliseus*, and *Esaias* ? and, when we read the Old Testament, always be careful to say, *Elijah*, *Elisha*, and *Isaiah* ? Why not spell the name of these prophets the same way in both Testaments ? And what adds to the embarrassment is, that nobody ever quotes *Esaias*, but always *Isaiah* ; no one ever speaks of *Elias*, but only of *Elijah*. To the question, Who was translated ? what Protestant child would ever think of answering, *Elias* ? None. It was the great *Elijah* that went up in a chariot of fire, and dropped his mantle on *Elisha*—never on *Eliseus*. Talk to them of *Eliseus* as the Lord's prophet, and of the naughty children whom the bears devoured because they mocked him, and they would suspect you of trying to introduce a new prophet into the canon.

Noah and Noe sound enough alike, though, to young eyes, they look sufficiently unlike to be mistaken. Why should they always be printed *Noe*, in Matthew and Luke, and *Noah*, in Peter and Paul ? This matter of the eyes is not to be overlooked, least of all in our day. When "the Word came by *hearing*," it mattered less ; but now it comes by *seeing*, and every day more eyes and fewer ears are addressed. *Sem*, in Luke iii. 36, would not necessarily be taken to be the same as *Shem* everywhere else. And certainly not one in a hundred of the common people, except on second thought, would take "Chanaan" to be

Canaan—fair and happy land,
Where his possessions lie.

Ask any bright Sunday-school whose son King Saul was, and how many will guess that he was "the son of Cis," though all might know that *Kish* was his father. But what sad obscurity

must rest on Acts vii. 45 and Heb. iv. 8, where *Jesus*—the child's name for the Saviour, and, indeed, to all of us the household name of the blessed Redeemer—is used for Joshua. Truly, the letter killeth. What adequate excuse can there be for such confusion? Joshua seems a very Pantaloon among Scripture names. It is spelled a dozen different ways—Osee, Osea, Oseas, and Oshea; Hosea and Hoshea; Joshua, Jehoshua, Jehoshuah, Jeheshua, Jeshuah, Jeshua, and Jesus!

To put this objection in its true light, suppose we construct a sentence, using these names as they are spelled in the New Testament: how would it be likely to affect the common Bible-reader? We will begin with *Noe* and his son *Sem*, and then pass on to Abraham, who dwelt in *Charran* before he came to *Chanaan*, which is *Jewry*. We will also make mention of *Agar* and *Nachor*, and the prophets *Eliseus*, *Osee*, *Esaias*, *Jeremy*, and *Elias*. You will want to hear of *Sodoma* and *the Mount Sina*, but the time would fail me to tell of Saul the son of *Cis*, *Lucas* the good physician, *Marcus* the Evangelist, young *Timotheus*, and, last of all, *Jesus*, who led the Israelites through "the river of Jordan."

With the exception of Abraham, there is not one of these names that is ever written or pronounced in the above manner; and yet there they stand, year after year, in our Bibles. The Kethibh is New Testament, the Keri is Old Testament. We print the Greek, and pronounce the Hebrew. The Douay Bible does these things better. Grote and Thirlwall offended every eye when they wrote *Herakles* for *Hercules*; and every ear, when they would call *Aesculapius*, *Asklepius*. They had good reasons for the change; and their histories are not household books, as is the New Testa-

ment. But when Lane, in his new translation of the "Arabian Nights," transformed "Sinbad the Sailor" into "Es-Sindibad of the Sea," and "Aladdin" into "Ala-ed-Deen," the change was greater than the people would bear, and the publishers were compelled to make concession to the eyes and ears of the public, because "The Thousand Nights" was the people's book. Yet the people submit to such and similar jargon in the volume which, of all others, lies nearest their hearts.

If, now, the Christian public ask, "Whose duty is it to put the Word before the American people in a readable form?"—we answer unhesitatingly, The American Bible Society's. Its position, its wealth, its power, and its prestige, call upon it to do this work. No other house can do it as well and so effectively as the Bible-House. How much it can do, may be inferred from the fact that it has the confidence of the Protestant world. It has the patronage of the whole American Church, save a portion of the Baptist denomination. It has the market of the entire country. How much it can hinder by mere indifference, may be gathered from the limited success of Reeves' Paragraph Bible, first published in England in the beginning of the present century, and republished in a cheaper form a few years since by the University of Oxford. That Bible "not having been adopted by the Societies through which, by far, the largest number of English Bibles is circulated, the advantages of this form of division into paragraphs was neither sufficiently known nor duly appreciated." Unless, therefore, this work is undertaken and done by these great Societies, what was said fifteen years ago must continue to be true: "There is no such thing as a *readable* Bible."

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

I. THE FOUR MISSES HAYNE.

THERE is an orthodox and respectable sneer at people who try to "keep up appearances;" and should any unkind chance expose the painful skill and piteous ingenuity by which a family of slender means try to keep pace in externals with their richer neighbors, they are condemned with very prompt contempt.

We are one of those families who have always kept up appearances, for by this method alone the faces of friends whose speech is witty and wise shine in our house. The lecture, the concert, the best of social life are ours; and if our souls are fed better than our bodies, so we choose.

With the same money we might take an apartment in a back street along with butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, and have unlimited roast meat and leisure; for it would not then be needful to save from dinner and dessert the wherewithal to serve the friends with coffee and ice-cream in the evening. Neither should we fag as now in the secret chambers at millinery and the remodelling of black alpacas; for the friends, to vie with whom our fifty dollars must stretch as far as their five hundred, would not follow us to the back street. We think we are a genial family enough, yet know "there are within our realm a thousand good as we," and should have no right whatever to expect to be sought out should we cease to be readily available. Never for us the long idle days and vacant evenings of the back street! We shall dress ourselves to be in trim for the parlor, and yet bake and brew that our one servant may have leisure for the door-bell and polite messages.

Do you despise this programme of the mother and four daughters, of whom I am one? or is it not barely possible that in our case at least this

"keeping up appearances" may rise to the dignity of "a high and holy work of love?" For know that, after all, it is to spare our father, now that the white is thick in his hair, the knowledge that all his life of hard, honorable work—has not been successful enough to keep his girls from losing their birth-right of social place. Never shall odors of boiling cabbage and the hundred kindred aromas of tenements in the back street salute him. From his very moderate salary he shall believe we have all and that our resources are abundant. It must be so while mother lives, for it is she who stands between him and the world.

I picked up a Burke's peerage one day, and found the ancestry of the ancient and honorable house of Marriott. That was how the farmer's girl, my mother, came to be fashioned so nobly, that all her young years of hard common work could not put a trace of peasant clumsiness in the frame nature never meant should be there.

There was the Gideon Marriott, who came over from England to build the fortunes of a younger son in the backwoods.

Gradually, under the hard struggle of such a life, the old traditions of family importance died out, and in the fourth generation father Marriott's handsome daughters were just country lasses, without a particle of prestige beyond smartness and good looks. And in due time, alas! they, all but my mother, merged the "ancient and honorable name" into those of the Dicksons and Tom-sons of our rustic neighborhood—slow-witted sons of the soil, with the bovine blood of a hundred peasant generations in their veins.

I do not remember Mrs. Hayne to have been ill, even with a headache, in my life. I wish I could describe to you her strong, joyful spirit, the quaint per-

fection of her love for my father, and the complete trust of his heart in her. No wonder the four Misses Hayne grew up with the impression that the one possible completion of life was to be also wives. And surely if ever circumstances render it desirable for a conclusion of this kind to be acted upon, it is in a family of four girls, whose never ample support must cease with one waning life.

So I thought, one day—the eldest Miss Hayne at twenty-three—as I sat at the window and looked a little way down the street. My eyes stopped at Theophilus Portman's goodly abode, but my fancy went up the grand stone steps, and showed myself looking out between the lace curtains from the solid vantage-ground of a rich man's wife.

The rich man came out as I sat there—"a little, thin, yellow man," as one of my sisters had truly described him, his hair partaking of the general scantness of his material, and his eyebrows and lashes almost invisible. He drank tea three times a-day—his only dissipation—and increased the size of his feet with arctic overshoes whenever the smallest suspicion of dampness could warrant it. He crossed the street and rang at the bell, and with the perfect understanding that he was come to see *Miss Hayne*, the three younger sisters escaped through the dining-room while he was struggling with the arctics in the hall.

Well, we talked about such things as are apt to interest a mercantile man of forty who has "built up a business," instead of reading Ruskin and Mrs. Browning and a good many other books now in fashion. I studied him and his words, as he sat there, with all the care I could, and concluded that he was worthy, and ordinary, in equal degrees. I also was confirmed in my suspicion that he wished to marry me, and knew that his sole object in appointing to come next evening was to make known his request.

All the family knew it too; the good parents were highly satisfied; for to elderly eyes Mr. Philo Portman was a

man to be desired, and the settlement in life he could offer the eldest Miss Hayne entirely satisfactory. And the eldest Miss Hayne in her chamber that night mentally accepted Mr. Portman, and then forgot for five hours to go to bed while she sat on the little old sofa of her own upholstering and looked the deed in the face.

This, then, was "my story;" no wonder the bells could not ring it nor the birds sing it! Was I to be a betrothed wife to-morrow night? Then where was all that tumult of surpassing emotions Mrs. Browning thrills us with in the "Sonnets," and which all poets assign to this, life's crowning hour? Were not such things, after all, just fiction and romance? I turned back to plain life. Naturally, I thought first of my mother, and my mind travelled back over the chance indications she had given of how things were with her, and applied them one by one to my own case. She was not a sentimental woman, and never tried fancy pictures; so what she had mentioned now and then was always the plainest fact. I remembered how she had told of their early life, when my father had brought her, a perfect stranger, to the great city; of the long days alone which were not lonesome, from the sole thought that their close would bring him back to her; and then, of how goldenly the hours went on when they were together—how the simple fact of their mutual presence—the sound of their voices reaching and talking to each other—seemed to fill up every social need or ambition, and make life as complete a satisfaction as it can be here.

I applied this picture to myself and Mr. Theophilus Portman. Could it be that I should ever listen with fond expectation for the tread of those India-rubbers, and gaze upon that little sandy man as mother did to this day upon father? How curiously she loves him! She said if he had died during that last illness, she should never have had his dear old hat moved from the rack in the hall! Was it not Miss Hayne who had unguardedly called the outer wrap-

pings of her lover a lot of fussy old things?

Might not love come? Such things had been—read of. Her mother had waited three years till her poor clerk could save enough to marry her, and not all the dissatisfaction of the old folks nor the scoffing comparisons of her sisters of her “baby-faced clerk,” with their beef and brawn landholding-lovers, could shake for an hour her glad fidelity.

Mr. Portman was a most kind and worthy man, and she esteemed him highly, and doubted not the time must come when she should regard him with most affectionate interest; but down in the bottom of Miss Hayne’s honest heart lay a faint, cold certainty, that never in any year of life the time could come when she should feel as her mother had done before she was born. She thought of the young wife, Christian though she were, pulling aside with blank horror the thought of her own possibly approaching death, solely because it must separate her from him. She could not imagine a rest, a joy, or music in heaven if it shut her out from the sight of his clear eyes! And the eldest Miss Hayne was the child of such love as this. In all her veins flowed the impulses which had made life so brightly worth while to the authors of her own existence. Yet when at three o’clock she crept wearily to bed she had resolved to marry Mr. Theophilus Portman.

II. THE JABEZ DICKSONS.

I did not seem to have closed my eyes when mother brought a telegram and a mourning face into my room. Aunt Katy was dead, and only thirty-five years old; how could it be the strong young farmer’s wife had not lived out half her days? It seemed sorrowfully strange, and when at nine o’clock mother and I took our seats in the train for a long day’s journey to the house of mourning we were full of sad conjecture. We had not been very familiar with the lives of these relatives, no one seeming to be in the way of writing letters at the Dicksons, and aunt Katy,

with her five little girls and no servant, being too overwhelmed with work, for much visiting or receiving visits.

“I suppose you never conceived how much there really was of your aunt Katy,” my mother remarked as we sped along. I never had; I had last seen her when I was about seventeen, and was full of notions of sentimental refinements which her appearance and avocations greatly shocked. In common with the other housewives of her region, we had found her arrayed in a calico dress just below the knee, and hideous pantalets of the same. She did not see the advantage, she said, of dragging a long calico tail after her every step she went, and she could not possibly do the work she did in one. That seemed true enough. Every incumbrance of toilet needed to be put out of the way to enable her to make the butter and cheese from fifteen cows, weave carpet and cloth for home use, bear and rear five children, wash and cook and scrub for them and her husband and his parents who lived with them. All these things she had done without any assistance whatever for fifteen years, from the very day of her marriage, when her bridal tour had been a jolt of fifty miles over the stony hills to the bare, paintless house where she to-day lay dead.

It seemed to me a hard record for a life blessed with the brightest love; but mother’s next words gave me a further hint.

“Katy really had the most ambition and imagination of any of us. If she could have married an educated man who helped her along as your father did me, she would have turned her energies to other directions than the scrubbing-brush, and been a really brilliant woman. I suppose she did the best she could; but it has always seemed to me as if her match had been a dreadful mistake, though I hope she never found it out for herself; Jabez Dickson was in no way her equal, and the children are all just like him; not a Marriott in the *whols* lot.”

Not one. When we arrived, there were the five chubby faces, variously

modified, but all with the round, unmeaning eyes and heavy features of the house of Dickson. The father, after remarking that it was a miserable night, made no further effort at conversation, and mother and I went alone to the chamber of the dead.

It moved me as it had never done in life, this noble Marriott face, with every plebeian care swept out of it by death. Unconsciously, I stood there with a longing to read the riddle of her life. Tired she looked—too tired to bear even the weight of her hands on her breast—it was my fancy, and I laid them softly by her side. What was it had loosed the vitals of her strong life that she lay here dead in her prime, leaving her girls for other hands to train to womanhood and worth? I could not tell, and I turned away at last to the little room adjoining, where a neighbor, low-toned, but voluble, was giving mother the particulars of "Miss Dickson's last sickness."

"She jest worked herself to death, Miss Hayne, that was all. The way she has been goin' on the last five years r'al'y don't seem nat'ral. Jabez Dickson he meant well; but he was brought up, you know, to think there wa'n't nothin' in this world worth thinkin' of but work and scrapin' together. And it never 'peared to 'cur to him that any body could overdo. Every thing kind of come on to once this summer. They was puttin' up the big barn and boardin' all the hands. The last child ought to have been weaned, but it was kind of ailin', and she let it hang on for fear of hurtin' it. Her rest was broke with it nights, though she never got through in any kind of season to go to bed. Well, the upshot of it was she took a kind o' low fever and went right out o' her mind. We couldn't keep her on the bed, nor do nothin' with her. She jest roved 'round the house talkin' the strangest kind, till finally she got too weak for that and laid down and died without ever comin' to herself again."

Could any story be more mournful? I did not wonder my mother wept so sorely; but I set myself to the problem

of why aunt Katy worked herself to death.

In the first place, she had possessed an inherited capacity for a large and generous cultivation, and this had never been brought out, but sorely repressed—repressed with a pertinacity that seemed painful to consider, as I made some study of Jabez Dickson. Without the native advantage of a mind, he had read nothing, heard nothing, seen nothing, and consequently knew nothing. A less improving and elevating companion for any woman could hardly have been found.

The worst thing to contend with, however, was his small, pitiful penny-wisdom. He seemed possessed by a demon of parsimony that watched over every expenditure, and restricting the family surroundings to the barest necessities, carefully shut out every avenue of culture that might have come from the proceeds of all those weariful churnings, had aunt Katy been encouraged to follow her own instincts in any single thing. I remember overhearing him hint at wasteful extravagance, and seriously predict the poorhouse, because she asked him to have the molasses-jug filled and to buy a pound of raisins!

Then her children came. Mr. Tennyson talks very prettily about this, and promises that "baby-lips shall give her rest," who joins her lot to one with "the straitened forehead of a fool." He tells her "the child shall clothe the father with a dearness not his own," because "half is hers and half is his." Why, with aunt Katy that was the very sting of it! The eldest was fourteen when she died, and as I looked at her and the two next in age, I saw how their mother must have given up any hope she might have had of an outlet of the music dying in herself, through them. They reminded me of nothing so much as a lot of pretty sleek young heifers. There was in them an almost entire absence of all that restless yearning and inquiry which marks every mind that grows strongly. They would sit demure on their crickets and knit socks for sale, without an apparent thought beyond

their occupation and the approbation of the parental Jabez.

Shall you ever forgive me if I say I saw in imagination five little Portmans, with white eyelashes and rubber shoes, demonstrating that two and two make four on five little slates, while papa looked over the price-lists in the newspaper?

I looked back upon that long dull grind of fifteen years, and saw how the prospect of rest and reward in her heavy toil must have surely died out of aunt Katy's heart, and did not any longer wonder in the least that body and mind gave way together.

We laid her away under the briers in a graveyard bare and bleak as her life had been, and I turned away with a sore heartache for her, but my own lesson learned.

The little heifers were much pleased with the dignity of their first veils, but had not imagination enough to feel their loss very keenly. As to uncle Jabez, my mother departed with burning indignation in her soul at him. We had been there but three days in all, yet in bemoaning his own desolate condition he had contrived to hint how impossible it was for a man to get along without a com-pan-ion. It is enough to say that in seven months more he found a new "womern," as he always called a wife. A female with red hair, who smoked a pipe, was chosen to replace Catherine Vernon Marriott.

On our journey homeward, without giving her a hint of my final drift, I told my mother all the theory of aunt Katy, and when she had assented thoroughly, "made the application" to myself and Mr. Portman.

My lot in life, as his wife, I told her, however different in detail, would be founded upon as real a mistake as aunt Katy's marriage had been. There was nothing in him that could enlarge my life—I did not want or need him.

Mr. Portman promptly reported himself and his offer upon my return. After the first instant of mortified surprise, I saw he found consolation in the conviction that I was a fool. And with this

comfortable reflection the arctic shoes crossed our threshold never more to return.

Had I been a fool? Sometimes it half seemed so, outwardly. Fixed salaries did not expand as the great woe of the war deepened, and every necessary of life trebled in price. In vain we reduced our domestic staff to one small colored youth, from a public charity, who made a feint of going errands and waiting while we did the work. Our future ability to "keep up appearances" was becoming involved in real doubt, when our old maiden cousin, Harriet Lane—rich, literary, and lonesome—proposed that Jocelynda should come and spend the winter with her. This was the eldest Miss Hayne—myself. No need to say how joyfully this proposal was accepted, nor how I acquiesced in, if I did not agree with, her other proposition that my company was to be enjoyed upon the condition that she might furnish my winter outfit.

III. MRS. VAN HATTAN'S COOK.

The journey of three hundred miles from our inland town completed, I stood at the door of Miss Lane's tall city-house and rang, while the hackman brought up my trunk. After ten minutes' waiting and pulling the bell I stepped back, and looking up at the house, found with a chill surprise every shutter closed. The driver seeing the state of affairs, replaced my trunk, and we drove straight to the business-place of Miss Lane's bachelor brother, Mr. Josiah. There I found his partner, and learned from him the astounding fact that Mr. Lane had sailed for England with his sister a week ago. The gentleman seeing my entire surprise, explained that this departure had been quite unanticipated by Mr. Lane two weeks before, but business rendering it desirable, he had taken the opportunity for the year's vacation abroad, long projected by himself and Miss Lane.

The letter in which Miss Lane apprised me of this sudden change in her plans had not reached me when I left, and in fact never arrived. She told me

long after that on her return she had found it behind a sideboard, on which it had been hastily placed to be mailed among others, in the confusion of departure.

Once more I took refuge in the hack, and reaching a hotel, as evening came on, and a little bewildered and a great deal disappointed, sat down to plan what next.

It did not seem possible for me to go back to that overburdened home.

Lack of opportunity, as well as our social position, had always made paid occupation there seem out of the question. Was it equally so here? By morning I had decided no; and as a result the daily papers set forth "Miss Martha Jocelyn," as open to engagement as teacher or governess, with due accomplishments and references. I waited a whole week for applications, and not one came, while my slender means grew daily slenderer, till only enough was left to take me back to my home.

It was a long ride in a street-car to the dépôt next morning, and as we rattled along, I was attracted to the talk of a woman beside me, who was confiding to a friend various particulars concerning the cook's place she was about leaving. I was struck by the amount of the wages compared with the lightness of the services; but this, she remarked, "could be had in other places where the folks were not so dreadful pertikeler."

People can think a great deal in a short space sometimes, and in the fifteen minutes before the car stopped to deposit Mrs. Van Hattan's cook at her mistress' door, I had gone through a course of reasoning which resulted in my alighting at the same spot. Urging housework upon women, rather than teaching or sewing, I knew was a favorite modern topic, but brought face to face with it here, how I shrank. Miss Jocelynda Hayne a cook! impossible!

And yet the time had come when father, carefully as we had concealed it from him, could no longer support us all at home. The question resolved itself finally into two alternatives: go

home and recall Theophilus Portman, as I knew I could in a moment, or seek employment as a cook. The former course would close once for all the page of my life's music; the latter, though for the present grievous, might open to brighter possibilities in the future. Then I remembered Katy Marriott's face, which had answered back my yearning pity with that look of "Too late!—the mischief's done!" and it resolved me as nothing else could.

The area-door had scarcely closed after the portly form of the cook, when I rang at it, and asked for Mrs. Van Hattan, and presently was sent for into the presence of an entirely majestic dame in regulation heavy dead-black silk and laces. She waited calmly for my errand, which I stated, with a sort of stony courage. Whether she was surprised by my appearance, coupled with the request for a place as her cook, I do not know, and never have known. True, I was plainness itself, in my old waterproof and brown straw hat; but if she saw "a difference," she did not show it. She put me through a close catechism as to my culinary acquirements, to which I gave straight enough answers; for Mrs. Hayne's daughter had prepared the same dishes for her guests as graced the table of Mrs. Van Hattan. My name I gave as Martha Jocelyn, and referred to Mrs. Alfred Hayne, for whom I had worked for several years, and was now leaving only in hope of higher wages in the city. In pressing need of a cook, Mrs. Van Hattan engaged Martha Jocelyn, and graciously permitted her to come at once, pending her letter of inquiry to Mrs. Hayne.

I went to the dépôt, to change the destination of my trunk, and that afternoon, in Mrs. Van Hattan's respectable attic, took from it pen and paper, and mixed with a letter to my mother some very salt tears. I marked it with a conspicuous "Private," for my strong, common-sensible mother was the one and the only one to confide in. Announcing what I could do for myself, I left it to her to decide whether I should stay and do it, or come directly home. Explain-

ing cousin Lane's unlucky departure, I reminded her that our friends in general had only a vague idea that I had gone to spend the winter with a relative, and need never know that I had not reached the safe oblivion of my destination. Need father and the girls know it, even? Indeed, it was a main feature of my plan, that it should be a secret from all but mother. The sorrow and bitterness to father, and the spoiling the enjoyment of the dear young sisters, was not to be contemplated.

In four days two letters came to the Van Hattan mansion. One the lady of the house found an excellent "character" for "the young woman Martha Jocelyn," as she was styled by the Mrs. Hayne who wrote. The other was for cook, read in her attic with tears probably not half so bitter as had hidden the paper often from the sight of the mother writer. Yes, my mother approved, reluctantly, yet sincerely, from the hard needs of the case; and I read carefully her wise advice to be always resolutely "cook," and never by the least assertion of myself impose on my employers the irksome courtesy due to "better days."

There seemed little danger of such a chance coming. The Van Hattans scarcely glanced at the new cook as she helped serve the dinner. You have all seen people like them. Without one particle of talent, or other than ordinary acquirements, such as they take unquestioned precedence everywhere from old family tradition and inherited fine noses. The paternal Van Hattan was a business man, and more American than the rest, who gave their whole minds to keeping up the family state. There were Misses Henrietta and Beatrice, and Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker Van Hattan, all tolerable, though weakened copies of the grand dame, their mother. There was, in fact, about the young gentleman that suggestion of feebleness common to such youth of our country, whose strongest discipline, mental and bodily, is playing billiards and studying the possibilities of the whisker. To but one Van Hattan I became, or wished to be, more than "cook." The little lonesome seven-

year old Suydam, who bored his relatives and tormented the servants, seemed to find the one rest for the sole of his foot at cook Jocelyn's side. Perhaps I might have become convinced that my life there was totally unworthy of my powers, if it had not been for this little lad; but he became so truly mine, that it seemed a right good work and mission to work for him and the manhood to come.

You will want some plain details of my life. I had enough skill and forethought at the start to lighten drudgery by no means heavy in itself. There were plenty of servants; mine was the one branch of the table, and I never found a trace of the particularity which had offended my predecessor.

The books in the plainer bindings I asked and gained leave to read. Little Suy's company made feasible many a ramble I should hardly have liked to take alone; he constantly declined the formal drive in the elegant barouche, saying, "I'm going to the Park with cook!"

But oh, the difference in the life of Martha Jocelyn and that of Jocelynda Hayne! Yet does not Sartor Resartus tell us "we may give up happiness and instead thereof find blessedness?" I thought I had it, especially after mother's letters. And then the things I bought and sent home to the girls! Cooks' wardrobe need little replenishing. I wrote them long letters about the city, and they thought, dear simple things, their presents were all the overflowings of cousin Lane's good will to sister Jo.

The long months passed, and my position in the Van Hattan's family remained apparently the same as the day I entered. I was their servant—that fixed the gulf. They saw and desired to see in me no further merit than honesty and nice cookery. That was just enough; I asked no more; but was it not a little forlorn to mark those young folks going in and out before me, talking their merry talks, while cook, who was "to the manor born," must keep her lips sealed and silent? I confess I entered upon my second year of service with bitter

tears. If I could only have gone home on a visit, even, it would have been less hard; but how account to the sisters three for the leanness of my wardrobe when theirs had been supplied? The way before me was growing very, very long.

IV. RENDER TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES.

I have all this time neglected to mention grandpapa Van Hattan, a personage whose own careful dignity, old age and infirmities never tempted him to forget. His son and the family paid him formal visits, at stated intervals, in the massively furnished old-fashioned rooms he occupied, and, taking it for granted his man Thomas attended to all his whims, troubled themselves no further. And yet, ailing and failing, he needed care and sympathy almost as much as a child, and he was more forlorn in his solitary state than the poorest old soul gossiping at the one fireside with his grandchildren clamoring at his knees. Of course, to knowingly accept this sympathy from a servant would have been impossible; but though it was not in my province, I fell into the habit of giving him little attentions money certainly never bought. He came to miss me if I did not accompany the invalid's dishes I prepared; and sending for me on some trifling pretext, would keep me fussing about him as long as my other work would allow me to remain.

He liked to have bright little Suy about; but he only fancied grandpa's dull old rooms when I was there. I hardly know by what imperceptible degrees I became sufficiently conversant with the old man's mind to talk and read to him—always, of course, with the deference due to the immense distance between a Van Hattan and a cook. The footing implied was always that of a trusty servant, allowed access to the invalid's room as reward of merit. I sometimes thought I should have liked more time to myself; but, after all, it might have made me morbid and more lonesome. As it was, Suy was for the most part inevitable; and as grandpa Van Hattan was in some respects almost

in his second childhood, I really entertained them together very well.

Certainly, if my life were monotonous, there was to be some variety in the routine. By the time winter was over, we had a new invalid. A gay season of party-going, late hours and petty dissipations proved too much for Mr. Diedrich, and he fell ill with a tedious fever. The long days of early Spring found him confined to the house, a most resourceless and miserable mortal. Mama and the girls had more important work than humoring his whims, and the servants kept out of his way, he was so terribly cross. When he sent for me, to describe the fantastic dishes he wanted prepared, he was as rude as the Van Hattan breeding would allow him to be. I did not care, but repairing the housemaids' neglects in the room, tried to give things a more heartening shape; and silent when no reply was needed, I answered when I must, as pleasantly as if the invalid were all heart could wish, instead of a cross young spoony.

Mrs. Browning says, "Was never a lament begun which ere it endeth suits but one;" yet I certainly had no idea as I sat in grandpa Van Hattan's room one weary rainy day, with the little lad at my knee, how plainly my low enough voice was floating into the room where the younger invalid lay solitary and sad.

I had taken up one of the true, simple strains breathed up out of the doing and enduring heart of the war; wounded sore, it may be to death, the worn soldier sighs,

"My half-day's work is done,
And if 'tis all my part,
I give my patient God
My patient heart,

"And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him!"

Of how different a life, of what different aims and regrets, these words must have told the idler and pleasure-seeker who heard them. The simple rhyme he never would have noticed in health conveyed a rebuke that made him ashamed.

He knew he had not even done the half-day's work, nor desired to do it, but had turned away from the noble banner when its splendors trailed, and were in sore need of strong, upbearing hands.

Suy, pattering by his door a moment after, was called in, but refused to stay. He was going for the book cook promised to finish before supper. "Oh dear," groaned he at his wits'-end, for a resource from long dull thoughts; "suppose you let this wearisome cook come and read to you here." Cook did not want to; but grandpa dozed peacefully, and she pitied the frightful tedium of this convalescence, and went; sitting down, with quiet sense of humor, in true servant-fashion on a hard chair by the door. Suy dragged up a sumptuous ottoman, and with his head on his knee listened to the wonderful adventures and ever-perfect good fortune of Mayne Reid's dwellers in the desert-home.

This book ended, the invalid held forth his own novel, and Martha Jocelyn read till the stoppage of the Van Hattan chariot at the door warned her alike of the situation and of the tea to get.

V. A DECLARATION, NOT OF WAR.

Diedrich's eyes were too weak to admit of reading for himself; Beatrice dozed after the first six pages; and the state of his affairs grew so desperate, that his mother, apprehensive of being called on for personal sacrifice, bethought herself of having heard Martha Jocelyn reading quite decently to Suy, and proposed her being called in. I felt that this honor, not coming in the range of my cook's contract, might reasonably be declined, and I felt sorely tempted to decline. When I did assent, it was with the one purpose of emphasizing a substantial truth or two to a youth who needed such bracing exceedingly. Young Mr. Van Hattan had no relish for literature containing truths, and after a washy novel or two, I quietly let him see that cook's reading could not be commanded like a beef tea, and must be on condition of a choice in the selections. Rather than be bereft of all resource, he acquiesced, and we finally became a trio,

prosperous with the wealth of many pleasant hours—these native Van Hattans and their cook.

But, after all, there was no real wisdom in these proceedings, and I might have seen it, had I not rated one thing too high and another too low. The overrated thing was the Van Hattan pride of this member of a family, who, were their cook as lovely as the beggar-maid Cophetua espoused from his throne, would cast no second glance at her. The thing underrated was my being constantly in the society of a youth whose apparently superior social advantage was subtly balanced by my own better mind and really complete equality. For as I sat there I was not, after all, Martha Jocelyn but, spite of primmed hair and calico dress, just Jocelynda Hayne.

Affectation, as it would be, not to admit my leading nature of the two, I truly did not know how fast he was learning to follow. Nor, I suppose, did he. No doubt it took more than a day for him to fling "the claims of long descent" to the winds. Nor do I believe he ever fully did it till, in the duskening glow of a late sunset, I read to him Gail Hamilton's "Men and Women." My own experience may have led me to emphasize the exhortation to girls to withhold always the step which can make it possible "to exclaim more bitterly than the dame of the ballad,"—

"Yesterday I was Lady O'Lynn;
To-day I am John o' the scale's wife."

I suppose I looked enthusiastic. At any rate, it seemed to flash into his mind that here would be a fitting chance to reverse the fate and lift me from my John o' the scales sphere to the height of Lady O'Lynn—Van Hattan! At any rate, he rose, and taking the steps between us, lifted my hand to his lips. And so doing, closed the final page of the "readings of the cook;" for comprehending and not approving, I rose in an instant and left the room, starting up Suy, who appeared to be sleeping beside me.

Needless to say, I did not enter the sitting-room again; and I so contrived, that Mr. Diedrich could only have seen me in the kitchen among the servants. The knowledge that he was constantly on the watch to speak with me alone, did not add to my comfort, even had not the general peace been presently undermined by the little Guy Fawkes of a Suy.

"That young woman has too many airs for a cook," I heard Miss Henrietta remark one day, as I arranged the dessert in the china closet. "When you give her an order, she will listen and answer so tranquilly as if she were hearing your A B C's. If she were to blush and seem a little fidgetted now and then it would seem quite as befitting."

Diedrich uttered a suppressed "Pooh!" which set off Suy: "I say cook is nice—just as nice as she can be; I know brother Diedrich thinks so too, for I saw him kissing her hand."

Had Suy announced his witness of a murder, he could hardly have rendered his family more painfully speechless. Diedrich turned flagrantly red, and with a muttered "Dem the boy," left the room. Mrs. Van Hattan knew that was a passed age where her ancestors kissed pretty servants, who took it for compliment. In a time when tailors were Presidents, who could feel even a Van Hattan safe in kissing a cook's hand? I received no warning, but felt myself watched, till in spite of all the day came. Reading one afternoon out of a quaint old favorite of grandpa Van Hattan's, my even voice lulled him finally to sleep. I lingered to finish a page to myself before going down. In this interval, unperceived by me in the waning light, and unheard on the soft carpet, young Van Hattan came in—came straight to the high-armed chair where I sat, and kneeling upon the stool at my feet, cut me off from escape.

"I *will* hear," said he, earnestly, "whether you avoid me because you fear my intentions are not worthy, or because you decline to listen in any case."

"In any case, Mr. Van Hattan, they

cannot be worthy. The eldest son of a family like your's has no right to inflict on it a marriage they would regard a keen disgrace."

"Dem my family," he returned, Mantalini-like; "I want you for myself. You can make me more than they will ever do; more of a man than I shall ever be without you. You are the first woman I have ever loved, or mean to love."

The poor fellow took my hand and pressed it fondly, beggingly, in both his. Was it not tempting? A loving, if not a very strong man's heart; a sure shelter in a beautiful home from the world's rough work. It may have looked so to lonely me for an instant; but it was really only the Theophilus Portman question over again, and after one moment's thought, I answered:

"For the reason given, and for others I need not give, with all gratitude and respect, I decline."

In vain he urged for these "reasons." I would not deepen his wound by saying he was not quite man enough to inspire me with real love. At last, seeing further pressing useless, he flung himself out of the room full of angry trouble.

VI. A WILL AND A WAY.

Neither of us were aware of a listener; but grandpa Van Hattan had wakened quietly at the first sound of Diedrich's voice, and had heard, to his deep chagrin, a son of his house offer marriage to a servant. Too proud to publish even to his relatives this unlucky discovery, the poor old gentleman must have felt much secret trouble, lest Martha Jocelyn might after all find the temptation to exchange servitude for prosperous ease too much for her principle. Discharging me, he probably thought, might rouse my indignation and precipitate the catastrophe he, no doubt, anxiously planned to prevent.

Thus matters went on for some time. Grandpapa's health, though not improving, scarcely grew perceptibly worse; and the ladies, coming home late from a party one night, were quite startled

to find he had departed in the quiet death of the aged, with only his son and Martha Jocelyn in the room. Unlimited crape and carriages, with three clergymen, made the funeral most imposing; and his kindred returned from laying him, with due solemnity, in the family vault, to enter on his possessions.

It is hardly customary, in these days, to call in the Bidder of a week, or the equally transient footman, to hear the reading of the master's will. So when the Van Hattan's were convened in state, with none but the great legal luminary, the old-time friend and keeper of their honored relative's last will and testament, they were surprised by his inquiry for a person named Martha Jocelyn. Thinking it possible, however, some trifling services had prompted a keepsake from grandpapa's abundant portables, the bell was rung, and cook summoned. Whereupon the lawyer formally began the ceremonious document, describing the possessions of the late Reginald Van Hattan, and their diversion among his beloved children and grandchildren, who were thus enriched to the extent of some hundred thousand a-piece. Finally the will closed with this codicil:

"I bequeath to Martha Jocelyn, a young person who has declined to raise herself from her proper position at the expense of the happiness of others, the sum of \$20,000, on the sole condition that she remain true to her decision in future."

Besides myself, Diedrich alone knew the occasion of this amazing codicil, and amid the awful stillness that followed its reading, I left the room and ran to my attic, to consider the bearings of this most unlooked-for event.

The legal luminary must have been less shrewd than a lawyer of his reputation should be, if he failed to conjecture the nature of the "decision" of the "young person," which called for twenty thousand to confirm and reward it. But, as a matter-of-course, he made no audible surmise, but folded up the will and blandly bowed himself out, leaving the mourners to the rich consolation of their hundred thousand a-piece.

There has lately been a case before the courts of a man, who leaving one legacy of fifty thousand, bequeathed the odd million of his fortune to a lady, who is now earnestly contesting the will to recover the whole sum. What wonder, then, that the ladies Van Hattan, to whom diamonds were dear, expressed their solemn conviction that poor dear grandpapa's mind had been failing of late, and must have been mischievously tampered with by the young woman Jocelyn; *ergo*, the propriety of declining to abide the codicil.

Then up spoke Diedrich with an indignant pluck, which did him vast credit.

"I fancy I can explain away any suspicion of imbecility on the old gentleman's part, and give you a tolerable theory of the codicil. I asked Martha Jocelyn to marry me, and she refused; the sole reason she would give being her reluctance to distress the people, who are handsomely returning the compliment by proposing to take her little morsel to add to their heap. I had the privilege of being declined in grandpapa's room, he being, as I supposed, asleep; but there is no doubt he heard every word. If you want the money back in the family, you can persuade her to marry me. That is the only way; for if you contest the will, I will tell the truth, if I have to do it in open court."

The twenty thousand was dust in the balance compared with the dreadful contingencies in Diedrich's speech; so when I came down to express grave doubts as to my right to the money, they met me with the most admirably-feigned smiles, and assured me, that as their late relative was the sole arbiter of his own fortune, he had a perfect right to bestow a share of it upon me. Furthermore, that nothing could induce them to touch a shilling of this trifling bequest, to which I was most welcome.

Certainly, then, I had little disposition to throw away this delightful piece of good fortune, which was so very great a thing to me. How illimitably bright the world began to stretch out once more before me as I knelt before

my trunk and bestowed in it my little possessions to go home! I had inquired, at long intervals, at Mr. Lane's place of business for news of their return, and now on my way to the *dépôt* I paused again at the door, where I had met my great disappointment. Lo! Mr. Josiah Lane himself opened the door, and seeing me, seized his hat and insisted on driving straight to his sister's. What tears the tender-hearted old maid wept as I told my story! No going home for me for two weeks yet. The letter had just been found behind the *beaufet*, and the handsome check it had contained to console me for my disappointment in not spending a city-winter, was declared to be still mine. I do not believe those little elderly folks ever spent two happier weeks than those in which they arrayed me in glorious apparel and endowed me with endless bijoux brought from abroad.

I did not write home of my coming, having been *en route* for the *dépôt* in half a day after the reading of that tremendous will. So when the grand procession of Mr. Josiah, Miss Harriet, and myself drew up before the door the surprise was wonderful. Oh, what honor and peace and length of days there may be in twenty thousand dollars when it

comes into families like that of the four Misses Hayne! What tears, too, of joy and sorrow, interspersed with fervent hugs from the sisters, were seen in the secret chambers where we had turned the alpacas, when they heard how it had all come about.

Maybe you will smile; but my father never knew that his eldest-born spent that long city-year in "a place." It seemed natural enough to his not very practical mind that upon cousin Lane's absence I should have found opportunity to transfer the advantage of my society to another family. That the ministrations he in his fond partiality prized so highly should likewise be rewarded by a rich man's bequest, was not very wonderful.

Was not this well? There was no greater happiness in the whole thing than that there need be no slightest suggestion of his own failure in my much-less-deserved success.

Like a very egotist, I have written all these pages about myself, and you, feeling it time the tale should close, must chide me, I know, when I say, that, heart-free and rich in content as I am, I still "wait for my story;" for not yet the long years have brought it *quite* as I wish it to be!

"ON TIME."

It is a profound question, whether the awful announcement of the apocalyptic angel, "that there should be time no longer" (Rev. x. 6), is not, like so many other passages in the Scripture, a form of an ontological truth; whether it does not imply that what we call *Time*, and, for that matter, what we call *Space* likewise, are mere conditions of our limited human existence. If this be so, we shall pass, at death, not merely into another portion of space—not merely into a further allowance of time—not merely into a protraction of the present existence, modified by omissions; we shall *remove inward*; it will appear that

existence and consciousness covered unsuspected depths as inconceivable as a fourth dimension for a cube. In such a state there will be no motion, and no succession of events.

For the present, however, we deal with the infinites of space and of time in the manner appropriate to our littleness. We cut off a limited piece of the inconceivable, and agree to deal with the whole (so far as we can deal with it at all) in pieces of just this length. We call one a mile, the other an hour; and then we proceed as if we understood them. It is with no irreverence, but with a profoundly opposite feeling, that

a further analogy is here suggested. As the infinites of space and time are necessarily dealt with under agreed limits cognizable by humanity, in order to be dealt with at all, is it not in like manner that, if the Divine was ever to be intelligently cognizable by Humanity, it must needs present itself under human conditions? An incarnation, to give us a conscious relation to the Infinite Being, is as necessary, in thought, as a conventional measure for infinite space and infinite time.

The fundamental measurements for portioning out to ourselves the atom of eternity which we call *time*, are given along with the rest of our existence.

Existence alone would not enable us to apprehend time. Nor would succession of thought alone. Many an absorbed thinker, and even a mere drudging worker if only absorbed enough, has awakened after intent activity, to find that so many hours have dropped out of his conscious life as instantaneously as the deepest sleep or the profoundest insensibility.

Matter, moving in space, is the sole means that enables us to mark time. It is the steady whirling of the great globe on whose outside we stick, and its regular swingings around the gigantic melted sun, that mark time for us. Any further subdivisions must be done irregularly by the moon, or regularly by some machine.

The natural succession of the human use of cosmic motions to mark the passage of time seems likely to have corresponded with a natural progress of acquirement in knowledge and refinement in thought. Day and night come first; they are the whirling of the very ground beneath our feet; *i. e.*, of the cosmic body nearest us, and to which our relations are most intimate. Next would be observed the seasons and the year; these depend upon the sun, the most prominent and obviously influential of all the heavenly bodies.

Third in order would come that imperfect subdivision of the year which is marked by the motions of the moon; and last of all, the wholly artificial sub-

divisions of the day and night, which have proceeded from hours to minutes, seconds, and thousandths of a second. These artificial divisions come last, and proceed further and further as economy of time becomes more and more important. Life is lengthening, the statistical physiologists say, from century to century, from hygienic causes. It lengthens in another way; by the number of experiences crowded into it. The progress of knowledge, the development of intellect, increase this number; and we lengthen our life by acutely perceiving, intensely appreciating, and filling full of activities, its successive moments, far more than by adding on an average year or two to our decrepitudes.

In accordance with this order of recognitions, we find that day and night are mentioned at once among the processes of creation, in the first chapter of Genesis. The year and the seasons are ordained almost immediately afterwards, as they would naturally be observed almost immediately. The month is referred to in giving the date of the Flood, as if tradition had related the habitual observation of it by that time; the Hebrew figurative week of seven years, which presupposes a received week of seven days, is named in the story of Jacob's servitude for Rachel. Indeed, the week is very commonly supposed to have been fixed, and the Sabbath also, by an express Divine ordination, at the completion of the Mosaic creative days; which would give the week a priority over the month. But the hour is not named, nor any similar subdivision of day or night, until the Book of Daniel, written (Usher's Chronology) not later than about 559 B. C. This date comes pretty near that usually attributed to Anaximander's invention of the sun-dial (B. C. 550); and it is very natural to suppose that this invention may have been accompanied with the fixing of a set of subdivisions of the day, proper to be designated by it. By the way, however, the "sun-dial" or "degrees" of Ahaz (the two terms are given by the same word in Hebrew) belongs to the date 742-717 B. C., nearly two centuries

before Anaximander; and if this translation be correct, we may with probability carry back the recognition of the hour to this earlier date of the machine for marking it.

As for minutes and seconds, the Bible does not mention them; although it has frequent references to instantaneous actions; and they may naturally be supposed to have been neglected until the means of ascertaining them were invented. Indeed, the Bible, we believe, mentions no definite period less than an hour, except the half-hour of silence referred to in Revelation viii. 1.

Thus, the longest measure, and the most obvious natural measures of time, are named in the very first book, and, indeed, in the first chapter, of the Bible; while the strictly artificial subdivision of time is not even named until four fifths at least of the usually accepted duration of the growth of the Scriptures have passed; and the smallest partition of time named in it is mentioned only in the very last book of it, which treats of the last things.

There! that is a swift progress from eternity to a second, and from the creation to the Apocalypse.

It is, of course, for the artificial divisions of time only that machines are used. Its natural divisions are marked by the cosmic machines of God. If we seek to imagine how man would have marked the progress of time if our world and the heavenly bodies were stationary, if the pervading periodicity of things were absent, and we lived in one still unbroken glow of sunshine, or in one silent darkness, we shall find it necessary to re-imagine a universe, and our own beings too. We shall find it difficult to discover any point at which the Motionless Man could have begun his idea of a regular process of time. Time-marking has been executed by the following contrivances, succeeding each other in the following order:

1. Sun-dial, supposed invented by Anaximander, B. C. about 550; possibly as old as Ahaz, B. C. 742. Herodotus ascribes it to the Babylonians, but without fixing any particular time. This

would apparently support the idea that Ahaz had one; since there was intercourse between the Assyrian monarchies and the nations on the Mediterranean coast.

2. Water-clock, or clepsydra. Commonly said to have been invented by Ctesibius of Alexandria, about B. C. 185. But the article was common in the time of Aristophanes, B. C. about 444-380.

3. Sand-glass, or hour-glass. Said to be mentioned by one Baton, a Greek dramatist, B. C. 280. Another account says, B. C. 149; and another adds, that the invention was lost, and rediscovered by the monks during the Middle Ages. They were in use in the time of Jerome, at any rate—A. D. about 345-420.

4. Clocks. Turret-clocks, viz., clocks so large as to be set up permanently in a tower or other part of a building, are variously and uncertainly said to have been first invented by Boethius, A. D. 510; first used under Pope Sabinianus, A. D. 612; first sent by Pope Paul to King Pepin, A. D. 756; made so as to strike by the Arabians, about A. D. 801; first made in Geneva, in the ninth century; invented by Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona, A. D. 849; first used in churches about A. D. 913; invented by Gerbert (Sylvester II.), A. D. 996. Please to select from the above any date which suits your own little theory about clocks. Meanwhile, it is pretty certain that, in the beginning of the eleventh century, large stationary wheel-clocks, moved by weights, were used in the European monasteries.

As for movable or portable clocks, they appear to have been introduced some two centuries later; say about A. D. 1300.

5. Candle-burning. This idea of King Alfred's must be put in here, because it is a good deal later than some of those early clock-dates. (Indeed—parenthetically—the wheel-clock idea has been carried back to Archimedes, who died B. C. 212; and it would not be surprising at all to find some fervent theorist arguing that Tubal-Cain himself invented clocks). Alfred took 72 dwts. of wax, and made it into six candles, each

twelve inches long, with the inches marked. There was a chaplain (of the name of Chandler, or Candlish, doubtless) who waited on this service. An inch of candle burned away in twenty minutes; the candle lasted, of course, four hours, and the half-dozen just filled out the twenty-four. At proper intervals, Rev. Mr. Chandler bawled forth the time of day—or, what is more likely, gave his master confidential notice, so that nobody else should have the advantage of it. Thus Alfred was able to carry out his purpose of using his day in even thirds—one for religious acts, one for public business, and one for sleep, study, and refreshment.

6. Watches. There is a fair share of the same pleasing freedom of choice, about the invention of watches, as about clocks (and anæsthesia, and the authorship of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and the electric telegraph, and most other creditable and contested inventions; so that the discreditable inventions must be the comfortable ones). Not to mention our old friend Tubal-Cain, the invention of watches has been credited to the Chinese—to some unknown Frenchman of Blois—to one Lorenzo di Vulparia, an Italian astronomer—and, most commonly, to an anonymous German at Nuremberg, A. D. 1477.

This order of inventions agrees with the order of economy in the subdivision of time, and with a similar law of extensive application, that of economy in the use of material; for a later invention in any given line is pretty sure to accomplish its purposes with the use of a less quantity of material in proportion to the effect produced. Thus, an American watch keeps time by means of a less weight of metals and minerals than was used in making the great Strasburg clock, which is twenty feet high (the first one was begun A. D. 1357); and, in like manner, the Great Eastern uses a far less weight of materials per ton of full cargo conveyed, than a Spanish galleon of A. D. 1588.

The order of invention of the chief parts of wheel-timepieces is as follows:

A. In Clocks.

VOL. V.—45

1. The wheel-train itself, with dial and hand or hands, and driven by a weight.

2. A fan-wheel, such as is even now often used for the striking part of clocks, to regulate the going part or main train. Date unknown.

3. A crown-wheel escapement. This was certainly used in the turret-clock erected by Henry Vick, or De Vick, for Charles V. of France, about 1379.

4. The pendulum, applied to clocks by Huyghens, or Hooke, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Up to this time clocks could not be relied on to go with a less error than about forty minutes a-day. The pendulum may be said to have completed the clock-idea, for subsequent improvements have been minor ones, in arranging the machinery, improving materials, perfecting escapements and compensations, &c.

B. In Watches.

1. The main-spring. This is the central thought of the portable timepiece; for evidently the weights and pendulum of a clock cannot advantageously be carried about. No spring, no watch. The spring was, of course, invented not far from 1477, supposing that to be the correct date for the first watches. But it is likely enough that it was applied to portable clocks first; for a natural order of invention is from greater to smaller.

2. The balance-spring, invented by Dr. Hooke, in 1658, about the time of the invention of the pendulum; so that accuracy in time-keeping first became possible in clocks and watches at about the same date.

3. Various escapements. The first, or "crown-wheel" escapement, is substantially the same as the old clock-escapement of De Vick. The original "lever" escapement was invented by a Frenchman, Berthoud, in the third quarter of the last century. What is now called the "lever" escapement was invented by Mudge, not far from 1800, and was then called the "detached lever." What is now called the "detached lever" was invented by Le Roy, a Frenchman, and perfected by the English watchmakers, Arnold and Earnshaw, in the latter part

of the last century and the beginning of this.

4. Jeweling, which seems to have been invented, or certainly made practicable, about 1700, by Nicholas Faccio, a Swiss, who obtained an English patent for the invention in 1704.

Events and dates might be added to those eight items, until they became eight thousand, or eight million, for that matter; for the combinations in arranging clock and watch machinery, the fanciful contrivances for cases, subsidiary machinery, concealment of power, compensation in pendulums and balance-wheels, escapements, &c., &c., have been practically innumerable. Le Roy, the French watchmaker, as long ago as in 1759, knew of more than fifty kinds of watch-escapements alone. A good inventor, who had received a reward from the English Society of Arts for a new watch-escapement, once remarked that he could invent a new one every morning before breakfast. This was meant only to show how great a variety was possible in the matter; for he knew perfectly well that it would be very hard to invent a better watch-escapement than the best now used, i. e., the "lever."

The latest important application of human ingenuity to the making of timepieces is not within the clock or watch, but without it. It has not, perhaps, improved the quality of the single timepiece; yet it is greatly and rapidly improving the quality as well as the cheapness of timepieces. This is the use of machinery to form the separate parts of clocks and watches in identical hundreds and thousands, instead of hand-finish to cut them out one at a time. This is the same idea—a favorite American one—which has been so successful in the manufacture of the Springfield musket and the Colt's revolver. The story of its application to Connecticut clocks is perhaps quite as well known. Its employment in making watches is the latest in time and the most advanced in ingenuity of the whole series.

In a third of a century—from 1825 to 1858—the United States paid to Europe,

for watches, the sum of forty-five million eight hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The watches thus purchased were made one at a time, or, rather, a half at a time—the movements in England or Switzerland, the finishing and casing in London or Paris. To secure a share of this great expenditure by investing American brain against Swiss and British poverty, was the problem set before the projectors of the American watch companies, and it has been satisfactorily solved. A few watches were made by hand in Worcester, Massachusetts, as long ago as during the war of 1812, but the business did not last. The originator of the American machine-watch manufacture was a Yankee watchmaker, A. L. Denison, of Boston, who, in 1852, thought out a combination of single machines into a factory which should supply ten watches a-day. From this small beginning grew up the American Watch Company of Waltham—said to be the largest establishment of the kind in the world—making over two hundred watches per day. The second in point of age is E. Howard & Co. of Boston. The National Watch Company of Elgin, Illinois, make, it is reported, over one hundred watches per day. The United States Watch Company, of Marion, N. J.; the Newark Watch Company, and others, are doing a large and prosperous business; and American watches are rapidly superseding all others; not only because they are good, but they are sold at less profit than the imported watches, and the manufacturers are present always ready to make good their guarantee.*

Such institutions as these great factories afford the best instances of the splendor and strength, the beauty and usefulness, of human thought. The subjugation of matter, the combination

* The "good name" of American watches has now travelled so far, and is so largely recognized, that it begins to suffer by its own virtues. It is said that recent importations of European watches show an extensive system of counterfeiting—the trademarks of the American companies being ruthlessly copied by the European imitators. On the other hand, the fame of the American handiwork has reached China and Japan. The Elgin Company is now receiving direct orders from those countries.

of knowledges, the perfecting of means, the ultimating of economy, the greatest supply at the least cost, and the result of a maximum of benefit for a minimum of toil, are magnificently exemplified in these great organizations, compounded of brain, hand, eye, and machinery.

The application of this large method of generalizing the mechanics of watch-making has been accompanied with numerous collateral advantages and improvements, of which we may mention a few. For one thing, the cases are furnished much cheaper than heretofore, and with one very peculiar advantage besides, in being interchangeable to any movement. All the American companies make the "movements" or works of their watches of the same size externally. The American Watch Company of Waltham make gold and silver cases not only for their own watches, but supply dealers with cases for other American watches. If you wear an American watch, and want a gold case instead of a silver one, or the other way, or one design rather than another, you can have the movement shifted into any American case in your jeweller's store, until you are suited.*

No such interchange can be made among the foreign watches, but each has its own case, which fits it as an egg-shell does its egg, and will go with no other shell. Yet the foreign folks are by no means above learning from us, for they have actually begun to join forces and organize companies on the American model, to make machine watches and cases to a fixed universal scale.

Gold and silver are the only metals from which cases can be made that will not rust. A case can be made of any metal; but as all other metals rust, the cases will rust, and consequently will not fit as exactly as they do at first, and a good movement would be injured. A

* Ladd's "Patent Stiffened Gold Watch Case," manufactured by James Brown & Co. of Providence, R. I.—an American invention—was brought before the public some three years ago, and is now generally recognized as a standard article. It is made of thick plates of gold and nickel composition "welded" together, rolled to the required thickness, and is sold at about one half the price of a heavy solid gold case, no more beautiful or serviceable.

silver-cased watch, costing say \$50, may have the same movement as a \$100 watch in a gold case.

One of the subordinate points in which the construction of the American watches is distinctly superior to the foreign ones is, in the framing of the movements; that is, the two circular plates within which the wheels and springs are held, are much less liable to be pushed out of their true opposition to each other, than in foreign work; and accordingly, the going of the watch is less liable to be disordered. The means of this improvement are as simple as the device for casing the works. It is only to use plates instead of the various little prongs which hold the jewels in many foreign watches, and to make the pillars between the plates stouter than in the foreign work. This, of course, gives them more bearing against the plates, and thus the framing has greater power to resist a thrust.

Again: the wheels of the American watches are thicker than in the foreign ones, and the teeth do not mesh so far within each other. This arrangement is found to lessen greatly the friction of the train, and, of course, to make the watch run more easily and last longer.

Once more: the jewels of the American watches are all turned to the same size, and are set in holes drilled to a uniform size. In these holes the jewels are merely fitted, and then held snug by the quiet nip of a little screw at each side. But in the foreign watches the jewels are pressed in by force, and held in by a continuance of it. This causes a fracture or chipping of the substance of the jewel to be quite common among foreign watches, whereas it is an unheard-of complaint among the American ones. Again: these jewel-holes are drilled under a machine so set that, *first*, the holes *must* be exactly in the right places, and *second*, they must be exactly of the right size. This makes it unavoidable that the axles of the wheels stand true and at their right distances; and therefore that the wheels match correctly, have the right "depthing" or interlacing of teeth, and run easily and

true. In the foreign hand-made watches, the object must be accomplished, if at all, by a tedious series of adjustments and alterations in each individual watch.

Once more: in the American watch, the main-spring is attached to the barrel, not by an inflexible fastening as in foreign work, but by a little hinge-joint. When the watch is wound, the spring, as it gradually curls closer around the stem in the middle of the barrel, of course draws from the inside of the barrel at a greater and greater angle. The hinge gives to this angle, and thus saves a violent wrench in the substance of the spring, which risks bending or breaking it, or more commonly a gradual distortion of that part of the barrel where it was fastened.

The American Watch Company of Waltham, since their organization in 1852, made over five hundred thousand watches; and we are told that the number now made in the United States averages at least 140,000 yearly.

The difference in the cost of American and foreign watches of the same grade is to be accounted for, first, and chiefly, by the large extra cost of skilled hand-labor over that by machinery; and secondly, by the expenses of importation, the duty, and the several profits of the intermediate dealers.

More than once, in this short paper, reference has been made to the natural progress of the intellect and of the works of men's hands accordingly, from the whole to parts; from the large to the small, from the coarse to the finished. Nothing, perhaps, can better illustrate the idea, than a comparison of the extremes of horology. The idea of the hour itself—the first regulated subdivision which showed that man needed to economize his day—cannot be traced, as we have shown, until more than half of man's recorded existence on the earth had passed. Hour-telling—for this is the English of horology—could not exist until there were hours to tell. But for our present comparison we need not go even to the beginning of horology. The era of wheel-timepieces alone suffices; and that covers only about one

third of the history of hours—that is, one sixth of the history of man. Within that brief time the advance has been made, which is wonderful enough for the present purpose. At its beginning, the only timepiece was a turret-clock; it could be afforded only by princes, or by great and wealthy corporate bodies, such as a city or a monastery. Its cost was a fortune by itself; its structure occupied months, and even years; it required to be watched and tended almost as constantly as a steamboat's engine; and it could not, at the best, divide time truly within two thirds of an hour a-day. Its dial was from ten to forty feet across; its works were (so to speak) a mill; and its weight was computed by hundreds of pounds.

To-day, a laboring man can earn, by the wages of a week, a timepiece which he keeps in motion by the use of a minute daily; which tells him the time within a second daily; which weighs a few ounces, and is carried in his pocket.

Indeed, machinery has outstripped mind in the subdivision of time; for, while the keenest and the quickest senses cannot mark with certainty the twentieth part of a second, machinery has marked the three hundredth part. And the extreme of this strange prophetic subdividing, which reaches beyond the domain of observation, though not beyond that of thought, is as wonderful in matters of space as in matters of time. Some of the balances used in the watch-factories will indicate one fifty-millionth of a pound; some of the gauges, one twenty-five thousandth of an inch.

From a dial forty feet across, a pendulum twenty feet long, a driving weight of hundreds of pounds, to screws at three hundred thousand to the pound, jewels measured to the ten-thousandth part of an inch, hair-springs that are only half as large as hair, and worth four thousand dollars a pound,—within the realm of mechanics imagination cannot suggest any vaster range of thought.

This nearest approach to the mastery of time by mechanism is American work, both in the unimaginable precision

ion of its details and in the broad and comprehensive nature of its business organization. It is appropriate to our active brains, our sensitive appreciation

of the importance of that time which is the foundation of life, that we should thus use the least of it in making the most of it.

QUAKER QUIRKS.

WHEN I was in England, I spent some months in a large town, the name of which—as this sketch is more than half true—I had better keep to myself.

While there, I contracted an intimate friendship with an outwardly prim but inwardly fun-loving and charming woman of the Quaker persuasion, and deluded her into many confidences concerning her people.

Oh, what a darling she was! Her wickedly bright eyes were always sweetly cast down and overshadowed by the regulation drab bonnet. The fun that was in her received a piquant, irresistible flavor, from its solemn peppering of “thee” and “thou” in her utterance; and, except her own family, her people were completely taken in by the saintly gravity of her Madonna-like face.

Thus, when I knew her, she was an exemplary member of the Society. It was even “born in” upon the minds of some of the older Friends that some day Lydia Underhill would have a preaching-gift equal unto Abigail Shottie, the then great gun-feminine of the meetings.

But Lydia fell from grace, and went over to the camp of the alien. Sharp prickings of conscience force me to confess, that the flesh and the devil, as represented in my person, led to this downfall. I acknowledge that I did take a vicious delight in displaying before her lounging, admiring gaze, the exquisite worldly apparel which I had ordered from Paris; and it proved beyond the power of the feminine heart to withstand.

Her particular fall consisted of a lovely round hat, with feather-tips of a rich deep purple. The tips rested against the crimped hair, which Lydia crimped expressly, with an effect, soft, fresh, crushy, such as only a French modista

can give. I am told that it is sitting upon a hat that does it; but it is very high art also, and I would not recommend the experiment to any one less accomplished.

Of course, a costume of purple silk and velvet accompanied the hat; and though some foolish, ignorant man-poet wrote that “Beauty unadorned is adorned the most,” he only showed his horrible ignorance; for Lydia’s beauty grew dazzling and dangerous in this exquisite French setting.

For just wearing these simple things, Lydia Underhill was formally “read out of meeting,” with a sighing and a sorrowing of the good old broadbrim who did it, which would have done honor to a far graver offence; and immediately she became, by a sort of mysterious paradoxical sequence, a high-church Episcopalian. Quakers invariably fall high-church Episcopalian; will not some delinquent Friend kindly explain and expound the why and the wherefore?

But long before this happened, Lydia and I spent many a pleasant hour together. With unselfish sweetness, or perhaps because of innate depravity, she gave me plenty of opportunities for gratifying my uncivil propensity of watching for contradictory or startling points of character among her people. I soon learned that not a few of these grave, undemonstrative Friends were keenly alive to a joke. There was Lydia’s father, a quiet, stern-looking man. He would sometimes utter a remark, ponderous, sombre, the muscles of his face immovable, and slowly teetering on his toes and heels as he spoke.

In the depths of my literal soul I would observe, “It is getting truly solemn,” when catching an almost imperceptible twinkle in the steely blue eyes

beneath the broad-brim, suddenly an intense flash of fun would burst from under that solemn remark; and, except the speaker, we would all be convulsed with laughter.

One day I asked Lydia if she could get me an invitation to one of her mother's tea-parties. It was then quarterly meeting. At quarterly meeting, Friends gather together in this wise: A Friend, say from York, comes to Bristol with all his family and their boxes. He has a right to knock at the door of any Friend's mansion, and when it is opened to him, he proceeds gravely to announce to the master thereof: "My name is Ezra. What is thy name?"

"My name is Reuben."

"Well, Reuben, I have come to tarry with thee awhile."

"Thee is welcome, Ezra;" and straight-way the kettle is put on, and milk and honey flow, for Quakers know what is good for the inner man; and, perhaps, it should be accepted as a consistent part of their belief, that they put out of sight with such commendable haste the rich brown of the roasted turkey, the glowing crimson of the cranberry sauce, and the delicate gold of custards and cake.

While quarterly meeting lasts, extra servants are hired, extra beds put up, and the ability of mistress and mansion is taxed to the utmost to provide generous fare, with the cordial welcome always offered.

I had heard that these tea-parties were miracles of good eating. I am very fond of good eating; but I said to Lydia, "I have 'a concern,' as you call it, to go to one of these very improving and desirable companies. It has nothing whatever to do with the 'flesh-pots of Egypt;' so don't be satirical, but get your mother to invite me."

"Thee knows how glad mother would be to have thee," she answered; "but thy worldly apparel might be unpleasant in the eyes of our people."

"Nonsense! I shall put on a plain black gown, and borrow a cap of your mother."

"Thee will say something," with a demure twinkle in her eyes, "which will tempt me into unseemly mirth."

"I will not. I shall hold my tongue. It is much more likely that you, or your man-monster of a brother, will set me laughing."

I got a cordial invitation for the fourth day, which was the next day, at 7 P. M., to my great glee.

Dressing, as I had promised, with scrupulous plainness, and wearing a Quaker-cap, which lent to me an expression of most edifying goodness, I drove to the spacious, comfortable-looking house occupied by Lydia's father and mother, in a very complacent frame of mind.

On entering the large drawing-room, I saw a row of serene-looking women sitting all around the walls, while their husbands stood about and talked to each other. In a few minutes we were invited to tea, and Nimrod, Lydia's brother, who was truly named, gravely handed me down. It was as if the Belgian giant were paying this delicate attention to Tom Thumb's wife; for Nimrod was six feet four, and I, what good old General Scott used to call "a morsel of a woman."

The dining-room was a very large one, but the tea-table was set diagonally, to get more space; and oh, what bright and fine silver beamed and glistened thereon! all of the plainest patterns, but solid, sterling ware. The room was filled with delicious scents, and we did not take long to seat ourselves. Lydia was on my left hand, and Nimrod on my right.

I had commenced telling a funny story in a low tone to Lydia, just as tea was announced, and went on with it at the table in the midst of a peculiar and utter silence, which somewhat disconcerted me. I could see Lydia's eyes flashing with suppressed mirth, though she too was very still.

At last I stopped, whispering, "For pity's sake, Lydia, what makes them all so solemn? why don't somebody begin to eat something?"

"I thought thee knew they were say-

ing silent grace," returned this wicked one.

Oh, what a shame! It was too bad! I was covered with confusion. I gave her a pinch, which made her squeak like a mouse in the wall; and Nimrod coughed behind his pocket-handkerchief, to hide the fit of laughter with which he was shaking. Never would I have knowingly shown such disrespect; and I corked up a big vial of wrath to pour out on Lydia's head at a more befitting season.

The next moment I became aware that my host at the foot of the table was regarding me with earnest, perplexed eyes. I looked down at my dress; that was all right. I assumed an aspect of sweet serenity. I passed my hand to the back of my head to discover if the hairpins were sticking out, or my poor wisp of hair had come down. I had left my sinful false hair at home, not being able to get it under the Quaker-cap, and was conscious of an exposed airy sensation at the back of my head. But every thing was in order, and still that gaze.

"Oh, what is he looking at me so for? Oh, what have I done?" I whispered at last.

That wicked Lydia! *She* knew all the time. With a little trilling laugh she said, "Father, her name is Fanny."

"Fanny, shall I help thee to some of the stewed oysters?" asked the good man.

It was my Christian name that he wanted. Lydia had told him before tea, but he had forgotten it; and until he could recall it, I was not to have any thing to eat; for addressing me by my last name, after the fashion of world's-people, was utterly out of rule.

How they did enjoy the good things! Little wavelets of delicate rose-color mounted up into the peaceful, serene faces of the women, while the men's grew red and shiny. Fat capons and rich pastries disappeared like magic. Little birds brought up on toast, hot and hot, melted like butter on the tongue. Muffins made of rice-flour white as snow, and light as foam, and maids of honor, which are most delicate and

delicious cheese-cakes, were speedily lost to sight, but can never be forgotten by me.

After tea, for this feast was called only "tea," we went up again into the drawing-room; but the good people left very soon; and the family, who were staying, or "tarrying," with Friend Samuel, retired, while I was kindly entreated to remain awhile. I fancy it was "bounden upon" Friend Samuel to examine the world's woman, and try to understand why his daughter Lydia had grown so fond of her.

So I talked away for dear life, saying all the good things I could think of, and even venturing on a little fun. The placid blue eyes fixed upon my face twinkled, and he was just saying, "Fanny, thee has a preaching-gift; thee had better join the Society," when the door slowly opened.

You may imagine that there are no elements of fun in a Quaker family, and you will be very much mistaken, for they are full of it.

In the open doorway stood the giant counterpart of Friend Samuel, whose short figure was of aldermanic proportions. The other bowed gravely, and walking up to his father—for it was that bad boy Nimrod, with a great-coat on, stuffed out in front with pillows—he proceeded to take the good man off to his face—voice, manner, a certain lifting up of the head, and compression of the under lip at the end of a sentence; his fingers interlocked over his ample waist-coat, and slowly teetering on his heels and toes, all perfect as it could be!

It was wonderful! It was a great actor lost to fame by force of circumstances! I had a quicker heart-beat at the commencement of the performance, for it did seem such a piece of impudence; but Friend Samuel's fat sides shook with laughter; and although his mother threw up her hands and eyes, and ejaculated, "Oh, grievous!" she slyly made capital out of the play by saying,

"If thee wishes to deceive us completely, if thee is really Samuel, thee will straightway give me the money to

buy that silver soup-tureen which I so greatly desire."

"Will thee let me abide with a Friend to-morrow night, if I bestow it upon thee?"

"Yea, verily."

"Nimrod," said the young scamp, turning to his father, "thee has my check-book in thy desk. Thee takes proper care of it, to be sure. It is not convenient, sometimes, for me to be without it. Will thee get it for me?"

The play went on; for the check-book was taken from the desk and gravely handed to him by his father; and as gravely, the pseudo Samuel filled up and tore out a check of the sum required, and presented it to his mother, but not signed; that, as I afterward learned, was really done by the right one after I left, to the great contentment of the good lady.

If Nimrod's mother had known why he desired to stay out all the next night, she would have cried "oh, grievous!" in terrified earnest. The big, bad boy was crazy to go to a certain fancy-dress party. Well, I might as well own it; so were Lydia and I; and the thing was how to get her also for all night. With a great deal of coaxing and promising I persuaded her mother to let her spend the night with me; and when she hoped that we would think of the saints, and have it on our minds to make an improving season of it, we incontinently turned conscience into a "convenient scarecrow," and said we would.

I got Lydia up as a lovely nun, her sweet, shining eyes and Madonna face exactly suiting the character. Nimrod went off and hired a gorgeous Louis-the-Fourteenth costume, man-like, never trying it on; and oh! didn't we have to work over it to make it big enough! We cut open every thing, and introduced five-corned pieces in a fashion and with a passion perfectly reckless. It required many flights of inspiration to cover all of him, and genius and agility in equal parts to carry them out; for he bobbed around like a teetotum, declaring that we stuck pins and needles all up and down

his spine. We did. And we sewed him up tight in his costume.

What it looked like when finished, I am sure I cannot describe. If we could only have disposed of the calves of his legs as sacrificial offerings, and kept the rest of him with his back against the wall, he might have passed muster, as most of the enlargements were behind; but the great triangular pieces which we were obliged to put into the backs of his long stockings made the seams wriggle all around his legs like a corkscrew, and, as a well-educated Englishman would observe, they looked so "jolly funny" that we screamed with laughter.

"Thee had better settle down into quietness," said Louis-the-Fourteenth. "If thee look once at my legs, at the party, I will straightway dance a sailor's hornpipe."

Fancy Louis-the-Fourteenth with those ridiculous legs, and dancing a hornpipe!

But how I *did* enjoy the intense, unspeakable delight of those two young Quakers at the ball! How wicked and pleasant it was to give them this forbidden glimpse into fairy-land! Lydia even went through the figures of a quadrille with a little rapturous teaching of her partner, a handsome young brigand; while Nimrod, with his patched-up back against a door, and those absurd legs drawing corks down among the chairs of the musicians, made one of the fiddlers tumble off his seat with laughter, at his comments on the scene in the "thee" and "thou" language.

I do not think that we were ever found out in this adventure; and we never did so any more; for soon after, Nimrod, whom I have called a big boy, but who was in reality twenty-one years of age, with a moustache that could only be seen in a strong side-light, got married!

I am certain that Nimrod's parents were pleased to have him safely married so young; and he was nowise loth, for Ruth Gumble was a sweet, prim little maiden, who demurely knotted and knitted for her kith and kinsfolk, and looked bewitchingly pretty under bon-

nets of the most boiled-down, coal-scuttle-y pattern. But, oh! she had a *very square chin*; and the ravishing little dimple in it could not hide the fact, from one learned as I in physiognomy, that Nimrod's six feet four, which bowed and fell at her beck now, would bow and fall at her peck when they twain became one.

Of course, I was burdened with the weight of my concern to go to his wedding; and with this end in view I told Samuel, if he should be moved to speak on this most important occasion, it would surely be "blessed on my waiting mind." This piece of solemn flattery went straight to the mark, and I got the invitation and thanked him, with a face of sober decorum, feeling all the time like Topsy,

"Oh, isn't I drefful wicked,
Ching-a-ring-ring-ring ricked."

But that light-minded Lydia, who had had her arm locked in mine, while I was praising her father's preaching-gift, rushed into the hall, her cheeks and throat puffed out with bottled-up laughter; and when I joined her, she had the cruelty to say, "Oh Fanny, 'that figment of the brain,' thy 'waiting mind,' overcame me utterly. Thee is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; yet thee fascinates me;" and she took my face between her two small hands and kissed me.

"Lydia," I answered sternly, and giving her a good pinch, "if you want to see desperate wickedness, combined with distracting beauty, look in the glass; then put on your sugar-scoop bonnet, and come out with me, for I wish to buy some teaspoons for the bride."

The inconsistent, unsympathetic sun shone gloriously bright on the wedding-day; but the meeting-house did its best—crowded, one side with black, the other with drab-colored Friends—to assert itself. It was what a well-educated young Englishman would call "a swell-wedding," for Friends Samuel and Gumble were "jolly rich" (more well-educated young Englishman), and Abigail Shoetic, the great preacher, was Nimrod's aunt.

The bride and groom sat by themselves on a long bench, pew we should call it, facing the preachers' seats, which was filled on this occasion with an alarming row of broad-brims and drab-bonnets. According to the rules of the Society, the couple were to marry each other; that is, when they could pluck up the courage to rise, they promised, one to the other, in the best original words that might come to them in such a moment of horrible embarrassment, to love, honor, &c., and to live together till death did them part.

"But what is that footstool for?" I asked Lydia in a whisper.

"Ruth is to stand upon it when they rise; she can hear him the better, thee knows."

"Oh! and perhaps he can hear, if she puts in the word 'obey.' Lydia, she'll never do it! I'll give you my pressed rose-leaf beads, if she does."

"Will thee, indeed? Oh, may she then be led in the right path!"

It threatened to be a "silent meeting;" so silent, that I had an almost irresistible, giggling sort of concern to get up and speak myself. I felt so sorry for those two poor souls sitting on the bench. The silence must have been appalling to them; a sort of purgatory, a waiting, not for doomsday, but for the bliss, which could only come after speaking.

Nimrod kept turning white and red. We could see him open his mouth with a gulp, rise an inch or two from his seat—Ruth giving a little sympathetic corresponding bob of her body—and sink down again, his courage oozing out. He would half pull off one glove, then grabble and scratch it on again in a great flurry. He favored the congregation with what seemed to be an organized series of these performances, the preachers gravely observing him, and the congregation silent and watching; when, lo! he had a spasm! he tore off his glove! he shot bolt upright in the air on top of Ruth's stool! he seized her hand, nearly upsetting himself by diving for it, pulled her up all in a flutter, and mumbled out something be-

tween a cry and a croak, for he was in such a paroxysm of fright. Then he leaned over nearly double, and listened to a little squeak from Ruth, communicating to him her intentions to hen-peck him well for the rest of his days, for taking away her stool, and standing upon it. I know that this was what she meant, if the words were different. And so, at last, all the misery was over; and after signing their names to a parchment scroll, which was witnessed by some of the preachers, they walked out of meeting, man and wife.

At first Nimrod and his wife lived with Samuel; and during all the honeymoon his conduct was drab-colored and most exemplary.

But one day Lydia told me that the bad boy had not yet mended his ways. There had been a meeting of Friends at her father's house on special business, and on that afternoon, Nimrod sauntering home, saw an organ-grinder and his monkey passing the door; stopping him, he said, "Does thee see that house with the blinds drawn down?"

The sunny and dirty Italian nodded, with a flourish of his white teeth.

"Well, whatever happens, do thee play before that door until I desire thee to leave."

With another intelligent nod, and a jerk at the monkey, who took off its hat, and made a solemn, reproachful bow, he commenced to grind out the drinking-song in Lucrezia Borgia, with a dislocating energy, when the door slowly opened, and Samuel appeared.

"Friend," he called, and the drinking-song came to a melancholy, howling stop. "Friend, thy music is not desirable to me; here is sixpence; go away speedily," and the door was shut.

Delighted with such a gratuity, the man was preparing to obey, when Nimrod strode up to him from his ambush round the corner, shaking his huge fist savagely, retired.

Down went the organ, a new stop was turned or put on, and this time "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" was teaching the ladies "how to dance, how to dance, how to dance," and the poor

little monkey was bowing, scraping, and dancing also with a solemn elegance worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, when the door opened, and Samuel once more appeared.

"Friend," he mildly remonstrated, "have I not told thee already that thy music has nothing to recommend it in my eyes? Here is another sixpence. I wish thee well; but thee *must* go away."

Again the delighted Italian was packing up to leave, when his avenging Nemesis, in the shape of Nimrod's giant fist, caught his eye. Another stop was turned on, and the organ struck up "Pat Malloy," to the vociferous joy of a dozen little ragamuffins, who had collected to stare at the monkey. They all knew this elegant ditty, and taking hold of hands, they danced around the organ-grinder, with the monkey in the middle making twenty bows a minute, and sang at the tops of their voices:

"'Tis Pat I am, for fourteen years I was my
mother's joy,
She keeps a little huckster's shop; her name it is
Malloy.
'I've fourteen children, Pat,' says she, 'they are a
blessing sent,
But then, you see, they're not like pigs, they can-
not pay the rent."

This was too much! The door opened, this time with a bang, just as Nimrod, with a serene aspect, was approaching it.

"What is the matter, father?" he calmly inquired.

"I have requested this sinful man to go away twice," he answered, his eyes darting steely-blue lightning. "I have given him money each time, and yet with innate depravity he persists in sorely disturbing the meeting."

"Why, father, thee did not take the right way."

"What else could I do, Nimrod?"

"Wilt thee let me try?"

"Surely."

With a bound like a tiger, scattering the ragged children right and left, Nimrod was on the astounded organ-grinder. "Off, rascal!" he shouted; "off, or I will break every bone in thy miserable body and make mincemeat of thy long-tailed brother," catching up the

monkey and flinging it at him ; and in less time than it takes to tell it, man, organ, and monkey had disappeared head over heels round the corner with such crashes and bangs against the pavement, that it was a wonder that *fe lo de se* was not committed by all three.

"There, father," said Nimrod ; "thee seest how he went for me," coming back laughing and breathless.

"I thank thee, Nimrod," he gravely answered ; "thee hast a most persuasive manner." His blue eyes laughed, but the mouth was sober, as was befitting, when he went back to the meeting, which, it is needless to mention, was now conducted without further interruption.

I was sorry enough when I had to leave my dear Quaker friends, to cross the wide ocean ; the chance was so remote that we should ever see each other again.

And I tried to be sorry when Lydia

announced her intention of becoming one of the "world's people."

It was not all from love of gay apparel, believe me. It was from a desire to enjoy the beautiful things of this world—music, painting, sculpture—which like rainbow-tints brighten many a darkening, drab-colored life. I could not help being glad of it from my standpoint ; nevertheless, it was with rather a humble and crest-fallen manner that I acknowledged to her father and mother my part and lot in the matter. Glad as I was, I shed tears, which, like the Scotch hodge-podge soup, composed of a little of every thing, had all sorts of regrets in them, when the kind souls so benignly forgave, and bade me farewell.

Oh, why cannot Quakers be Episcopalians, or Episcopalians be Quakers ? No, I don't mean that—I'd better stop ! I am floundering beyond my depth, and this article is long enough.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY.

MODERN art has become so dependent upon literature, that is to say, the written statement of it has become so necessary to complete or herald its influence, that a picture not criticised, a painter incapable of starting a discussion, or of generating in the mind of a writer his own sentiment of nature, may be said to be impotent ; such a painter or picture is the mere beginning, the echo or ghost of some fact in art, but not an issue, not a radiant incarnation of beauty, not a striking expression of personal force.

The present exhibition of pictures at the Academy of Design necessarily abounds in such beginnings, echoes and ghosts of art, and affords but few examples of art, while it holds all sorts of attempts, all sorts of feeble, awkward, commonplace and germless specimens, which may be taken for much or little according to our understanding of them. Now with these pictures—the result of illusion, of creative desire, of need of

beauty, or of mere need of mechanical activity in a direction flattering and seductive to minds even of the most rudimentary art-instinct—we do not propose to entertain our readers ; for these pictures, supplemented by critical comments, would constitute a double sacrifice to art ; and wounded vanity and slaughtered self-love would make of the galleries of the Academy a place of crucifixion. Painters, young or old, do not send pictures to our annual exhibition as geese are sent to market, to be plucked—to make the dinner of some critic, or come back shivering, ridiculous, and curable only by time. Those who may be under bad conditions for art may be helped by time. If we cannot encourage struggling and obscure and immature workers, we can, at least, let them pass unsmitten. If they be without force, time will deliver us from them ; and, likewise, it will rid American art from the imitative and literal

litter which takes so large a space of the Academy walls. We hold it to be a poor business to strike these men from a public place. Withered and tasteless as many pictures are, they are the work of men who have feelings, and therefore we cannot throw them aside, as we throw the windfalls of the fruit-trees of our orchards to the pigs. We are to occupy ourselves with pictures that are strikingly beautiful or expressive, and that do really represent art, or which are hurtful to art as understood under any of its great historic or possible forms.

Mindful of the actual condition of American art, we shall solicit your attention to, and hope to give you a statement of, the works of the *live* men of the present year. And first let us dispose of the portrait-art of the exhibition. Messrs. Ames, Page, Brandt, Stone, Staigg, Gray, Huntington, and Morse, have the principal claim upon us in this examination. It is due to Mr. Joseph Ames to say that he has contributed the simplest and most vigorous example of portrait-art. In the half-length of a lady (No. 365) in the south gallery,—understood to be the daughter of General Butler,—we have a picture which just falls of being a masterly work. But because of the lack of purity and clearness of color, because of the feebleness of the shadow-side of the face, and the rank red of the mouth, because a good motive of color is not worked out into something exquisite, because nothing lovely and transparent in tone meets the eye in Mr. Ames' work, we must withhold the unstinted compliments with which we should like to welcome the portrait of a beautiful woman. But we have to congratulate Mr. Ames because of the living expression of the eyes, the admirable painting of the dress, the good movement of the figure, especially the action of the hands. If all this just falls short of the finest art, it is at least effective and well understood; the portrait is treated in a simple manner, and it is painted with a vigor second only to the work of Mr. Richard Hunt. Mr. Ames seems to be

following Mr. Hunt's method, and, in doing so, subjects himself to comparison with a master; but, so far as his work resembles Mr. Hunt's, he is doomed to a secondary place. All great and permanent art is a personal expression; if it is not that, but a trick, or a method of expression which we have adopted, it is only so much decoration, so much furniture for our parlors, which owes its existence to our ignorance or to our immediate needs; but this is not the art of the immortal masters.

The portrait of Miss Blanche Butler is not commonplace, and if the manner of the painter is suggestive of another man's work, the action, the expression, the spirit of the picture, is Mr. Ames'; and it must be said that he has given us a vital, effective, almost a graceful and charming, half-length portrait. If Mr. Ames would accept a suggestion, we should say that it would be well for him to get rid of a certain dryness in his method, and to seek for quality and transparency and luminousness in his color.

From Mr. Ames' work to the full-length portrait of Ex-Governor Fenton, opposite the main entrance of the south gallery, we turn to one of the least satisfactory of Mr. Page's peculiar and sometimes admirable portraits. Mr. Page's work is clear and low and deep in *toné*, a tone which he always gets at the cost of much that properly occupies the modern artist. But the only spot of color in his portrait that seems to us to have its full value is a spot of red, the seal of the document under the hand of the figure, and the colors in the rug on the floor. Even accepting Mr. Page's theory of painting, it does not seem to us that the flesh-color is sufficiently luminous; it is veiled, and without its full value as light. Mr. Page's talent commands our respect; we know him to be a convinced and serious artist; and we know that he has painted some wonderfully subtle and profound portraits; but this full-length of Ex-Governor Fenton is stiff, awkward, unsatisfactory in more particulars than we care to mention. It shows Mr. Page's want

of invention, his want of style; it shows his method of painting, unaccompanied by a sense of the body and local color of things. But, as in most of his work, here is a plain and subdued rendering of his subject; no bluster, no vulgarity, no pretension; yet, compared with the direct, simple, open, frank style of a Velasquez, or with the gracility and ease and substance of a portrait by Vandyke, this full-length example of Mr. Page's style in the art of portrait-painting seems vicious. To go into detailed criticism of Mr. Page's work would force us to remark a feeble sense of form, an inadequate sense of the body and make of a man; and while we accepted his work as a fine example of *tone*, as a serious and conscientious study of expression, we should turn from it for the reasons we have given above. Without precision and beauty, a painter has only reached a manner of painting; and a better result of Mr. Page's theory seems to us to be in Mr. Perry's "Story of the Tiles" (No. 295); which is not only pure, clear, deep in tone, but vivid and varied in color, and with the exception of the color and texture of the hair of the mother and boy, and a want of masterly drawing, it is a wholly charming and beautiful piece of art.

The best example of purity, precision, regularity, exactitude in portrait-painting, is to be found in Mr. Carl Brandt's head of a child (No. 369) in the south gallery. Mr. Brandt's work has the inevitable hardness of texture which is the weak side of all elaborate and imitative art. Mr. Stone's portrait of a young girl (No. 387), in the west gallery, illustrates a directly opposite aim in art—an aim not to imitate and realize, but to render, to express, to suggest, by a happy and yet a slight style, the exquisite delicacy, the fleeting grace, the softness and bloom of the faces of children and girls. Mr. Stone's girl is exquisitely painted, and the expression is lovely; Mr. Brandt's child is a more studied, we should say a more intellectual, work; but, so long as a vivid and pure impression counts for as much in

art as study, or elaborate effort, in which some zest, some freshness is lost, while we carefully and curiously consider Mr. Brandt's admirable work, we think no less how charming and genuine is Mr. Stone's exquisite appreciation of the lightness, freshness, and softness of the face of his pretty little girl; yet, we regret that the moment Mr. Stone treats more than a head, his drawing puts a point of interrogation in our mind, and we wish for what he has never given us. The same is true of Mr. R. M. Staigg's drawing in the lovely head of a young lady (No. 377) which hangs in the large gallery; a head which Mr. Staigg has rendered with much of the sweet, luminous, and varied color of nature, but which wants a little more fusion of tint; a little less of the broken and spotty touch with which the artist has kept his flesh-tints exquisitely pure and deliciously fresh. Mr. Staigg has placed on his canvas a head of a beautiful young girl, whose face is suggestive of the conscious and cool flavor of strawberries, and of the fragrance and warmth of acacia-blossoms. This head illustrates Mr. Staigg's very rare gift, and yet, like most of his work, fails of being a flawless and perfect work of art because of a want of thoroughness and knowledge on the part of the artist. The impression of the head is fine and individual; the gift of the artist is manifestly gracious and pure; but the training of his hand has been deficient. Yet here is expression, here is sensibility, here is that essential *sensuousness* without which we cannot have a beautiful result in painting; and, lacking that sensuousness, all the power to render form, all the knowledge of drawing of a Vernet or a Delaroche, is not equal to the expression of the beauty of a flower; much less is it equal to that happy and magic gift, by which the weakest hand sometimes renders the vivid and subtle and luminous beauty of the flesh-forms of a child's, a girl's, or a woman's face. But these curtailed, these limited, one-sided men, these gifts which are but rarely associated with severe and thoroughly-train-

ed artists, make us humble and grateful. Mr. Staigg has a gift, the gift of a delicate and fine organization; he can paint a girl's head with a rare sense of its soft exquisiteness and pure sentiment.

We are before Mr. Huntington's family group, which pleases and interests us, for it is well composed, it is treated with a certain degree of elegance, it is fully up to the art-level of Washington Irving; it has a refined, well-bred, genial, unobtrusive, yet attracting character; it represents a family of handsome Americans, with just a little suspicion of aristocratic feeling, but which is manifested with so much that is mild and benignant in temper, that it is not in our democratic mind to take alarm at it. But Mr. Huntington's group is difficult to place in America. Fiction pushes honest homeliness aside. The group appears to be on the terrace of an Italian villa, but the costume does not, save the black coats of the gentleman, localize them. The merits of Mr. Huntington's picture are good honest brushwork and agreeable color; and in the first place of the figures and naturalness of expression without any thing like realism, or mere imitation, as in Mr. Gray's remarkable family-picture in the east room. It seems to us that Mr. Huntington's background suffers from a want of lightness and looseness in the touch, and from too much negative color; and we would like to see a little less dryness and sameness in the texture of objects throughout the picture. In spite of these all but confirmed characteristics of Mr. Huntington's work, the picture before us is noble and agreeable. Especially charming is the color and figure and action and expression of the young lady in satin and gold. The one piece of red in the picture is not a good red; it can be improved. Mr. Huntington is represented by several half-length portraits; the heads are well painted, but the treatment of the pictures seems to us somewhat tame and ordinary; but who is the American portrait-painter that can really make a new picture from every sitter? Mr. Henry Peters Gray is represented best by a single study of a

head, "Normandy Girl" (373), which is a very beautiful example of flesh-painting; it is round and fine and luminous, and it is pleasing in expression, and, like his best work as a colorist, is free from the very common defect of coarseness and earthiness, which is so often found in more solidly modelled and more effective heads.

From these notable examples of portrait-art we turn to the figure-pictures of the exhibition. The best, the most natural and original figure or genre painting of the exhibition is by Mr. Winslow Homer; the most elaborate is by Mr. Gray. Mr. Homer is one of the few young men who appear to have a manly aim, and to be in directly personal relations with nature; other young painters seem feeble or affected or groping.

We are before Mr. Homer's best picture (No. 173), the girl on horseback, just at the top of Mount Washington. It is so real, so natural, so effective, so full of light and air; it is so individual; it is so simply, broadly, vigorously drawn and painted; the action of the horse is so good, the girl sits so well; she is so truly American, so delicate and sunny, that, of course, you surrender yourself to the pleasure of her breezy, health-giving ride; you look at her with gusto; you see she is a little warm, perhaps too warm, from her ride up the mountain; but then she, like us, lets herself be refreshed with all the coolness and light about her, with the rising vapors that make a white, a dazzling veil between her and the shining, glittering valleys, all hidden by mist, and, as it were, under a river of light. This is something of contemporary nature, something that will never become stale; this is the picture of a man who has the seeing eye—an eye which will never suffer him to make pictures that look like "sick wall-paper," the elaborate expression of mental imbecility and a mania for pre-Raphaelite art. Here is no faded, trite, flavorless figure, as if from English illustrated magazines; but an American girl out-of-doors, by an American artist with American charac-

teristics—a picture by a man who goes direct to his object, sees its large and obvious relations, and works to express them, untroubled by the past and without thinking too curiously of the present. Mr. Homer is a positive, a real, a natural painter. His work is always good as far as it goes; and generally it falls below the standard of finish and detail which is within the reach of our most childish and mediocre painters, and which misleads many, and deceives painters with the thought that by going from particular to particular, of itself insures a fine result in art.

Our best *genre* painter said to us the other day, that many picture-buyers were too stupid to appreciate Mr. Homer's girl on horseback; and we agreed with him. Mr. Homer may be called a downright painter of nature; as an artist, he has yet to reach the exquisite and beautiful; he is now in the good and true. He has invention, he is fresh and just in his observation, and he has but to attain the beautiful to become our master figure-painter. We have no figure-painter who can put a figure in action better than Mr. Homer; not one who sees the actuality of his subject better; not one who is closer to the objective fact of nature. Mr. Homer is represented by eight or nine pictures, including his sketches, each of which is remarkable for the truth of local color and the striking rendering of the effect of light. But the three girls on the beach in the large picture in the north gallery are not beautiful; their legs are not well drawn, nor are they fine or elegant in form.

The moment a painter selects a girl for a subject, the lovely, the beautiful is his object; happy if, like Greuze, he can delight his contemporaries, and go down to posterity as the master of an exquisite and immortal type of human sweetness and graciousness—master of a luminous and perfumed and soft and melting face expressive of purity and desire, like the girl-heads of Diderot's painter-friend.

Mr. Homer's three girls are awkward; not very interesting, but very natural;

his "Manners and Customs on the Coast" in the east gallery is very real, bright, effective; but an objection may be made to the Siamese twins dressed like two coast-swells; and prudish eyes may question the modesty of the two girls in the foreground, who, of all bathers that we have ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, alone may be said to be prettily costumed for a little sea-sport.

No people in the world, save the English, are so far as the Americans from the natural life and the artistic expression of life. We have one avenue of deliverance; it is that of art, which begins in nature. An artist is a being in whom the primitive man is not wholly dead; but the primitive man lives, trained to express his desires, to manifest himself, to use his faculties, through organs that have been disciplined to produce beautiful and enchanting things, and which beguile us from the stupid and barren and monotonous conditions of mere order and imitation to which we are commonly committed. The syren of nature lives in the poet, the child of nature lives in the artist; and without the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the persuasive tongue and magic touch of both poet and painter, into what an unmitigated bondage to the narrow utilitarianism of modern civilization should we be plunged! This thought leads us directly to Mr. Homer Martin's landscape (No. 187) in the north gallery—that cool, solitary pond, with its fringe of water-plants and cool, dark, dim trees, and lovely, dying tints in the sky. It is a fresh and charming picture, owing much of its very charm to its slightness. But step into the east gallery; we are before Mr. Homer Martin's "View from a Mountain-Top in the Wilderness." This picture (No. 279) seems to us but little more than a large sketch. But you have a very narrow and unintelligent sense of art, if the fact of finish, or completeness, if the fact that a representation of nature is sketchy, lessens its importance to you and makes you forego the pleasure to be derived from it. The great merit of Mr. Homer Martin is not that he is a

complete picture-maker, or a *master*; it is, that what he does is expressive of a personal experience with nature, that he gives us something in his pictures not suggestive of something better in the work of another artist, but rather something that announces to the seeing eye *his* reason of being, and refreshes us by its suggestions of loveliness, tenderness, and mystery. We are standing before a picture which is not composed, which is not pretty and precise and commonplace, but a picture that is light and airy, and tender and lovely in color. Mr. Martin has peculiar gifts as a landscape painter; it would be easy enough for him to reach a conventionally complete expression; but like a great many men, he might reach it at the expense of the freshness and suggestiveness of his present manner—freshness as of morning hours, as of springtime, as of every thing yet untouched by the cabinet-maker's idea of art, or the pedagogue's idea of poetry. Mr. Martin is on the way to become a master; but a painter is not acknowledged to be a master save when he sustains himself year after year at a level, where, however, much as we may cavil at his method, he makes us know beyond question that he, at least, is sure of himself, and understands what he is about, and knows what to paint, and when to stop painting.

In looking at Mr. Martin's landscapes we are to be reminded that he is one of the few young landscapists who do not paint after any fashionable receipt for picture-making; and there are receipts for making a certain kind of agreeable paintings as there are receipts for making pills and puddings, alike to be acquired with time and patience, alike acquired by the most docile and colorless and purposeless minds. But such pictures, in high favor in chromo-factories, are pictures, but not works of art. They are the despair, the mortification of every true lover of art, and the boast of every mere picture-maker. Mr. Martin is not one of them; he belongs to the best section of the younger men of the Academy.

Another vital and interesting painter

who gives us some art, is Mr. John La Farge, whose one chiefest accomplishment, whose one rarest attainment, is exquisite refinement of color; call it sweetness, quality, any term you choose, expressive of the subtlety and music of happily ordered tones and tints. In this one particular of the mingled and fine and vivid and veiled delicacies of color, of color and form seen as it were through transparent tones, we have what is not to be found in the work of any other American artist.

Mr. La Farge's scrupulous and fine and much-sought-for color, is justly expressed as a visible correspondence to the hidden harmonies of music. There is in his pictures the same undefinable charm, the same occasional melting away of definite form, the same sudden but harmonious masses and neat accents, the same loss of the mere formal logic of his subject, as in music. See the bright little picture (No. 435) near the door in the west gallery; the exquisite gray and green and brown of the little picture (No. 302) in the east gallery. Then look at the fine gradation, the unity and mystery of mingled tint and tone in the large picture in the south gallery. How well the ground and rocks are modelled! how justly is the apparent substance of things rendered! how far off the sky, how lovely the peaceful light that pervades sky and distance! Mr. La Farge is an artist by his particular impression of nature. He is an artist as distinguished from a poet. We should say his senses are exquisitely adjusted to nature. The moral element which enters into every poet, that *something* which makes the pathos of a man's work, which is nature *plus* the moral experience of a human soul, is not in Mr. La Farge's works; it is in Mr. Martin's; it is in Rousseau; it is not in Keats' verses—Keats, the one artist or painter-poet.

The remarks to be made on Mr. La Farge's large picture are, that we owe but little to his subject, and every thing to his art. If we cannot see his art, his subject must seem badly chosen and uninteresting. In the hands of a man less

scrupulous, less sure of his aim, in the hands of a mere literal copyist of the features of his subject, it would have been an awkward and common picture, a literal rendering of a mere piece of nature. As it is, it takes rank with the undisputed art, the masterly work of Mr. S. R. Gifford, our supreme poet-painter and master landscapist.

Mr. S. R. Gifford is represented by two very beautiful pictures; one the "Venetian Isle of San Giorgio" (182), the other "A View near Tivoli." The first is vision-like, and quite perfect. These sunny walls and placid waters, these towers and roofs, these lazy-looking boats, are painted by the hand of a master. What a picture to hang in a sick man's room, to make life seem an easy and divinely harmonious thing! What a picture to look at on a cold, raw day, when blinding sleet and blustering winds are outside! What a picture to see at any time! it is so still, so mellow, so harmonious, in a word so beautiful! Mr. Gifford is the painter who is most uniformly happy in his choice of subject, fine in his impression, and complete in his expression of it. He seems to have passed, long ago, beyond the period of struggle and search; he seems to have reached that heaven of an artist's life, when he lives wholly by his personal impressions of nature, and reproduces them without apparent effort. He is our simplest and surest landscape-painter, a master of drawing and composition, and he has an unflinching and exquisite sense of gradation, and he lives in light. He is a poet, because whatever his subject, it becomes transfigured in his mind. The "Tivoli" (362) in the large gallery is a wonderfully glowing landscape. The sunshine seems literally to flood in one vast stream of light the whole valley. Each of Mr. Gifford's pictures is painted in a sure, judicious, sustained, fine, and elegant style. Looking at the two specimens of his distinguished genius, one might naturally question if the painter ever groped about and struggled; rather whether he did not suddenly wake up into the full perfection of his fine

art expression, as a dragon-fly, from its obscure cradle, rises gauzy-winged, to live in light, with no trace of its earth-bound prison, but is all glittering and gold, for golden hours and a divine climate.

Mr. C. C. Griswold's "Purgatory Point, Newport" (308), is not up to the mark made by this serious and conscientious young painter in former exhibitions of the Academy. It is a tame, but not a bad, picture. Mr. Griswold can yet make it a fine one; it is now unfinished. For example: take the note of color made by the blue of the sea in the distance; it is a bit of nature which, to quote the felicitous expression of a brother-artist, should *sing*: it would sing too to the eye in nature. But in Mr. Griswold's landscape this is a passage that does not seem felt as color; and the whole picture is suggestive of a languid or listless hand. How different the lovely and vivid color and delicate execution of Mr. Griswold's spring landscape of last year. Mr. Griswold's study of the sea in the corridor (126) is breezy and bright.

Mr. R. W. Hubbard's picture (178), in the north gallery, is an admirable landscape, well painted, full of nature, and very effective. The artist well understands the sun and the sky as the source of light; a thing, sometimes, yes very often, lost sight of by good painters. Mr. Hubbard has only to get rid of a little of the obtrusiveness of mere pigment in his middle ground, and a little heaviness in his touch in painting details, to be counted not only a charming landscape-painter, as he is, but a masterly one. These mountains, this sky with its flocks of clouds, these autumn trees, and this mountain-creek (we are speaking of No. 178), make a noble American picture.

Mr. Kensett's single marine in the large gallery is a clear, pure, and refined painting; especially noticeable is the painting of the beach and sea, and the drawing of "the tender curving lines of creamy spray." It sustains Mr. Kensett's reputation; but the autumn sketch in the west gallery is not so good; it is

below Mr. Kensett's level. Some of our most venerated painters are in danger of forgetting that not to keep up to their highest level is to expose themselves to many-voiced detraction, which has neither memory nor hope.

Mr. Wyant's large picture in the south gallery is a good picture; but it is without unity in effect, and without refinement or quality in its color. The clouds are heavy and painty; the picture lacks atmosphere, and looks "made up," rather than like an impression of nature. The two passages of effect, effect of light in the sky, and effect of light on the rocks, have about the same value, which is false to nature. But in spite of these defects, Mr. Wyant's landscape is one of the most notable of the year, and is to be characterized as a solid, vigorous, and effective picture.

Mr. R. Swain Gifford is one of the best of the rising landscapists. Yet he seems too much under the influence of Mr. S. Colman, who is a clever artist, but whose manner sometimes degenerates into a cheesy and battery style; a style that is often satisfactory, but never so in its debased form, when it is a mere mannerism. Mr. R. Swain Gifford has caught Mr. Colman's manner; but he has found new subjects, and so escapes classification under Mr. Colman. Both artists have yet to push ahead, and away from each other. Swain Gifford's little picture in the west gallery is well painted, and his large picture in the south gallery is remarkable for its broad and simple treatment and for the novelty of its subject.

We next turn our attention to the figure-pictures of Messrs. Guy and Henry, and the battle-picture of Mr. Julian Scott. Both of the first-named painters represent the literal and realistic in our American art, and represent it with a success that is flattering to themselves and a matter of pleasure to all who sympathize with the restricted but easily understood aim of these painters.

Mr. Guy's picture is thoroughly studied; full of admirable painting of the literal and imitative kind, it is careful,

it is elaborate, it is real; the imitation of the color and grain of the bedstead, the painting of the furniture and curtains and carpet is to be praised; the expression of the young mother in bed, the drawing of her face and hands, is better than the work of any of our realists or pre-Raphaelites, or literal copyists of nature. We shall not enter into the question of taste in painting such a subject; we shall not raise a discussion of the value of all this prosaic art, of all this mere industry. It is instructive, it is interesting; but it is tiresome, and without charm; it gives no suggestion of the mystery and magic and undefinable grace of art. Such a style of art would not have carried even a Gérôme, without his very pronounced and novel dramatic and tragic conceptions, his severe sense of beauty, beyond a public of cabinet-makers and photographers and upholsterers. How then can it be any thing more than a mere exercise of the imitative talent of Mr. Guy? The same remarks apply to Mr. Henry's work. The divine idea of beauty, the liberating influence of delicious sensations arising from the color and laborless look of natural objects, can never come to us from such unsensuous art, such hard and literal and purely imitative paintings as Mr. Guy's and Mr. Henry's. The very beginning of such work is not in the living look of objects, but in the rigid, the fixed, the dead; for this reason the still-life is rendered better than the living figures; for this reason, chairs, beds, and carpets and curtains are painted with extraordinary success; while all the noblest part of painting, that part which has made the world sound with the name of ancient and modern masters, is not reached. The very origin of this art, so instructive to insensible people, to people without the need of beauty, without a glimmering of the ideal, is questionable; it is brought forth after long effort, and the labor-pains of the production very often kill the mother, art. But such art is in keeping with people who sit on machine-made furniture, who think the last result of a picture is to make a

good chromo; as if no impassable gulf were between the magic of the highest art and the matter-of-fact look of, and positive skilfulness illustrated by, the best imitation! In justice to Mr. Henry, we wish to say his large interior is creditable to his knowledge and skill, that it shows uncommon capacity for that kind of picture-making; into the question of taste raised by the portrait of a woman in bed—a curious sick-room, full of mixed suggestions, and interesting—we have not the space to enter and consider here.

Mr. Julian Scott's picture of a Skirmish in the Wilderness, in the large gallery, is highly creditable to so young a painter; it has the merit of being a group of portraits in action, of American soldiers; it has the vice-like tenaciousness of expression of a very young man's work; and it is an interesting, a promising, and a striking production. Mr. Scott will himself discover that his figures look posed and fixed, as if to be photographed rather than as if suddenly caught in action. The most remarkable success of Mr. Scott is in giving character and expression to the faces of his soldiers.

Of Mr. Hennessy's picture of the "Poet of our Woods," in the north gallery, we can say the artist has spared no pains to make a complete picture; it is carefully executed throughout, but not agreeable in the impression it makes either as color or composition. The other example of Mr. Hennessy's peculiar talent, in the same gallery, is characteristic of the artist's method and aim in art during the last five years. Mr. Loop is represented by two charming pictures; a landscape full of light, broad and slight, yet delicate in execution (No. 295), and a green, grassy, sunny picture (No. 116) in the north gallery. Mr. Cranch exhibits a fine study of pomegranates, in the corridor; Brevoort, several good landscapes, agreeable and simple in effect; Jervis McEntee, a View of Venice, and a bit of the snow-dimmed woods of late autumn—a picture generally liked. Mr. Weeks exhibits a study of a head in the

east gallery, near the entrance to the large gallery; his picture is painted in the manner of Leys of Antwerp; it is very true, strong, and interesting, but dull in color. Mr. Tiffany is represented by a picture in the north gallery—it hangs next to Mr. Homer's girl on horseback—which is beautiful in color, and full of what the French call *chic*. Let us hope that Mr. Tiffany will not stop with it; for *chic* is attractive and deceptive; it is the semblance of knowledge, the trick of art, the knack of power, the suggestion of suggestion. Honorable mention is to be made of Mr. F. Johnson, who comes to us from Écouen and the influence of Frere; of Mr. Wiggins; of Miss Virginia Granbery, for her study of a magnolia blossom; of Mr. Whitaker, who advances; of Mr. Parker and Mr. Forbes. Mr. Shattuck is up to his level in former years; he is a careful and conscientious painter, as may be seen in the large picture in the south gallery. The venerable Mr. Morse shows how well he painted many years ago, in the ruddy and vital portrait in the south gallery.

After taking a long breath, let us ask what Mr. Whittredge means by degenerating into so thin and dry and colorless a style of painting as his view of the Rocky Mountains (No. 446) in the west gallery? We prefer his "Trout-Brook" (416) in the same gallery; it is a good, a pleasing picture, but not what we expect from Mr. Whittredge. We appeal to Cæsar. We do not wish to make his funeral sermon, but how shall he escape the knife of the envious Casca and the thrust of the well-beloved Brutus? It is not that we love Whittredge less, but art more.

Among the studies and sketches, E. W. Perry, F. Randel, C. Fisk, A. Baldwin, J. Fitch, W. Homer, H. Martin, J. O. Eaton, and J. La Farge, exhibit very interesting works. In fact, the whole east side of the corridor is covered with admirable studies and sketches, not the last notable of which are several by Kruseman Van Etlen.

Mr. J. B. Irving has advanced this year; witness his vivacious and clear

picture (No. 238) in the east gallery. Mr. F. B. Meyer, of Baltimore, a man who takes hold of art on the side of character, who draws and paints with a power and force second to none of our American figure-painters, is represented by a good study of character in the well-posed figure of the blacksmith using his anvil as a reading desk. The picture is well called the "Nineteenth Century" (No. 255). Messrs. Cropsey and Church and Bierstadt and Durand are represented by characteristic pictures. Mr. Le Clear is not up to his mark in the head of the sculptor, Mr. Palmer, although the likeness seems good; his Dr. Vinton is better, and is admirable. Mr. C. T. Dix's picture, entitled "Scene at Capri" (343), is a thoroughly good picture. Mention must be made of the landscapes of Messrs. Cole and Howland and Anderson; also of the very carefully studied picture (311) by Arthur Parton, and a beautiful piece of color by Miss Rose (No. 262), representing flowers twined about a harp.

Finally, the present exhibition gives us no new name; it announces no new hope in art. The best of the younger men have met our expectations; some of them have made us suffer by the detestable manner and sick color with which they have treated good subjects. American art rests upon the same men that it has rested upon several years back. We have considered the pictures of painters who have been doing the best work during the last five years. But Messrs. Vedder, Coleman, Eastman Johnson, Boughton, and Hunt, are not represented at the Academy galleries. We are sorry not to see them at the front this year. But we turn to those who have done what they could, grateful and hopeful, and we believe that the Forty-Fifth Annual Exhibition holds works that bear witness to personal intercourse with nature, that are the manifestation of a personal gift, and that these works constitute a good claim for what may be called American art.

DINNER *vs.* RUFFLES AND TUCKS.

IN the eager struggle to widen woman's sphere beyond the home, our literary monitors seem in danger of relaxing their watch over those whose fortunate allotment has been "the sweet safe shelter of the household hearth behind the heads of children." Beyond the irrepressible topic of grievances involved in the reign of Princess Biddy, few other details of home living and doing are just now being discussed.

We have barely begun to discover that another equally potent destroyer of domestic peace has crept into the household, and as you read probably not half of you will guess that I mean no less than the sewing-machine. The peerless Queen of the needle! My admiration of the wonder-working thing is as complete to-day as when I saw it flash off its first seam, and cried exultingly,

"No more to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk.
Where woman has never a soul to save;
For this is Christian work!"

How could I foresee that we were only to exchange the yard's length of stitches wrought by the quiet hand for the twenty yards that must put a thousand additional nerves and muscles to the stretch? The direful discovery has duly been made that no form of labor more surely and irremediably undermines the health than that of this same invaluable sewing-machine, when used at the rate now almost universal.

"I never could get along without my machine," says the weary young mother, looking around upon her ruffled and betucked little brood. No, poor little woman, nor with it either. That thought comes to me new every morning as I try to lure you out into the sunshine and fresh air. "No," you always say; "I

do wish I could; but if I go out in the morning, I am so tired directly, I cannot settle down to sew, and get nothing accomplished all day. And just look at my work, here."

I do look at it, and oh, the pity of it! Round and round, till yards on yards of tucks load eight-year-old Daisy's small petticoat, while flounce upon flounce, scalloped and bound, garnish the dress without adding one whit to its beauty or use.

No wonder, at this rate, though you have a servant in the kitchen, and another in the nursery, all you can do is to get time to sew. No wonder, when these helpers are of the class described in the Biddy-essays, the husband's step in the hall brings no lighting up of your face, but rather, alas! a little cloud of apprehension as you wonder how affairs may be in the dining-room to-day. For you know you have not "had time" to run down to see to things. No, little dame, no inclination; for you know, and every woman who will tell the truth admits, that nothing gives quite so complete a disrelish for housework of every description as steady sewing.

"I had rather be whipped than go down into that kitchen," I have heard a wife sigh, rising from a long session at her machine. It is very apt to end in not going down. Then the dinner is Irish, and the swill-cart carries off daily a painful of viands that a few hours before were the pick of the market, and paid for in extremely hard cash.

Of course, the children want to be where mamma is; but they and the machine together are more than she can bear. So nurse drags them off to fret and bicker away profitless hours in the other rooms, or marshals them forth to the scanty resources of the sidewalk, where they catch, under her management, those omnipresent "colds" which scourge out children's lives.

Meanwhile mamma sews on, with a sense of home-affairs in general not going as well as they should, and perhaps a vague, unrestful feeling that life is sliding away without her gaining or giving what she ought, standing as she

does on the heights of the world, no childless "woman without honor," but wife and mother beloved, with ample room in life to live and love in.

As her feet pause after a long breathless race with that indispensable machine, do her aching head and weakening limbs never warn her that it is a *treble* thread this wearing motion reels away? That, with every additional yard of ornamental and needless stitching she runs off, there shortens, by one subtle and sure atom, the thread of her life? No whit less surely than Hood's gaunt starveling in her garret, she too is

"Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt"

Now that the physical results of much labor on the sewing-machine have become apparent, the question of how far a woman who is bearing and rearing children is justified in its use, rises into a question alike of morals and expedience.

When I review the days many of our most conscientious and diligent young mothers pass, I only wonder that they do not fade faster—that more chords of their mental and physical being do not grow utterly "out of tune and harsh." And I only marvel that it is not oftener, rather than so often, that "the children come to the birth and there is no strength to bring forth."

Dear little mother, shall we not reason together? And must you not first confess that it has come to that morbid pass, that, however you may deprecate what you call the "necessity" of so much sewing, you would rather spend six hours at the ruffles and tucks than four in your kitchen and about your house?

And yet those daily four hours, with a reasonable vigilance over the cooking and general disposal of provisions, would make all the difference between a satisfactory table at fair expense, and wilful waste of materials with woeful want of comfortable meals.

And here a remark of Dr. Duryea reminds me where the inevitable "moral" comes in. He says that regular,

inviting, and digestible meals would go farther to do away with that uneasy wish for "something to take," among our men, than all the temperance eloquence and effort in the world.

Do you say you have not strength for housework? Probably not with the sewing-machine to run also; but turn your back resolutely on that, and persevere in the first, and the days will surely come when you find your strength up to the level of every need.

"But the sewing must be done, and hiring two girls and a seamstress is out of the question."

Quite, and so it ought to be; but suppose you leave out one of the girls? Here, in one of the largest towns in the Eastern States, the highest pay of our skilled dressmakers who go out by the day, is a dollar and twenty-five cents. And a woman competent to stitch all sorts of work upon your machine receives but a dollar a-day. She expects (alas for her!) to sew steadily from eight till six. It is for you to consider that she, too, has health to lose, and by tempering justice with judgment, to see that as little as possible is wasted in your service. Suppose you take the hundred dollars a-year you pay your second girl, and hire the sewing-woman at six dollars a-week, eight weeks in the Spring and eight in the Fall. See that she does not overwork, no matter how nervously "willing" she may be; and with fair diligence on her part, do you not think she will accomplish in those sixteen weeks all it spoils your whole year to do?

True, to do this you will have to conquer bravely your repugnance to "see to things" about the house. And once get into the habit of seeing to them daily, and you will find a surprising improvement in the quantity and quality of the work of your remaining girl, if you are thus omnipresent.

When things have fallen into system, and the whole incubus of sewing is lifted off, there will come sure days of peace; the children will have their mother. She, and not an ignorant nurse, will be transfused into their souls.

It occurred to me the other day, as I passed along the street, how rare a thing it has become to see a mother abroad with her own little ones. "She has no time," may be the reply, "to range about in that aimless way." But what is she doing with her time? Is it any more aimfully spent if she uses it to prepare little Miss to mince abroad alone in such fantastic guise as plain old grandma epitomized the other day, when she saw her grandchild thus prepared, and said:

"Now, daughter, just tie a string to her, and she will be all ready to travel with the hand-organ."

It may be that a force is at work, which for ages has accomplished what the most earnest preaching against specific follies has failed to do. If Fashion has a mischief, it has no less at times a mission. The windows of the cheap shops are now full of coarse, flimsy materials, loaded with machine-work in every respect as profuse as the richer fabrics they imitate. These caricatures may lead to the sorely-needed discovery that excessive elaboration is *vulgar*, and that may prove the happy beginning of the end.

Hasten the day when we have learned to put away from the sewing-machine what our foolishness makes "the worse part of it," and let it be to us all the perfect gift that it is!

Finally, let us insist that whatever in the domestic economy ought to be subordinate, it is "the fine sewing." Never let husband, or children, or dinner, or house, give way to it. If you cannot afford to hire one girl and the sewing too, then hire the sewing and do the work. At least make the fair trial. If all were to make this beginning, the great army of workers for bread would soon find it out, and the result would be much greater certainty and economy in this branch of work than at present exists.

Not only to the younger wives, but to mothers who have growing and grown-up daughters, does the word come. Do not let these young fair ones make "loads of sewing" an excuse for

crooking their spines and dwarfing their minds while you and Biddy do the work. Don't let there be a Biddy in such a case.

I wish, indeed, that words might come to me strong enough to prove to every woman in this land the foolishness of such reckless multiplication of

ruffles and tucks. The time it takes to make them is not our own, but bought time, believe it! and given us for the soul's life of ourselves and children. And it takes much healthful work and air and sunshine to train all bodies so that they may yield up the soul uncrippled for the long Eternity.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

WE call ours a popular, representative government, that is, a government of the people acting by their representatives. The theory of every law in any one of the States is expressed in the enacting clause of New York statutes, which is that "The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows." The purpose of the present essay is to show how far this is true, and if not true, how it can be made so. It is no part of our plan to examine the reasons for regarding the theory of our institutions as the true one. That belongs properly to another discussion. We are not now to compare republican governments with those which are monarchical, nor the different kinds of either class. The fundamental principle of American polity is, that all government comes from the people, to be exercised by them, and for them. The motto supposed to be written here upon every symbol of authority is, "from the people, by the people, for the people." The conformity, or rather nonconformity, of our practice to our theory is the subject for present discussion. In pursuing it, we will, for illustration, begin with our own State, New York—that great commonwealth, which stamps the name of the supposed lawgiver upon the front of all its statutes.

Our Legislature is composed of a Senate and Assembly, the former consisting of 32 members, the latter of 128. Each member of either House is chosen by the electors of a district, the limits of which may be changed every ten years, so as to make those of each class equal in population. Each district is single, and

at each election the candidate having the largest number of votes is declared elected, though that number may not be a majority of all the votes belonging to the district, or even of the votes cast. If, for example, there be three candidates, two of whom receive each one third of the votes, less one, the third candidate will be chosen, though he has received only one third of the votes, with two added. The Senate is chosen every two years, the Assembly every year. In 1868 eight hundred and eighty-one statutes were passed; in 1869 nine hundred and twenty. We now begin to perceive how truly, or rather untruly, speaks the enacting clause of each of these eighteen hundred and one statutes. Apart from the fact that the Senate chosen in the autumn of 1867 for the next two years may not be the Senate which the people would have chosen in the autumn of 1868, we see that each election must have resulted in giving the representation to a majority or plurality in each district, leaving all the rest of the voters unrepresented. Thus it may happen, and does in fact often happen, that, inasmuch as a bill may be passed by a majority of the members elected to each House, 17 Senators and 65 Members of Assembly may enact a law, and these 82 men may, in fact, hold their seats by the votes of a minority of the electors of the State. If the enacting clause were then to speak truly, it would run in this wise: "One third (or one fourth, or one fifth, as the case may be) of the people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows."

This comes of perverting what should be a personal selection into one that is local or territorial, and makes a Legislature almost as likely to misrepresent as to represent the will of the people. Let us see how the system works.

We will look at the state governments first, and the federal government afterward. In doing so, we will take for the most part the election of 1868, the time of the last presidential election, and therefore most likely to bring out a full vote. In the Senate of New York 17 Republican Senators had been elected the year before by 324,687 votes, and 15 Democratic Senators by 353,136 votes. In the Assembly 76 Republican members were elected in 1868 by 397,899 votes, while only 52 Democratic members were elected by 431,510 votes. There were thus 28,449 more votes cast for the 15 Democrats in the Senate than were cast for the 17 Republicans, and if the representation had been faithful to the principle, there would have been 17 Democrats and 15 Republicans, and the majority of 2 for the latter would have been reversed and made 2 for the former. There were at the next year's election 33,611 more votes cast for the 52 Democratic members of Assembly than for the 76 Republican members. If the representation here had been proportional to the votes, the number of Democrats elected would have been 67 instead of 52, the number of Republicans 61 instead of 76; and the majority, instead of being 24 for the Republicans, would have been 6 for the Democrats.

Turning to other States, we find the following results: in Maryland the Democrats cast 62,357 votes, and elected every member of both Houses, 111 in number; while the Republicans polled 30,438 votes, and elected nobody. In Delaware the Republicans elected only 2 members by 7,623 votes, while the Democrats elected 28 by 10,980. In Kansas the Republicans elected 108 members by 31,046 votes, while the Democrats elected only 7 by 14,019 votes. In Nevada the Republicans cast 6,480 votes, and elected 51 members;

the Democrats cast 5,218, and elected only 6 members. In California the Republicans elected 23 members by 54,592 votes, while the Democrats elected 97 members by a less number, that is, by 54,078. In Vermont 240 Republicans were elected by 44,167 votes, and 26 Democrats by 12,045. In Maine 70,426 Republicans elected 243 members, and 42,396 Democrats only 87. Maryland's Republicans thus cast nearly a third of all the votes in the State, without getting a single representative in either branch of the Legislature. In Delaware the Republicans gave over 40 per cent. of the popular vote, and gained but 6 per cent. of the Legislature, while in California they gave an actual majority, but gained less than one fifth. On the other hand, the Democrats in Kansas gave a third of the votes, and obtained but 6 per cent. of the Legislature; in Vermont they cast 21 per cent. of the vote, and obtained but 9 per cent. of the Legislature; in Maine they cast 37 per cent. of the vote, and obtained only 13 per cent. of the Legislature; in Nevada, with nearly half the vote, they had but 10 per cent. of the Legislature.

Passing now to the federal government, we find that the representation in the House of Representatives for the State of New York consists of 17 Republicans and 14 Democrats, though the former received but 416,492 votes, while the latter received 423,365; that is to say, the popular majority was 7,073 for the Democrats, while the congressional majority in the delegation is 3 on the side of the Republicans instead of being, as it should have been, 1 on the side of the Democrats. Taking the whole House of Representatives without the unrepresented States, we find 148 Republicans and 71 Democratic members; the former having received 2,654,048 votes and the latter 2,037,178; that is to say, the Republicans on 56 per cent. of the popular vote have 67 per cent. of the congressional vote; and the Democrats on 43 per cent. of the former have 33 per cent. of the latter.

In the Senate the representation is

still further removed from the people, as the following statement will show.

There are 37 States entitled to 74 Senators.

This table gives the vote of the 18 States having the largest population and entitled to be represented in the Senate by 36 Senators :

New York, 849,750; Pennsylvania, 655,662; Ohio, 518,828; Illinois, 449,486; Indiana, 348,532; Michigan, 225,619; Virginia, 220,789; Massachusetts, 195,911; Iowa, 194,439; Wisconsin, 193,584; North Carolina, 176,324; New Jersey, 162,645; Georgia, 158,926; Kentucky, 155,455; Alabama, 147,781; Missouri, 147,135; Mississippi, 114,283; Maine, 112,822. Total vote, 5,022,871.

The following table shows the vote of the 19 States having the smallest population and entitled to be represented in the Senate by 38 Senators :

California, 108,660; South Carolina, 108,135; Texas, 107,780; Connecticut, 98,947; Maryland, 92,795; Tennessee, 82,757; Minnesota, 71,620; Louisiana, 71,100; New Hampshire, 69,415; Vermont, 56,224; West Virginia, 49,397; Kansas, 43,648; Arkansas, 42,148; Oregon, 22,085; Florida, 22,022; Rhode Island, 19,541; Delaware, 18,575; Nebraska, 15,298; Nevada, 11,698. Total vote, 1,111,885.

16 States, with 32 Senators, cast 787,310 votes. New York, with 2 Senators, cast 849,750.

26 States, with 52 Senators, cast 1,948,189; 3 States, with 6 Senators, cast 2,024,240.

The City of New York casts more votes than the 6 States of Oregon, Florida, Rhode Island, Delaware, Nebraska, and Nevada.

Before passing from the subject of representation in the federal government, let us pause a moment to consider how far the presidential electoral colleges represent the people. At the election of 1868, 214 Republican presidential electors were themselves elected by 3,013,188 votes, while the eighty Democratic electors received 2,703,600 votes from the people; that is to say, the Republicans

on 52 per cent. of the popular vote obtained 72 per cent. of the electoral vote; while the Democrats on 47 per cent. of the popular vote obtained only 27 per cent. of the electoral.

These statements serve to show that our practice and our theory are irreconcilable. We must accept one of two conclusions; either the practice or the theory is wrong. According to the latter the state governments are republican and representative in respect to persons; the general government is federal, national, and representative in respect to both persons and corporations—the States. There was a time when representation in some of the States was largely corporate. That was so in Massachusetts. It is easy to see how corporate representation began. In England the municipalities were summoned by their representatives to Parliament for the purpose chiefly of granting aids to the Crown. In New England the town took the place of the municipality. It was counted as the unit in the composition of the Legislature. The representation there was of the towns as corporations, and the majority in each not only ruled in town affairs, but sent a representative to speak for the town in the General Court, or council of towns. But they have changed the theory and the practice. Corporate representation is nearly gone even there, and in most of the States there is not a trace of it. As a general rule, the person is now taken as the unit, for the arrangement of representation in all the States. The federal government meantime depends upon the representation of the States in the Senate, and of persons in the House of Representatives. But so faulty are the contrivances for carrying out either theory, that neither in the federal nor in the state government is there a representation faithful to the principle on which it rests. Where the representation is intended to be personal, it so happens that some persons only, and not all, are represented. And when the representation is intended to be corporate, that is in the federal Senate, the State may fail of representation, because the Senators are chosen by the Legislature, which in its

turn is, or may be, chosen by a minority of the people of the State.

Our practice thus contravenes the fundamental principle of republican government, which is that the majority must rule. This principle is essential to the idea of such a government. Where the power resides in all the citizens, the voice of the greater number must prevail, or the minority will rule. This principle, carried to its legitimate result, requires that every question shall be decided by the majority of those in whom resides the ultimate power. As all citizens are equal in rights, the consent of the larger number must necessarily overbear the consent of the smaller number. This, however, is applicable only to the whole governing body; for when you apply it to a body or number less than the whole, you may create a government of minorities. That is to say, when the city of New York is exercising the functions of local self-government, the voices of a majority of her citizens should prevail upon every question; but when she comes to participate in the government of the State, and for that purpose elects representatives to the State Legislature who are to vote upon State questions, if the electoral machinery is such as to express only the choice of a majority of the city's voters, the minority is lost. In other words, all the persons concerned in a question and having the right to decide it should be heard in person or by representation. Therefore, when the question is local, the local majority should govern; but when the question is general, it should be decided by the general majority, and not by local majorities, or a combination of local majorities, which may come to be in effect the same as a general minority.

This can be made plain by the example of a private partnership. Suppose it to consist of 25 partners. In a conflict of opinion, 13 may rightfully control 12; but if it were arranged at the beginning of the year, that the partners should be divided into 5 sections, and each select one of a managing committee of 5, by which the whole business

of the year should be conducted; who does not see that each one of the managing committee might be chosen by 3 of the 5 partners in the section, and that thus the whole 5 of the committee would be really the representatives of 15 partners, and a majority of the committee, that is, 3 out of 5, might in fact represent only 9 of the 25 partners. Would any thing come of such an arrangement but discontent and dissension before the end of the year? What would happen in a private partnership, upon so faulty a scheme of management, does happen, and must inevitably happen, in the State where a like faulty system of government is maintained. We think a careful examination of the irregularities and excesses of our politics will show that most of them have come from our disproportionate representation. The government of a republican country must represent the people, or the people will be dissatisfied. Those who have no voice in legislation, whose opinions are not heard or heeded, will be restive under authority. And it is not the minority only which suffers; the majority suffers also from having no proper or sufficient check, and when at last the scale turns, the revulsion is violent and dangerous. If the antislavery minority could have been heard by its representatives from the beginning, increasing in numbers as the minority increased, not only they, but the proslavery majority would have been benefited; and who knows but the emancipation of the slaves might have been procured through peaceful legislation, at a cost in treasure, to say nothing of the cost in blood, of less than half the expenditure of the war? With how much less friction would the machinery of government move, if all the parts were carefully adjusted!

Thus far we have looked at the matter in a party light; but that by no means gives us all there is of it. The statutes which proceed from our legislative chambers are often the acts, not of parties or of party majorities, but of schemers and traffickers in legislation, to whom our present system gives scope.

Of the 1801 statutes passed by the Legislature of New York in the last two years, not a hundred were general, and of these scarce a tenth were passed upon party grounds. We have thus not only a misrepresentation of parties, with its tremendous consequences, but a representation of private interests struggling for private legislation, and converting our legislative halls into scenes of jobbery and intrigue. Under the false pretences of party, the elector is cheated or seduced into voting for one of two men, neither of whom he likes or would trust in the management of his private affairs. He is reduced to a choice of evils, and he makes it under the pressure of party discipline. We all know, that it is the custom for two conventions, supposing, as is generally the case, the division of the electors into two parties, to select each a candidate, and for the voter to choose between the two, or lose his vote altogether. This is the system in its best estate, which supposes the primary meetings to contain only the voters of the party, and the delegates to be fairly chosen, and these in their turn to discharge fairly their own duties of nominating candidates. Such is doubtless the fact in some districts of New York, and in some or perhaps all of Massachusetts. But since there is no legal or adequate provision for the regulation of primary assemblies or nominating conventions, they are in other districts carried by fraud or violence, so that it may be said of not a few, that the scheme there established is for two bodies of incompetent or ill-intentioned men to put up each a man, and for the rest of the community to take their choice between these two. A system so vicious, can beget nothing but vice. The man who thus obtains a seat in a legislative chamber repays the fraudulent instruments of his elevation by defrauding for them, and represents not even the voters whose enforced ballots were cast in his favor, but knots or rings of speculators, office-seekers, and plunderers. It is time to look these evils in the face. The frauds of elections—the illegal voting and the false

counting—have grown to be a scandal and a curse. But even these are less than the scandal and curse of legislative corruption. To betray any trust is disgraceful; to betray a public trust is both a disgrace and a crime. No just man, no man of honor, none indeed but a wretch, forsaken of God and accursed of men, can falsify his convictions and give his vote for money or personal advantage. He to whom a father entrusts his daughter for protection, and who abuses his trust by corrupting her, is accounted a monster of depravity; but his crime is less than that of the legislator, who, entrusted by his constituents with the great function of representing them in the making of laws, abuses that trust by selling, or bartering, or giving away his vote. And yet the miscreants who do this walk the streets, hold up their heads, look honest men in the face, and even get themselves returned from year to year. How does this happen? The majority does not approve their conduct; it must be a small minority which does. How then do they manage to gain and regain their seats? They do it not by the free, unbiassed choice of the electors, but by the contrivances and tricks of our present system of local or district elections with their machinery of partisan nominating conventions. Good men have long bewailed these evils, but have failed to arrest them. We see no chance of doing so but through a better system of representation.

The choice of bad men is, however, not the only evil of the system. The good men who find their way into our Legislatures are crippled by it. Their influence is weakened and their independence menaced. When one of them opposes a favorite scheme of the party managers of his district, he is sure to receive a warning as well as a remonstrance. Thus the representative and the constituent are both demoralized.

These evils do not spring from a corrupt community. The majority of the people are not debauched. The fault lies in a vicious electoral system, which produces a representation neither of parties nor of the general public, which

constrains the majority, and stifles the voices of large portions of the people.

The importance of representation, or rather the evil of nonrepresentation, is measured by the value of popular government. By leaving large numbers of citizens without voice in the State, we not only lose the benefit of their counsel and coöperation, but we make them discontented. The fraud and falsehood of the system beget other frauds and falsehoods, and lower the moral tone of the whole community. The vast power and patronage of government often depend upon a few votes. Need we wonder that force and fraud should both be used to procure them? Parties are themselves deceived by their preponderance in Legislatures, without considering how far it rests upon a like preponderance out of doors. The opinions and wishes of large portions of the people are disregarded. They see measures of great significance adopted which they disapprove, but are powerless to prevent, while they are unable to procure a consideration of others which they think indispensable to the general good. If we can devise a remedy, if we can by any means procure an electoral system, by which the wishes of the whole people will be made known, and the votes of their real representatives taken, on all measures of legislation, we shall have saved the State from the danger which seems now to be impending over it.

Various plans have been proposed, of which we will now proceed to give an account. The problem is, how to procure a legislative body, which at the time of its election will faithfully represent the whole body of electors. The point to be gained is the giving to every elector a representative, so that when the Legislature meets the former may feel that he can point to some one on the floor, to whom he has given authority to speak and act for him, and that the latter may represent only the voters who have given him their suffrages.

In this country, as we have said al-

ready, the basis of representation is generally population, except in the federal Senate; that is to say, the representatives are apportioned among the people in the ratio of their numbers. In the federal House of Representatives the ratio must be determined by population, instead of electors, because the States differ in the distribution of the suffrage, some admitting more persons and some less to the privilege of voting. In the States the representatives may be apportioned among the electors as easily as among the population. It does not matter, however, so far as the principle is concerned, whether we take the quota of population or of electors, since in either case we adhere to the quota. In this respect, the remedy we are seeking is more easily applied here than it can be in England, where corporate representation so largely obtains. The peculiarity of our system is, that when the quota is ascertained we assign it to given territorial limits, the effect of which is to disfranchise the minorities in the districts, whether the districts be single or plural, since we require each vote to be cast for all the representatives to be elected from the district, be they several or one. What we have to do is, to divorce the quota from the district, either by dispensing with the districts altogether, or by enlarging the districts to the limits of several quotas, and allowing the ballots to be divided, making the number equal to the quota sufficient in all cases to elect a representative.

Speculations on the subject were begun as early as the latter part of the last century. A bill for English parliamentary reform, introduced by the Duke of Richmond in the year 1780, contained a clause looking to a representation of local minorities. In the former part of the present century a scheme having the same object was broached by the late Mr. Hill. In 1855 a plan, proposed by M. Androc, was introduced into the representative system of Denmark. In 1859 Mr. Hare published his great work on the election of representatives parliamentary and municipal. Since then the

subject has received much attention and given rise to many discussions in this country, and in England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, and Australia.

Mr. Hare's scheme is one which, for the sake of distinction, may be called that of *preferential* voting. It ascertains the quota by dividing the whole number of voters by the whole number of representatives. Thus, if the number of voters should be 800,000, and the number of representatives to be chosen 200, the quota of voters to each representative would be 4,000. Then the voter is to deposit at the polls a voting paper, on which he shall have placed, in the order of his preference, the names of the candidates, or of so many of them as he pleases. No vote is to be counted for more than one candidate; any candidate receiving 4,000 votes is to be declared elected; if the candidate first on a voting paper fails to obtain the quota, or has already obtained it, the vote descends to the next in order of preference; when a candidate has obtained the quota, his votes up to that number are to be laid aside, and the remaining votes are to be counted for the candidate next in the order of preference, and so on till all the votes are appropriated, and the whole number of representatives is obtained. If there be not 200 persons credited each with 4,000 votes, and the representative body is consequently deficient in number, the deficiency is to be made up by taking the candidates who come nearest to the required quota. This method, which we have called that of *preferential* voting, is also called by the Swiss reformers that of the electoral quotient (*le quotient electoral*).

A *second* plan is that of *cumulative* voting. The theory of this is, that a quota being ascertained as before, each voter shall have as many votes as there are representatives to be elected (either from the whole State, or from electoral districts less than the State, as may be determined), and shall be at liberty to cast them all for one candidate, or divide them among several, as he pleases.

This plan has been proposed in Congress by Mr. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, and in the Illinois State Convention by Mr. Medill and others. Its operation may be illustrated thus: Massachusetts has 10 representatives in the lower House of Congress; each voter has 10 votes; he may give them to 10 candidates, one to each, or he may cumulate them upon a less number than ten, even upon one. One tenth of the voters may so be sure of a representative, if they choose to unite upon one person. Thus, suppose the number of voters to be 200,000, and each with 10 votes, making 2,000,000 votes in all, of which 200,000 shall be sufficient to elect. The friends of any one candidate might secure the concentration or cumulation of the 200,000 votes, cast by 20,000 voters, and these would have a representative, though all the remaining votes were cast for one person. In practice, no doubt, tickets would be made up by the two parties, and each party would send representatives nearly proportionate to its constituency.

A *third* plan is that of *limited* voting; by which is to be understood that of requiring the votes to be cast for a less number of candidates than the whole. Thus, if the number of voters were 100,000 and the number of candidates to be elected from the State or district 10, and each voter were allowed to give only one vote for one candidate, the result would be that every 10,000 persons might have a representative, if they would. This plan is generally mentioned in connection with several candidates, sometimes in connection with single ones.

For example: in what are called the three-cornered districts of England, that is, the districts which send three members to Parliament, it has been provided that each voter shall vote only for two candidates. And in the late amendment to the Constitution of New York, it is provided in respect to the first election of seven judges of the Court of Appeals, which election is by general ticket for the whole State, that each ticket shall contain the names of only five candi-

dates. Of course, there will be two tickets, each nominated by a party convention; but the minority party will certainly elect two of the judges.

The *fourth* plan is that of *substituted* voting; which permits candidates to cast anew the useless votes given to them, and substitute a third person in their place. A plan of this sort has been recommended by Mr. Fisher, of Philadelphia. Thus, supposing again the number of electors to be 100,000 and of representatives 10, and 10,000 votes to be sufficient for election, and then supposing 6 candidates to have received each 15,000, that is, 90,000 in all, and two others each 5,000. Here are 80,000 surplus votes, cast for the elected candidates, and 10,000 insufficient votes, divided between two persons, so as to give neither of them enough to elect him; the plan we are speaking of allows the three elected candidates to cast the 80,000 surplus votes, and the two defeated candidates to cast the 10,000 insufficient votes, for new candidates. These eight persons would then substitute four other persons as the candidates to receive the 40,000 votes, and would elect them, to serve with the six first elected.

The *fifth* plan is sometimes called that of *proxy* voting; which permits every voter to give his vote or proxy to any person he pleases, and that person to represent him in the representative chamber if he can unite upon himself other proxies sufficient to make up the electoral quota, and if he receives more than this sufficient number, then to cast additional votes in the chamber, proportionate to the number of proxies received. This is the plan put forth three years ago by the Personal Representation Society of New York.

The *sixth* plan is that of *list*-voting, or what is called the free concurrence of lists, or the open list, a plan recommended by M. Naville of Geneva, as second in merit only to the plan of preferential voting. It supposes lists of candidates containing each the names of as many as there are representatives to be chosen, ranged in the order of preference, to be deposited with the proper

authorities a certain time before the election and numbered. Each elector gives his vote for a particular list. The whole number of votes for that list is divided by the electoral quotient, and the result gives the number of candidates chosen on that list. For example: if there be 15 representatives to be elected, 15,000 voters, and 5 lists of candidates, list A, receiving 5,000 votes, secures 5 representatives; list B, receiving 4,000 votes, secures 4 representatives; list C, receiving 3,000 votes, secures 3 representatives; list D, receiving 2,000 votes, secures 2 representatives; list E, receiving 1,000 votes, secures 1 representative. In case of a vacancy caused by death or resignation, election on more than one list, or other cause, the place is to be supplied by the candidate next in order.

This plan would operate thus, in a State having 100,000 voters and 10 representatives in Congress to choose, and 3 parties with each a list, list A receiving 60,000 votes; list B receiving 30,000 votes; list C receiving 10,000 votes. The quota, or electoral quotient, being 10,000, list A would be entitled to 6 representatives, list B to 3, and list C to 1. The 6 highest names on list A, the 3 highest on list B, and the 1 highest on list C, would then be chosen as the representatives of the State in Congress.

We have given these different plans, in general terms, with very little detail; but sufficient, we think, to show the principle on which each of them rests. They are not always presented in the form in which we have given them. Modifications, greater or less, have been suggested. But we think we have given the substance of all the plans which have been proposed for the amendment of the electoral system. All of them are large reforms; but they are not alike in merit. That of preferential voting is theoretically the most perfect, and if faithfully executed would give the best representative chamber. It would compel a certain degree of deliberation before voting; would insure to two or more parties proportional representation

in the Legislature, and would insure a certain degree of non-partisan representation. Whether it would prove, as has been predicted, too complicated in its working among a large constituency, can hardly be determined before actual experiment. We should fear that under it there would be opportunity for much fraudulent counting, and while it would give to each party its proper weight in legislation, it would leave much in the power of party managers. The proxy system would give the most complete representation. The objections to it are that there would be a loss of the deficient votes; that is to say, the votes given for a candidate who could not concentrate upon himself sufficient to make a quota, would be thrown away, unless a transfer to other candidates were permitted. Preferential voting avoids both the objection of too great concentration of votes upon one person, and the loss of votes below the quota, since no candidate can have counted in his favor more than enough to elect him, and every vote will be counted, except the number less than a quota left after electing all of the required number of candidates. Other difficulties, however, might appear in the actual working of any of the plans which we do not now foresee.

Indeed, though we are confident that any one of them would go far to purify our elections and our legislation, we think the preference among them can only be decided by actual experiment. Some of them may be best in a large constituency, and others in a small one.

If we might choose which to begin with, and where to begin, we would try the plan of cumulative voting for members of Congress in the State of Massachusetts, and that of limited voting for Aldermen in the City of New York, restricting in the latter case each voter to one candidate. The former might require concurrent legislation of Congress and of the General Court; the latter, only an Act of the New York Legislature. In either case, the process would be simple enough. To begin with the Congressional election in Massachusetts, which sends 10 mem-

bers to the House of Representatives, and has about 200,000 voters. Every voter would give 10 votes, which he might scatter among 10 candidates, or cumulate them upon a less number, even upon one. The whole number of votes to be counted would be 2,000,000. Parties are divided between the Republicans and Democrats in nearly the proportion of two thirds to the former and one third to the latter; giving the Republicans about 134,000 voters and the Democrats about 66,000, though the latter have not a single member of Congress. Each party would calculate its strength beforehand, and nominate as many candidates as it was confident of electing. If the Republicans were to nominate a full ticket of ten candidates, they could give each only 134,000 votes; while the Democrats, if they nominated four candidates, could give each of them 165,000 votes. The result would be that the Republicans would nominate only 7 or 8 candidates, and the Democrats 3 or 4. There would also be an opportunity for any number of voters wherever obtained throughout the State, not less than 20,000 in all, to elect their own candidate, without regard to either party. If by any chance, a most improbable one, the votes should be cumulated upon a less number of candidates than 10, a new election would have to be ordered to supply the deficiency.

Then in regard to the trial of limited voting for Aldermen in the City of New York, the process should be this: supposing 15 Aldermen to be elected by general ticket, which is the scheme of the new charter just enacted by our Legislature, each voter should be limited to one candidate, and each ballot should have only one name upon it. There being about 150,000 voters in the city, every 10,000 of them, wherever residing and of whatever party, might have a representative in the chamber of Aldermen. If there should happen to be a large concentration of votes upon one person, that would not be a very great evil, since it could scarcely happen that there would not be candidates sufficient to fill the board. If that very

improbable event should come to pass, a new election would supply the deficiency. In practice, parties would probably distribute their tickets about the city in such manner as not to waste their votes.

That these changes would be great improvements upon our present system, we venture to think we have already shown. If irregularities or difficulties should appear in the practical working,—and such are likely to occur in the introduction of any new scheme,—they can be remedied afterward, as occasion offers. When once the theory of proportional representation is reduced to practice, and made familiar to the people, it will assert its superiority. If one of the methods of practical application is found imperfect, it will give way to another and better. All the plans which have been explained, are kindred in general theory and in purpose. Any of them would give to a minority party a representation proportional to its numbers; and most of them would give to electors who are not partisans an opportunity of being heard and felt in representative halls. The elector would be independent of party in his choice of a candidate; and the person elected without a party nomi-

nation would be beyond the domination of nominating conventions or party managers. Even these would be put upon their good behavior, by the knowledge that their favor was not essential to the success of any person; and their candidates being placed in competition with men independently nominated, would have to be selected with more attention to their fitness. Any person who has the confidence of a quota of electors could be elected to represent them, whatever party, or partisan tool or master, might say. No bully of the primaries, no tempter of the lobby, no hound of party, would have dominion over him.

We boast that a popular representative republican government is the best in the world. It has been already shown how far in practice we fall behind our theory. To this cause is due in no small degree the corruptions, gross and monstrous, which oppress us. We have saved the life of the nation in its struggle with slavery and rebellion. We have now to save it from another enemy more subtle and not less formidable, official and electoral corruption. There is no time to be lost. Let us begin at once.

THE COMING OF THE DAWN.

THE huge o'erarching dark upon the hills
 With deeper blackness falls; the tiny rills
 Flow drowsily, whispering as they go,
 "The dawn is coming," to the waves below.
 The furtive silent dawn—the pale sad dawn,
 That grows into the blackness like a dream,
 And then, relenting to a purplish beam,
 With wonderful gradations is withdrawn;
 And now, the sky becomes intensely blue;
 And now, 'tis luminous with th' advancing hue
 Of airy glory. The fair morning-star,
 In fading beauty, dies in the afar.
 Streaks of keen gold, with hushed, unhurried march
 Invade the blue—inclose the heavenly arch;
 Till the last wave of darkness ebbs away,
 In the fresh wonder of the new-born day.

WEST POINT.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DEMOCRATIC REPRESENTATION.

No more important question is before the public than that which relates to the proper mode of arriving at a fair and adequate expression of the popular mind. The theory of this government is that the people, i. e. the aggregate of the inhabitants of proper age and competent intellect, rule the affairs of the state; but the practice is, as it is shown elsewhere, that only an inconsiderable minority have any real and effective political existence. The nation is not governed by the nation, but by a party, and that party by cliques, and those cliques by a few leaders. This is not democracy, then, any more than the class-rule of England or the imperial domination of France. It is the many controlled by the few, and, of course, as is always the case in such circumstances, in the interests of the few and not of the many.

But how are we to correct the evil? That is the question. Our correspondent discusses the various schemes that have been proposed, all more or less practicable, but not entirely without objection. An integral representation of all the voters of a community is hardly possible under any combination that can be devised; but a proportional representation that shall be more complete and just than that of a mere majority is both possible and desirable. Mr. Hare's plan of "preferential voting," which on the whole is the best, is yet slightly complicated; but it might be simplified, if instead of using "voting papers," the electors were required to inscribe their names on certain lists of candidates, to be kept at the town-house of each electoral district. Let the books be kept open for a week, under the supervision of judges of election; let each voter, when he comes to inscribe his name on the list of the candidates, ascertain the precise state of the poll; if

his favorite candidate has already received the requisite quota, he can then vote for some other; or if his favorite has no chance, he need not throw away his vote, but cast it for his next best, who may have a chance. By this means no fraudulent votes could be given, as they would all be written out and open to the inspection of the public; and few votes would be lost, either by voting for one who has already enough to elect him, or for one who by no possibility could get enough.

Under the present system, we know of an intelligent and patriotic gentleman, who has been a voter for nearly thirty years, who has voted at nearly every election; and yet, who has never voted for a successful candidate, save in the presidential elections for Lincoln and Grant. He has never had a representative in Congress, nor in the State Legislature, nor in the Common Council, and to all intents and purposes, practically, might as well not have voted at all. Not disfranchised by law, he has been so virtually, and will be, probably, so long as he keeps his present residence. Surely, human reason is able to devise something better than that for a society which proclaims the will of the whole the rule of its action and the source of all governmental authority. To that end, let our readers ponder the article we publish elsewhere.

A STAR IN THE WEST.

Again California sends us something more valuable than her gold, a little of the sterling ore of genius. Mr. Bret Harte's book has the ring in it of the finest metal of the mountains. Once before in the eloquent Senator from Oregon, Colonel Baker, who perished so untimely in the war, she gave us a man of mark—eloquent in speech as he was noble in spirit—whose fame the nation should cherish. Bret Harte is of a higher

order still, and his stories and sketches are better for us than any oratory, because they go deeper into the new life of those far Western slopes. They illustrate, indeed, what we have so often demanded in these columns—the capability of our American experience of an original and fine artistic treatment. Mr. Harte takes the commonest incidents of wild border-life—the birth of a child in a camp of rough miners, the expulsion of gamblers from a rude settlement, an inundation, a solitary stage-ride—and out of them makes a tale that touches the deepest feelings of the heart. Rigidly faithful in his local color, neither hiding nor heightening the characters of the outcasts of civilization, who are apt to gather in the remoter camps, he yet reveals new and unexplored depths of our human nature—vices and virtues, heroisms and degradations, that show the old comedies, or the old tragedies, of existence over again, on theatres where we little expected to find them. The ranches, the gulches, the mines, the plains, and the mountains, are as full of humors and heart-rendings as any of the crowded cities of the antique civilizations. It only needs the eye and the sympathy of genius to bring them out of their vulgar relations, and transplant them into a realm of beauty. What are the incidents, the stories of the greatest literary productions—the struggle before Troy, the murder of Duncan by Macbeth, the jealousy of Othello—but very commonplace and often repulsive events in themselves, disgusting even at times; and what are the characters of world-renowned fictions, but very common characters, till the forging imagination transmutes them into the imperishable types of literature? As realities, these characters are to be found everywhere; they are the Oakhursts, the Yuba Bills, the miners of Poker Flat and Red Dog; but as idealities they live in the brains of the poets, and afterward in the memories of all men.

We hail these works of Mr. Harte with more pleasure, because we claim for the old series of PUTNAM'S MAGA-

ZINE some credit for having broken the virgin soil of California as a literary field. Mr. J. W. Palmer, we remember,—then one of our co-laborers,—struck the vein, in his "Fate of the Farleighs," his "Old Adobe," and his "Karl Joseph Krafft," which Mr. Harte has since worked with so much effect. Mr. Palmer's stories, gathered into a volume, had a considerable success in this country, and even far more in England, where they were received as a new and quite brilliant contribution to the literature of the New World.

STUFFING A HERBET.

Our readers may perhaps recall a pretty little story, which we published a month or two since, under the name of "A Queen of Society." It represented a desperately fashionable and frivolous young lady as having sold herself to a very wicked person, who, in reward for her devotion to him, gave her wealth, splendor, and name such as it was; but she, having grown weary of his service, finding it stale, flat, and unprofitable, at length escaped his toils by devoting her own life to the salvation of that of another. It was, it seems to us, an agreeable way of inculcating a very important truth, viz., that one is bound, if he would live aright, not to live for himself, not to pursue his own selfish ends, but to live for others, or for ends that are general and self-sacrificing; but we are informed, by a learned Boston critic, that in this we were greatly mistaken. Our story, instead of being of a good tendency, or even harmless, concealed a horrible theological error. He says:

"PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE shows gain under its new editor; but the theology of one of its stories, in which the devil figures as 'Mr. Heller, is out of joint and objectionable. What right has this journal to enter our houses with a theory of the atonement—in the guise of a novelette—which both ignores, and is destructive of, that of the Bible. We had hoped better things of this monthly."

Our contributors will henceforth stand duly admonished; and when they con-

template writing any pleasant little tale for the amusement of our readers, will please prepare themselves for the task by a diligent perusal of the Westminster Catechism, or Dr. Dwight's dissertations on the various points of polemics. As for the Sermon on the Mount, let them beware of that, lest they offend the nostrils of the critics "who expect better things of this MONTHLY."

CORRUPTING THE LANGUAGE.

During Easter-week we attended several Episcopal churches, in which there was a promise of fine music, in addition to the usual attractions of an imposing religious service. The music was fine, and the services were imposing; but there was one drawback upon the complete enjoyment of the occasion, and that was the careless and slipshod way in which parts of the ritual were often read. One young clergyman hurried through the lessons in such a muffled and rapid way, that it was impossible to understand one word in ten of what he was uttering. Had the language been the original Hebrew, or Greek, or the Latin of the Roman Vulgate, it could not have been more incomprehensible to the audience. Another reader, with a tolerably clear voice and good manner, persisted in pronouncing door-posts as if it was *daw-posts*, and the first-born appeared always in the disguise of the *fust-bawn*. A third, we remarked, had the habit of pronouncing hearts *haats*, and other analogous words in the same way. Lord was always *laud*, and holy sometimes *howly*. Now, it is true we do not go to church to learn rhetoric; we go there for other and better purposes, we trust; but as clergymen are supposed to be educated men, we expect from them some degree of precision in the use of their native tongue. They have no right to set the example of a vicious or affected pronunciation to the large number of people whom they address and influence. It is just as easy to speak correctly as it is to speak incorrectly; just as easy to enunciate distinctly as it is indistinctly; and when they do not observe the simplest

rules of elocution, we are inclined to ascribe it to ignorance or laziness.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

Do our young women know what it is that strikes one who has been away from the country for a time the most unpleasantly on his return? It is not their faces, assuredly, which for regularity of outline, and delicacy and freshness of tint, are unsurpassed, indeed are not equalled, by any thing that one sees abroad, save in the finest pictures. Nor is it their forms, which are lithe, supple, and graceful, with a spring in the step and a freedom of carriage that are always a delight to the eyes. Nor can it be said to be their dress; for though they dress too much, in colors too positive and decided, and are in this respect far behind the French women, they are yet in advance of all others, English, German, or Italian. But it is the voice, and the management of the voice. After looking at our American girls, it is almost always a disappointment to hear them speak. What they say is perhaps well enough, but the tone and mode in which they say it is not well enough. Their voices are commonly too thin and shrill, and when they are not, are pitched in too high a key. Sometimes they come through the nose a good deal more than is desirable. They have a metallic ring, or at least a reedy quality, like the *vox humana* of the organs, and not that soft, low, and gentle quality, which Shakespeare proclaimed so "excellent in woman." Climate has no doubt a good deal to do with this result, for the fault is most perceptible at the North and East, and least perceptible at the South; but carelessness has quite as much to do with it. Our mothers and teachers, we suspect, do not take much pains to train their children and pupils into good habits of enunciation. They are carefully taught to sing, but they are not carefully taught to read and to speak. Yet more than half the charm of all social intercourse depends upon the agreeable or disagreeable use of the voice. How repulsive, when one has been lost in admiration of

a beautiful face and a noble figure, to hear the mouth open like the grating of a hinge, or the "squawk" of a guinea-fowl! How delicious when it opens with the sweet trill of a flute, or with the warble of birds, or with that deep, rich, mellow, and sympathetic liquidity, which no other instrument but the human throat ever attains!

THE PLEA OF INSANITY.

The course recently adopted by a Brooklyn Court, in the case of the murderer Chambers, who was acquitted on the ground of insanity by the jury, but immediately sent to the lunatic asylum by the judge, ought to be made a universal practice. If there is no provision of law to that effect, there ought to be one made instantly, to save society from the dangerous characters that are now turned loose upon us. It ought to be enacted that in every capital case, in which the plea of insanity is allowed in bar of conviction, the accused should be sent *ipso facto* and at once to a place of safe-keeping. Insane men are even more dangerous than men of criminal intent, and need to be secluded from society just as much as criminals. If a person is pronounced by a jury, after a due investigation of the evidence, not to be responsible for the murder or arson he may have committed, he is not sufficiently responsible to be permitted to run at large. He should be confined, under judicious keepers, until his disease abates. In most cases, we believe that this plea of insanity is a mere ruse on the part of lawyers for the defence. A man is in the habit of drinking rum until his nervous system is quite shattered; in his fits of intoxication or during the process of recovery, he does things that are quite delirious; he puts a knife, in an excess of drunken rage, into the bowels of his neighbor, or breaks his wife's head with a hammer, or shoots some one of whom an irritable fancy has made him jealous; and then when he is arraigned for the crime, there are thousands of persons to swear that they have known him to be out of his mind. He is released as insane; but

we say that in every such case, when the prisoner is not hung or sent to Sing Sing, he should be sent for a definite term of years at least to an asylum. Whether insane or not, he is unfit for any social relations, and on the strength of his plea, should be taken at his word.

LEGAL ETHICS.

A witty old clergyman is represented to have asked a younger one, who boasted that he had never received a regular education, "what amount of ignorance he supposed necessary to a good preacher of the gospel?" In the same spirit we should like to ask how much insolence and blackguardism it takes to make a first-rate criminal lawyer. Judging by some recent examples that we have had in this city, we should say that a man must have had a pretty considerable intercourse with its most brutal classes, to be qualified to defend the accused in the spirited way that seems to be expected of him now. He must know not only how to browbeat and insult witnesses, how to delude juries by a thousand suggested falsehoods, how to belabor his opponents as if they were in the dock for the most serious offences, but also how to indulge in fisticuffs on occasions, and even take the bench to task in a rude way, when the bench happens to interfere in behalf of decorum and decency.

An association has been recently formed among the members of the bar, to raise the standard of professional honor and etiquette; and we suggest to it that one of the first questions to be discussed by it should be this: Whether a man, because he is acting for another, is privileged to depart from all those rules of morals and self-respect which gentlemen habitually prescribe to themselves in their private intercourse. Has a lawyer, before a court which ought to be one of the most sacred of presences, a right to deport himself, in the interests of a client, in a manner that in other relations would get him drummed out of respectable society? Has he a right to assail reputation not yet before the court; has he a right to intimate that

evidence is suborned, simply because it does not concur with his view of the case; has he a right to make the witness stand a place of "torture" for timid, sensitive, or ignorant persons? A timely discussion of these topics might do much toward accomplishing the objects which the new association is said to have in view.

A court of justice is a place where, as the name implies, the whole study of those who are officially connected with it should be to elicit truth and establish the right. It is not an arena for the display of smartness, brutality, and vulgarity of all sorts. The lawyers, no less than the judges, are bound to give examples of fairness, impartiality, integrity, love of honor and equity. They are not bullies, though their positions sometimes force them to be belligerents. Nor, because they are advocates of a client, do they cease to be investigators of truth. The whole object of a trial at law is to determine the real state of the facts, and not to suffuse the community with falsehoods and calumny.

Formerly, courts were terrors to evil-doers; they are getting to be terrors to people of refinement and decency.

A MUSICAL TREAT IN STORK.

We learn by a letter from Miss Christine Nilsson, the vocalist, that she intends to visit the United States the next Fall, and we can promise the lovers of music a treat of which they have not had the equal since the days of Jenny Lind. A native of the same country, and not unlike her in sincerity and earnestness of character, as well as in marvellous vocal ability, Miss Nilsson, we believe, will revive the musical enthusiasm of the old days. With a voice scarcely inferior to that of Lind, in compass and purity, thoroughly trained in the best continental schools, a much greater actress than Jenny Lind, and no less at home in the deep and solemn music of the oratorio than she is in the lighter styles of the opera, she is capable of pleasing all classes of the lovers of music. She will please the domestic circle even more than the pub-

lic audience, by her refined and graceful manners and her self-respecting dignity. Under what auspices Miss Nilsson will come among us is not yet determined; but whenever she comes, and with whomever she comes, we predict for her a certain triumph.

A SUGGESTION FOR SCHOOLS.

They have a delightful custom in the Swiss schools for boys, which might be adopted with great advantage to all concerned in this country. During the weeks of the summer vacation, it is the habit of the teachers to make, with their pupils, what are called *voyages en zigzag*; i. e. pedestrian tours among the sublime mountains and charming valleys of that "land of beauty and grandeur." Squads of little fellows in their blouses, with their tough boots drawn on, and knapsacks on their back, may be met, during the season, on all the highways, and sometimes in the remotest passes of the Alps, as chirrupy as the birds on the boughs, and as light and bounding as the chamois who leap from crag to crag. They are perfect pictures of health and happiness, and the treasures of fine sights that they lay up in their memories, during these perambulations, it would be difficult to describe. We know of more than one urchin that has thus scaled the summits of the Faulhorn, looked down from the precipices of the Bevent, walked over the frozen oceans of the glaciers, and gazed in rapture upon the sunsets on the Jungfrau or Mont Blanc. Their tramps are made without danger and without much expense, and the life is one of incessant enjoyment and rapture. But why could not the same thing be done here, where we have the Catskills, the Adirondacks, and the White Mountains, the exquisite lakes of the North, the river St. Lawrence with its rapids, Niagara, and the lovely scenery of Western Virginia, which, we are told, is scarcely surpassed on the continent? Over the long intervening stretches the railroad will bridge the distance; while the country inns are not expensive, and the country fare wholesome and nutritious.

TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS.

"The Nation," by Mr. Mulford (Hurd & Houghton, publishers), and "American Political Economy," by Professor Bowen (Scribner & Co.), are among the books of the month to which we proposed to devote a paragraph; but looking into them, we found them too important to be dismissed in any summary way. They are serious, thoughtful, and instructive, and with so much in them that we approve, and so much that does not suit us as well, that we hope to find occasion for an elaborate consideration

of their merits. At this time they are both opportune, relating as they do to questions that absorb more or less the attention of Congress and that of the public. Now, when so large a part of the country is undergoing a political reconstruction, and when matters of finance and taxation are the leading topics of the day, it is desirable that men of all parties should be able to form their opinions in the solidest grounds of philosophy and science. Mr. Mulford's book, particularly, we commend to the attention of all students of the higher politics.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

THAT the lighter kinds of verse which abound so largely in France have never succeeded in fixing themselves for any length of time in England, speaks well for the English mind. There have been witty, there have been comic poets in England; but the number of those who have distinguished themselves in this way is small indeed. They have increased in the present century (as versifiers in general have increased), Byron setting the fashion in one direction, and Hood and Praed in another direction. As between Hood and Praed in the walks of humorous verse, we prefer the last, for the reason that through his humor runs an undercurrent of melancholy, while the humor itself is much less forced and artificial. Whatever poetry can be found in blending the grave and the gay was found by Praed, who at his best was a true poet, though by no means so tender and so beautiful a poet as Hood. We can, indeed we *must*, laugh at much of Hood's comic verse; but we feel, all the time, that it is unworthy of the man who wrote "Fair Inez" and "Ruth," and "The Song of the Shirt." We have no such feeling over the grim diableries of Barham, or the droll imitations of Bon Gaultier, nor over *The "Bab" Ballads*, by W. S. Gilbert, which are reprinted by Messrs. Porter & Coates. Our recollection of

Mr. Gilbert is of the slightest sort, resting mainly on "The Magic Mirror," a volume by his father (such, we believe, is the relationship), for which he made a number of grotesque drawings. We have not met him as an author outside of his "Ballads," and in these we hardly know how to classify him. A poet he is not, as Praed and Hood are, and he does not strike us as being properly either a witty or a comic versifier. What he most excels in is something like burlesque—the turning of the romantic into the ridiculous, and of the serious into the absurd. We have no great liking for this sort of thing; but when it is well done we are bound to admit whatever merit it may possess. In the hands of Mr. Gilbert it possesses merit of no common order, as, first, the merit of originality; and, second, the merit of intellectual healthiness. If Mr. Gilbert is funny, it is at the expense of nothing which the world has agreed to consider sacred; nothing which is not a fair object for a good, hearty laugh. He is sound-minded, and he is clean-minded. To say that this last quality, in other words decency, is characteristic of a writer, ought not to be praise; but unfortunately it is high praise at present for many writers, especially those who profess to be humorous. Mr. Gilbert, though English, is not above laughing

at some of the follies of his countrymen. In "The Three Kings of Chickeraloo," a ballad which narrates the exploits of three "niggers" (the word is Mr. Gilbert's, not ours), who steal three casks, out of which they extemporize three islands near a beach, of which islands they are the kings, he chaffs the English tendency to recognize the most insignificant of distant potentates—as the Mosquito King, for example—some fifteen or twenty years ago. "Captain Reece" is a delicious bit of chaff at the old naval officer of England :

"He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

"If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy."

This worthy captain called his men one summer eve, and asked them what he could do to gratify them :

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can,
My own convenience count as *nil* ;
It is my duty, and I will."

Whereupon the coxswain, William Lee, declares that it would be friendly-like on the captain's part if he would marry his female relatives, cousins, nieces, sisters, aunts, &c., to such of the crew as were unmarried ; for himself, he said :

"Give me your own enchanting gurl ;"

which, of course, the captain did, though the "gurl" was already promised to an earl, as the rest of the family were promised

"To peers of various degree."

Then the boatswain suggests that his mother shall be married to the captain :

"She long has loved you from afar ;
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain consents, of course, as do likewise his relatives :

"It was their duty, and they did."

"General John," a burlesque on the affability of the English army officer, is equally absurd. Still funnier is "The Bishop of Runti-Foo," with its nonsensical and unconsequential repetition of his name in brackets :

["For Peter was that bishop's name. ;

["They called him Peter, people say,
Because it was his name."]

["I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
That Peter was his name."]

["His name was Peter, I repeat."

Not the least amusing feature of this droll book is Mr. Gilbert's illustrations, which are conceived in the same spirit as the text, and are unrivalled for whimsicality.

— The English have a fancy for books which depend for their success upon the interest we may be supposed to have in regard to certain professions, and the natural desire to learn something concerning those who practise them. Hence their entertaining *ana* about doctors, divines, lawyers, artists, actors, &c., the last including even jockeys and detectives. We have not the same taste here, or not to the same extent, for at this moment we can recal no work of the character we have referred to of strictly American origin, before Mr. J. K. Medberry's *Men and Manners in Wall Street*, of which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are the publishers. If the object of Mr. Medberry's volume is not sufficiently indicated by its title, nothing that we can say will be likely to render it much clearer ; but, briefly, while it is not exactly narration, description, or discussion, it is a compound of all three—an *olla podrida* in which each man will find a few scraps of his favorite dishes. Without exhausting any portion of his subject, Mr. Medberry has illustrated most, telling most of us all that we care to know about the chief Shrine of Mammon in the New World, and the priests and high-priests who assist at its endless worship. We behold, or can, its ceremonies every day of our lives ; but to many they are as unintelligible as the prayers of a certain people in the East, which they have repeated by rote for centuries without understanding a word of what they mean. We have, however, an interpreter of our Mammon-worship in Mr. Medberry, who tells us whether we are bulls or bears, or, worse than

all, lame ducks. Under his ministrations we can make corners, put up our collaterals, pay our differences, fly our kites, milk the street, get into a pool, saddle the market, twist on the shorts, water stock, and wipe out operators. That is, we might attempt all this, if we had both the money and the wish to do so, and were, let us say,—for slang is appropriate here—flat enough to try it on; but we are not; for if Mr. Medberry's entertaining volume has no other merit, it certainly has the merit of showing a man of sense what enormous risks he runs with his money, when he is rash enough to connect himself with the "Men and Mysteries of Wall Street." It is as good in this respect as the famous recipe for mixing cucumbers, which was minute and explicit in regard to the quantities of oil and vinegar and salt and pepper to be used; the time the dish should stand on the ice; the whole winding up with, "Then throw it out of the window!"

— The reading of a collection of proverbs is generally as dull work as the reading of a collection of jests; yet we all like good jests and good proverbs. They are in this way, which must be admitted to be a small one, among the choicest fruits of the human intellect. As regards the last, Bacon says that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discoverable in its proverbs." He might have added, its bitterness and cruelty also; for of all the bad thoughts that have welled out of the depths of sinless natures, the worst have taken the form of proverbs, such cynical proverbs, for example, as are crystallized in the "Maxims" of Rochefoucauld. We are reminded of the fact by *A Collection of the Proverbs of all Nations, Compared, Explained, and Illustrated*, by Walter K. Kelly, an English work, reprinted by Mr. Warren F. Draper, of Andover. It is an excellent little book, full of wit, full of spirit, full of genius, and, in the main, bitter as gall. It is, the preface assures us, the first complete collection of proverbs adapted to general use in the language. There are collections enough of one sort

and another; in the words of Dean French, an "immense number and variety of books bearing on the subject;" but there are many reasons why they are not and cannot be popular; some on account of their indelicacy; others because they are addressed to scholars alone; and others again because they contain bare lists of proverbs with no endeavor to compare, illustrate, or explain them. Mr. Kelly has avoided these defects, we think; for his book not only contains

"No line which dying he could wish to blot;"

but addresses itself to the unlearned in a way that the learned might envy, and leaves little to be desired in the shape of comment and illustration.

— Whether or no it is wise to continue the study of the classics, as it was pursued in the past, and as it is still pursued in the higher seats of learning, is a question upon which the lettered world has been divided for some time in most of the countries of Europe, and to some extent here also. The conflict between the divisions was long and spirited in Prussia and Germany, and it can hardly be said to be over yet, though the Classicists have, so far, the better of it, both in the support they receive from government, and in the suffrages of the people generally. In England the strife is still bitter, as may be gathered from the many clever essays and papers which have been published on both sides. Among those who deprecate the predominance usually given to classical studies are the Hon. Robert Lowe, the Rev. F. W. Farrar, Professor Atkinson, and the writers of the essays collected by Professor Youmans in "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life." The array of names in opposition to these embraces some of the most thoughtful minds in England. Their views are set forth in a volume entitled *Classic Study; Its Value Illustrated by Extracts from the Writings of Eminent Scholars*, of which Samuel H. Taylor, LL.D., is the editor, and Mr. Warren F. Draper the publisher. It contains twenty-two papers, whole or

in part, of which the most notable are by Dr. Whewell, Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Professors Covington, Pillans, Masson, D'Arcy, Thompson, and Goldwin Smith, not forgetting the late Professor Felton, Professor Porter, Dr. Loring, and other leaders of American thought. A subject which has set so many eminent men by the ears is manifestly too large to be discussed here; we will say, however, that our sympathies are with those who believe that a thorough knowledge of the classics is one of the noblest of intellectual possessions. Merely regarding them as the repositories of dead languages, we cannot but ask, with Dr. Whewell, "In what condition should we be if our connection with the past were snapped; if Greek and Latin were forgotten? What should we then think of our own languages? They would appear a mere mass of incoherent caprice and wanton lawlessness. The several nations of Europe would be, in this respect at least, like those tribes of savages who occupy a vast continent, speaking a set of jargons, in which scarcely any resemblance can be traced between any two, or any consistency in any one. The various European languages appear to us obviously connected, mainly because we hold the Latin thread which runs through them; if that were broken, the pearls would soon roll asunder. And the mental connection of the present nations with each other, as well as with the past, would thus be destroyed. What would this be but a retrograde movement?" Your words are fine things, no doubt, the realists answer, but we propose to go further, and teach things. "This," says Professor Masson, "is the favorite form of expression with the anti-classicists—things *versus* words. I am sorry to find Mr. Lowe, with his great strength and wit, leading some of the worst forms of Philistinism, and lending his authority to this particular clap-trap. Things, indeed! Are things only pickers, shovels, rocks, trees, fields, harbors at home, and townships in Australia? Are not the thoughts of Plato things, and Homer's heroes and battles, and the

grand imaginations and choral wails of Sophocles, and Demosthenes' bolts of reasoning, and Livy's fine legends, and Horace's consummate lyrics and maxims, and what Virgil musically chants, and the versatile speculations of Cicero, or the more ferocious flamings of Lucretius? Is not the whole life of the ancient world into which the classics admit us also a world of things? May not commerce with some of those things—let us say the things in one of Sophocles' tragedies—be as edifying, leave as many flakes and recollections of precious substance in the mind, as an hour among the pickers and shovels and all the commercial statistics of our colonies?"

— The publication of the journal of the *American Geographical and Statistical Society*, which was suspended during the war, has been resumed, and we now have the second part of its second volume. It consists of upward of two hundred and fifty pages, about one half of which are filled with the Charter and By-Laws of the Society, a list of its officers, members, &c., and the Annual Address of the President, the Hon. Charles P. Daly, the remainder being devoted to the papers read before it during the last year; Dr. Hayes furnishing an "Address on Arctic Explorations;" Captain Silas Bent, of whom our readers have heard, communications on "The Routes to be Pursued to the North Pole;" Rev. B. F. De Costa, a paper on "The Northmen in America;" Professor Hartt another "On the Geology of Brazil;" Mr. John G. Parker, a third on "Polar Magnetism; Its Astronomical Origin, &c.;" D. Hunt following with "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," and Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu with "Equatorial Africa, with an Account of the Race of Pigmies." We are neither geographical nor statistical enough to sit in judgment upon these papers; all that we shall venture to say is, that we have found them all interesting; the most interesting, to our literary sense, being the accounts of the Northmen and the Pigmies. The Annual Address is able, and crammed with facts, embrac-

ing a brief narrative of the most important geographical and scientific events of 1869. Of the most noisy of these—as the completion of the Pacific Railroad and the Suez Canal—we have heard all that we wish to. Not so of such quiet achievements as the deep-sea dredgings of Professors Thompson and Carpenter. What they have accomplished is thus summed up: “The deep-sea dredgings of the last year have told a tale that will revolutionize some of the conclusions of the geologist, and the order of arrangement of the naturalist. Animals, the remains of which the geologist has found in fossiliferous rocks belonging to a species supposed to have been extinct for thousands of years, are now found living at great depths at the bottom of the sea, as actively engaged beneath the waters as their ancestors were, whose sepulchres are on the land, in the composition of rocks, which are to be their resting-place and the record of their life and labors, if these rocks should hereafter be lifted up and become a part of the land. It has been a settled conclusion of the geologist that the chalk and the sandstone were formed beneath the sea at different geological periods; but these dredgings show that, in places at the bottom of the sea, not ten miles apart, both the chalk and the sandstone are now actually in the process of formation. This, with the facts that there are not, as has been supposed, zones of temperature beneath the ocean, and that at the enormous depth of three miles, where the cold is intense, where no light could be supposed to penetrate, and where the pressure is three tons to the square inch, animals are living, that have eyes, are among the contributions which the year 1869 has added to the stock of human knowledge.”

— From Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt we have the second number of the *Journal of Social Science*, a well printed octavo of three hundred pages, containing the “Transactions of the Association at their Annual Meeting held in Boston on the 13th of October last, and at their General Meeting, held in this city on

the 26th, 27th, and 28th days of the same month. After the Current Record of the Society comes twelve papers, as follows: “Immigration,” Friedrich Kapp; “The American Census,” James A. Garfield; “The Mode of Procedure in Cases of Contested Elections,” Henry L. Dawes; “The Public Charities of the State of New York,” Theodore W. Dwight; “The Public Libraries of the United States,” Ainsworth R. Spofford; “The Science of Transportation,” Joseph D. Potts; “Vaccination,” a Report presented by Francis Bacon, William A. Hammond, and David F. Lincoln; “The Elections of Presidents,” Charles Francis Adams; “Life Insurance,” Shepard Homans; “The Administration of Criminal Justice,” George C. Barrett; “Health Laws, and their Administration,” Elisha Harris; and “An International Code,” D. D. Field. The importance of many of these subjects, and the ability of the writers who have discussed them, give these papers a value beyond what usually attaches to similar productions in the periodicals of the day. They are well thought out and ably written. Mr. Spofford’s account of our “Public Libraries” will be most likely to interest the average reader. It should be read in connection with the list of these institutions under the head of “General Intelligence—Home.” The number concludes with the Bibliography of the various works bearing upon social science, published in the past year, which occupies six closely printed pages, containing the titles of one hundred and fifty different works, in French, German, Italian, and English.

— Thomas Paine once described the Revolution as “the time that tried men’s souls,” and, no doubt, justly; but it was not the only soul-trying time in our history, nor, in our way of thinking, the worst. Were the past to return, we should ourselves prefer fighting for Freedom against the minions of the British Crown, to emigrating westward after the war was over, and fighting Indians. In the one case we should suffer privations and

dangers, be ill-armed, ill-clad, ill-fed; should, perhaps, march barefoot in the snow, as at Valley Forge, or be shot down and bayoneted, as on Bunker's Hill; in the other case, we should "clear" the primeval forests, and build log-cabins and stockade-forts, plough our fields, sow our seed, and possibly gather our harvests. We say possibly, for there is no telling when the redman would be upon us—when we should hear the sharp crack of his rifle, or the whizzing of his tomahawk, from his ambush in the woods, followed by his war-whoop, and then by himself, painted hideously, and meaning destruction to ourselves—and our wives and little ones—to the whole settlement, from the old grand-sire of eighty, whose white hairs would soon dangle bloodily at the belt of some savage brave, to the unborn child, whose innocent life would only begin in heaven. Better, a thousand times better, the death of the soldier at the hands of soldiers, than the death of the pioneer at the hands of Indians. Should the reader think otherwise, we advise him to turn to *Pioneer Biography; Sketches of the Lives of some of the Early Settlers of Butler County, Ohio*, by James McBride, published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Its writer, who has now joined

"The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm,"

was an early settler in the locality named, who underwent the usual adventures of the pioneers, a bold and hardy race, whom we cannot sufficiently honor, and to whom is due much of the subsequent greatness of the West. That Mr. McBride in his age was deeply interested in the times that tried his soul, is evident from the sketch which he drew up of his life, as well as from the sketches prepared by him of a number of pioneers of his own stamp, of which last there are seven in the present volume. The second and concluding volume will contain as many more, with memoranda for the history of Hamilton, Mr. McBride's place of residence, of Oxford County, and of the Miami University. The least that we can say of this spirited work is, that,

compared with it, the romances of such of our novelists as have written of pioneer and Indian life are "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "*Paris by Sun-light and Gas-light.*" A Work Descriptive of the Mysteries and Miseries, the Virtues and the Vices, the Splendors and the Crimes, of the City of Paris. By JAMES D. McCABE, author of the "Aide-de-Camp," &c. Illustrated with over 150 fine engravings. "Issued by subscription only, and not for sale at the bookstores." National Pub. Co., Phila. 8vo, cloth.
- "*Helen Harlan's Vote.*" By LOUIS MEISBROCKER, author of "Suffrage for Women," etc. 12mo. Boston: Wm. White & Co., Banner of Light office.
- "*The First Book of Botany.*" Designed to cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. By ELIZABETH YOUMANS. 12mo. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.
- "*Haydn and other Poems.*" By the author of "Life Below." 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Houghton.
- "*Wonders of Italian Art.*" By LOUIS VIARDOT. Illustrated with 28 engravings. 12mo. N. Y.: C. Scribner & Co.
- "*Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War;*" with Explanatory Notes, a Copious Dictionary, and a Map of Gaul. By ALBERT HARKNESS, LL.D., Professor in Brown University. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co.
- "*The Heart of the Continent;*" a Record of Travel Across the Plains and in Oregon. By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW. 8vo, illustrated. Hurd & Houghton.
- "*In Spain and a Visit to Portugal.*" By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. 12mo, illustrated. Hurd & Houghton.
- "*Ecce Cælum, or Parish Astronomy.*" By a Connecticut Pastor. 12mo. Nichols & Noyes.
- "*The Woman of Business; or the Lady and the Lawyer,*" a novel by MARMION SAVAGE. 8vo, paper, 288 pp. D. Appleton & Co.
- "*The Private Life of Galileo,*" compiled principally from his correspondence and that of his eldest daughter, sister MARIA CELSESTE. 12mo. Nichols & Noyes.
- "*Leaves from Australian Forests,*" Poems by H'Y KENDALL. 16mo. Geo. Robertson, Melbourne.
- "*Behind the Scenes, a story of the Stage,*" by VERRITY VICTOR, 16mo. N. E. News Co.
- "*Skeleton Tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, etc.,* with some of the principal things to see. H. W. SARGENT. 16mo. D. Appleton & Co.
- "*Fate of Cedars, and Home Influence,* by GRACE AGUILAR. D. Appleton & Co.
- "*Marion Berkeley,*" a story for Girls, by LAURA CAXTON. Loring, Boston.
- "*A Practical Grammar of the German Language,* by Prof. HERMANN D. WRAGH. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

— THE announcement of a new novel by Mr. B. Disraeli is decidedly the literary event of the month of May; and long articles are written about it before its publication, which serve only to show that the author has kept his own secret well. The title is "Lothair;" the story fills three volumes; the motto on the title-page is from Terence: "*Nosse hæc omnia salus est adolescentulis*," which may be done into, "acquaintance with all this is the salvation of young folks;" but what "all this" may be is as impossible to foretell as the windings of Mr. Disraeli's policy in the Reform Bill were before 1837. But good or bad, it will soon be the best known book of this generation. Public expectation is hungry for it, and ten thousand pounds sterling have been offered for the copyright. Some of the journals have been guessing at the political aim of the conservative statesman in entering the literary field again. But there is no probability that the work has any more to do with contemporary party struggles than the Homeric essays of his great liberal rival, Mr. Gladstone. Not so, however, with Garibaldi's so-called "novel," entitled "The Rule of the Monk; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century." This has been criticised by the journals as a literary work, as if the fiery democrat meant to rival the fame of Thackeray or George Sand, and has been condemned as plotless, characterless, styleless, witless. But, in point of fact, the form of a novel is merely a disguise, to make a political manifesto of unusual length readable in Italy, among a people whose critical powers Garibaldi understands as well as he does their passions. It is a red-hot invective against the priestcraft and kingcraft, which, united in the papacy, curse Rome, Italy, and Europe, with a burden upon men's bodies, minds, and souls which he wishes them to cast off. In this view,

it is written with skill and power; and it may be doubted whether any literary art could add to the influence it will exert, in teaching the people both how they suffer from the tyranny that is over them, and how they may do without its real or pretended services. It has already been translated into nine or ten languages, and is read wherever kings and priests are hated. It is thus one of many forces which combine to warn the rulers of Europe that when 1848 comes again, it will come to stay.

— France and England are discussing hard problems in political economy with a zeal and interest never before known. The questions which still agitate us here, such as free trade, principles of taxation, banking, and currency, are there far in the past, and an apology for a protective tariff or a legal-tender bill is regarded by European economists just as a defence of astrology, or of the Ptolemaic system of the universe, would be by astronomers. But what is the true curc of strikes? How shall the interests of capital and those of labor be reconciled? What laws or institutions will counteract the centralizing tendencies of capital, and secure to the productive classes a fair share of the wealth they create? On what principles shall the tenure and succession of land be justly settled? Through what channels, legislative, educational, or literary, will economical truths obtain their best influence on civilization? What is the effect of different occupations on morality? These are some of the questions discussed in the books and journals of the last month by the first thinkers of these two nations.

— The practical question of land-tenure in Ireland, now before Parliament, has suggested a great many papers and several books; two of which, at least, are of permanent value. The Irish correspondent of the London

Times, Mr. James Godkin, publishes "The Land-War in Ireland; a History of the Times" (Macmillan & Co.), a volume as entertaining as it is useful, and more satisfactory as an explanation of the real condition of Ireland than any that has appeared; not even excepting the life-like sketches of the agent Trench ("Realities of Irish Life"), which were read so widely last summer, and accepted as faithful; but which have been since successfully shown to be exaggerated or distorted, in some particulars of importance.

— The Cobden Club publishes a volume of *Essays*, giving an account of the systems of land-tenure in England, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, France, Russia, the United States, and Ireland, that of each country depicted by an able man, who has made it a special study; and the whole forming a most instructive mass of information on difficult subjects.

— Strikes are the topic of the day in Paris, where all trades are either "out" or in a chronic state of threatening "to turn out." M. Charles Robert, of the Council of State, vindicates the coöperative system in a little book full of candor and broad toleration. M. Julien le Rousseau has just published a volume in favor of the same plan ("De l'Association de l'Œuvrier aux bénéfices du Patron," Hachette & Co.), of which we have seen but the title.

— The excitement in the great Economical field has called out two new editions of the great fountain of modern political economy, Adam Smith's "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations." Messrs. Murray & Son publish simply the text, in one volume; Macmillan gives an edition in two volumes, beautifully printed at the Oxford Clarendon press, and carefully edited with valuable notes, by J. E. Thorold Rogers. The latter, though costly, ought to be in the hands of every student. But that the notes are so rigidly limited to the few points regarded by the editor as indispensable, it might safely be welcomed as the final and standard edition of the most in-

fluent book produced by the eighteenth century. The index is by far the best we have seen with "The Wealth of Nations," and makes it convenient for reference.

— Professor Rogers is about to publish a new edition of his "Manual of Political Economy," for schools and colleges. We shall notice it when it appears, and hope to find it both thorough and attractive. When such accomplished scholars and broad thinkers devote themselves to the propagation of hand-books of this science in England, it is not surprising that educated young men know more of the subject there than here, nor that their intelligence soon becomes an important element of public opinion. Why can we not put into American schools a simple treatise on political economy to be compared with any of the best recent British or French works of this class?

— The family of the late Hugh Miller have collected his "Leading Articles on Various Subjects" (Edinburgh, Nimmo), in a volume which relates chiefly to controversies long past, and is of interest only to his personal admirers.

— Moxon announces new editions of Byron, Longfellow, and Wordsworth, to be followed by other popular poets in a series, all "edited, with explanatory notes and memoirs, by William Michael Rossetti," who has just mutilated Shelley in two of the most pretentious and slovenly volumes ever issued, and "whose name," as the announcement with unconscious irony states, "will be a sufficient guaranty for the general accuracy of the various texts." But as Mr. Rossetti's "name" is to appear on the works of three poets a-month, it is evident that putting "his name" on as editor is what he undertakes personally to do; so that we may have tolerable books, after all.

— Mr. Alfred Austin has struck up some discussion on "The Poetry of the Period," by a volume of essays published by Bently, in which he attacks Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, and Arnold, as mere voices of a degenerate

age, with no element of great art in it. His attack is weak, however, and if his case be a good one, it has an unfortunate advocate.

— Warne issues a cheap and handy edition of Pepys's Diary, edited by Lord Braybrooke, which ought to make this favorite and entertaining account of English life at the time of the restoration of the monarchy under Charles II. as familiar as Scott's novels.

— Brockhaus (Leipsic) has in press a volume of "Essays on Comparative Philology," by Dr. Adolf Bastian, who has risen so rapidly of late to the front rank of anthropologists. He must not be confounded with Dr. H. C. Bastian, of London, who is preparing a book called "The Beginnings of Life," containing a summary of the great controversy on "spontaneous generation," which is also looked for with deep interest. It is the former, the German Professor, who wrote two years ago the essay on "The Permanent in the Races of Men, and the Limits of their Variations," which is still the standard authority on the subject.

— Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, whose first introduction to the general public as a naturalist of high standing was made when Mr. Darwin, only ten years ago, in his "Origin of Species," generously recognized Mr. Wallace as having independently discovered substantially the same doctrine of natural selection with himself, seems now to be the most indefatigable student of natural history and the allied sciences in the world. We have had scarcely time to become familiar with his great work on "The Malay Archipelago," perhaps the most important book of scientific travels in this generation; and to follow him in the lively and varied criticisms on current topics with which he enlivens some of the journals, when he surprises us by announcing a volume of "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection" (Macmillan). Whatever Mr. Wallace thinks worthy of publication is sure to be valuable.

— The discussion of the social and political duties and position of woman,

in which this country took the lead, in time, if not in merit, is extending rapidly over Europe. Mr. J. S. Mill's "Emancipation of Women" has appeared in two German translations; Fanny Lewald defends the same views in fourteen letters, "For and Against the Ladies" (Berlin, Otto Janke); Louise Büchner publishes a "Practical Essay toward the Solution of the Woman Question" (Berlin, Otto Janke), which takes the opposite side on purely practical grounds, especially on that more fully stated in a little work by Dr. F. Runge (Berlin, A. Charisius) on "The Care of the Sick," regarded as a special field of work for women. The subject of the higher education of woman has also been brought into new prominence in Europe of late. A little book by Ulrike Henschke (Berlin, Charisius) is said to treat it, so far as Prussia is concerned, with great intelligence. In France, the report upon "Public Instruction in the United States," just presented to the Minister of Education, by M. C. Hippeau, and an article by the same writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in September last, upon the education of women in the United States, have attracted special attention. The report of M. Hippeau gives the most intelligent general view of the schools and colleges of this country at the present time to be found in any language; and unless the same work is soon done better by some native American, it might advantageously be translated into English. We have observed a few errors in details, easily corrected, but the spirit of our educational system as a whole is understood and expressed with surprising accuracy by this Frenchman.

— Earl Stanhope, who, as Lord Mahon, is well known as the author of a useful "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," has just published a new volume under the title of "History of England, comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht." It really begins nearly two years before the death of William III., at the point at which Lord Macaulay's work was interrupted by his death, and extends

to the period at which his own former work began. It is unfortunate for the reader's interest that he will take this book up, in the natural order, after that of Macaulay, whose brilliant, epigrammatic style, vivid descriptions, and dramatic narrative contrast so strongly with the quiet, guarded statements, and unrheterical, even unfinished writing of Earl Stanhope. But the new volume rests on such wide research and unquestioned ability that, as an authority in English history, it is at least equal to the more striking work by which the great essayist won his peerage.

— Students of "Method," as the basis of all scientific knowledge, will rejoice to hear that Prof. Alexander Bain, unquestionably the leader of the most influential and progressive school of philosophy in Europe, has completed his long-expected treatise on "Logic," and that it has been published by Longmans & Co. The reader will not expect a review of such a book in this place; enough that it is by far the strongest statement ever yet made of the fundamental laws of thought as understood by those who "cling to experience as the only standard of truth." The treatise on induction, which forms the second part of the work, and is published separately, is by far the most novel and valuable part of it, and appears to be more thorough and less difficult to master than Mr. Mill's chapters on the same subject.

— Students of the English language will look with interest for the new edition of Wedgewood's "Dictionary of English Etymology," which the author is now preparing, assisted by Rev. J. A. Atkinson. It is to be greatly enlarged, and will appear early in the summer.

— "A Life of the great Lord Fairfax," the Parliamentary Commander-in-chief in the war against Charles I., by Mr. C. R. Markham, has just appeared from the press of Macmillan. It is easy reading, and contains much that is new to the general reader; but the style is loose and careless, and some of the chapters seem to us woefully confused. We have tried in vain to construct even

an intelligible genealogical tree out of his long and tedious notices of the Fairfax family; and Mrs. Somerville, the famous woman of science, and the most able representative of the family in this century, is not mentioned at all. Many British critics praise the work as extravagantly as it praises its subject.

— The current taste in art was fairly shown in the recent sale of the famous gallery of Prince Demidoff in Paris. Collectors were present from all parts of Christendom; but English wealth and French pride took nearly all the prizes. "The Broken Eggs," by Greuze, a picture on the merits of which critics are by no means agreed, brought 126,000 francs; and a half-length portrait by the same artist sold for 89,000 francs; by far the highest prices ever obtained for works of this class. Delaroche's "Death of Lady Jane Grey" and Ary Scheffer's "Francesca da Rimini" were the next favorites, and brought more than 100,000 francs each.

— The French Academy again attracts attention by filling some of its vacancies. It was formed in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu; and the constitution given by his charter, which has never been changed, defined its object as the establishment of a standard of the French language, both by rules and examples. There can be but forty members, and vacancies are filled for life by election, exclusively on the ground of merit as men of letters. Each new member delivers a eulogy on his predecessor. It is commonly said that members live longer than any other men; vacancies are extremely rare, and hundreds of authors, each "among the first of the age," are always waiting at the doors. There were lately five vacancies; the place of Lamartine has just been filled by the choice of Emile Ollivier, the Prime-Minister; and Napoleon III. and George Sand are both talked of for other seats, although emperors and women have not heretofore been regarded as candidates.

— The most credulous books of this century are unquestionably "The Mystical Phenomena of Human Nature,"

written many years ago, and "Glimpses of the Hidden Life of the Human Spirit," which appeared last year, both by Maximilian Perty, to whom the world is brimful of ghosts, resurrections, and miracles and the "Lives of the Saints" would contain nothing hard to believe. Unfortunately, his style is as tedious and heavy as his judgment is weak, and it is surprising that his new book, "Nature in the Light of Philosophic Contemplation" (*Die Natur im Lichte Philosophischer Anschauung*, Heidelberg, C. F. Winter), should be seriously reviewed by important journals. Herr Perty writes, he says, "for philosophers and people of scientific education;" but the long introduction to his "Mystical Phenomena" proves him to be utterly incapable of understanding what either philosophy or science is. Andrew Jackson Davis is worthy to be his master.

— Ludwig Büchner's "Position of Man in Nature" (*Die Stellung des Menschen in der Natur, in Vergangenheit, Gegenwart, und Zukunft*, Leipsic, Theodore Thomas) undertakes to answer, on scientific evidence, the three great questions, "Whence do we come? who are we? whither do we go?" and that in three little pamphlets or parts, which will together make but a pocket-volume. We have received but the first two of these, and do not find them equal to the earlier works of the author. Surely the man who wrote "Kraft and Stoff" and the famous "Six Lectures on Darwin's Theory," ought to write more originally and impressively on this great theme. Mr. Büchner, however, is always lively, clear and forcible; and there is much accurate and valuable truth in the book, though its tone is often overbearing toward opponents, and offensive to all who are not atheists or skeptics.

— The art of "puffing" has recently been carried to a degree of perfection which would have astonished a former generation. The Yankees have lost the ascendancy they long enjoyed

in it, and England now takes the lead. For example: a series of works of a high scientific character have just been published by Longmans, London, upon the economy of fuel in dwelling-houses, under the titles, "Our Domestic Fire-places," "The Extravagant Use of Fuel in Cooking," "The Ventilation of Dwelling-Houses," "Smoky Chimneys;" discussing these subjects with more intelligence than most standard works on such subjects, yet in language intelligible to the general reader; and yet so ingeniously contrived, that each of them is an advertisement of a particular stove. The books, we repeat, are really good; they sell readily and at full prices; they are noticed favorably by the best journals, and admitted everywhere to be the best contributions ever made to the popular knowledge of the subjects treated; yet each of them is a systematic and telling "puff," and if the stovemakers whose wares are recommended, have not paid Mr. Frederick Edwards, Jr., the author, more than his copyright, they are cheaply served. But of what infinite applications this plan of connecting real science and saleable information with "puffs" may yet prove susceptible, we cannot predict.

— Susanna Winkworth's excellent translation of Bunsen's "God in History" is just completed, forming three volumes, and Dean Stanley has written a preface. Bunsen's great name will set the book on the shelves of many libraries, but will not avail to get it read. As a theological event, the recent appearance of the Hindoo philosopher, the Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, in the liberal pulpits of London, as a sort of missionary of Buddhist ethics, is of more importance. Trübner & Co. take advantage of it to publish a translation of a work by Chao Phya Praklang, late Foreign Minister of Siam, called "the Modern Buddhist," giving his criticisms upon the principal religions of the world.

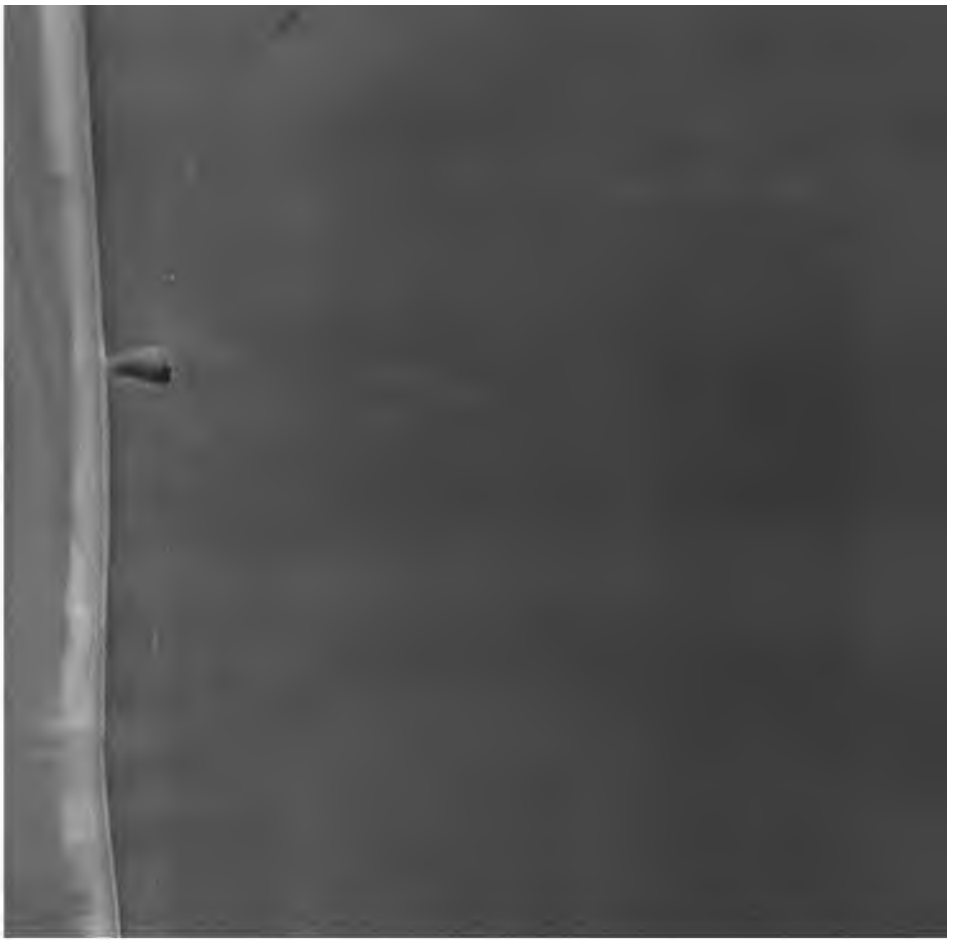




Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 012 220 013



Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 012 220 013

